-Schiller

THE WAY SHE LOOKS

LINKED LIVES.

By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XVII. (CONTINUED)

Will the time ever come for Mabel when alone she will have to rise up and face stern sorrow? God only knows! And God will provide for the

Half an hour later Hugh went upstairs with Mabel, At the door of the drawing room he paused.

Can you bear it, my darling?'

for Mabel was trembling.
"Yes, with you." And she clung to his arm which half led, half supported her into the presence of death.

There he lay, in the unutterable calm of his last sleep, with the smile of peace on his still parted lips, with the deep light of the blue eyes still visible through the half closed lids, with his fair chestnut hair, no longer waving in the breezy wind, but resting motionless upon his unruffled brow; there, in the flower of his age, with the short twenty-nine years of his life scarcely yet expired, lay her dear, her only er beautiful brother! Mabel knell down by his side : it was no place for any violent demonstration of sorrow; her heart was full of anguish, but she felt that if she allowed herself to give way she should be fit for nothing, and Jessie needed her-might yet need her even more sorely; for her sake, then she must bear up.

In Guy's presence the memory of the charge committed to her came vividly back again. Slowly, and with, oh! what rending sorrow, Mabel went over every scene of that never to-be forgotten last morning at Elvan lee: the drive to the station, the vision of Guy, her darling brother, as she had looked her farewell look upon him in life and vigor. O God! were his words prophetic? Why, why did he, just before she lost sight of him, as she was never to see him again on earth, say to her—"Take care of Jessie and the child. Mind you bring the dress back with you." He had said that too. Her wedding-dress he meant. Yes and now Mabel's heart gave a throb of despair, for she remembered that the probability be the day of Guy

Take care of Jessie and the child!" she moaned the words to herself. The dearlips that had uttered them were silent now, but Jessie's life was trembling in the balance-and not indeed that child he referred to who was safe asleep in her own little nursery, but the life of a yet unborn infant, who was never to see it's father's face or hear its father's voice, would prob ably be born ere the day of it's father' death had passed into night!

"Take care of them." absolutely his last — his very last words. "Oh Guy! Guy!" moaned his sister, "I will, indeed I will—even—" oh! horrible thought, it only struck her then, making her cry out, as she clung closer to Hugh and shivered from head to foot.

Hugh bent tenderly over her. What is it, darling?" he asked but Mabel would not, could not bring herself, in the presence of her dead brother, to give expression to her thought-it had only been a lightning flash, it did not remain there to torment her; and, strange to say, it

did not return any more that day Presently Mabel was recalled to Jessie's room, and Hugh went down again to the village to pay another visit to the poor widow there. It was midnight before he returned to Elvan-Mabel met him at the door.

"Oh Hugh, I am so glad you have come. I have sent twice after you. I was afraid you would be too late.

"Why Jessie—is she worse?"
"No; they hope a little better. But the baby-it has come-it must be baptiz d directly-it will not live-it is so frail and feeble. "I have all pre pared in-in Guy's room," she concluded in a whisper. its being there?" "Would you mind

"Oh ! life, sad, sad, life!" murmured Hugh, as he waited a few mo-ments alone in the chamber of death. "Poor little infant! It is a melan choly beginning for you, in the midst of sorrow and of death !" When the solemn service was con-

cluded, Mabel took the little whiterobed baby, and kneeling down with it by the side of its dead father, pressed its tiny cheek for a moment against

"There, Guy," she whispered, "we have brought him to you, to be made a child of God in your presence." Then she carried him back to the nursery and Hugh saw no more of her that

Slowly the hours wore on. "Would the morning never come?" Mabel asked herself with a shudder, as each successive hour struck upon the old hall clock. Sleep was out of the ques-She passed the time either kneeling by Jessie's bed, listening to her incoherent ravings, or, when that position became too much for her endurance, taking the nurse's place with the baby, sitting with it on her lap, on a low chair by the fire; or if it were in its cradle, crying herself into a sort of half dozing state, from which she would wake up with a terrible start, to the sickening recollection of the events of the fatal day before. The longest night has its ending, and morning dawned at last—another of those cloudless May mornings, such as they had enjoyed lately. About 7 o'clock Mabel stole away to her own room, which she had not visited since her re-

the sweet smell of flowers came floating upwards, the bright sunshine streamed with its warm glow upon her cold face and hands. Below, on the terrace, the gardener was planting geraniums and heliotrope in the beds of marble basins, from whence rose fountains of water, sparkling like diamond showers.

Mabel hid her face, and groaned aloud, for it was scarcely a week ago, on just such another sunshiny morning, that, reading in the garden be fore breakfast, she had overheard Guy giving orders for the planting of those

very flowers.
"Oh, Guy, Guy," sobbed his poor little sister, as she turned abruptly away from the window, "won't you come back to us, Guy? Must we never, never have you back again?— never?—never? I don't know how to bear it !- I don't, I don't !"

The cloudless sunshine seemed to Mabel to mock her grief. Much as she had longed for it to be over, she preferred the dreary dark night to the sweet morning air; the sunlight, the flowers, all reminding her so keenly of

Guy in his fresh, happy life. Inside the room it was quite as bad, everything was so exactly as she left it when she started for London. There was the table by the window, a volume of Schiller's tragedies lying still open upon it, where she left it, to read Genevieve Vaughan's letter (ah! how completely that sorrow had faded into in significance); there was her chair by the window, and on her writing table a vase full of flowers, sweet Spring flowers, gathered on her homeward walk from the Vicarage with Hugh. They were fresh when she left them, and she had kissed them as she put them in water, for Hugh had carried them; but, alas! they were withered now, faded, drooping, like her own

Then, again, on a large table at the end of the room, lay all her beautiful wedding presents, among which none was half so beautiful as Guy's. With a cry of anguish, Mabel took up the splendid diamond cross, and pressed it wildly to her lips, remembering how Guy went to London purposely to buy it, and how he came back full of delight. She remembered how she took it from him half scolding, assuring him day fixed for her wedding would in all that it was far too costly for a clergy man's wife, and that when she showed it to Hugh, in Guy's presence, repeating her objection to wearing it. Hugh gravely answered that a cross was lways a cross, whether made of diamonds or of wood, and as such, in his opinion, was the fitting ornament for one who was to be the wife of a Soldier

Again, she remembered how, fling ng her arms round his neck, she had called Guy her best, kindest, dearest brother; and how, suddenly becoming grave, Guy whispered,

What shall I ever do without you, Mabel?'

"Ah! he would never see her go away, that pang was spared him! was gone where there would be no parting, and his last present to his sister had been a cross.

Mabel went down to breakfast, just

for the sake of seeing Hugh. She looked terribly worn and pale, but could not, even to please more than a cup of tea. Hugh tried to persuade her to take some rest, but she shook her head.

"I could not sleep, Hugh. I should go mad if I were to lie down and think. I am better up and going about. Perhaps to-night, but not now.

' How is Jessie? "Ill, very ill, but they are not without hope. Baby is stronger since he was baptized."

"And you, my poor darling Mabel?"
"I shall do well enough," she answered, with a wintry smile. Then she got up from her place, and came to kneel at his side, looking up wist-

fully at him. He saw that some unspoken thought was troubling her, and tenderly in-

quired, "What does my darling want to

ask? "Hugh, you won't go, and leave me

behind, will you?" It would be useless to describe the

bewildering anxiety wdich Mabel's question called up in Hugh's mind. Leave her behind! What! go to Australia for a long, weary year without her? No, he would die first! That was his first thought. Then came a second. Their marriage must inevitably be postponed; and how could he be justified, if he neglected for months the duty calling him over the sea? The Bishop, who had arranged to meet him in August, would probably not be able to repeat his visit to that portion of the diocese for two years. were important matters connected with money, which no one could attend to but himself. The interests of the mission were in danger of suffering considerably if he did not go back at once. to give over its management into his successor's hands. Yet how could be go at once, and leave Mabel? Terrible was the conflict between duty and love. Hugh was a strong, brave man, but he was, after all, only a mor Blame him not, then, if he at first tal. vielded prior claim to the latter feeling. Great courage it needed to have the cup of happiness held to his lips, and to put it down again for a long, weary year, during which time a thousand

chances might happen to take his treasure from him. Only six days more, and she would he give her up? Yes, give her up, for, strange to say, it was in that light Hugh regarded the sacrifice of tem

go and leave me? My heart will a faint, sick feeling overpowering him

break if you do."
He could not help it—it would have required a deal more courage than in his then exhausted state of mind and body Hugh felt himself possessed of, to have added another pang of sorrow to rolling down her cheeks, until Hugh, habel's heart. He folded her to his own, and held her closely there while walked into the vestry to put on his he whispered,

"My darling, do not fear, I will do nothing without your consent. I promise you that you shall arrange

And with that Mabel was satisfiedat least, for a few days.

CHAPTER XVIII. "GOOD BYE, DEAR LOVE." I know thee! To the noble heart The hardest duty may the nearest seem. Weigh all—all in the balance. Speak thou! And let thy heart decide."

Sunshine went with sunny Guy even to his grave. The funeral took place on the 31st of May, and everyone noticed that the last day of the month of birds and flowers had been the most cloudless of all-except perhaps the fatal 25th, which came went under a sky of continual blues. I need scarcely linger over the details

of that sad day-there are some of us who have each moment of such days written in blood-red letters upon our memories; while to those who have no experience in the peculiar gloom and horror attendant upon a sudden death like that of Guy, no words of mine could convey one-tenth part of its bitterness and exceeding sorrow. I believe from the bottom of my heart

that such sorrow coming upon glad, young creatures in early life, before the soul is inured to suffering, invariably leaves its shadow over the whole of their after-time. Happy as we may yet in future days live to become never will the remembrance of such sorrow be entirely buried in oblivion. Time undoubtedly will soften, while it blunts the edge of our grief; the deep wound may, to all appearance, be healed; sunshine may return, certainly will return, no matter how dark thestorm which obscured it, but there will never come a time when life, which such a calamity has shaded in its spring tide, can be exactly what it

The first of June was a wet day, a small mercy for which Hugh was very thankful, for he felt that sunshine would have made the bitter disappoint ment of that day almost more than he could have borne. A terrible struggle had been going on within him ever since Mabel's first allusion to his possible departure without her. longer he considered it, the more clear did his duty appear to him. It was absolutely imperative that he should sail on the 12th. His passage-money, as well as Mabel's was already paid and Hugh could ill afford to forfeit it. At the same time it was evident that it would be impossible to take Mabel s soon away from Jessie, still danger-ously ill, especially as she clung t Mabel as her only comfort. He could not have found it in his heart to ask Mabel's consent to such a plan; but even had he done so, he felt perfectly certain she would not agree to it. must, then, if he went at all, go without her. To have waited for the next nail for the chance of Mabel's being able to accompany him, while it would entail great inconvenience upon others, his Bishop especially, and actual harm to the prosperity of the mission, would perhaps not have materially mended matters. Beyond the actual comfort which his presence might afford to Mabel, the delay in his journey would not prevent the neces-sity of separation, for Hugh's heart misgave him that many a month must elapse before Jessie's health would be sufficiently restored to enable Mabel to

leave her. Under the circumstances, seeing that Mabel could not accompany him, considering the urgent duties awaiting him, Hugh felt that the wisest, as well as the right thing to do, was marked out for him, and here the con-flict began. He had promised Mabel not to come to any decision without her full consent. She had from that moment carefully evaded every approach to the subject, and during the interval which elapsed between occasion of his promise and the funeral, Hugh was very loath to add to her terrible grief by any painful explanation of the kind in question.

Something definite, however, must positively be arranged. On the morning of the first of June, Hugh, arose from a long sleepless night of torturing anxiety, during which he lay revolving in his mind how he could best broach the fearful alternative to Mabel—with a resolution to endure the suspense no longer. He would go to her, or rather he would call her to him imme diately after morning service, and lay the case before her. With many a woman, Hugh dared not have risked the experiment, but with Mabel he knew he was safe. He would throw himself upon her generosity; he would let her brave, steady little heart decide for him. He trusted her judgment, still more in her spirit of self devotion and self-sacrifice. Whatever was right to do she would do it. She should teach him his duty; and, taught by her that stern duty would ecome easier to accomplish.

His courage almost forsook him when he caught sight of her pale, sad face, with its heavy crape background, kneeling where he had hoped to see her kneel that day in all the glory turn from London. With a shudder she drew up the blinds, flung open the window, and leant out to inhale a sweet pleading of those tearful eyes.

He covered his face with his hands, own, his darling bride! For a moment Hugh faltered, he put his blood purifier. It stands upon its own hand before his eyes, then staggard of white satin and orange flower-his breath of fresh air. The birds sang, "Hugh, you can't, you surely won't into one of the benches near the door,

completely.

She did not see him, or her poor litte heart would have burst with grief, but knelt quietly on, with closed eyes, from which the tears were silently rolling down her cheeks, until Hugh, surplice

He did not glance at her face again until the prayers were over; she kept it pressed down among the cushions, ot daring to look at him, but he knew she was crying bitterly, for he could ee the bowed black figure shaking with suppressed sobs, and it was just as much as he could do to get through the service.

As soon as it was over she left the church, but he knew she would come into breakfast with him, so he hurried home as quickly as possible, and found her, as he expected, waiting for him. She flung her arms round his neck, and he strained her to his aching heart, without so much as a word; the she drew herself away, and walked to the window, where she stood looking out at the dull, grey, hopeless sky for several moments.

There was a long silence, Hugh was nerving himself to the task before him, but could not find words to begin. She saved him the trouble. Keeping her face resolutely turned from him, she said : "Hugh, what about your voyage to

Tasmania?' Then he burst forth:

"Oh! Mabel, it is for you to answer that yourself. You know my promise to you about it."
"Yes," she said, speaking calmly, "and it comforted me for a little while,

but not for very long; for, Hugh,"-here Mabel turned round and con fronted him, with such a world of misery, yet high resolve, in her earnest eyesit is not what I like, or you like ; we must help one another to do the right thing.' Well, then, darling, let us look at

it all soberly in the face; let us talk it all together.' "It is of no use, Hugh," sh

answered, with a weary sigh.
"Don't you think, I looked it over and over again, from every side of the question? I am always thinking it over now-all night through-all day long; but it never looks one bit difwhat you have thought about it?"

Then Hugh put before her the exact state of the case, and Mabel listened quietly, never interrupting or object ng, until he came at length to th only alternative to be adopted-if indeed she desired that his voyage should be altogether given up. Here Mabel broke in, her voice chocked in tears: Here Mabel

"No, Hugh, no! This you shall not do for me. Never will I come between you and your duty!"
"That's my own brave darling," he

"No, don't call me brave, Hugh, I am nothing of the kind. I know when you are gone I shall beat against my fate like an imprisoned bird in its You do not know how wickedly I have been rebelling against God's will, you do not know how, even this morning, I called God cruel, and said in my heart He could not love me when He required me to give you up!"
"How much did you mean of it,

Mabel?' "Oh! I don't know. I was wild then, I have been wild all this week, and I shall be wild again, if we go on talking about it long," she concluded,

with a fresh burst of grief. "My own poor darling, come here to me. Don't look away, don't stand by That something of the kind is on foot that cold window-come here; don't

as yours?' She came over to where he sat, and sank down upon a footstool at his feet, resting her arms upon his knee, and ooking up to him with a face of utter hopelessness as she answered,

TO BE CONTINUED.

A Brave Young Priest. While atheism and incredulity are

waging a fierce war against religion in France, the clergy is pursuing the even tenor of its way in doing good. Abbe Klein, a young priest of the dio cese of Dijon, was employed as a pre ceptor. As he was taking a walk with his pupils in the country one of them was bitten on the knee by a viper.
The leg immediately swelled, and the sore tumefied. They were at a distance from the town, and no medical assistance was at hand. The priest at once made an incision with his penknife and commenced to suck the poison with all his might. His mouth was full of the tainted blood; but it mattered not, the child must be saved, and no time was to be lost. After a while the leg resumed its natural condition, and they hastily started home But the young patient soon became weak and complained piteously. The wound was again assuming an ugly bluish look, and the leg was swelling anew. The work was to be done over the preceptor again applied his lips to the sore place, and drew the poison with redoubled energy; at last he succeeded, and the child was saved Everybody looked for the brave young priest to be dangerously sick; but he happily escaped with a slight indisposi-These are the men whom the French republic is persecuting as pubenemies. - Indianapolis Catholic Record.

"Nothing succeeds like success," and nothing will more quickly insure success than true merit. For fifty years Ayer's Sarparilla has main-

tion.

A RETROGRADE MARCH.

been accustomed to think of the East as the source of light, and to trace the progress of civilization generally from East to West. It has sometimes been asked, as a curious question how it will be when the farthest West has been reached at last and ideas begin to come back from it in an opposite course to the ancient traditional one. those ideas be progressive or retrogressive. To those who like to amuse themselves with fancies of this sort a good deal that is suggestive will be found in the movement of what is called the A. P. A. These initials represent the title of a secret anti-Catholic association that originated a very few years ago somewhere out in the West-the so called "American Protective Association," the members of which, it appears, pledge themselves by oath to discourage the employment of Catholics in any capacity where non-Catholics can be had to do the work; not to trade with Catholics, if it can be avoided, and especially to do all in their power to prevent the election or appointment of Catholics to any office or situation, federal, state, county, or municipal. The A. P. A. movement is unmis-

which were a century or more ago regarded in Europe as perfectly justifi able, and indeed as the only sound ideas. It is a turning back from the generous ideas of the Constitution of the United States, and a return to the notions and practices in vogue in those times and countries, where to avow any other religious belief than that patronized by the king and his government was to incur pains and penalties. For these rogues or fools of the A. P. A., are, so far as their power or influence extends, inflicting very serious pains and penalties on innocent, unoffending worthy Catho-lics in portions of the West. It is bad enough that these Catholics should be subjected almost daily, or at least, weekly, to the outrageous, uncalled-for insults that are heaped upon them by many pulpits occupied by "reverend" members of this slanderous conspiracy out the evil becomes very serious in deed when honorable men and women. merely because they are Catholics suddenly find themselves deprived of heir employment and left without the means of support for themselves and families.

A. is now at work in this State, it is said, preparing to introduce his organization at Buffalo, and is boasting that it will not be long before Buffalo will repeat the experience of Detroit, where the conspiracy has obtained such power that almost every Catholic office holder, whether by election or appointment, has lost his place, and many Catholic business men have seen their trade mysteriously disapearing and bankruptcy thereby made their only resource.

There is no disputing the fact that

survival of the dark days of old. the villages, and smaller towns and cities, it is of course more prevalent than in the greater cities; but some of it is to be found everywhere. It is a and therefore highly inflammable dangerous sentiment, and it only needs the presence or the efforts of the active villains of the type such as those who have organized the A. P. A. in the West to ignite it with disastrous effects. nere in New York may be surmised you know it is my sorrow Mabel, as well from the fact that the press of this city the other day contained a long and landatory article on a certain minister of this city, whose only claim to notoriety is that for years he was an active promoter of what was called the 'Evangelical Alliance," and that of late, he has been concerned in the spread of the A. P. A.

To what lengths these men can go in their senseless hatred of the Catholic religion may be judged by the follow ing extract from the latest number of our fair minded Protestant contemporary the Independent:
"The men who were unscrupulous

anough to concoct that ridiculous Papal encyclical and then persist in standing by it and asserting its genuineness are quite capable of backing up the forgery by any amount of additional falsehood. And this they are doing, and their A. P. A. readers love to be deceived; and once in a while some other simple minded people are de-ceived, as is The Wesleyan Christian Advocate, of Atlanta, Ga:, which prints a cock-and-bull story from the Spokane, Washington Daily Review, assert-Ill., which reports that a Catholic priest in Bloomington, Ill., received a as ornamental trees; and more extra

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From of old the civilized world has Will

takably a backward one. It seeks to revive the principles of social and political intolerance of religious dissent

One of the propagators of the A. P

a great deal of bigotry lingers among our non-Catholic fellow citizens,

ing that at Ellensburg, Washington, a Catholic priest received a consignment of supposed books, which turned out to be Winchester rifles; and another from Tri-City Blade, of Rock Island, consignment of Winchester rifles billed ordinary stories are printed of guns shipped to Catholic priests in coffins or narked as "Mass wine"—in the lat ter case consigned to Bishop Spalding, of Peoria. - Catholic Review.

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