4, 1903.

held in her hands the great bouquet of roses—her favorite flower—which had peen given her as she left the platform. She was recalled to her surroundings by the voice of her maid, Fanchon. There is a telegram for madam on the table," she said. Denise picked it up it was addressed to "Mrs. Fieldwhich was unusual. She was known to the London world and her

sharply. It was brief and to the "I think it right to let you know that the boy is seriously ill.

" Mme. Elena.

MICHAEL. Unconsciously she crushed the message in her hand, and her thoughts lew to the Lincolnshire village where it had been written. She saw again the flat fen-land, the long stretches of empty wastes, which she had grown to to the grayness to fear; all the grayness and barrenness which were so antagontic to her gay, beauty-loving nature. Then the scent of the roses smote her sharply, she saw the luxury of her owa surroundings, the signs of taste and money everywhere, and turning to the maid, she cried:
"Bring me an 'A. B. C.' and pack a

I am going into the country."

bag. I am going into the country.
"Shall I attend, madam?"
"No; I don't know how long I shall he away. I will write." Her lips twitched as she thought of the fashionable French maid in the bare manor house with old Hannah tor company. "I wonder if he is really very ill?"

sent for me unless he were. The meet ing will be as awkward and uncomfortfor him as for me. Poor little Michael-what a name to give a child! Michael—what a name to give a child! I wonder what he is like now? He was not a pretty or interesting child.

Iremember he was always crying."
There was no one to meet her when
she arrived, but that she did not expect, though the village fly had been sent to the station on the chance of her

After a drive of nearly an hour she recognized a familiar gateway; she remembered the old coat-of-arms cut in the stone-work, though she could not see it now, with the motto, "I live! I Yes, that was all the Fieldens had been doing for generations. It was a decaying race, and they had not had the energy, or, perhaps, the power, to ruin that was creeping on them, and the man who lived there ow had grown sour and bitter with his

baulked life.
"Master is upstairs," old Hannah said distantly, in reply to Denise's greeting. "He hoped you would excuse him coming down, but the child is greeting. very restless to-night, and can't well be left. If you will please to sit down and take something I will tell him you are here." And she opened the door

of a room where a frugal meal was laid. "I don't want anything, thank you," lenise said, hastily, "I will go up at uce if I may," and before Hannah could raise any objection she was half way up

She heard a murmur from the oak bed room, where the head of the house was always born and where most of them had died, and tapping lightly on the door she went in. No one had heard her, and for an instant she stood as though arrested on the threshold. What a great room it was! And how solitary those two figures looked in it!

"I am sorry to trouble you," the noved. man said, getting up as she n am afraid you have had a long, tiring journey; but I thought you ought to

"You did quite right," she said, thickly. What a pitiful, little shrunk-en form it was, looking almost lost in the vast oak bedstead, of which it was a tradition that each successive Fielden hould carve a panel, so tha ways seemed to Denise a weird resting place, belonging to the dead rather than to the living. She had woke up more than once on a moon-light night fancying ghostly fingers had come back to finish what here and there had been left incomplete.

"Oh, you poor little soul!" she cried, a sob in her voice, and the next moment her arms were over the bed, and the little figure was gathered to her breast, where she crooned over it, calling him her baby, her little Michael, whom she had treated so bad ly, reproaching herself and showering soft kisses on the wan face in the same

'He is very weak ; you must not excite him," a warning voice said. She had forgotten that any one was there, and the calm, measured tones were like a rebuff. The old feeling of restraint and fear held her for a moment but the mother love, which had woke up for the first time at sight of the forlorn, suffering child, rose stronger than

anything else. I shall not hurt him," she said, "I shall not hurt him," she said, holding the boy closer to her breast. "See, he is already more content." The little face certainly looked less tired and troubled, and one wasted arm had gone up around her neck, while he made himself at home as a matter of course in those unknown arms.

course in those unknown arms.
"Has he been long like this?" she asked. "You ought to have told me before."

He was never strong, as you may remember," he answered coldly. "He does not take after my family; he pines for warmth and sunshine, as you did. I must remind you that you have

things. Perhaps if you had reasoned

with me—if you had pointed out—''
"Do you think I wanted a captive instead of a wife?" he asked, harshly. instead of a wife?" he asked, harshly.
"I saw how you fretted and pined like a caged creature; I saw the hunted look in your eyes; I knew you would wear your life out in a little if it went

murmured, "and nobody wanted me, not even you. I think, after a little while. I interrupted your studies, I was restless and disturbed your reutine, so when my legacy came it seems to see the control of the control o so when my legacy came it seemed to open a way of escape. I thought it open a way of escape. I thought it was better for us to go our own road before we learned to hate each other. I had a gift—only one—but it would not let me rest until I had tried what not let me rest until I had tried what which is a person very much to work to be some the same in the lower of the lower of the same in the lower of the lower it was worth. I ought not to have

"No doubt it was a mistake, but in justice I must say that that was more my fault than yours. I was years older and I took advantage of your youth and ignorance to fasten a bond on you of which you did not understand the import. No doubt you knew yourself best. You have the life that suits you; you were free to go your own way.'

"As you yours."
"As I mine."—Something in the voice made Denise move uneasily. six years the man and the child had lived here together; her husband, her child. For six years she had nearly corgotten them both not quite, though she had tried to do so. The man and forgotten them b she had tried to do so. the child hae been growing old together
—without love or happiness—while she
had laughed and sung. There was Her lips he fashion-bare manor A week had passed, and little Michael

thanks (as the doctor plainly said) to his mother's devoted dursing and the interest she created in the child's "Micheal!" she cried in a sobbing "I wonder if he is really very in.
she pondered, as she sat in the train.
she pondered, as she sat in the train.
she pondered, as she world scarcely have
"I think Michael would scarcely have mind, was picking up his frail life mind, was picking up his frail life again. He was never tired of looking again. He was never tired of looking again. at her, of admiring all the pretty things that gathered about her as a things that gathered matter of course; he had never seen s many flowers, so much dainty luxury in his brief existence.

"You use these every day?" he asked in an awed voice, as he amused himself with the silver pots and bottles

on her dressing table.
"Yes, every day," she said with a gay little laugh. "Do you think I am gay little laugh. "Do you think I am very extravagant?"
"Father hasn't anything pretty in

I like to be here best, said, lying back luxuriously among the bright cushions which his mother had ordered from a neighboring town. She pened her lips to speak, but closed them again without a word.

Denise was sitting alone one evening in the faded drawing room when husband came in. As a rule she saw very little of him; they seemed to avoid each other by tacit consent.

There is something I wish to say to you if you are at leisure," he began. looked, though he was a man in the prime of life, as he stood before her, of life, as he stood prime of life, as he stood before her, the hard light from the setting sun showing up the lines on his cold, stern showed up the patches of damp on the wall paper and the un-loveliness of the beautifully designed He and it both seemed thrown away under their present circum-

stances.
"I am quite at your service," she
answered. "Little Michael is in bed and asleep and I have nothing to do." "It is about him I wish to speak," hesaid, as he sat down. "He is almost

well again now.
"He is very delicate still," she said quickly. "He needs a great deal of care—he could not stand much." Could he mean that they wanted her no longer? she asked herself, with a thrill

As you say, he needs a great deal of care," he answered slowly. "He also needs more comfort and different surroundings to what I can give him. I have wondered—I have wondered," he repeated, "if you would like to take

him with you when you go?"
"Like to take him?" she echoed, her face lightning up with joy, "Need you ask me? "No, perhaps not. I have thought

that you seemed attached to him.
"Attached?" she repeated again with a laugh. "I love him with all my heart. I couldn't bear to be parted from him now. But don't you mind?" looking at him with inward resentment at his indifference. "Won't you be very lonely without him?"
"It will be best for the child to be

with you for a time at least, I think, as you are willing to have him. As you say, he is not strong enough to stand any shock, and he will miss you. I suppose your engagements will necessitate your returning to town soon?"

Yes, I ought to have gone before, nushing at his evident anxiety to get rid of her. "We will go as soon as the doctor says we can travel." Then as he was leaving the room. "I—I should like to thank you very much for trusting me_for letting me have him."

ing me—for letting me have him."

There is no need. I have been think ing it over, and it seems best for the boy," he answered as he closed the door.

boy," he answered as he closed the open of course there would be no thought of me in it," she said to herself bitterly. "I wonder why he hates me one open on a time," the so much now? Once upon a time," the rose color in her cheeks growing deeper, I am sure he cared for me more than

a little, in his curious, restrained way. It was still early when she went upstairs to bed, and she was tired of her own company. As she lit the candles the boy opened his eyes—he slept in a little bed in her room now— and called

to her.
"I'm not a bit sleepy. Come and talk to me mother," he said. She sat down in the low chair and laid her head

down in the low coarrant take to have her on his pillow, as he liked to have her.
"I've got something to tell you, sweetheart," she said, tucking one sweetheart," what her cheek. "What never given me reason to think you took any particular interest in him. I was not at all certain that you would come now."

"Not come?" she exclaimed. Then she remembered. "I beg your pardon," she said humbly: "you are quite!

A wiser and more prudent mother.

mother? How lovely!" springing up

ned with shining eyes.
And is father coming, too?" "Father does not want to come, dar-ing." The childish face grew grave. "It will be dull for father alone here." he said seriously. "You ask him to come, mother; he'll come for

"Go now, mother," he said coaxingly,
"Try . . . Wait. I'll tell you a secret; it can't be wrong to tell you.
Father keeps a picture of you locked up, must love a person very much to kiss their picture, mustn't they, mother?' Kisses had been rare luxur-

ies in his life.

"Kissed my picture? Are you sure, little Michael?" The child nodded, watching her intently. Denise thought of how she was going to make the desplate home more desolate, and the tears

rushed to her eyes.
"I'll try, my sonny—I'll try for your sake," she cried, and went from the room. Her heart was beating fast with fear and excitement as she burried down the stairs before her courage failed her. What if he should be angry what if he should repulse her? shivered at the thought.

She softly opened the library door,

where he was in the habit of sitting at night. A lamp was burning dimly on the table in the centre of the room, and its light fell on the bowed head of a man; some books and papers had been overturned as he threw out his arms

voice, her arm round his neck, her cheek to his—" Micheal: I've been a bad wife, but I want to be a better one. Will you take me back?"

He looked up, and she saw that his

eyes were wet.
"Is that you?" he said, heavily.

"What is it?—what has happened?"
"Nothing." softly, "except that I have found out that I want you. We both want you—little Michael and I. You won't send us away-or you will

"Want me—you?" he said in a husky what me—you? he said in a nusky whisper. 'Is it really true, Denise?' He held her in his arms as one holds something very precious that one is half afraid to touch. 'I had almost given up praying and hoping."

NATURE'S MINOR STRAIN.

THE UNTOLD AND MYSTERIOUS LONELI-NESS OF THE ELEMENTS.

The voice of Nature is a voice of lone liness—the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The infinite pathos of uffering seems be everywhere. The autumn winds moaning in the crevices of chimneys, the deep, sad, monotone of of the sea; the weary flash of rain in the night; the sound of the waterfall from afar; the voice of rivers deepened from the babble streams; the moan of the storm in the leafless trees; even the zephrys amongst the young leaves of spring-all have an indertone of sadness, as if they too felt ' burden and the weight of all the And here this unintelligible world." evening I start and shudder under the "eldritch light" of an autumn sunset at the

of undis inguishable moil n, steps. It is only the gentle susurrus of the evening breeze, and the zip! zip! of a red leaf falling into its own grave. I saw it in the springtime, when it gradually unfolded from its eradle; and fulfilling the universal law, attacked by parasites, which clung to its pale underside, and left a brown mark of decay after them; I saw it tossed on the storm, wooed by the zephyrs, wet with the weeping of the

First-The death of infants is no argument against the goodness of God.

1. Death is no greater evil at one period of our existence that at another, in infancy or in youth, in the prime of in infancy or in youth, in the prime of fe, or in old age.

2. Death, i. e., separation of soul from

body, is not an evil at all—except in case the soul is not prepared for it.

3. That separation means simply the extinction or suspension of the life of extinction or suspension of the file of the body until the day of resurrection, when "this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality." (1. Corinthians xv.,

Our Divine Saviour tells us that even when this separation of soul and body is effected by violence it is not an evil: "And I say to you, my friends, be not afraid of them who kill the body,

and after that have no more that they can do." (Luke xii., 4.)

Second—The death of infants is a proof of God's special love for them. What is the unanimous craving of human beings? To be well off. Where is a person better off—on earth or in heaven? "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Mark

viii., 36.)

frequently enough with sickness, sorrow

and suffering. Now which of all these classes does the world consider the most happy or the most enviable? Evidentwho possess from their child ly those who possess from their child-hood all that they can desire—provided, of course, they make good use of it. Is not the same true of children-infants who are taken into that house in which there are many mansions?"

xiv., 2.)
It is of faith that the soul, by baptism, is made "a child of God and heir to the kingdom of heaven"—capable of

seeing God face to face.

It is the will of God that a greater number of souls reach heaven by going through the trials, temptations and

sufferings of this life. But what if He exempts some from But what if He exempts some from this ordeal? "Venerable old age is not that of long time, nor counted by the number of years. A spotless life is old age. His soul pleased God; therefore He hastened to bring him out of iniquities." (Wis. iv. 8, 9, 14.) What more pleasing to God than the

spotless soul just regenerated in the vaters of baptism ? -With much reason, there-Conclusion—With much reason, there-fore, does Holy Mother Church make a joyful commemoration of her Holy In-nocents—her Infant Saints—her "first Iruits to God and to the Lamb." With

children have been taken to heaven in youth or in infancy. Let them bless God, and treasure up in their hearts the loving words of our Divine Saviour: Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of God." (Mark x., 14.)

OPEN-AIR PREACHING IN LON-DON'S SLUMS.

NOBLE WORK UNDERTAKEN BY REV. BERNARD VAUGHAN, S. J.

From his beautiful church in Farm street, one of the best residential sections of London, Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., has gone to the "slums" of that great city and is there engaged in a grand and noble work amongst their inhabitants. He has rented a room in the Commercial Road district, in which he lives, a poor man amongst the poor. For years, it is said, the reverend Father has thought over such a method of reaching the submerged masses and now he has achieved his desire and is laboring with excellent results.

" Father Bernard Vaughan, S. J., in continuation of his slum crusade, spoke at 4 o'clock on Sunday in a dark, grimy court off Periwinkle street and v hailing distance of the Stepner Railway Station. As on previous Sundays, the Sisters of the little Company of Mary acted as bellringers and collectand before the meeting Father Vaughan himself made a tour of the neighboring courts and alleys, ringing huge bell and coaxing and exhor ing all and every one to come to hear the Word of God. And in the drizzling rain what a grimy, woeful aspect everything in this desolate neighborhood seemed to wear! Many of the mothers and children looked miserable and hungry and dirty : the houses are small and mean; the streets and courts are ill-kept and narrow, and the only sign of prosperity is in the pa-latial public houses here and there looking down contemptuously on the tiny abodes, from which they derive their sustenance and wealth. The East End poverty and want are at present very acute, but at the bottom i in many cases but another phase of the

question. "Day by day hundreds of men, omen and little children are going thout 'anyfink for dinner," and the last of the pots and pans, furniture and spare clothes — trivial treasures in hich they took such pride-have gone the usual way of such things-to the sign of the three balls. The men are rain and the tears of the dew, shaken out of work, the women are heart-by the wanton, careless bird, caressed broken and ill and the children starve. and now comes its turn, as of all things, to die and fail, and pass into the igorestances dwell in those dreary, crimethe thousands who by force of circumstance and fail, and pass into the igorganic kingdom again. But its last sound on earth startled me with its fluttering farewell, and its silent reminder. Thou too shall pass. It is the law.—Rev. P. A. Sheehan, D. D., in The Dolphin.

DEATH N T A V EVIL.

Rev. R. K. Waksham in the Catholic Homiletic Monthly.

First—The death of infants is no argument arginer the geordness of God. poor, half-frozen, emaciated bodies.
These are the questions which, presumably, the learned Jesuit, Father Bernard Vaughan—always the friend of the poor and needy—has been asking him-

The court in which he preached is about fifty yards long, four yards wide, and the single-story little houses were all barred and shuttered externally and in friendly communication by a series of clothes lines extending agrees the of clothes lines extending across street and not more than six feet high. Street and not more than six leet high.
The sermon was a simple, eloquent pleacalling on all to go to confession and Holy Communion for Christmas. The court was packed and all listened with reverence to the beautiful, moving words which again told the story of man's redemption and the love of our Lord for the poor. Several hymns were sung and the Litany of Our Lady recited before the meeting broke up.

Persevere in thoroughly conquering yourself in the small daily contradictions you receive. Make the bulk of your desires about this; know that God wishes nothing from you at present save that. Busy not yourself then in doing anything else, do not sow your desires in another's garden, but cultivate well your own. Do not desire not to be what "Not come?" she exclaimed. Then she remembered. "I beg your parden," she said humbly; "you are quite right. It is I who am to blame—I who min the wrong. But—but," her voice growing husky, "I did not know he wanted me so badly. I was so young when I went away—I am not very old now—and I did not understand many in the come with me to mother's home. How is good fortune estimated in this world? Some persons are born to all world? Some persons are born to all thou do you like that?"

A wiser and more prudent mother would have hesitated to excite the would have hesitated to excite the would have hesitated to excite the woll have hesitated to excite t

LUNG WEAKNESS

Is Due to Poor and Watery Blood.

THAT IS WHY SOME PEOPLE CANNOT GEL RID OF A COUGH, AND WHY IT DE-VELOPS INTO CONSUMPTION.

The lungs are just like any other portion of the body—they need a constant supply of pure rich blood to keep them sound and strong. If the lungs are not strong they are unable to resist disease, and that is the reason why an apparently simple cold clings until the patient grows weaker and weaker and finally fills a consumptive's grave. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills never tail to make the new rich red blood which alone can do this work. The most emphatic proof that Dr. Williams' Pink strengthen the lungs, because they Pills re-build the lungs and care consumption in its earlier stages, is give in the case of Miss Blanche Durand, of St. Edmond, Que. Miss Durand says:
"In the month of September, 1901, I
was visiting at the home of an uncle at
L'Assomption. One day we were out
booting I got my feet wet and caught cold. The cold seemed to cling to me and when I returned home about the end of September, I was quite ill. I was quite feverish, had no appetite, and the cough seemed to exhaust me. much reason does she say of them,
"These were purchased," etc.

Joy and consolation for parents whose bilders, have been purchased to exhaust me. I began doctoring, but did not get any better, and in January, 1902, the doctor told me that my lungs were affected, told me that my lungs were affected and that I was in consumption. At this time a friend who had come to see me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I sent for six boxes. The pills soon began to help me, as little by little, the cough grew less severe, my appetite became better, my strength returned, and I began to have a healthy color. I used eight boxes of the pills, and was then fully recov I am sure that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills saved my life and I shall always speak gratefully of them.' Such cases as these tell better than

nere words the power of Pink Pills. They cure all constitutional weakness because they go right to the oot of the trouble and That is why they never fail to cure rheumatism, lumbago, liver troubles, headaches, taches, indigestion, biliousness all other blood diseases. Sold

all dealers or sent post paid 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. stitutes are sometimes offered, but you can always protect yourself by seein His unique methods are described in the Iollowing excrept from a report in the London Monitor and New Era:

> Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is plea Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant to take; sure and effectual in destroying worms. Many have tried it with best results.
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> Known to Thousands.—Parmelee's Vigetable Palis regulate the action of the secretions purify the blood and keep the stomach and bowess free from deleterions matter. Taken according to direction they will overcome dyspepsia, cradicale billiousness, and leave the digestive orgons healthy and strong to perform their functions. Their merits are well-known to thousands who know by experience how beneficial they are in giving tone to the system.

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colds from exposure to the elements.

Cholers morbus, cramps and kindred complaints anually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers melons, etc., and many persons are debarred from eating these temptics fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellegg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

RUTS

The walking sick, what a crowd of them there are:

Persons who are thin and weak but not sick enough a crowd of them there are: to go to bed.

"Chronic cases" that's what the doctors call them, which in common English means—long sickness.

To stop the continued loss of flesh they need Scott's Emulsion. For the feeling of weakness they need Scott's Emulsion.

It makes new flesh and gives new life to the weak system.

Scott's Emulsion gets thin and weak persons out of the rut. It makes new, rich blood, strengthens the nerves and gives appetite for ordinary food.

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stolen into the system and have commenced to work havoc. -what you need is a tonic axative. Try "Abbey's" (a spoonful in a glass of water) ts laxative properties promote a gentle, regular action of the powels-it stimulates the liver -drives out impurities-and it tones up the entire system.

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