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disturb my peace," he said. "Alas! I was just now so happy."

But he did not forget his penance,

and the next day he sought the Father again. "Father Antonio," he said, "thou

hast been 'aithful to my poor soul. Help me to find my wife. the priest aided him gladly, and they found the wife of Camillo sunk in such misery and degradation that for many days she escaped their search.

"But should I not forgive her, who have been myself forgiven?" said the artist tenderly; and he took her home, and pleaded with her to live a better life, and dealt kindly with her.

And the Face of Christ hung on the wall, unveiled. Then, after a day or two, came Cam

illo again to the priest, and there were tears in his eyes.

"Father Antonio," he said, "the Lord has shown me myself. I have been a bad son to old Marietta, my grandmother, a bad husband to my wife, a bad father to my children My sins caused their error; the poison of my life corrupted them. Help me to atone

So Father Antonio helped him, and they sought out old Marietta, whom he had neglected many years, and Camillo's sons and daughters; and before them all the artist humbled himself, and they fell upon his neck with tears, and forgave and were torgiven. Only Marietta, who had forgotten by this time the sins of his boyhood, and remembered only his glory and great name, maintained that she had noth ing to forgive.

Camillo took her home, and his children dwelt near in houses of their own, and all were happy and at peace among themselves. And the Face of Christ shone down upon them from the wall. But they had few friends in the city who cared to enter their humble dwelling; for it was a tearful thing carelessly to meet those pictured eyes.

when they had so dwelt for many days, Camillo came again to Father Antonio, and said: "Father, may I yet be absolved? Padre Antonio did not answer.

"What!" cried the painter, "is there yet more to do?" 'Thou shouldst know," said Father

Antonio. "I know not," said Camillo, sorrowfully. "I have done all that can be done; even the slightest tie that hath bound my soul in former days I have sought to reunite: and if the friend

had been wronged, I have besought forgiveness. "Hath it been always granted?"

asked the priest.
"Nay," said Camillo, "for to some the wrong hath been that my poison hath so tainted their souls that they have wronged me, and that wrong is hard to pardon. But the others have been forgiven."

"It is well," said Padre Antonio.

"Yet you tell me there is more,

said the artist.

"I tell thee! Nay, "said the priest." "Thou shouldst know. What does the Face of Christ tell thee? My son, when thou hast won His absolution thou wilt not ask mine."

Then Camillo went home very sor rowful, and yet happy, for he felt that he could now look calmly and fearlessly into the eyes of the Christ; yet he would have liked well the priest's ab solution.

So when night had fallen and he was left alone with his masterpiece, he was left alone with his masterpiece, he knelt down before his canvas, and, folding his hands like the hands of a little child at prayer, he looked upward into the pictured eyes.

What is the meaning of this sad and to Koriok he wrote hie beautiful point in the meaning of this sad and to Koriok he wrote hie beautiful point in the lock he beautiful point in the meaning of this sad and to Koriok he wrote hie beautiful point in the lock he beautiful point in the meaning of this sad and to Koriok he wrote hie beautiful point in the lock he beautiful point in the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words in the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words in the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words in the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words with heavily and conscience, is an unusual for humanity and evidence with the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words which none can fail to understand. Sentence of the first Sisters of the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity. It speaks in words which none can fail to understand. Sentence of the first Sisters of the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity and conscience, is an unusual experiment. The meaning of the world is gazing? It has a lesson for humanity and conscience, is an unusual experiment. The world in the world is gazing?

into the pictured eyes.

And the Face of Christ shone down upon his soul. The eyes were very searching, yet, oh! so loving and tender; the parted lips seemed to smile, like the lips of a mother over her noughty child, as she says: "But, darling, you grieve mamma.

Then Camillo fell upon his face with a great cry. And in the morning he went back to Father Antonio.

"Ah, my Father! How dared I ask

for absolution? I, who knew not the smallest fraction of my sim! What are all the offenses against my fellowman to my sins against Him? "Ah! what, indeed!" said Padre

Antonio. "I allied myself with His foes, I re jected His love, I cast Him out of my heart, I caused these to sin for whom

"And I also," said Padre Antonio.
"And yet He forgives; He has always forgiven; that crushes me," said Camillo. "There is no effort in it with Him, He forgives freely. There is no little by little in it; I have come back to Him step by step, but He has carried me always in His heart. Padre Antonio, what shall I do to be saved?"

"Go back," said the priest, "and look once more on the Face of Christ."

So Camillo went back, and knelt all night long before his masterpiece, and the eyes of the Christ shone down into his soul. And a great sorrow came upon him, and also a great joy ; a great anguish and a great peace; because the love without him was greater than the love within, and for the first moment in his half-century of years he

felt all its weight. Therefore, between the joy and the anguish, his heart broke, and his soul was drawn up into the ocean of love, eternal and illimitable.

And in the morning they found him lying dead beneath the eyes of Christ, with the peace of heaven upon his

pallid features.
"The Lord Christ hath absolved him," said Padre Antonio. - Sacred

A triumpn in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the progress of Pulmon-ary Consumption, but by its continued use, health and vigor could be fully restored.

| A triumpn in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion depths of indigence and despair. I would have tested its merits, as so mornin' I war gettin' my skiff reddy to many distinguished and fashionable ing allotted to them by the Ottoman people are doing now-a-days. Experience has Proved it.

NUNS AT THE CRIMEA.

A Brief Record of What the Sisters of Mercy Did There.—By Their Heroic Work They Won Love and Respect.

It was during the Crimean war in 1854 that the Irish Community of the Sisters of Mercy was for the first time allowed to pursue its mission of charity upon the battlefields of England. To the Right Rev. Mgr. Grant, Bishop of Southwark, belongs the merit of suggesting the sending of some English-speaking nuns to aid the Crimear sufferers. He was himself the son of an Irish soldier, and he felt intensely the sad privations, temporal and spir itual, to which the sick and wounded soldiers were then exposed. over, a bitter outcry had been raised throughout England against the nuns by the bigots of Exeter Hall notoriety, and he very justly said: "Let the and he very justly said: nuns, who are so fiercely assailed, pro ceed to the battlefield : there their daily life, seen by the whole world, and their devotedness to the cause of charity, will be the best answer to the vile calumnies uttered against them.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Sydney, in the first installment of what prom ises to be a most interesting contribu ion to the new Australian Catholi-Record, relates how, at Bishop Grant's request, five Sisters of Mercy, from Bermondsey Convent, were soon en route towards the East, under the guidance of M. Mary Clare Moore, a Dublin lady, whose privilege it was to be one of the first founders of that com munity. As the Government was in-different to their services, they set out purely as volunteers, and the Earl of Arundel undertook to defray all their expenses. Before their arrival in Paris, however, the Government felt ashamed of the coldness shown to them, and arranged with Bishop Grant for the expenses of their journey and their official recognition as nurses in the military hospitals of the East.

Miss Nightingale joined these Sisters in Paris, and accompanied them during the remainder of the journey, and they continued to be associated with her throughout the whole campaign. At Scutari she gave full charge of the hospital to M. Clare, and it was re-marked that everything in which she followed the guidance of the devoted Sisters was attended with the most brilliant success, whilst in everything else failure and dissatisfaction followed her footsteps. A few weeks before the close of the war in 1856. Mother Clare. on account of failing health, was sum moned home by Dr. Grant. Miss Nightingale, in several letters, attested her gratitude and admiration for the skill and devotedness of which M. Clare and companions had given such abundant proof. She thus writes from Balaklava: "My Dearest Rev. Balaklava: "My Dearest Rev. Mother: Your going home is the greatest blow I have yet had, but God's blessing and my love and gratitude go with you. What you have done for the work no one can ever say. But God will reward you for it with Himself. My love and gratitude will be yours, wherever you go. I do not pre sume to give you any tribute but my tears." In another letter: "No one, even of your own children, values you, loves you, and reverences you, more than I do. You were far above me in fitness for the general superintend-ency, both in worldly talent of administration and far more in the spiritual qualifications which God values in a

Scutari. Hence it is not to be wondered at that prejudices at head-quarters were soon set at rest; and in October, 1854, the Secretary of War in an official communication requested Dr. Grant to provide an additional staff of the devoted Sisters. As the convents were too few in England to supply a sufficient number, he at once wrote to the Most Rev. Dr. Cullen, Archbishop of Dublin, and to other Irish prelates, soliciting their aid in this great work of charity.

He at first met with unexpected difficulties, for the Archbishop of Dublin, though desiring to meet his wishes, could not allow the Sisters to be associated in their work with paid nurses, or to be subordinate to any except the medical officers. that the devoted Sisters would be held responsible for the faults of the former, and for the mistakes of Miss Nightingale, and letters from the Patriarch of Constantinople, which were received soon after, more than justified his prevision. These difficulties were, however, soon set aside in a practical way, and fifteen additional Sisters, under the direction of Mother Bridgeman, of Kinsale, Superior, followed soon after by three others, hastened to the fields allotted to

their zeal and heroism. Lord Napier was one of those who bore testimony to the fidelity with which the nuns observed the rule of non-interference with the Protestant patients. He held at that time a diplopatients. He held at that time a diplo-matic position under Lord Stratford de Redeliffe in Constantinope, and we may relate his testimony in his own words: "During the distress of the Crimean war the Ambassador called me one morning and said : 'Go down to the port. You will find a ship there loaded with Jewish exiles, Russian subjects from the Crimea. It is your duty to disembark them. The Turks will give you a house in which they may be placed. I turn them over entirely to you. I went down to the shore and received about 200 research. received about 200 persons, the most miserable objects that could be witnessed, most of them old men, women

authorities. I went back to the Ambassador and said: 'Your Excellency, these people are cold and I have b fuel or blankets; they are hungry and I have no food; they are very dirty and I have no soap; their hair is in an undesirable condition and I have no combs. What am I to do with these people?' 'Do!' said the Ambassador, Get a couple of Sisters of Mercy they will put all to rights in a moment.' I went, saw the Mother Superior, and explained the case. I ment.' I asked for two Sisters. They were at once sent. They were ladies of refine ment and intellect. I was a stranger and a Protestant, and I invoked their assistance for the benefit of Jews, Yet these two women made up their bundles and followed me through the rain, without a look, a whisper or a sign of hesitation. From that moment my fugitives were saved. No one saw the labors of those Sisters for months but myself, and they never endeavored to make a single convert." In his speeches in after times Lord Napier repeatedly referred to the singular zeal and devotedness constantly shown by the Sisters to the sick of every denomination. On one occasion, in Edinburgh, he remarked that the Sisters faithfully kept their promise not to interfere with the religion of non Catholics, but, continued His Lordship. "they made at least one convert; they converted me, if not to believe in the Catholic faith, at least to

#### GREATNESS AND HAPPINESS.

believe in the Sisters of Mercy.'

A few days ago Prince Bismarck made the melancholy confession that he had never been happy. This world renowned statesman, loaded world renowned statesman, loaded with honors, stated with praise, the acknowledged founder of a great empire, the hero of millions and the idol of nations, standing upon the verge of the grave, declares that all the happiness of his eighty years crowded gether would not fill twenty four hours.

It is indeed, a sad comment on human greatness and an impressive witness to the emptiness and vanity of all earthly glory! As men count greatness no man of modern times holds a higher seat among the great than Bismarck. For more than forty years he has been a leader and a master of men. Health, wealth, learning, power, fame and honor have attended his footsteps. His domestic life has been all that could be desired. He married his idol, whose faithfulness and devotion never failed him; and yet the great man was unhappy! He was, he says, too much absorbed in fighting for his country to take pleasure in life. His duties, his labors, his cares marvellous tapestry of sound, and his responsibilities were always a. The serpent, however, has ten to the sweet notes of praise that

were ever sounding in his ears. It should not be forgotten that in his long struggle for his country and his people he never escaped criticism and abuse. He was hated and cursed as well as loved and praised. So far as is known, he took as little heed to his enemies as to his friends. Even now, when millions of his countrymen are sounding his praises and doing honor, this gray-haired statesman is often overcome with emotion and weeps and sobs like a child. He is full of years and full of honors, but of happiness he

has none. What is the meaning of this sad and It is not in the power of earthly honors to bestow happiness. Neither titles, nor rank, nor wealth, nor learntitles, nor rank, nor wealth, nor learning, nor earthly glory can make us happy. How foolish, then, is the mad scramble for place and power! The human soul can never be contented with earthly things. As well attempt to slake thirst with gall as to try wealth and fame. It seems strange that the human race is so slow to learn this simple lesson! When will men cease to set their affections on things of the earth, in the vain hope that they have power to satisfy the cravings of the heart!—The Angelus.

### In Mediæval Days.

Venice is now a sleepy town, mouldy, and keeping alive as a show place for tourists. But it was once a most active seaport and busy with industry in many forms. And Venice was a type and example of how commerce could thrive and still be faithful to the laws of God and the precepts of the Catholic religion. An interesting little fact related to this was gracefully referred to lately in New York by Rabbi Joseph Krauskopf, of that city, in the course of an address made by him at the fiftieth anniversary of the best known synagogne in that city. "I read on the church of San Giacomo di Rialto," he said, "this inscription: 'Around this temple let the merchant's law be just, his weights true, his covenants faithful." In the inscription on the front of that ancient Catholic church of Venice thus quoted by Dr. Kraus kopf, is contained the entire moral code of trade. An attentive and in-telligent reading of history will show that the principles thus held up to the traders and manufactures of Venice were generally observed in all the towns of Europe when they were dominated by the Catholic religion.

Byron used a great deal of hairdressing, but was very particular to have only the best to be found in the If Aver's Hair Vigor had market. If Ayer's Hair Vigor had been obtainable then, doubtless he

THE DISMAL SWAMP.

The Experience and Impress ons of Moore and Boyle O'Reilly in This Remarkable Place.

Father Cronin writes as follows to the Union and Times of his recent

visit to Virginia: But the particular outing that my heart most craved for was a trip to "The Lake of the Disma! Swamp" which the muse of Moore has immortalized. In 1803, when on his way to Bermuda to assume the duties in the admiralty court to which he had been appointed, the poet visited Norfolk, and white there determined on seeing the wild and wondrous region known as the Dismal Swamp and the enchanting lake, so silent and lone nestling at its very heart. It is pic-tured by those who have penetrated its gloom and canoed over its dark waters as a weird and enchanted region. Nature seems to have showered beauty there with riot hand, as if to bewilder the imagination. The late John Boyle O'Rielly, who visited the swamp in 1888 shall describe it for us :

It was a lovely evening, and the surroundings were so novel and so unexpectedly attractive that we can never forget the impression. Far before us as the eye could reach, ran

the canal, narrowing in perspective, till it closed to a point. On the right, rose from the water, a dense forest of cypress and juniper, flowering poplar black gum, yellow pine, maple and swamp oak, with a marvelous underwood of laurel in ravishing flower the very air heavy with perfume, which resembles that of a tuberose. honeysuckle heaped in delicious blos som, yellow jessamine, bay, myrtle, purple trumpet flowers of the poison oak vine, with the ever-present roses and white flowering blackberry hanging into the water.

But with the decline of the lovely day came such a jubilant chorus of sweet voices! Never had we heard except in the air of dreamland, such a concert of delicious bird music. number and variety the singers were multiplied beyond conception. we could see along the canal we know that the air was vibrant with the harmony. We thought such unbroken melody following the eye into the remote distance was a more delightful music in itself than that which was ravishing the senses. Here the mock ing bird ceased to mock and poured out its own soul. The cat bird discord ant no longer, shot its clear joy through the great harmony, and the wren and swamp canary twined their notes like the threads of gossamer through the warp and woof of this

The serpent, however, has found his burden to him. He had no time to lis- slimy way into this paradise of nature, mingles his hissings with the song of the rich plumaged birds, and coils his glittering scales round the jessamine the laurel and the wild rose. So too does the poisonous weed breathe forth its blasted vapors of death, while the wolf and panther still inhabit those marshy wilds.
Such, in brief, is the Disma

Swamp - with its one hundred and fifty-thousand acres, extending from Virginia into North Carolina - which Moore penetrated even to the gloomy shores of the lake in 1803, with no other guide than "Old Tony," the return black boatman. On the poet's to Norfolk he wrote the beautiful poem called "The Lake of the Dismal

#### THE LAKE OF THE DISMALSWAMP. Written at Norfolk in Virginia.

("They tell of a young man who lost his mind upon the death of a girl he loved, and who, suddenly disappearing from his friends, was never afterwards heard of. As he frequently said in his ravings that the girl was not dead, but gone to the Dismal Swamp, it is supposed that he had wandered into that dreary wilderness and had died of hunger or been lost in some of its dreadful morasses.

They made her a grave too cold and damp For a soul so warm and true; And she's gone to the Lake of the Dismal Swamp. Swamp.
Where all night long by a fire fly lamp,
She paddles her white canoe.

And her fire fir lamp I soon shall see, And her paddle I soon shall hear; Long and loving our life shall be, And I'll hide the maid in a cypress tree When the footstep of Death is near!"

Away to the Dismal Swamp he speeds; His path was rugged and sore. Through tangled jumiper, beds of reeds— Through many a fen where the serpent feeds. And man never trod before.

And when on the earth he sank to sleep, If slumber his cyclids knew, He lay where the deadly vine doth weep, Its venomous tear and nightly steep. The flesh with blistering dew. And near him the she-wolf stirr'd the brake,

And the copper snake breathed in his Till he, starting, cried from his dream: "Oh! when shall I see the dusky lake, And the white canoe of my dear?"

He saw the Lake, and a meteor bright Quick o'er its surface play'd— "Welcome," he said, "my dear one's light! And the dim shore echoed for many a night The name of the death cold maid!

Till be hollow'd a boat of the birchen bark,
Which carried him off from the shore;
Far he follow'd the meteor spark—
The winds were high and the clouds were dark.
And the boat returned no more!

But oft from the Indian hunter's camp,
This lover and maid so true
Are seen at the hour of the midnight damp
To cross the Lake by a fire-fly lamp
And paddle their white cause.

This account of Moore's visit to the Dismal Swamp and the poem it inspired would not be completed id I fail to transcribe Uncle Tony's story of the trip as recorded by Mr. Robert Arnold of Suffolk, Va. Here is old Tony's story :

de Dismal Swamp for which I will pay you £1?' De gentleman talked so putty dat I tole him to git in my skiff an' I would carry him to the lake. noticed dat he kep writin' all de way. When I got to the horse camps (a large encampment of negro wood cutters). I stopped to get somefin to eat. He cum

de man dat will carry me to de Lake ob

out en de skiff an' ask me what I stop for. I tole him I stop to eat some meat an' bread. He ax me if I would have a drink. I tuk off my hat an' tole him dat I would be much obleeged to him for it. He fotched a silber jug, wid a silber cup for a stopper an' sed: "My man, dis is Irish whiskey, brung it all the way from home. He tole me dat his name was Thomas Moore, and dat he cum from 'way ober yonder, and was gwine to de lake to write bout a spirit dat is seed there paddlin a kunnue. De har' gin tu rise on my hed, an' I ax him if dat wus a fac'. He sed dat he was tole so in Norfolk. shall nebber forgit dat gent'man. fotch him back an' he gin me de poun' which war five dollars, an' lef Norfolk, bein' mighty glad dat I had

carried him to de lake. He tole me dat he had trabbled an' seen sites, but dat he nebber wus so 'stonish befo'; he did not spec to see at de end of the kunel sich a putty place, an dat I wood hear some time what he wus gwine tu say' bout it.

The Encyclical.

None, we hope, have read the comnents of the press on the Pope's recen letter to the English people with deeper interest than Catholics. An opportun-ity, which ought not to be neglected, is thus afforded of getting nearer to the minds of many Christians who are outside the visible Church. The en cyclical has been received in a spirit which most persons did not suppose to exist. Naturally enough, opinions exist. Naturally enough, opinions have been expressed to which Catholics could not give assent; however, mos of the writers who have commented upon the Holy Father's letter recog-

nize in it an authority above that of any other religious teacher in Christen It is a wondrous thing that his words should be attentively considered by so many who deny his claim to be the Vicar of Christ; and it is a blessed thing that they should be so well re It would console the heart of Leo XIII., we think, as it will surprise many to read this extract from The Church Times of London: "The spirit which breathes through the letter of Leo XIII. to England must

touch all hearts. It appeals straight to the religious instincts which are so strong among all classes of our coun trymen; and all, whether churchmen or otherwise, or belonging to the Roman Catholic body in England, must feel that it conveys to them lesson, and speaks to them in accents which none who have any love for our Lord and Master can afford to disregard. . . What, in England should be the response to such an invi-tation? Surely nothing short of this that, at the invitation of our own Bishops, the whole of England should

unite, day by day and Sunday by Sunday, in the prayer that He who promised His peace to His Church should look not on our sins, but on our faith, and grant her that peace and unity which is agreeable to His will. And these words quoted from an editorial in the Boston Herald:

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