

1-Early in The Night.

It was a terrible night. Not terrible because of a orm, not terrible because of the lightning or the wind or the rain, but terrible because of the wick-

rain, but terrible because of the wickedness of men.

The whole city of Paris seemed to
have gone made. Persons who had
been kindly enough, who had little
offildren of their own, and dear old
grandfathets and grandmothers,
ewatched the carts po by that held the
fold people on their way to have their
heads cut off by the instrument called
the guillotine. And those who saw the guillotine. And those who saw vall this, who applauded, had suddenly become cruel because they had turned their backs on God.

Little children were homeless and without food because they happened to be the children of aristocrats, and the people of Paris hated aristociats, the people of Paris hated aristociats. Formerly it had been honorable to awear fine clothes in the streets, to drive in carriages, but now mentried to dress as poorly as possible; they were hurried to the guillotine because they had borne the title of Marquiston Count, and for no other reason. The dristograts had been haughty and arrogant, and neglected the poor; many of them had shown a most evil example, and now the seed sown was bearing fruit. Louis XIV., the "sun king" of France, had been careless of the poor, Louis XV. had been evil in his life, Louis XVI. was alive now in prison, suffering for the sins of his forefathers. And his son, the little Dauphin, in prison, too, was to die' by a blow and horrible torture, worse than death itself.

Not long before this night, the beau-Ant long before this light, the dear friend of the imprisoned Queen Marie Antoinette, fluid been dragged through the streets—and afterwards her gold-en head had been carried through the en head had been carried through the same streets on a pike. Not very long, before, too, Mile. de Sombreuil had been forced to save her aged father afrom the guillotine. How? By drinking, in the presence of a group of men whose hands were red, a cup of blood. They said that she afterward went mad—but ske saved her father for the time. All this is very horrible—too horrible to talk about; I mention it that you may know that human nature is capable of the most terrible atrocities, if it turns away from God and meeks at Him.

It was a terrible night over a hundred years ago, when Hugh O'Regan and Henry Bache met in the streets of Paris. Hugh was the most wretched of boys, for he had just lost his nother; and Heary was even more wretched, for he had lost both father and mother, and, besides, he could say no prayers, for he knew none.

prayers, for he knew none.
Louis XVI., now imprisoned by his people, had been kind to Americans. He had sent his troops over there to help George Washington in the great struggle against the English King George. And he had received Benjamin Franklin well at his court, and given him all the help he could. It was through Mr. Franklin that young Boohe and his negents had come to Bache and his parents had come to Paris from America. They had been the guests of the good Marquis de La-fayette, wife of the celebrated Marquis; she had learned with great sor row that the Baches were of that fashionable school of intidels who had done so much harm in France.

Hugh O'Regan was about the Hugh O'Regan was about the same ago as young Bache. His grandfather, the Count O'Regan, had served under Dillon in the Irish Brigade, and he and his mother had come to Paris to liv; in ms grandfather's house, while he went to the Jesuitt's chool. Early in the evening he had left his mother, to go for some bread and fruit, as all their servants had deserted them. He had left, singing cheerily the song he loved;—

"I leave thee my heart, For all my heart is thine;

Time can never part, When love and love entwine." When the returned, she was gone. He

when me returned, she was gone. He found a piece of white paper in the floor, on which was scrawled in chorcoal; "I have been arrested. Trust in God. We shall, at best, meet in heaven. Je te laisse mon coeur." About the same time Heary Bache had followed a crowd who were singing and daneing. He was fifteen had followed a crowd who were saig-ing and dancing. He was fifteen rears old, end his curiosity much be forgiven. When he returned to the house in which his parents, had lodged time Lafayette had left Paris, they were gone. He ran through the de-tected house until he found a servant lidden in a closet.

"The citizens had taken the aristo-erats to the guillotine," the servant aid, as well as Henry could under-tand, for he did not know French rell; "and he had better run or they yould cut his head off, too."

And so, on this terrible night, when the streets of Paris resounded with houts and vile songs, and torches lared everywhere, and men and women and children, with red cape on their theads, danced and sang songs in mor lof Liberty, these two boys stood at the corner of a street, knowing twhich way to turn.

Hugh wore a black velvet suit, with

Hugh wore a black velvet suit, with Hugh wore a black velvet suit, with ine lace at the sleeves and neck. His liver buckles flashed in the light of fire, which had been kindled in the quare, about which the people danced, singing a song they called the armagnole. And the other lines of his mother's song passed miserably hrough his mind;—

"I leave my heart behind;
"I will never be well again;
For all the chains that bind,
here troken—so farewell." His hair, long and curly, fell on his boulders. A light aword, a gift.

from his grandfather, hung by his from his grandfather, hung by his side. He was large for his age, and at home in Ireland so noted had he been in all athletic exercises that he was rather too proud of his strength. He held his three-connered hat in his right hand and looked at the gancers. Only a moment before, he heard it said that they had almost torn an aged priest to pieces who had been on his way to a bed of sickness.

his way to a bed of sickness. Henry Bache, who stood near him watching the indeous dance, wis slighter than Hugh. Baseball had not

sighter than Hugh. Baseball had not been invented in America, but he could ride to pony with mybody, toos quoits, and he had even tried his skill at quintam—an old-fushioned form of polo. He wore a plain suit of linsey-woolsey; his hair was cropped short under a broad-brimmed scraw hat. He had no buckles on his shoes and no sword. His blue eyes had lost their usual look of keeness and interest; they were full of pain and anxiety. usual fook of sceness and success, they were full of pain and anxiety. Hugh noticed him; he saw at once that he was not a French boy.

The dance became faster and faster; the torches flared; the light and shad-ows made the faces of the people and der the red caps more wicked than

"Ca ira! ca ira!" they howled.
"Tigers," said Henry Bache, halfaloud. Hugh heard hem. A little boy
had fallen in making his way through
the crowd. His father, who wore the
red cap, held hun in his arms and kissed him. Even the red can could her

red cap, herd han in his arms and kiss-ed him. Even the red cap could not change the look of love on the father's face, as he consoled the little boy. Hugh saw Bache nervously clasp his hands together in the red light. Hugh hamas together in the red light. Hugh was impulsive; he touched Henry gently on the choulder; Henry started; but a glance at Hugh's houest eyes re-assured him—besides, that Hugh wanted to be friendly was evident from the low bow 1. made. The plain boy almost smiled as he saw it. It reminded him of the size and greened from the size of the size and green was the saw it. reminded him of the airs and graces of some of the French officers who had danced a minuet, and at whom the citizens had greatly laughed.

"You speak English," Hugh said, in his soft voice, "and you are in trou-

"And you are Itish," said Henry, holding out his hand, "and"—with a quick look at his face--"and are in trouble,"

"Alas, yes," answered Hugh, in that soft tone and accent which betrayed his nationality, 'I am very sad, and I know not want to do."

"And I am ever sadder," said Henry, drawn to this boy at the sense of his loneliness. 'Che who spoke his language seemed like a friend. 'I am most wretched. My father and mother have been 'aken away by these demons who pretend to love heerty. Liberty more a different house seemens. erty means a different thing over in our country. We did not hurt women, or murder, or sing and dance like fools. Why, even old Farsor Duche, who wanted Gen. Washington to betray the cause, was not hurt. that we were home again."

"We might fight in Irciand, if we cotid." said Hugh, who, grave and sad, looked much older than he was. "We are not permitted to know what free-dom is."

"And may I ask your name?" said

"The Count Hugh O'Regan."

"Count?" whispered Henry, looking around. "They would kill you if they heard you say that. Many persons are guillotined every day simply because they bear titles."

"I am what I am." said Hugh, proud-ly. "We were in Brittany when these horrors broke out, but my mother hastened here, believing we could save my grandfather's bouse, which was in charge of servants, and put ma quietly to school. I had been only two days with the good Abbe Gaillard when-but what is that?"

What reemed to be a black bundle on the ground outside the circle of dancers moved and stood erect. A man, hideous in face, rushed at it, and beat it to the stones. It fell with grown.

Hugh half drew his sword. "Stop."
Henry Bache saul. "If you fight you are lost. And I must ask you to help me, though I know not how. I have lost my father and mother, and I must save them."

"And I my mother. You must help

me, too."
Henry felt a strange sense of consolation in thus recognizing a fellow in

"Done," he said, striking his hand into Hugh's, feeling better, "Done." Hugh was silent; he resteu his eyes on the dark object which seemed, crawling out of the circle of flickering and high. Even above, the black rad light. From above the black cloak showed a white head; the fig-ure half rose to its feet. And then, as the torches of the dancers flared up for a moment he knew the face.

"Mother of God, help us," he whispered, clutching Henry's arm. "Tis Eather Gaillard—the wretches have almost killed him."

Henry looked too.
"A Papest priest," he said, bitterly,
"Let him hione. He is as bad as the

frest."
Hugh took his hand from his com-

"We must part, sir," he said, "I am but a boy; but I will save that priest or die. You can go your way."
"You will be murdered," cried Bache. "Yerhaps so—'tis in a good cause; that old man is not only a priest, but my friend."

my friend."
Hugh was about to rush forward.
Bache held him in his strong, wiry Stay-he has reached the shadew of

No-I spoke hastily. You the tree. promised to help me, and I vill not desert you-even if I must risk my life for a Romish priest."

life; for a Romish priest."
High's face was flushed, his eyes blazed. Bache was cool—"as cool," he afterward said, "as a cucumber." He drew a long-bladed pocket-kinfe from his pocket, while he held fast to High's arm with his right hand.
"If we on forward, we shall attract

"If we go forward, we shall uttract attention to the old man. Wait—a moment—let me think. 1 tell you," he said, as Hugh struggled, "that you are a fool. Wait! I will help you; and no English descendant breaks his

Hugh stood stifl, his eyes fixed on the figure that now lay in the shadow of the trees. It was plan to him that his companion was right. Some soldiers had joined the dancing ring, and two drums lay on the ground, cast there hastily-for their was no order among the soldiers in those

"I will draw them around me," said

Bache, struck by a sudden thought. "God help us!" ejaculated flugh. "You will run to the right, mto the Faubourg; at the first corner is my holying. It was an inn, and there as a sign hanging above the door. Go mandate the servant has ran away long ago. And now for it. How do you say, 'I am an American?' " asked Bache

"le suis Americam," "Now," whispered Bache, growing very pale, and setting his teeth, "go to you old man; but I expect you yo help me to the death."

"We never break our word," answer ed Hugh, creeping through the shad-Heary Bache breathed hard. Then

he sprang forward like a deer, jumped onto the big drum, and seized the lattle one. Rat-tat—rat-tat. Z The dancing circle half-stopped for a moment, but some continued to howl and sing. Henry rattled his drum

again. "Je suis Americain," he called out, m'a shirill, high voice. "Yankee Doodle." And then he crowded with all the strength of his lungs.

"Vive 'Amerique," oried the soldiers And Henry began in a high voice the song, "Yankee Doodle." In an instant he was surrounded by

in an instant he was surrounded by a laughing, shouting crowd. Herat-tled away on his drum, and cried, looking toward Hugh;— "Run—for your life."

Then he began to sing. To make him stand higher, the soiders brought him an empty wine cask. Some of them had been in America, too, evidently, for when he sang "Yankee

them had been in America, 100, evidently, for when he sang "Yankee
Doodle," with many gestures with his
drum-streks, they joined in the chorus.
There was nobody to watch Hugh
and Father Gailfard now; everybody
gathered about the "savage Yankee
boy," on the cark. Even the hittle
lad who had been hurt laugued, as
Henry crowed at the end of each stanza.

But suddenly there was a howl; a sordier had caught sight of Hugh and the priest. Henry became aware of this. He jumped from his perch, and this. He jumped from his perch and greached Hugh's side just in time to strike back the arm of the soldier with his clasped kinfe. The boy an the priest vanished in the darkness Henry faced the soldier, who made a movement to grasp him. Henry three

the drum m his face and ra.
"Je suis Americain," he said.
"Aristocrat! Anistocrat! Hang him,"
called the soldier; but Henry had disappeared.

II.—At Nine O'clock . The dancers of the Aarmagnole soo

The dancers of the Aarmagnole soon returned to their places. "Ah, what a droll, savage Yankee boy," they said. And some of them instead to the storus told by the solders, who had been a America, of the strange, barbarous manners of the country. And the old priest had escaped—what of it—to-motifyow, he would die, they said. All priests must be kided by good citizens sooner of later.

When Henry creat into the doorway

When Henry crept into the doorway When Henry crept into the doorway of his lodging-house he was dripping with perspiration. It was not that he had run so fast, but that even when he had seemed boldest. He believed that if he lost his life his father and mother might be lost, and this was enough to make him afraid of death. of death.

He found Hugh and the Abbe Gail-He found Hugh and the Abbe Gail-lard in one of the bedfooms of, the de-screted house. Hugh had got a candle, and as few boys then were even with-out tinder and flint—there were no matches—he easily made a light. The old priest sat in an armchair; he was very white, and a cut in his forchead was bandaged with Hugh's handker-chief.

They both started as they heard

chief.
They both started as they heard Henry's footsteps. As he entered the old priest held out his thin hand.
"Ah, my brave boy," he sand, ""I thank you—you have saved our lives. And Hugh knows how grateful I am, same I have with me the Blessed Sacrament."

Henry bowed; he did not fully com-

prehend. "Monsieur," said llugh, gravely, "I "Monsettr," said lugh, kravely, 'I promise you that your father and mother shall be saved. You know not what you have done, but you have brought a great blessing on yourself to-night. I promise."

Henry was slient. Then he took

to-night. I promise."
Heary was silent. Then he took Hugh's hand.
"As sure," he said, "as my name is Heary Bache, if what you say turns out to 'e true,—if your God saves' my parents, I will worship Him—I will have your old miest tell me how to do it. I like his face."
"But he is a Jesuit." said Hugh, looking straight into Henry's face.
Heary heatated. "Well, I have been been told—but never mind—he must be good since he has been evilly treat, ed by those fixeds. And he is a brave man. Now you must help me faid my father and mother."
Father Gaillard had listened; he ununderstood English sufficiently to get

rather coal English sufficiently to get understood English sufficiently to get ut what Henry was saying. "His father and mother?" he asked of Hugh: "What does he say of his father and mother?"

alive or dead."

"His father and mother?" he asked of Hugh. "What does he say of his father and mother?"

"They are in prison."

"In what prison?"

"He does not know."

"Oh, I do not know," said Henry, tears coming into his eyes. "And I shall go mad it I do not find them; yet I know, not, as a stranger, where

a begir. "If I could only speak the anguage well. The priest raised himself on his el-

The priest rarsed himsen to bow with an effort.

"You are English?"

"No," said the hoy; "I am of English descent," he added proudly. "My name is Henry Backe."

"Bache," said the priest; "Bache — Bache." He tred it again to get the irronunciation. "Ah, I remember. Your father and mother are with Mme. O'Reg m. m the Conciergerie, It was Madame who sent me by a trusted sorvant a foce, telling me that she and Americans had been the trust into

ed servant a foote, telling me that she and Americans had been thrust into prison. She told me also of a dying nun in the same prison. To her I was going, when the mob, God forgive them! recognized me."

Henry went toward the door.

"I must go," he said, "to find this prison. You are safe. There is wine in the cupbourd, and meat downstairs, I will leave you the key. The landlord will never come back. He was guillotined yesterday for harboring an impsocrat." izriskoerat.

"You must not go, ' said Hugh, "It means death We, mist consult."

"I will not witt," said Bache. "They will de of pan without me."

"You can do no good," spoke the priest. "When this pain abates so that I can walk, I will go to the prison."
"No," said Henry, in a low voice, "I

"No," said Henry, in a low voice, "I must go. You promised," he said, turning to Hugh, "that your God would saive them."
"I am sure," said Hugh, "that God will not let, me break my word." And he turned to the priest.
Father Gaillard smiled gently, and big lire mayer in prayer.

his lips moved in praye.

"Oh, Father," caid Hugh, the weight of grief falling neaver on his heart, "I must go, too—I must, I must—think of my dear mother among those demons. I will, at least, die with her."

Henry took his hand again.

"Let us go!"

Father Gaillard saw that he could

Father Gaillard saw that he could not keep them, and he felt a faintness erceping over him.

"Kneel," he said.

Hugh drew Bache to his knees with him. And then, the old priest blessed them both. Hugh rushed up to him and kissed him on both cheeks, and Henry he stily brought wine and bread and put hem, with the key, on the table wit, in reach, of the Abbe.

The boy went downstars together.

"The old man's blessing did me good—though my father would laugh over it with b.s friend, Mr. Tom Paine," said Henry. "I don't care if he is a Jesuite-he is a good man. But—what shall I call you."

shall I call you."

"Hugh—that's my name."

"Well, Hugh, you must put on some of my clothes. You had better not go out again with those clothes. You are an aristocrat; they will recognize

you as a -what do they call it?

He thanked Henry. (In a few minutes he had dressed husself in a round cap, and carefully laid his ruffles and sword aside. Henry gave him a stout stick, and they went into the street. The Abbe waved his hand to them. "God will reward Hugh's faith," he said, sinking back into his chair. "Oh, if I could walk."

He did not lock the door of the goom.

The boys might return, pursued, and all must be open to them.

Surely two boys never started out to do a more hopeless thing. The Conciergerie, as the prison was called, was doubly guarded. They had no

ed, was doubly guarded. They had no firiends, and at any moment they might on some pretext be arrested and guillotined. At this time neither women or children were spared. "I feel," said liugh, aas they went on "that only God can help us. I shall say the Litany of the Blessed Virgin as I go along. She went to look for the Infant Lord when He was lost, and we have lost our parents. lost, and we have lost our parents. She has felt our sorrow. She cam understand us."

Henry said nothing, but when they had walked on in silence for a time, he spoke.
"If I knew a payer, I would say it."
"Say 'Son of God, help us."

"Say 'Son of God, help us.'"
Henry repeated it reverently.
"Now," said he, "we must leave the rest to Him."
They were passing some official house. A crowd of howling women ran down the steps, singing a blasphemous song. Ond of them stopped, and insisted on pinning two stained loosttes on the jackets of the hoys. "Let them be," soid Henry, as Hugh was about to tear his off. "They are red, white and blue." red, white and blue."

red, white and blue."

They passed a group of men on a corner. Hugh asked one of them the way to the prison.

"Ah." usad the man, who had too much whee pointing out the direction. "You wall be just in time, if you want to jon the condemned. Robespierte has ordered that a great crowd of prisoners shall be guillotined by moonleght. Hurry! It seems to me, citizens." he said turning to his friends, "that if this goes on there will be none of us left."

The boys could not speak; their hearts were like lead. They passed another group dranking in front of a tavern. These men were in their red shutts-for the nights had grown hot—and these were open at the throat.

—and these were open at the throat. One of them drew his hand across his neck as the boys passed. "The guillotine will work well to-

night "And," said another voice, in a lowor tone, "perhaps Robespierre may fall himself."

inimsdf."

"Cheer up," said Hugh.
"I cannot," said Henry. "Oh, I wish we were home. How different it is in our quite streets at home. Oh, why did we come?"
"It is fair in heaven, our own land," said Hugh softly.
"But my fether and mother do not believe in heaven," said Henry, in agony. "I wish they did—I wish they did. It must be awful to die without hope—and they do not know whether I am alive or dead."
"Henry," said Hugh, carnestly. "I

as the Revolutionists called it — be-tween July and August. The air was still. Slowly a heavy cart came out of the

frowning gates. And just then a quarter to nine o'clock struck.

The cart moved heavily onward. The faces of all the condemned could be plainly seen. There was no need of torches. The moon was full and sil-very. Hugh fold Henry Bache clutch very. Hugh fold Henry Bachs clutch his arm "Thore." Hugh looked. He saw his mother's

Hugh looked. He saw his mother's face, calm, seene, smiling at him; she held her rosary in her hand. Leaning against her was a weeping woman; and near this woman stood a man, pile, hortor-stricken Hugh knew at once that 'this was Henry's father, They were on their way to death. "You promised — you promised," whispered Henry. "God cannot save them now." He seemed frozen to the spot. His father did not see him, and his mother's face was hidden.
Hugh was a girong boy. If thrust

his mother's face was hidden.

Hugh was a strong boy B thrust
right and left with his stick—and perhaps the rosette on his jacket saved
him from being knocked down at once,

He made have the best of this hour. He made his way, however, thinking of nothing but the faces before him, he sprang upon the cart and clang to

"Hugh, God bless you," and he felt his mother's arms around his neek. "Mons.cur," he said, to the wild-cycl man, "Henry is living; he prays for

Henry's eyes met his father's, and a great sob rose from the man's thirgat, Strong hands tried to the Hugh from his mother; he clung to her and Mrs. Bache to him

Bache to him.

"Henry is alive," he said again, and Mrs. Bache raised her pale, agonized face to see her son, whom the people held back.

"You promised," shricked Henry,

"You promised," shrieked Henry, above the noise, "you promised."
"Don't you see," Hugh cried, frantically, as the guards threw him to the ground, "these people are Americanst') "Aristocrats," said the guards.
"Let me die with chem," cried Henry, jumping, bleeding as he was, on the wheel.
"I will die, too, but oh, Mother of God, I promised," oried Hugh.
The tumbril stopped; it was impeded by the crowd ahead; there had, arisen

by the crowd ahead; there had arisen sudden commotion in advance-but the groups about the condemned pris-oners were suitenly silent. A prie man, who stood near the ear, mut-

tered;—
"Are whole families to be thus

tered;—
"Are whole families to be thus slaughtered?"

"We have had enough of it," murmured his companion
"Leave me! Leave me!" whispered Mrs. Bache, to Hugh. "Ah, no, and my, boy, turn, to God. This kind woman has taught me—"

"Halt," called out a strong voice in front. "falt—I command you."

"It is too late—too late—too late," shricked Henry.
"No," cried Hugh, "It cannot be too late." And with all his neart he prayed; "Help of Christians! Help of Christians."

The cart moved on; both the boys had climbed into it. Henry's arms were about his mother's neck.
"We are Americans," he called out, "You must not kill us—we are not agristocrats."

"They are Americans," repeated Hugh. "They are the father and mother of this boy. See," he cried, pointing to the rosettes, "we wear the tricolor."

"Robespierre has fallen," called out another voice from the crovid. "Let the prisoners go. There has been too

another voice from the crowd. "Let the prisoners go. There has been too much blood."

Hugh and Henry were thrown to the Hugh and Henry were thrown to the ground. There were yells and eries, and the stamping of feet, the cart was overturned. Hugh heard nine o'clock strike., he knew no more until he found himself lying in the bed in the boarding house, with his hand in that of Abbe Guillard Henry was kneeling beside him, he felt his mother's lips on his brow; he saw Mr. and Mrs. Bache at the foot of the bed, and then he fell asleep, hearing the abbe say;—

at be say :"At mue o'clock I was on my knees

for you; and faith has wear The worst of the Reign of Terror in France was over. Henry kept his promise and became a devout Catholic, and his father and mother, who had and his later and mother, who had been so near death, followed his example, in spite of the jeers of Mi. Tom Paine. The Count High, in time, dropped his sword, which he was fond of wearing at all time and became plain High O'Regan, having dropped his title.

But there are a few old ladies living still who say that there was no bow so graceful as his to minuet which was danced in the hall on Chestnut street, when Gen. Washington's great friend, Lafayette, came to visit America.—Maurice Trancis Egan in the London Catholic Times. London Catholic Innes.

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