## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Home of Evangeline. In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas, Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pre Lay in the fruitful valley.

Lay in the fruitful valley.

The poet has preserved to us forever the memory of the simple French-Canadian villagers whom the brutal British soldiers drove out off beautiful Acadia in long ago. Acadia owes a mighty debt to Longfellow, so writes a contributor to the Canadian Magazine. If that song of the poet's, strong, sor-rowful, tender, had not made the rowini, tender, and not made the meadows of Grand Pre, the old willows planted by the Acadians in the days of peace and prosperity, Minas Basin, Blomidon, the pasture lands over which the mist and sea fog hover, for the place would be a few for the place would be considered. familiar things, the place would not

hold us so. To-day the meadows are stretching out in the sunshine; what is left of the forest primeval has its autumn glory on; Minas Basin, full to the brim, is flashing back the light thrown on it from the sky; the ships go by with all their white sails spread; old Blomidon, frowning always in sun or shadow, is blue as blue can be. There are the apple trees which used to blossome peasant's garden, bent som in some peasant's garden, bent and lifeless now. Straightway our

imagination is at work. We see old Benedict Belfontaine's house with its thatched roof, its gables and its dormer windows, and we see the big hale Benedict in the doorway. He has a pride in his harvest ripening for the sickle, in his flocks and his herds, but ah, so much more in the maiden beside him! How well you know her, the maiden of seventeen You can see her at her wheel, singing to herself and turning her dark eyes often toward the village, for may not Basil's son be coming for the long talk in the soft gray twilight? You see her going from one thirsty harvester to another with her foaming pitcher. You see her in the early morning, the pails in her hands, wait ing for the cows to come up from the pasture land - such a pretty, bustling housewife, this weekday Evangeline.

The Sabbath Evangeline is sweeter, though. There she goes in her blue kirtle as the church bells ring. Is she or is she not a trifle conscious that she is fair to look upon in her Norman cap, ear-rings in her ears, kerchief over her bosom, as she walks onward with God's benediction upon her?

Yonder is Basil's forge, and Basil as it with his leather apron on. the wives of the village spinning at the door steps, the children at play, the laborers coming home at sunset, and you hear the clack, clack of the gossiping looms. All this you see and hear because one of God's singers has sung to you of them. Before you knew the meaning of love and sorrow you were familiar with the story filled with both—the story of Evangeline and her lover Gabriel.

Every one does not see so much.
The man from Michigan comes up
with a perplexed air to ask "where is Grand Pre, anyway?"
"This is Grand Pre," we assure

him.
"Never! Where is that Minas
Basin I've heard so much about?" glancing suspiciously around as though under the belief that some one has hidden Minas under a bushel on purpose to defraud him of his rights as

an American citizen. An affable stranger points out Minas, and the man gives a snort of con-tempt. "Umph! you could drop it in one corner of Lake Michigan and never know it was there. Where is your big, besutiful Blomindon?

And he shades his eyes with his and and stares at Blomindon so disparagingly that Blomindon must feel properly ashamed of itself.
"Look, papa, cries his daughter

"look at the low green meadow stretching out in the sun, just as they did centuries ago,

"Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number." "I've got meadows to home that can

knock the spots of any I see here."
He grumbles and is not his goodnatured self till we are in the famous apple orchards of the Annapolis Valley. On the day we have the picnic with the apple pickers he looks happier than he has for a long time.

"I know a good thing when I see it," he says, "and I like this part of the country first rate." Better than the meadows of Grand

Pre?" some one asks. I wouldn't care to farm in that of the country," he returns When a man is busy at his haying it's bother enough to look out for water that comes down without having to keep an eye on the water that come I laugh every time I think of each haycock sitting up on a frame work of its own to keep out of reach of

O the breath of the apple lands of Acadia; it goes sultry among the hills, down the river to the wooded isles, out and away through Digby Gut to that salt water thing of many moods, the Bay of Fundy, where the men busy with their nets draw in long breaths of it, and crossing themselve devoutly give thanks for the sunshine

of St. Eulalie, which " Filled their orchards with apples."

Bluebird's Mistake.

In the sunny Southland an orange hung on a branch of the mother tree It swung back and forth, looking like a tiny ball among the green leaves.

A bluebird, who had just arrived

from the North Country, flew down to see if the hard little ball were some-thing which Mother Nature had provided for bluebird's food.

"Nothing to eat," he chirped. "Too creen and hard! What are you good green and hard! for?"

"I can't guess unless it's to bob up and down and swing back and forth on this brauch," said the orange merrily. "Where did you come from, friend bluebird?"

"All the song birds have left the North; and I came with them, of course. Snow and cold weather I cannot stand. Still, I waited as long as I could for Bettie's sake, - Bettie, the dearest little girl in this beautiful, And he ended with beautiful world !" a trill of song which nearly split his little throat.

"My mate and I rent the bird house just outside her window," he contin-ued. "We pay the rent in songs-a matin song and a lullaby every dayand how Bettie ever manages to awaken without us during the winter I cannot tell." Here Mr. Bluebird shook his head disapprovingly. "She is such a sleepy child! Ah, you should hear our lullabys! Let me sing you a

sin:
Sleep, sleep, Bettie, sleep.
Twilight gathers soft and gray.
Nestlings, wrapped in slumber deep,
In their cradles swing and sway.
Deeper shadows near us creep:
Tiny stars their watch will keep,
Twinkling bright till dawns the day.
Sleep, Bettie, sleep!
Sleep, Bettie, sleep!

There were more verses, but this vas all the orange heard, for the bluebird crooned them so tenderly, so drowsily that every orange on the tree was sound asleep long before he finished, and they were only awakened by the farewell twitter of the bluebird, by the farewell twitter of the bluebird, as he flew off, greatly pleased with the effect of his lullaby. Back he came next day, to perch on a branch and sing—sing of the sunshine, the flowers, the sweet, perfumed air of the Southland, ending with a song about the bright eyed little girl in the North, her love for the birds and kindly ways her love for the birds and kindly ways

"Shall you ever see her again?" asked the orange. "Surely!" he cried. "When the

spring comes,-"Swift we will fly,
My mate and I,
To the little brown house in the apple tree,
Where Bettie is waiting to welcome me!"

" If you could only see the interest she takes in our nest!" he chirped.
"All sorts of bits of bright wool and other materials for nest building she will have ready for us. Of course you never can see her," with a regretful little twitter. The North is so far away, and you have no wings."

and you have no wings."
"True, I have no wings," said the orange, hopefully. "But I feel quite sure, if I could let go my hold on this branch, I could roll-oh! ever so fast, over and over — until I should finally reach the far North.

"Dear, dear, no!" chirped the bluebird. "Why it is flights and flights

away! You could never get there unless you had strong wings like myself. Could he, my dear?" appealing to Lady Bluebird, who had perched near him, and was listening to the discussion. 'No, no, poor dear !" she cried.

"How any one can be happy without wings!" And off she flew, uttering uttering wings! soft little notes of compassion. The time came when the orange

missed the friendly bluebirds. "Gone to the North, I suppose," he "Well, if I could fly, I should sighed. "Well, if I could fly, I snould follow. There is nothing for me to do

but grow and grow round and yellow. What will come next I do not know. The orange did this work so well that one day he was sent to the North -the largest, roundest orange in the

large box of fruit.
"Who would have guessed that I should take a journey?" he thought.
"It is almost as good as having wings." How round and yellow he looked in the window of the fruit store, he found himself a few days

later "O mother, may I buy that orange?" a merry voice cried; and a bright-eyed little girl pressed her face against the pane.

"Yes, do," whispered the orange but too softly to be heard. However, Bettie ran home with her orange clasped tightly in her little brown

'Now, don't roll off! she admonished him, as she placed him on the broad window sill.

Outside a pair of bluebirds were hopping on the boughs of a tree, watching with eager eyes for crumbs from Bettie. "See that orange!" chirped Mr. Bluebird. "How it reminds me of the South and of the poor little orange who so wanted to see our Bettie!

"So sad!" twittered Lady Bluebird. "It was very painful, my dear," nodding his head. "But I had to tell him, poor fellow! I told him that without wings he could never hope to see Bettie, never reach the North. Now listen, my dear, I am going to sing you a song about him. It is called 'The Dicappointed Orange.'"

This seemed to the orange so very funny that, in trying not to laugh hard enough to split his yellow sides, he rolled on the floor. There Bettie found him. I wonder if he told her all about it-Christian Register.

## A BELATED APPRECIATION.

From the Presbyterian Latin in the Romish (sic) Church, is a medium of worship and also of inter-course among all its officials throughout the world. By it also the govern-ment officials of all nations are able to understand each other. Rome never changes, and as it speaks officially only in Latin, its decrees and out givings. State and ecclesiastical, possess one and the same meaning to all who study them in their original form. This gives her a great advantage, and will long ensure the perpetuity of this ancient language.

THE VOICE OF HEAVEN.

O'er the weary, untilled meadows,
O'er the fields of uncut grain,
Through the dells and mossy shadows
Comes a tone of love and pair;
Like a breath from out the blue
Hear it calling, calling you.

Yea, Incarnate Love is sighing:
Soul, be swift and meek to hear!
In its tenderness undying,
Like an angel's pitying tear;
Flute-like, stealing from the blue,
Hear it calling, calling you!

Few the reapers, worn and weary, Singing in the twilight dim: "In the Christ light naught is dreary; Sweet is labor—done for Him!" Through the quivering, crystal blue Hear him calling, calling you!

You He needs and you He seeketh;
Yours the heart-warmth He would win;
Yours to hasten when He speaketh,
Yours to feel His peace within.
Nearer bends the tender blue;
He is calling, calling you.

Sweet among the dewy grasses
Morning canticles begin;
Leave the wearisome morasses,
Leave the sunken swamps of sin!
Seek His grace, who, through the blue,
Still is calling, calling you! Still is cannot,
Light of Heaven, incessant drifting
Down upon the golden grain,
Down upon the golden grain,

Brings a sclemn, sweet uplifting Whose the labor, His the gain Christ repayeth! Seek the blue Auswer Him who calleth you! -Caroline D. Swan.

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The knack of making good use of mc lerate abilities secures the esteem of men, and often raises to higher fame than real merit.
A Successful Life,

I assume no life can be deemed successful unless it be a happy one. Happiness is the object of universal endeavor, and happiness alone is success. Of course when we speak of a happy life, we do not mean a condition of un nterrupted bliss. Sickness, death and other disasters lie in wait for every man-even the most successful-mak ing difficult the progress which overcomes them, wounding and blistering the feet which they cannot arrest. The cup of success cannot be quaffed without tasting some bitter dregs of disappointment. Perfect happiness is no of this earth. By a successful life we By a successful life we mean not one that escaped all sorrow but one which, by comparison with others, has achieved a large degree of happiness.

To discuss intelligently it is then necessary to agree upon what it is. Having ascertained in what it consists, we can consider how it must be achieved and how it may be main-

tained. What is happiness? Is it fame? Some wise men hold that fame is posthumous and notoriety contemporane ous, but without pausing to consider the grounds of that belief, it is certain that the only fruit which fame or notoriety brings to its living possessor is the sense that his fellow men are curious about him. To be gazed at in the street or in a public conveyance soon palls upon the mind; from being a source of satisfaction, it becomes a seurce of embarrassment. The prominence which has cost a lifetime of industry and self-denial to acquire can be forfeited in a moment by an illconsidered act or a maladroit expression. This sense of insecurity in its

possession robs it of all enjoyment, and peedily convinces any man with sufficient wit to become conspicuous that no one can be considered famous until he is dead. A reward which can be enjoyed only beyond the grave is not A reward which can be a temporal success, and therefore is not within the purview of the discussion. Is power bappiness? Ask the pos

sessor of it, and he will tell you that it is an obstacle to all contentment. Power is a good deal like commercial personal gratification destroys it.
Whatever power exists, it must be exercised chiefly for its own preservation; and this is true whether the potentate be the czar of all the Russia boss of an American city. The imperial autocrat cannot appoint an incompetent favorite to the command of his armies without exposing his throne to destruction by foreign invasion of domestic revolt. He cannot gratify his own caprice in the appointment of a spy; for his very life depends upon the detective vigilence of his police. The American boss must use all his power to enlist the aid of those best qualified to maintain his boss ship.

The utmost that a life devoted to study can hope to accomplish is to discover the fountain of knowledge not one of us can ever hope to slake his thirst at it. If knowledge be happiness, then, indeed, is happiness unattainable.

Is wealth happiness? Look at those who possess it, and tell me if you think they are a happy race. Who that has observed in these catacombs of modern cities called safe deposits, the owners of millions, gloomy as the passages through which they move silently almost furtively-to compartments ap propriately named vaults, where, in an solation absolute as the grave, they count their securities, or change them, will say that, judged by appearances the very rich lead lives of unclouded The millionaire always appears to be melancholy, but nowhere is he so sad as in the midst of his treasures. He is the only human being who, by the common observation of all men, has never shown gayety, and who is universally considered incapable of it. I have heard of jolly beggars, but no one has ever heard of jolly million-

aires. The cripple sometimes smiles on the bed to which he is chained. The blind are cheerful in the occupation to which their affliction restricts them.

It is as natural for a workman to sing while the object of his labor assumes a a form in which it will be at once the monument of his industry and the source of his wages, as it is for a mother to sing over the cradle of the child she But who ever heard of a has borne. millionaire singing a comic song or

whistling a merry tune as he clips coupous in a subterranean ceil? If wealth, fame, power and knowl edge be not happiness, in what does it consist? Is it unattainable? it is not unattainable; it is not even difficult to reach. It is at our feet, and as often happens, we stumble over the substance which is close to us while straining after its shadow in the distance. Happiness consists not in our possessions, but in ourselves; not in what we have, but in what we are.

I think happiness may be defined as absorption in some form of effective labor. You may say some men are unhappy though they work every day-nay, some men declare their occupations are sources of discontent because they are arduous. Do not be deceived. A man's hands may be busy, yet he may be unhappy, but it is because his mind is not occupied by Where all the faculties, his task. mental and physical, are absorbed in any form of industry, there is no time to feel discontent, and still less time to express it.

Believe me, happiness is effective labor. Our possessions are often sources of disappointment, but the labor spent in acquiring them is source of satisfaction. Povalways a erty, which spurs man to labor and usefulness, is often a fountain of hopefulness—wealth, which leads to idleness, is always a source of despair and misery.—Bourke Cochran in the Augelus Magazine.

Young Men and Philanthropy.

One difficulty we have with our Catholic young men is the lack of personal interest and initiative in works When there is a of philanthropy. When there is a question of charity the laymen should be peculiarly at home. And yet there are so many who are most willing, but seem to be at a loss what to do, where to work, how to begin, whom to Such persons must sing in help. chorus or not at all ; they are not fitted for solo work. Others are too indolent or indifferent, too much taken up with their own pleasures and the enoyment of life to undertake anything difficult or disagreeable. think they have done all that is required of them when they have given a contribution; they must not be asked to come into actual contact with poverty and filth; it offends their esthetic sense. Others take up relief work like a fad ; just as they would china painting or golf. There is question whether such would not be petter to abandon philanthropy. There is no need of going afar off for suitable objects of benevolence. Laza rus is lying at your door. He comes to you in every form, childhood, old age, abandoned womanhool, disease, want, despair. Take him to your hearts, Catholic laymen, if you would do the work awaiting you ! to prevent you from helping to banish immoral literature, protecting children from brutality, banishing proselytism from public institutions, encouraging industrial schools, securing the relig ious rights guaranteed by the Constitu tion to the inmates of reformatories and work houses, exposing social tyranny and the persecution of the weak and the defenceless, or remonstrating against lawless acts of uniformed ruffians.

Do not say that you are incompetent for such a ministry. The well in-structed Catholic of to-day is as wellinformed and as capable of the defense credit: a man can possess it only while of his religion as many of the apolog-ists of the early Church. Justin and benefit. An attempt to utilize it for of his religion as many of the apologyou. To quote with some modification the words of a distinguished author: It was the narrow minded slave, the untaught boy, the gentle maid, the bond woman, the lisping child, as well as the priest and the bishop, who took up the cross in the early days of the Christian era, and smiled at the accumulated tortures as they entered on the bloody way. It was the soldier in the ranks, the jailer or hang-man suddenly converted, the actor who came to scoff but staved to pray, the unbaptized Pagan who rose up amidst the throne and washed his robe in the blood of the Lamb. They showed no They showed no extraordinary notes of sanctity before the day of triumph came. And so please God, will it be in every age the weak will confound the strong, the foolish will overcome the wise in behalf of downtrodden truth. It may, perhaps, be difficult for you to believe it, but you have it in you, grace of God, to do as they did if the test ever comes.—Rev. M. P. Dowling, S. J to Young Men's Sodality, the Gesu church, Milwaukee.

## TO MAKE CONVERTS.

James R. Randall, writes to the Columbian: "Conversions to the true faith are brought about in curious ways -that is, we are apt to so regard them, in numerous instances. It is not always the learned and theological that win these souls from error and truth.

"A friend of mine who is himself a convert and makes no pretence of erudition told me recently that he was about to bring into the Church his ninth stray sheep. How many of us, born in the faith, and who have had greater advantages than this zealous brother, can positively declare that we brother, can positively declare that we ever converted one person? Just as faith is a gift of God, the power to confaith is a gift of God, the power to convert others is in the same category.

Compared to the power to constant the same category and the power to constant the same category. vert others is in the same category. Some very holy men, eminent in a

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variety of ways, who forsock dissent and even became Catholic priests and prelates, could not, with all of their zeal, prayers and masses, convert their families, while some poor, humble creatures, making their living by the sweat of their brows, performed prodigies in this direction.

Well, we must keep on trying by word and deed, remembering that good example is one of the best methods, and that more flies are caught with engar than with vinegar.

#### THE COMPELLING POWER OF CATHOLICISM.

The inability of even sincere non-Catholics to recognize where they are grossly inconsistent with themselves on the subject of Catholic practices and trated in several chapters of "The Realm of the Habsburgs," by Sydney Whitman, a brilliant but extremely bigoted writer. The book is saturated with that curious tendency toward dif-ferentiation between the Catholics of one country and another as though the people constituted the system or made the universal faith. To the Catholic reader such fatuity, when it does not appear artificial or mere literary finessing, must seem an insuperable perversity of intellect, an inexplicable freak of nature. Speaking of Catholicism in Austria this writer says, for instance, that "it is very different from Catholicism in Italy; in fact, it is nothing unusual for devout Austrians who visit Italy to become thoroughy who visit Italy to become thorougly disgusted with the transparent and unreal priest mummery of the Eternal City, and, to come back confirmed

skeptics. If an author is really in earnest in setting down such stuff as this as serious observation, what are we to think of him when we find separated by only five lines of linking matter from it this calm acceptance of a statement on the subject of " mummery " made by a noble Austrian lady who had become a nun, to a Countess friend visiting her and wondering why she had taken the vell: "Yes, I admit I am no longer your friend, Mizi; I am only Sister Barbara now. It was a struggle at first to give up the world, but now it is all over—peace and quiet happinsss. I know you think it out now it is all all fancy and superstition; but what you take to be superstitions are only symbols to us. The reality is in the heart.

And the perverse bigotry of this writer is coerced at last into telling the truth, like an evil spirit compelled to testify by the power of the Divine ex orcist:

"There are many who feel with us that the mind-paralyzing influence of priestcraft handicaps a people in fight ing the battle of existence as we must all nowadays fight it. Are these convinced, however, that the majority of us have something with which to replace it? Thomas Carlyle, at all events, would seem to have despaired of it, for in his old age he jerked out despairingly: "There is only one religion-the Mass, the Mass!"

No writer in all the world had done more to decry and heap scorn on the Mass than Carlyle. And he was compelled in his despair to eat his own words. - Catholic Standard and Times.

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FOOLE.

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### GOUNOD.

A letter written by Gounod shortly before his death to his confessor, who was about to go on a long journey, shows the fervor as well as the faith of the great musician. "No, dear Father," wrote Gounod, as quoted by the Paris correspondent of the Tablet, "I will not allow you to start on your journey into that cold and distant country without sending you a little of the warmth of a heart which is ever so close to yours. We can not get away from those we love; for we retain them as long as they keep us in that unity which is the sole principle of union here below, until we are reunited forever on high . . . . . At any rate, you must not allow me to leave for the other world before you return ; for it is your duty to sign my way bill and the effect of the Catholic system on the to launch me on the ocean of purga-human character is strikingly illus-tory, on which God grant I may not trated in several chapters of "The have too long a journey. Besides, you have too long a journey. Besides, you really must be here for our fete, which I have every hope of celebrating at your anointed hands."—Ave Maria.

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