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# The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est, Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname.)—St. Pacian, 4th Century.

VOLUME XIX.

LONDON, ONTARIO, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1897.

NO. 967.

**A Visit.**

Art Thou worried Thy waiting,  
Patient, yearning Heart,  
Waiting lonely in Thy prison  
From the world apart?

Does the silence grow oppressive  
In the chapel air,  
When no voice in pleading accents  
Breathes to Thee a prayer?

Does no suppliant near Thee linger  
Thro' the waiting day,  
Save the vigil lamp whose glowing  
Burns its life away?

Ah, my God, the solemn stillness  
Oh Thy holy place;  
Stillness kept by unseen seraphs  
Round Thy throne of grace!

Let a home-sick heart approach Thee,  
All its pain outpour,  
Let me fall in adoration  
Nigh Thy prison door;

Feel the peaceful love-light stealing  
From Thy Heart divine,  
Hushing with its benedictions  
The unrest of mine.

I have heard the soothing music  
Of Thy sweet beloved;  
"Come, ye hearts awaried, burdened,  
Come to me your rest."

Rast I seek, and warmth, and shelter  
From the winds of sin,  
Ope Thy arms, oh Love forgiving,  
Take a lost one in.

For Thy mercy is e'en broader  
Than hills the broadening way,  
And can lead to healing fountains  
Fest that wouldst dry.

—Kicci, in The Holy Cross Purpl.

**LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.**

**General Intention For May.**

THE THIRTEENTH CENTENARY OF ENGLAND'S CONVERSION.

Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

In a Pastoral addressed to the faithful of the diocese of Leeds, England, His Lordship writes thus on the subject of our General Intention for the month of May: "The greatest event in the history of our country—the one most replete with blessings—was the introduction of the faith of Jesus Christ within its borders. Whether we look at its effects on the material well-being of the nation, the spread of its civilizing influence, or at its moral and religious aspect, the conversion of England to Christianity was the most momentous and the most blessed of all the changes that ever passed over it. And of all the heroes who have added glory to our annals, the greatest is he who brought to our ancestors the tidings of Christ's redeeming love. Hence, we feel it a duty of gratitude and affection to invite you, dear children in Jesus Christ, to join with us, and with the Cardinal Archbishop, and the Bishops and faithful of England, in celebrating, on the Sunday within the Octave of the Ascension, with every manifestation of joy, the thirteen hundredth anniversary of the coming of St. Augustine, by whose prayers and labours the people of this country were 'delivered from the servitude of moral and intellectual darkness, and brought into the liberty of the faith of the children of God' (Rom. viii., 21)." A somewhat similar invitation is now extended to the whole Catholic world by the Holy Father, through the worldwide medium of the Apostleship of Prayer. We are encouraged by the Sovereign Pontiff to observe this centenary, not so much as a season of rejoicing, as one of prayer for the conversion of a nation, once so Catholic, but which lapsed from the Faith. The month of May has been chosen as most appropriate; for England bore, when in communion with the Holy See, the glorious title of "Mary's Dowry." It must be observed, however, that it was on the feast of Pentecost, in the year 597, that King Ethelbert professed himself a Christian, and received the sacrament of baptism; and that on the following Christmas ten thousand of his subjects followed the example of their sovereign. The feast of Pentecost in 1897 fell on June 2nd, so that, in this year 1897, the real anniversary should be held on the first Wednesday of that month. But as our co-religionists in England, out of devotion to the Mother of God, expressed the desire that the general Intention for the conversion of the Fatherland be assigned to the month of May, the better to prepare for the anniversary in the month of the Sacred Heart, the Holy Father graciously acceded to their wish.

At the period of the coming of St. Augustine, though the Scotch Briton missionaries had already spread over all the corners of Caledonia, and though Columba and his disciples had carried the light of the Gospel into the northern districts of Britain where it had never penetrated, the Christian faith and the Catholic Church had languished and died out in the southern part of the Island under the ruins heaped up everywhere by the Saxon conquest. Paganism and barbarism, vanquished by the Gospel in the Highlands of the north, again arose and triumphed in the south, in the most populous, accessible and flourishing districts, throughout all that country, which was destined in succeeding centuries to play so great a part in the world, and which already began to call itself England. From 569 to 586, ten years before the death of Columba, and at the period when his authority was best established and most powerful in the north, the last champions of Christian Britain were finally cast out beyond the Severn, while at the same time new bands of Anglo-Saxons in

the north, driving back the Picts to the other side of the Tweed, and crossing the Humber to the south, founded the future kingdoms of Mercia and Northumbria. It is true that at a later period the sons of Columba carried the Gospel to those Northumbrians and Mercians. But at the end of the sixth century, after a hundred and fifty years of triumphant invasions and struggles, the Saxons had not yet encountered in any of the then Christian, or at least converted nations, Britons, Scots and Picts, which they had assailed, fought and vanquished, neither missionaries disposed to announce the glad tidings to them, nor priests capable of maintaining the precious nucleus of faith among the conquered races.

Eleven years before the momentous event we commemorate this month, the two last Catholic Bishops of Britain, those of London and York, abandoned their churches and took refuge in the mountains of Wales, carrying with them the sacred vessels and holy relics which they had been able to save from the rapacity of the idolaters. Other husbandmen were then necessary. From whence were they to come? From the same inexhaustible centre, whence light had been brought to the Irish by Patrick, and to the Britons and Scots by Palladius, Ninian and Germain. At the moment when Columba approached the term of his long career in his northern isle, a year before his death, the envoys of Gregory the Great left Rome, and landed where Caesar had landed, upon the English shores.

The British population, which had survived the fury of the Saxon Conquest, and which had not been able or willing to seek for refuge in the mountains and peninsulas of Wales and Cornwall, seems to have accommodated itself to the new order of things. When the conquest was fully achieved, in those districts where the indigenous race had not been completely exterminated, no traces of insurrection or of general discontent are to be found among the British; and the opinion of those who maintain that the condition of the mass of the British population remaining in the conquered regions was not worse under the Saxon invaders than it had been under that of their native princes, so reviled by their compatriot, the historian Gildart, may be admitted as probable. It may even be supposed that this fusion of the conquerors and the conquered was productive of great benefit to the former. It would be hard to say whether the heroic tenacity which has become the distinctive characteristic of the English may not have been derived mainly from that vigorous race which, after having coped with Caesar, proved itself the only one among all nations subjected to the Roman yoke capable of struggling for two centuries against the invasion of the barbarians.

But this assimilation of the races could not but operate to the prejudice of the Christian faith. Unlike the barbarian invaders of the Continent, the Saxons did not adopt the religion of the people they had subdued. In Gaul, Spain and Italy, Christianity flourished anew, and gained fresh strength under the dominion of the Franks and Goths; it had conquered the conquerors. In Britain it disappeared under the pressure of the alien conquest. No traces of Christianity remained in the districts under Saxon sway, when Rome sent thither her missionaries. Here and there a ruined church might be found, but not one living Christian amongst the natives; conquerors and conquered alike were lost in the darkness of paganism.

In speaking of the Anglo-Saxons, before they were converted to Christianity, Taine ventures to assert that "there existed under their native barbarism noble dispositions unknown to the Roman world. Under the brute the free man, and also the man of heart, might always be discovered." Even more, intermingled with daily outbreaks of daring and of violence there might also be found miracles of heroic and simple devotedness, of sincere and lofty enthusiasm, which emanated or forestalled Christianity. But alongside of these wonders of primitive virtue, what miracles of vice and crime, of avarice, lust and ferocity.

Thus, that frightful slave-traffic which has disgraced successively all pagan and all Christian nations was among them carried on with a kind of inveterate passion. It needed whole centuries of incessant efforts to extirpate it. Nor was it only captives and vanquished foes that they condemned to this extremity of misfortune and shame; it was their kindred, their fellow countrymen, those of their own blood, their sons and daughters, that they set up to auction and sold to merchants who came from the Continent to supply themselves in the Anglo-Saxon market with these human chattels.

It was by this infamous commerce that Great Britain, having become almost as great a stranger to the rest of Europe as she was before the days of Caesar, re-entered the circle of the nations, making herself known once more, as in the time of Caesar, when Cicero anticipated no other profit to Rome from the expedition of the consul than the produce of the sale of

British slaves. Nevertheless, it was from the depth of this shameful abyss that God was about to evolve the opportunity of delivering England from the fetters of paganism, of introducing her by the hand of the greatest of the Popes into the bosom of the Church, and, at the same time, of bringing her within the pale of Christian civilization.

It seems inexplicable that these traffickers in men should find a market for their merchandise at Rome, governed since Constantine by Christian emperors. It was so, however, in the year of grace 586 or 587, under Pope Pelagius II. Slaves of both sexes and of all countries, and among them some children, young Saxons, were exposed for sale in the Roman forum like any other commodity. Priests and monks passed by, mingled with the crowd, and among them the gentle, the generous, the immortal Gregory. He thus learned to detest this leprosy of slavery which it afterwards given to him to restrict and to contend against, though not to extirpate.

This scene, which the Venerable Bede, father of English history, found among the traditions of his Northumbrian ancestors, and the dialogue in which are portrayed with such touching and quaint originality the pious and compassionate spirit of Gregory, and at the same time his strange love of punning, has been a hundred times rehearsed.

Every one knows how, at the sight of these young slaves, struck with the beauty of their countenances, the length of their fair locks, he inquired what was their country and their religion. The slave-dealer intimated that they came from the island of Britain, where every one had the same beauty of complexion, and that they were heathens. Heavily a deep sigh, "What evil luck," cried Gregory, "that the Prince of Darkness should possess beings with aspect so radiant, and that the grace of these countenances should reflect a soul void of the inward grace." But of what nation are they? "They are Angles." "They are well named, for these Angles have the faces of angels; and they must become the brethren of the angels in heaven. From what province have they been brought?" "From Deira" (one of the two kingdoms of Northumbria, "Still good," answered he. "De ira erunt—they shall be saved from the ire of God, and called to the mercy of Christ. And how name they the king of their country?" "Alle or Ella." "So be it; he is right well named, for they shall soon sing the Alleluia in his kingdom."

It is natural to believe that the rich and charitable abbot bought these captive children, and that he conveyed them at once to his own home, that is to say, to the palace of his father, where he was born, which he had changed into a monastery, and which was not far from the forum where the young Britons were exposed for sale. The purchase of these three or four slaves was thus the origin of the redemption of all England.

An Anglo-Saxon chronicler, a Christian but a layman, says expressly that Gregory lodged his guests in the *Archiepiscopus*, where he loved to serve with his own hand the table of the poor, and that after he had instructed and baptized them, it was his desire to take them with him as his companions, and to return to their native land in order to convert it to Christ. All authors unanimously admit that from that moment he conceived the grand design of bringing over the Anglo-Saxons to the Catholic Church. He had once already, after the scene in the slave-market, sought and obtained from the Pope permission to go as a missionary to the Anglo-Saxons, but at the tidings of his departure, the Romans, after overwhelming the Pope with reproaches, ran after their future Pontiff, and, overtaking him three days' journey from Rome, brought him back by force to the Eternal City. Scarcely, however, had he been elected Pope, when his great and cherished design became the object of his constant thought. At last, in the sixth year of his pontificate, he decided to select as the apostles of the distant island the monks of the monastery of St. Andrew, on Mount Cellius, and to appoint as their leader Augustine, the prior of that beloved house.

Where is the Englishman worthy of the name who, in looking from the Palatine of the Coliseum, could contemplate without emotion and without remorse this spot from whence have come to him the faith and name of Christ, the Bible which he is so proud, the Church herself of which he has preserved but the shadow? Here were the enslaved children of his ancestors gathered together and saved. On these stones they knelt who made his country Christian. Under these roofs was the grand design conceived by a saintly mind, entrusted to God, blessed by Him, accepted and carried out by humble and generous Christians. By these steps descended the forty monks who bore to England the word of God and the Light of the Gospel along with Catholic unity, the apostolic succession, and the rule of St. Benedict. No country ever received the gift of salvation more directly from popes and

monks, and none, alas! so soon and so cruelly betrayed them. These are the words of a great admirer of England, the Count De Montalembert, and they embody sentiments which are evoked too naturally by the events recorded to be thrust aside as unmeaning pathos.

After having traversed the whole of Frankish Gaul, Augustine and his companions brought their journey to a close on the southern shore of Great Britain at the point where it approaches nearest to the Continent, and where the previous conquerors of England had already landed: Julius Caesar, who revealed it to the Roman world; and Hengist with his Saxons, who brought it to it with his new name the ineffaceable impress of the Germanic race.

On the south side of the River Thames, and at the north east corner of the county of Kent, lies a district which is still called the Isle of Thanet, although the name of *isle* no longer befits it, as the arm of the sea which at one time separated it from the mainland is now little better than a blackish and marshy brook. There, where the steep white cliffs of the coast suddenly divided to make way for a sandy creek, near the ancient port of the Romans at Richborough, and between the modern towns of Sandwich and Ramsgate, the Roman monks set foot for the first time on British soil. The place now goes by the name of Ebsfleet Farm.

Immediately on his arrival the envoy of Pope Gregory despatched interpreters to King Ethelbert, who had just gained over all the other Saxon kings and princes, even to the confines of Northumbria, that kind of military supremacy which was attached to the title of Bretwalda, or temporary chief of the Saxons. Ethelbert's wife was Bertha, the daughter of Caribert, king of the Franks, a grandson of Clovis, and whose mother was that Ingeberga whose gentle virtues and domestic troubles have been recorded by Gregory of Tours.

At the appointed time Augustine was introduced to the king. Before him were borne a silver cross, and a banner representing the Redeemer; behind him his companions walked in procession; and the air resounded with the anthems which they sang in alternate choirs. As soon as the interpreter had explained the object and motives of their mission, Ethelbert replied that he had no inclination to abandon the gods of his fathers for a new and uncertain worship; but that as the intention of the strangers was benevolent, and their promises were inviting, they might preach without molestation, and should be supported at his expense.

Curiosity led the Saxons to visit the ceremonies of their worship, compared their lives with those of the pagan priests, and learned to approve a religion which could inspire so much piety, austerity and disinterestedness. With secret pleasure Ethelbert viewed the alteration in the sentiments of his subjects, and no doubt owing to a great measure to the pious prayers to his Christian Queen, Bertha, yielded to grace, professed herself a Christian and was regenerated by the waters of baptism, on the feast of Pentecost in the year 597. As we have said already, ten thousand of his subjects were also baptized on the following Christmas.

Such were the first steps in the conversion of England. "Abundant harvests were produced during succeeding centuries in the furrows ploughed by the disciples of Augustine and Bede. Before it settled into the great nation which the world admires and envies, furnished with the noblest and wisest institutions that men have ever known, with a literature rich in unrivalled genius, and power greater than that of ancient Rome, England had become the great base of operation for the spiritual conquests of the Papacy, the great centre of Christian missions. By her the Roman Church moved, enlightened and subdued the centre and north of Europe; and it was by her means that the German and Scandinavian peoples, still plunged in the darkness of heathenism, were brought into the Christian faith."

It would be impracticable to dwell here on the past glories of Catholic England. The long roll of her children renowned for holiness—kings, nobles, monks and laymen, have left it still uncertain whether she or the sister Isle could put in the strongest claim to the disputed title of "The Isle of Saints."

"And now we, Members of the Apostleship, are called upon to centre the intention of our prayers on the conversion of England; that God in His mercy, and the Adorable Heart of Jesus in His love for men, may lead back into the pale of the true Church His wayward children. We shall be encouraged in our efforts by the consideration of what has already been effected towards this end. Surely, there is a deep significance in the revival of interest for dogmatic teaching throughout England and among her leading minds during the last fifty years; and the intensity of this interest is very much on the increase. The more fact that no insignificant portion of the Establishment is striving to reconcile the irreconcilable—Catholic

truth with Anglican *views*, though a vain attempt, is yet a hopeful sign. It is the sick man who instinctively feels that something must be done, strains after palliatives, but looks askance at the only real remedy. Worn out by disease, may he not bring himself to accept the life restoring potion before it is too late?

Another consideration will impart more fervor to our supplications. The designs of God's economy are not one with the aims of human wisdom. Slowly, yet irresistibly Providence works out its hidden ends; it may take years, centuries, perhaps, but its object will surely be accomplished. It was not without an infinitely wise plan, that from on high God favored the growth of the colossal empire of ancient Rome. Her legions, bent on expanding the limits of her dominions, were doing His bidding; unwittingly they were to be the vehicle of a merciful dispensation, and when the vast fabric had reached its term, there arose amidst its crumbling ruins the glorious empire of God's own anointed.

Under our very eyes, with the searchlight of history bringing the events of the past into equal prominence with the foreground of the present, another mighty empire is being reared, beside which the faded grandeur of agos gone by dwindle into insignificance. "In modern Europe," writes De Montalembert, "at a distance of seven leagues from France, within sight of our northern shores, there exists a nation whose empire is more vast than that of Alexander or the Caesars, which is at once the freest and most powerful, the richest and most manifold, the boldest and best regulated in the world. . . . Busied more than any other in all the arts of peace, yet nevertheless invincible in war, and sometimes rushing into it with frantic passion, too often destitute of enthusiasm, but incapable of failure, it ignores the very idea of discouragement or effeminacy. . . . Greedy of conquests and discoveries, it rushes to the extremities of the earth, yet returns more enamoured than ever of the domestic hearth, more zealous of securing its dignity and everlasting duration. . . . Happier than Rome, after a thousand years and more, it is still young and fruitful. A slow, obscure, but uninterrupted progress has created for England an inexhaustible reservoir of strength and life. In her veins the sap wells high to-day, and will swell high to-morrow. Happier than Rome, in spite of a thousand false conclusions, a thousand excesses, a thousand stains, she is of all the modern races, and of all Christian nations, the one which has best preserved the three fundamental bases of every society which is worthy of man—the spirit of freedom, the domestic character and the religious mind."

As an outcome of that "religious mind," millions are being squandered in well meant but barren attempts to convert the heathen to an illogical belief—a hollow semblance of Christianity. And yet, with her inexhaustible resources, what a vantage ground is hers for propagating the gospel! The long smoky trail of her ocean steamers stretches across every horizon and darkens every sky; her language is spoken in every clime, nor is there a country in the known world, from the frozen north to the jungles of India or Central Africa, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, where her adventurous sons have not left a footprint. It is this "religious mind" that God is now stirring to its very depths.

"All who have eyes to perceive spiritual gifts," said Cardinal Vaughan the other day, while addressing a London congregation, "must be sensible of the religious movement which is at present stirring men's minds and consciences in this country. God's grace is being poured out upon England, and men are becoming unsettled in their old prejudices and errors as a preliminary to a recognition of the truth." It is not given to every simple soul among the faithful to clear up the doubts or to solve the objections of our separated brethren. "But what all may do," continued the Cardinal—and we may take the exhortation as addressed to ourselves—"is to pray. Faith is a gift of God made up of a light penetrating the intellect and of grace and strength imparted to the will. It is a gift which no mere industry, study, or human effort can secure for the soul. It is in the hand of God. When we come to be judged we shall see that He has truly been both the Author and the Perfecter of our faith, so that no flesh shall glory in His sight. Pray, then, and obtain fervent prayers for an abundant effusion upon England of the gift of divine faith. A great number of souls seem to be very near to the faith. Perhaps God is waiting for our prayers in order to bring them into the one fold."

PRAYER.

O Jesus, through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer: in particular for the conversion of England, which glories in the fond title of "Mary's Dowry." Amen.

**The Resurrection.**

The moody night winds whine  
At blackest hour, Fair moon  
Lingers with the dawn her clouds to line—  
Child Silence then was born.

Lo, through the yawning gnomon  
A flashing meteor's gleam!  
A hundred splendid sunsets bloom  
From its each branching beam.

And sped this sacred Star  
Straight in the heaven's zone:  
Embracing there its Father, Light,  
Eternally at home.

—D. G., in The Holy Cross Purpl.

**ANOTHER ANGLICAN CONVERT.**

The Roman correspondent of the *Catholic Standard and Times*, of Philadelphia, writes as follows, under date of March 31:

I have just had a visit from the Rev. David Lloyd Thomas, about whom the following paragraph has appeared in the *Tablet* of March 27:

"We hear that Mr. David Lloyd Thomas, who with his family, was received into the Church some months ago, has received permission from the Holy See to be re-ordained conditionally. Mr. Thomas received ordination some years ago from the Rev. F. G. Leo, who is reported to have been validly, though surreptitiously, consecrated a Bishop and to have used a Catholic pontifical in this ordination. There being, however, some doubt connected both with the consecration and ordination, in order to make certain in a matter of such grave importance, the Holy Father has decided that Mr. Thomas shall be re-ordained *sub conditione, servatis servandis*. Mr. Thomas has been for some months in Rome."

Mr. Lloyd Thomas said: "The information was not given to the *Tablet* by me. It was my intention that you should have the information as soon as it seemed possible for me, as the interested party, to give it. I will give you further and ample details for the *Catholic Standard and Times* when the case is finished."

"Then it is not at an end yet?"

"No; various formalities remain to be gone through with. When they are over I shall be at liberty to authorize you to publish the history of the case as you at present know it."

"You are to receive Catholic orders—when?"

"I do not know. Before long, I hope. There will be an examination first."

"Will it be severe? Cardinal Newman, they say, was 'ploughed' at Propaganda."

"I hope not. Probably it is the ordinary examination."

"What will you then do?"

"I think I shall continue to study for some time."

"What orders will you receive?"

"Tonsure first. Then the minor order; then all the major order."

"How many did you receive from Dr. Leo?"

"Only the major orders."

"Why did you do it?"

"Merely to fortify my own case and set my conscience at rest, because I had received Anglican orders from some one consecrated Bishop by Archbishop Tait, whose baptism even was disputed."

"Were there others ordained by these crypto-bishops?"

"Yes, a good many."

"Who consecrated the Bishops?"

"Three prelates of different rite."

"Where?"

"At Venice, as I believe."

"When?"

"In the second year of the reign of Leo XIII."

"How many Anglicans received this episcopal consecration?"

"Three. One of them died a Catholic."

"You have been received by the Holy Father?"

"Yes, most graciously. He heard the statement of my case in person. I had also sent it in writing."

Mr. Lloyd Thomas is a Welshman, just past the middle age. He is of medium stature, with reddish cheeks and black hair, now slightly gray. He speaks with the subdued and cultivated manner of the English clergy. He wears the cassock in Rome, and a beard.

**Baptism Makes Catholics.**

According to the teachings of the Catholic theologians, every person validly baptized is regenerated unto Christ, and is therefore a member of the family of God, which is the Church. Throughout the towns and villages of this country there are many who have the misfortune of being born outside the Church who in all probability have received valid baptism, though by the hands of a non-Catholic minister. In this case they are just as much parishioners of the local pastor as the members of the families who occupy the front seats in his Church.

In ordinary life how seldom this is remembered! The ministry of preaching, as well as of the sacraments, is confined to those who are of the household only, and sometimes to contributing families, and the fact that Christ died for all, Gentile as well as Jew, and desires all to come to the knowledge of the truth, is often forgotten as a part of the doctrines of a practical faith.—The Missionary.

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