

# JULIE GADBOIS.

A Story of the Neighborhood of the Old Church of Notre Dame De Bonsecours.

BY B. F. D. DUNN.

(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

"Du mal qu'une amour ignorée  
Nous fait souffrir,  
J'en porte l'âme déchirée  
Jusqu'à mourir."  
—Dr. Musset.

It was a Friday morning in the middle of July, 1870, and a crowd had gathered in the neighborhood of the Marché Bonsecours, where country waggons and carts jostled each other as they moved into place along the front and rear of the large building and even high up into the adjacent streets. It was a motley throng, composed of farmers and hucksters, with a stream of town folk hurrying down to get the first fruits of the market day. In the crush of humanity that moved around the sweep of hill by the side of the old church, might have been seen a woman of five and sixty summers, dressed in a rusty black dress, and wearing a curious scuttle-shaped bonnet, holding by the hand a child of some seven or eight years, whose great dark eyes had a startled look, as though bewildered by the moving multitude and noisy voices of the bustling habitants. The two pressed onward till they stood before one of the small houses built close against the church, one of those quaint, three-roomed *boîtes*, with tin chimney tops fastened to the sacred edifice by long wires, the smoke of many years leaving dark stains upon its venerable wall. The woman tumbled in her pocket for some seconds, then withdrew a red handkerchief, to one corner of which was fastened a key with which she unlocked the padlock that secured the rude door. Above the entrance was a sign, whereon, in irregular letters, might have been read the following:

"Mme. Veuve Plamondon,  
Repas a toute heures."

At each corner of the sign board the untrained painter had drawn a knife and fork and platter, with a string of sausage.

When she entered the little shop, she hurried to one side, where a narrow stairway led to the upper rooms, and taking off her bonnet and dark shawl, brushed back the loose coils of whitening hair, after which she donned a large apron hanging from a peg in the corner and busied herself about the stove, where there was a collection of pots and pans and a pile of tin plates.

"Saint Anne!" she exclaimed, turning towards the child who was standing near the open door, lost in wonder of the strange scene in the street. "To think I have lost two whole days; and then the expense—the expense!"

Pausing in her labor, she began to calculate on her finger ends—two, three, five, eight shillings, until the increasing sum, which meant a total loss, made her turn to the stove with a vigorous energy, as though the flying moments contained the possibility of recovery. It was wonderful how quickly things righted themselves beneath her practised fingers: pots boiled and kettles steamed in no time, while from a corner cupboard tumbled earthen-ware plates of a white and blue color, with pewter spoons and forks, were taken and placed upon a long table, covered with a piece of stained oil cloth of a marble pattern.

Bustling from one end of the room to the other, she continued muttering to herself the cost of her journey to St. GREGOIRE, whither she had gone to attend her daughter's funeral, bringing back with her as a charge of the dead woman the little grandchild Julie. Once, in the course of her reflections, she paused to look at the child, where she stood in the bright sunshine of the open doorway, and thought of her own daughter dead to her forever. But the consciousness of the expenditure and loss consequent upon a two days absence made her banish morbid feelings as she continued to get things into shape for coming customers.

"Fetch some tarts from the window, Julie," she cried in a harsh voice; "we shall hear the Angelus ringing presently."

The last words had scarcely passed her lips when two men entered; farmers from Terrebonne.

The child went to the window, removing the piece of pink muslin from off the display of pies and tarts, with devices cut in the paste, half moons and bars of twisted dough, the whole crimped round on the outer edge, and a cause of longing and wonder to the poorer children of the neighbourhood.

Suddenly, the bell in the quaint two storied steeple of the church tinkled out the noon hour, and one by one the people dropped in; day laborers, farmers and countrywomen, bringing with them the odour of hay fields and vegetable gardens.

Little Julie was moved with feelings of lost happiness, and in the midst of her labour, carrying the bowls of soup and trays of brown bread, out into small squares, was thinking of her home in the village; of her dead mother and the simple procession of villagers that followed her to the graveyard behind the church. And then she thought of her baby brother, Francois, who had been sent to an aunt in Mascouche. The great dark eyes were heavy with unshed tears as she tried to move about as quickly as her young feet would permit.

The shrill, piping voice of the *grandmère* coming to her across the heads of the people around the table. How she wished it to be over that she might steal away into some corner of the upper rooms and let her tears flow free. She overheard the *grandmère* saying to an old man at the head of the

table, "to think of it. Two days lost, and the expense; and now another month to feed and clothes to buy for the first communion." And the old man looking up at her with his knife near his mouth, answered, "Tis true, but she can work and help to pay for what she gets."

At last the meal was over, and the little shop emptied itself of the remaining customer, leaving the woman and girl to get the things cleaned up and put away.

"Yes, you can be a good helpmate for your old *grandmère*, Julie," said the woman, after the place had been put in order, and she had taken her rush-seated rocker to the open door, where she intended to rest herself for some hours, exchanging gossip with the passers by. "And now," she continued, between the act of taking a large pinch from her round snuff box, "you may go up to the church and pray for your mother."

The child was glad to get away; a great grief was near her heart; the thought of being an expense to her grandmother making her wish to return to St. GREGOIRE.

A number of women and children were passing into the church by the side entrance, many with their purchases of cackling geese and fowl. The little Julie went in in wonderment. The dimness of the interior, with the lofty ceiling, on which was pictured the T. W. of Ivory, Ark of the Covenant, and other symbolical representations, with festoons of roses in gilded stucco, seemed to her young eyes like a vision of the eternal; the rows of lights, rising up to a pinnacle beneath the gilded arms of the *butachin*, causing feelings of awe. She crept along into a dim corner and knelt with parted lips, watching the chandeliers, the metal ship, the crucifix hanging by the side of the wall, and the floor worn away by the tread of countless people. Thinking of her mother she wept in silence and unobserved, and said earnest prayers that her lot might be with the saints.

From that hour Bonsecours became for her a refuge of divine comfort. She loved to look up at the dark paintings, upon which the dust of a hundred or more years was visible; and in the spaciousness of the straight-backed and deep pews was at liberty to feel an expansive mind, in thinking of the sunny days spent in her native village ere the hand of death touched her mother, who went out of life in a happy decline.

Darkness was gathering in the East when she came out of the church and hurried round to the shop, where the *grandmère* was chatting with a neighbor about her journey and the new duty devolving upon her in caring for an orphan grandchild.

"Ah, here she is," cried Mme. Plamondon, as her quick eye caught sight of the girl, who was coming down the hill, observing the farmers going home with empty chicken-coops and baskets piled up in their gaudily-painted waggons.

"She has her mother's eyes," broke in the neighbor, "and a way of holding her head that makes me think of Veronique when she helped in the shop."

"Julie, come and see my good neighbor, Mme. Poulin," croaked the old woman, waving her hand to hasten the girl's steps.

The child made a timid curtsy, while Mme. Poulin patted her head and stroked the long plaits of dark hair, hanging Graichen-like across either shoulder, saying:

"Yes, yes; she is like her mother—very like."

The group was increased by the arrival of another neighbor, Mme. Cayotte, who lived around the corner in one of those curious domiciles that are in reality the cellars of large warehouses. Mme. Cayotte had news to communicate, and, preliminary thereto, took a goodly pinch from the extended box of her hostess.

"Well, it is to come to pass," she said, slowly wiping from the tip of her nose some particles of snuff, "and the dress is ready. Such a dress! Grey silk with white lace, and a bonnet to match full of white feathers."

This news caused Mme. Plamondon to look up in open-mouthed wonder a shade of intense interest spreading over her crafty features.

"Such expense," she gasped, "such expense. And how the poor creature has toiled and scraped for it."

"But there is such nice linen," continued Mme. Cayotte, passing over the sudden warmth of her listener, "and tucks and flounces and lace-trimmed things sufficient to stock a small shop."

Mme. Plamondon drew down her iron-bound spectacles and gazed wonderingly at the old gossip as though appalled by the certainty of what she heard. She could do nothing but turn from one woman to the other with a look of speechless amazement. At last, out of sheer fulness of excitement, she gained voice to cry out against the extravagance of old Cousineau's daughter.

"And her mother?" she queried, with extended hands; "that poor old, pained creature, who has gone as thin as a post, does she submit to such nonsense?"

"Tush! Submit! Why, she says it makes her feel young again. She is going about like a clacking hen."

At this last rally the three women joined their voices in hearty laughter, Mme. Plamondon rising and drawing in her chair to make room for Mme. Cayotte, or, as they lovingly called him, Père Rosaire, on account of his attending to the spiritual wants of the Rosary Society. He was an old man, bent and worn in spirit, but there remained upon his face a look of sublime peace, the peace that surpasseth understanding. As he came toward the little group near the doorway, with his hands thrust up the wide sleeves

of his faded soutane, and the round furled hat of Roman pattern shoved back from his high forehead, a hush fell upon the women, as they looked up at him with reverent eyes and folded hands.

There was a subtle influence about the man that drew numerous souls to him who, if questioned, could not have explained it other than by a passive adherence to the fact: and something of the charm that lay beneath the ruggedness of his physical defects awayed the minds of those who listened to him while he sat in the little pulpit above the doorway leading into the sacristy of the old shrine. Intensity of spiritual feeling would compel him to close his eyes, while the deep tones of his voice rose and fell and made his hearers realize that the harness of nature's moulding was forgotten in the moving pathos of his burning words.

And all who felt this found a joy in a visitation to Bonsecours, particularly during the *Mois de Marie*, when Père Rosaire seemed to draw upon some mysterious source, thrilling all hearts with his soothing appeals, and speaking with such strength of soul that the white locks would fall about his face, to be pushed back again in a rapid movement of mental warfare—the struggle of the spirit in attempting to coin speech fit for overpowering thought.

Mme. Plamondon had one hope close to her heart, and that was, to have Père Rosaire near her bedside when the summons would come to her from the region of mortal destiny. He had been her adviser during many years, and into his ear she whispered the sorrows of her soul, so that the thought of having his hand upon her own, when the mists of dissolution should obscure her vision, seemed to give her strength to look out upon life with the wisdom of one who remembers that death is a certainty.

He stopped for some minutes to acknowledge the salutations of the women, and Mme. Plamondon, using the opportunity, brought forward the little Julie, telling him of her loss and asking him to bless the child in her new life. With a kind smile he drew the child to him, placing his hands upon her head and murmuring an invocation. It was a simple act, but it touched the hearts of all present, and two great tears gathered in the eyes and trickled down the brown-furrowed cheeks of the grandmother, bringing as it did to mind the reality of her loneliness and loss.

"She must come to the catechism class," he said gravely, turning to the *grandmère*, then bowed himself from the midst of the little circle of reverent friends, who watched him in silence till he turned the corner on his way to the *Sacristie*.

His parting words prompted Mme. Plamondon to hasten her grandchild's knowledge of spiritual things, and the long winter evenings found Julie a patient and persevering pupil in mastering the questions and answers of her catechism, until she was admitted as one of the privileged ones; and with the advent of summer it was decided she should prepare herself for the *première communion* at the *Paroisse*.

The eve of the day had been one of anxiety and worry for the *grandmère*, who spared no pains to see her grandchild suitably adorned for the happiest day of her life; and when the night lengthened, and they retired to rest, the child could not go to sleep; the snowy whiteness of the dress and veil and ribbons, placed in readiness for the morrow, made a distinct glow of light that seemed to her in the darkness of the small upper room like some sweet vision of angelic life, and she lay with sleepless eyes, watching the far corner, from whence came the odor of new linen and muslin, until the great joy that filled her soul made her feel that some supernatural voice might bid her listen to a discourse on the Eucharistic participation for which she had been prepared. She listened to her grandmother's heavy breathing, that told of exhausted strength; for she had hurried about during the day, making purchases at several stores, and entering into the girl's happiness with feelings of religious awe.

When morning came they went forth together, passing up the roughly-paved street, and causing subdued exclamations of surprise and admiration to come from the neighboring doors and windows; even little children followed in groups, extolling the glory of Mme. Plamondon's grandchild, so meek and lovely looking in her white dress and ribbons, as she went on to the old school house in the yard of Notre Dame de Petit, running off the Côte St. Lambert, where the lilac trees were tossing their scented plumes above the stone wall enclosing the convent garden.

That day was for her a day of infinite rejoicing, the last shadows of which would see the termination of her girlhood; the morrow marking an entry into a life of toil and patient service. But the thought did not lessen the sense of duty towards her relative. Ever conscious of the care and devotion received at her hands, she tried, as far as in her lay, to show her gratitude, and in a hundred ways made herself a necessity and comfort, so that Mme. Plamondon marvelled how she managed to pull through before Julie came to her, but answered her reflections in believing that in those days her years were less and her strength greater.

(To be continued.)

### TRUTH IN A NUTSHELL.

Impure blood is the natural result of close confinement in house, school-room or shop.

Blood is purified by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and all the disagreeable results of impure blood disappear with the use of this medicine.

If you wish to feel well, keep your blood pure with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

Two hundred pounds paid by arrangement "in the best possible spirit" was the result of the breach of promise case tried in London the other day. The plaintiff, a lady, was on the way to thirty, and the defendant to forty, and for the better part of eight mortal years they had been standing off and on the shore of matrimony. The lady had given up a musical career on the plea of her adorer that she would be better employed in singing to him than to the

public—the selfishness of man! There were some eight hundred letters, but they were not all read in court. Counsel conferred during lunch, with the result above stated, and bachelor and maid now go their several ways.

### THE VETERANS' CORNER.

At the special request of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland the London and North Western Railway Company have agreed from to-day (1st February) to issue to officers travelling on leave of absence first-class return tickets to London at a single fare for the double journey, from the North Wall, Westland row, Kingstown, and Holyhead respectively. This concession applies to officers only, and does not include any members of their families. The tickets will be available for the return journey within two months from date of issue.

The funeral took place at Arundel a few days ago of a veteran non-commissioned officer of the 4th Foot, Sergeant Cornelius Sweeney, who died there at the age of 74. He was born at Skibbereen, County Cork, in 1822, and enlisted in the 4th King's Own at the age of 17 years. After serving in India, Sweeney landed in England in 1848. Six years later he was one of the men ordered with his regiment to the East in 1854. He passed through the whole of the Crimean campaign, taking part in the battles of Alma, Inkerman, and the siege and capture of Sebastopol. Among other duties he superintended the burial of 1,800 of his comrades in one grave. Leaving the army in 1860, and having been 18 years a sergeant, he was engaged by the Duke of Norfolk as Instructor of Volunteers at Arundel, and after holding that post for a quarter of a century he finally retired with a total service of 46 years. The remains of the worthy old soldier were interred with military honors.

Headquarters and the service companies of the 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers left Egypt on Sunday, 24th ult., in the transport *Britannia* for Bombay, en route to Meerut. The vessel is due at Bombay on Friday next. The 1st Battalion of the regiment will, it is expected, come to Ireland from Sheffield during the spring of this year, and will be stationed at Athlone.

Quartermaster Sergeant W. F. Seggie, who has been for a number of years the N. C. O. Superintendent of Military Telegraphs in Dublin, has been discharged on pension after 21 years' service, and has taken up an appointment in the Postal Telegraph Service in the south of England. Mr. Seggie has made himself very popular, more especially with the officials of the headquarters' office and with the military officers generally in Dublin. Sergeant F. J. Crampling has been transferred from Portsmouth to Dublin to replace Mr. Seggie.

Sergeant Major J. A. Page, Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers, has been selected for promotion to the quartermastership of the 1st Battalion of his regiment.

Sergeant Grosset, 2nd Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers, has been ordered home from India for duty with the Permanent Staff.

Sergeant M. Murphy, Permanent Staff, Sligo Artillery, has been transferred from Sligo to Devonport, on posting to No. 12 Company, Western Division, Royal Artillery, in exchange with Sergeant R. Beedie.—*Dublin Freeman*.

### THE FASHIONS.

[New York Post.]

Quaint little Normandy bonnets with peaked crowns and shirred brims accompany many of the costly gowns. The majority of them are made of fabrics matching the costume, and very often a tiny mouchoir muff is added that is suspended from the neck by a narrow ribbon or a tiny cord of finest gold.

Many of the warp-printed summer fabrics already displayed are far prettier and more delicate in effect than the deeply woven patterns. This process appears as well on heavy as on very diaphanous textiles, and the vague shadowy designs are particularly beautiful on French organdies, batistes, and semi-transparent silks.

The new skirts are gauged, corded, tucked, knife-pleated, or laid in finer accordion pleats. They are considerably less flaring without losing anything of their attractive cachet, and are much less cumbersome than the skirts of past seasons. Some of the new skirts are shirred on the hips alone, the back plain and full, the front forming an apron that is trimmed down each side.

Trimmed skirts will be very much in evidence among forthcoming gowns both for day and evening wear, but not to the exclusion of the plain, elegant, unadorned models so long favored, and still preferred by many of fashion's leaders.

The possession of half-a-dozen pretty slipwaists of net, chiffon, fancy taffeta silk, or satin, affords the wearer any number of beautiful changes of the toilet at comparatively small expense—as twelve yards of black satin or moiré will make the effective background for all of these various changes, this number of yards being all that is required for a gracefully gored skirt, a bolero jacket, or a deep or narrow girle, as best suits the wearer.

Black gowns gain in favor for evening wear, and one can hardly lavish too much jet garniture upon them, especially on the bodice and sleeves. Accordion-pleated black mousseline de soie, silk tulle, net, tulle, and other diaphanous textiles are highly popular, made up over watered silk and black crêpe de Chine, black taffeta silk trimmed with rows of velvet ribbon or jet—a very old style revived—are all noted among the newest evening toilets worn. Black crêpe over moiré is made up with a very effective and elegant embroidery of cut jet and French brilliants laid over velvet ribbon—a style less garish than it

# Sales Talk

With Hood's Sarsaparilla, "Sales Talk," and show that this medicine has enjoyed public confidence and patronage to a greater extent than accorded any other proprietary medicine. This is simply because it possesses greater merit and produces greater cures than any other. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story. All advertisements of Hood's Sarsaparilla, like Hood's Sarsaparilla itself, are honest. We have never deceived the public, and this with its superlative medicinal merit, is why the people have abiding confidence in it, and buy

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

Almost to the exclusion of all others. Try it. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla. sounds; and green velvet and cerise satian are oddly and strikingly used upon black velvet, satin, and transparent black tulle. Any number of new black nets are brought out and will be used as transparencies over cerise, mauve, Spanish, yellow, pink, old rose, etc., as well as over black or white moiré satin or tulle.

Cordings rival tucks in favor, and these are exceedingly popular with modistes just now. Cordings near the waist are convenient for regulating the fullness of the skirt at this portion of it. Say there are three or four cordings about two inches apart immediately below the waist; this insures plainness about the hips, the skirt expanding in umbrella shape below the cordings. The cord must be fairly thick to ensure the desired effect, and many modistes use the circular model in making a corded skirt.

Tucks have long been considered a simple trimming for childish gowns, but Fashion is doing her utmost to insist that tucked skirts, tucked bodices, sleeves, etc., are entirely suitable for women who have passed their second, third, and even their fourth decade. Skirts for the spring and summer will be tucked to above the knees, or otherwise they will be tucked on the upper instead of the lower part of the skirt. If near the hem, the tucks are moderately wide. About the hips they are narrower, and as a rule the pleats are laid perpendicularly. The horizontally tucked skirt, bodice, yoke, and sleeves with which we are now growing familiar date back to the gowns of 1827 and 1837, and in histories of dress we see illustrations of this style in very early Victorian fashions. A pretty velvet sleeve on a model for an Easter gown is cut in one piece throughout, being sufficiently wide at the top to simulate a small puff on the shoulders. Four or five graduated longitudinal tucks are arranged at this part of the sleeve; below, the fullness is sloped to the arm, and at the wrist fits tightly and then expands into a pointed collar-shaped cuff.

C. D. F.

### FRILLS OF FASHION.

New York Sun.

Narrow quillings of chiffon are a feature of dress this season, filling a large space in the shops, and are employed in a hundred different ways, one of which is as a border for sashes of velvet or silk, worn with evening dress.

The autograph tea cloth is one of the fads among English women. It is of plain white linen with a broad hem-stitched hem. Numerous friends write their names diagonally above the hem, and each one is embroidered in white or colored cotton.

The new ribbons are very delicate in texture like silken gauze, and the variety in grass linen effects has multiplied many times since last season. There are Scotch plaids, light tinted grounds plaided off with some strong color, and scattered over with polka dots or sprays of flowers, and plain colors, with fancy edges of hair line stripes, in various colors and checked borders which are very effective. Tulle seems to have the lead among the plain ribbons, and some of these are satin faced. Moiré ribbons with corded edges are also seen.

Shepherd checks in pretty soft colors and a light-weight wool material are to be very much worn for travelling dresses this season, and will be made up with a bolero of plain cloth braided in some contrasting color.

The latest fancy for trimming silk petticoats is two or three accordion-pleated ruffles tully a quarter of a yard wide. These are pinked on the edge and sometimes caught up in festoons fastened by bows of ribbon.

The sleeve of the moment certainly has length to recommend it almost in proportion to the size it has lost, and the pretty fall of lace at the wrist is very becoming to an—but the short, stout arm.

A novel costume for spring is made of dark blue and white shepherd's plaid with a wide plait, both back and front, on the bodice, narrowing toward the belt, and a plain skirt with a wide plait in front, spreading out wider at the foot and fastened down just below the waist with fancy buttons. Buttons also decorate the front plait on the bodice above the bust, and blue silk forms the collar and belt.

### SUMMER MILLINERY.

Straw hats are not exactly in demand as yet but the first installment of summer millinery has blossomed out in the shops without any regard for weather,

For indigestion  
Horsford's Acid Phosphate  
Helps digest the food.

and rough, silky straws are more abundant than ever. Vegetable silk is a new fabric in millinery, and is used for plaits of various widths and colors, which have a very glossy effect. Ribbon braids three inches wide, edged with a braid of another color, are used in both hats and bonnets, and wide braids in the form of plaits are fashioned into hats over a wire frame. Vegetable silk plaits are rather expensive, so there is a mixture of hemp and silk, which is firm and wiry and so thin and light that it is ruched under the brim of some of the large hats. This new braid is said to be made of the raw silk as it comes from the cocoon. Wood silk fibre is another which appears in the new braids.

Lightness seems to have been the main effect of the designers in hats this season, and it can be a boon to all woman-kind if the milliners do not offset this by leading the hats with trimming. Japanese rush and Japanese straw help out the variety in light-weight effects, and Panama hats will be much worn for cycling.

Large hats are even larger than they were in the fall, and the crowns are medium broad and medium in height. The brim is usually narrower at the back than at the front, but some shapes widen at the sides where the brim turns up, and others turn up at the back, with plumes underneath the brim. There are fluted brims in every shape imaginable, but the old sailor shape in the new light braids bid fair to head the list of popular hats.

The semi-annual prediction, that bonnets are to be worn more than hats, has cropped up again, but as usual it is a doubtful one, since hats are sure to be more popular in summer. Among the novelties is a rather startling shape with a bell crown and a brim much wider at the sides than either back or front. A new idea advanced in bonnets is that we are to have cape effects, not exactly in the old style, however, as they stand up instead of falling over the neck; but there will be bonnets and bonnets, and width is to be one conspicuous feature of them. One little shape is like a Flemish peasant woman's capote with a square crown and a four inch brim.

Wide ribbons, plaited chiffon, lace and flowers in great profusion will constitute the main features of hat trimming, and black hats will be very popular, despite the fact that brilliant color characterizes the finish of straw hats.—*N. Y. Sun*.

### Scott's Emulsion is Cod-liver Oil prepared as a food.

At the same time, it is a blood maker, a nerve tonic and an up-builder. But principally it is a food for tired and weak digestions; for those who are not getting the fat they should from their ordinary food; for children whom nothing seems to nourish; for all who are fat-starved and thin.

It is pleasant to take; at least, it is not unpleasant. Children like it and ask for more.

Some druggists have a "just as good" kind. Isn't the kind all others try to equal good enough for you to buy?

# MISSIONS.

We have now ready for Missions a full and complete assortment of Mission Goods, consisting of

Prayer Books,  
Devotional Books,  
Controversial Works,  
Religious Articles.

If, at any time, you have a Mission in your Parish, we will be happy to supply you with an assortment of the above goods, and at the close of the Mission, you can return what-ever remains unsold.

In ordering, please state:  
1.—Who is to give the Mission.  
2.—About how many families will attend.  
3.—The Day the Mission will open.  
4.—How the goods have to be shipped to reach safely and in time.

# D. & J. SADLER & CO.,

CATHOLIC PUBLISHERS.  
173 Church St., Toronto, Ont. | 1699 Notre Dame St., Montreal, Que.

**Pain-Killer.**  
(GREAT VALUE)  
A Sure and Safe Remedy in every case and every kind of Bowel Complaint.  
**Pain-Killer.**  
This is a true statement and it can be made too strong or too emphatic.  
It is a simple, safe and quick cure for  
Croup, Cough, Rheumatism, Colic, Cold, Neuritis, Diarrhoea, Grip, Toothache.  
TWO SIZES, 25c. and 50c.

TELEPHONE 8393.  
**THOMAS O'CONNELL,**  
Dealer in General Household Hardware, Paints and Oils.

137 McCORD STREET, Cor. Ottawa.  
PRACTICAL PLUMBER,  
Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitter.  
Rutland Lining, fits any Stove.  
Cheap.  
Orders promptly attended to. Moderate charges. A trial solicited.