Continued From Page Two. dincy House, he was born some fifboliney House, he was born some fit-five years ago, and brought my mid associations that might easily aduce an inclination to the spiritual ite. No wonder, therefore, that he lon found that his vocation by away from the world, and at an early age manifested a desire to enter the priesthood. His first studies in this direction were made under the tutordirection were made under the tutor-ship of a Mr Shannhan, a famous classical teacher, who at that time sinp of a sure similarin, a famous classical teacher, who at that time presided over a noted academy in Thurles. He near entered St. Patrick's College, Thurles—then under the presidency of the late learned Father Edmund Ryan— here he read the rhetoric and philosophy courses with marked distinction. Leaving St. Patrick's, he passed in due course to Maynooth, the great Alma Mater of the Irish priesthood. Having completed his college course he was raised to the priesthood by his Emmence Cardinal Oullen, and was sent on his first curacy to the parish of Moycarkey, then under the pastoral charge of his uncle, the late Very Rev. John Burke,

ENGLAND.

CATHOLIC PROGRESS. Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has just had nublished from the Press of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, London, two volumes of interesting reminiscences, entitle "Fifty Nears of Catholic Life and Progress." In the first place, Mr. dritz-"Fifty Years of Catholic Life and Progress." In the first place, Mr. Elizgerlad sets forth his personal recollections of the chief events connected with the progress and development of the Church in Great Britain during, the last half century. In the second place, being himself an Irishman, he does not fail to give credit to his own countrymen for the part which they have played, either as priests or laies, in the uprearing of the noble fabric, material as well as spiritual, which now attests the vitality of Catholicism in England. The change which has been witnessed during the period included within Mr. Fitzgerald's review has been, indeed, remarkable. Nowhere has the development which has taken place been more marked view has been, indeed, remarkable. Nowhere has the development which has taken place been more marked than in London. Mr. Fitzgerald recalls the fact that fifty years ago, the "Catholic stranger coming to town, and finding himself in the descrted streets of u Sunday, used timorously to ask his way to some obscure conventicle hidden in a far-off back street, and would, it is likely enough, receive little aid or guidance, for the reason that there was neither knowledge or good-will." The Church seemed almost to exist by stealth. Many of the chapels which were open for Divine service were of foreign origin, officered by foreign priests, and maintained by the subsidies of foreign governments. These were really the chapels attached to the French, Sardinian, and Spanish Embassies, and would never have come into existence ohapels attached to the French, Sardinian, and Spanish Embassies, and would never have come into existence had it not been that the political exigencies of England, even in the penul period, compelled the Government to tolerate the kindly efforts of continental Catholics to assist in providing for the religious needs of their brethren in London.

Wonderful, indeed, in the above

for the religious needs of their brethren in London.

Wonderful, indeed, is the change which has taken place not only in the material structures within which Citholics now worship God, but also in the social status and bearing of Catholics and their clergy. Fifty years 250 there were few English towns in which it was desirable that the sacerdotal character of the priest could be indicated by his outward garb. To-day the cleric who would assume the costume worn by his predecessors of half a century ago would be rightly regarded as eccentric or something worse. Off. Fitzgerald quites the graphic words in which Carcinal Vaughan has recalled the condition of things which prevailed previous to the re-establishment of the English episcopal organization and before the genius, weal and courage of Cardinal Wiseman had lifted both priests and people from the position of inferiority to which they had been in a large degree reduced. The present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster, describing the state of the church, at the time he referred to, says, "Her voice was low; her divine services cut down to their bare essentials. Many of her distinctive devotions were conducted in private, and, as it were, in silence and with closed doors. No kind of uniform, and no outward mark of distinction in her ministers was visible; she was like a ship in an angry sea, close-recefed and battened down, exposing as little surface as nossible to the stiff gale, which was still only lessening. It was at this moment that Divine Providence sent us Nicholas Wiseman. We owe to him the wonderful revival of popular devotion to the Blessed Nirgin; he brought in retreats, missions, and popular devoren in London.
Wonderful, indeed, is the change

Wiseman. We owe to him the Wonderful revival of popular devotion to the Blessed Sacrament and to the Blessed Wirgin; he brought in retreats, missions, and popular devotions in the vernacular, visits to the Blessed Sacrament, Benedictions, the forty hours' advantion, daily mass, and the practice of frequent communion. Wiseman was, no doubt only the instrument of the Most High, but he proved himself worthy of the great trust confided to him, and to his services, more than to those of any other man, is due the fact that the Church occupies to-day the position of freedom, influence, and respect which it undeniably holds. It was not without some trouble and the enduring of many conflicts that Cardinal Wiseman was enabled to carry out the out some trouble and the enduring of many conflicts that Cardinal Wissman was enabled to carry out the great reforms enumerated by his illustrious successor. Many of the old school of Catholice—both within and without the sanctuary—showed little sympathy with his efforts, and theoreted them when they could. Time, however, has justified his policy and conferred on it the guerdon of success. There is room for gratitude in the fact that Mr. Fitzgerald's "recollections" of other events in the history of the Church in these countries during the last fifty years are more accurate than those with which we are now dealing. In the first place, we find Mr. Fitzgerald declaring with reference to Cardinal Newman that:—in 1854 he became rector of the Catholic University at Dublin. He only tremained there four years, and it may be suspected that the episode, if fully recounted with all its details, would be a strange one, indeed. Newman it is cirtain, was about as much sit is called mily response to the last the place.

friend and neighbor, who fived beside him in St. Stephen's Green, Di. (Whately."

We have here the language of exag-fact that an alien should have been selected as the first head of a national seat of learning. To institute a parallel between him and the almost Agnostic Protestant Archhishop Whately, who was consumed by an intense hatred of the Catholicity of Ireland, Skrotesme. Mr. Fitzureald does not hatred of the Cathonicity of greating, is grotesque. Mr. Fitzgerald does not stop even here. Not content with indulging in several derogatory remarks regarding the ability and learning of our Irish Bishops who founded the Caour Irish Bishops who founded the Catholic University, he proceeds to misrepresent their policy in a scandalous manier. He says;—"We may wonder at this hopeless dream or mirage of a 'Catholic University,' long parsaction both countries, and which in some mysterious way was to gather in some mysterious way was to gather in all the Catholic youth, who were to receive a university training, but no receive a university (raining, but no degree. As a degree is a thing of commercial or practical use, abridging the time devoted to preparing for the professions, and supplying a status, it really came to no more than this, that some zealous families were willing to aid the ploject by sacrificing the worldly interests of their sons."

SCOTLAND.

BISHOP MAGUIRE OF GLASGOW BISHOP MAGUIRE OF GLASIOW.
The aliver jubility of the Right Rev.
Dr. Maguire, Bishop Auxiliar, of
Glasgow, has given occasion to the
priests and people of the diocese to expriests and people of the diocese to express the sentiment of high esteem in which they hold his Lordship. A little time ago the clergy made a presentation, and on Monday last a deputation of the laity, headed by Mr. Brand, waited upon the Hishop and tendered an address and the generous sum of £1,030. The proceedings were, it need scarcely be suid, extremely pleasant. The address, which was a beautifully illuminated work of art, the words being enclosed in a Celtic border copied from an ancient minuscript in being enclosed in a Celtic border copied from an ancient minuscript in the Royal Irish Academy, described the progress made in the archdiocese during the tw.nty-five years that have elapsed since Dr. Maguire was ordained priest, and recognized especially his earnestness and filial devotion in relieving the tenerable Archbishop. The Bisnop made a happy reply, remarking that the gathering represented the laivy in what was perhaps the most living and flourishing Catholic district in Great B itain, the archdiocese of Glasgow, with a Catholic population of more than 300,000. He had always thought the great peace and elisence of friction between elergy and laiving in the archdiocese control of the control of the great peace and elise in the archdiocese control of the control of the great peace and elistic in the archdiocese control of the control of the great peace and elistic in the archdiocese control of the control of the control of the great peace and elistic in the archdiocese control of the contr and risence of friction between civity and laity in the archdiocese came from the xample of the Archbishop, who taught them not to meddle in each other's sphere of work and to trust each other. To him, fully agreeing with his Grace's views, it had been an easy and pleasant duty to help-to carry them out.

INDIA.

A Reuter Bembay telegram says;—
The Viceroy addressed the students of
Aligarth College, and paid a high tribute to the late Frincipal Beck, and
went on to refer to the liberal policy
of the Government regarding education. That policy was, he said, to
fling open the gates of knowledge and
draw in the multitudes, and to endeavor to make education not the perquisite or prerogative of the few, but
the cheep possession of the many. Such
a policy of a Government differing
in origin, language, and thought from quisite or prerogative of the tew, but the chery possession of the many. Such a policy of a Government differing in origin, language, and thought from the governed, afforded no similar parallel in history. Lord Curzon further urged the necessity of the assimilation of Western thought and culture, and pointed out how essential a study of modern art was as a condition of serviceable existence during the twentieth century. He praised the patriotism and political insight of the founders of the college in concentrating their efforts upon education as a means of enabling Mohomedans to recover a portion of their lost ascendancy, and laid stress on adherence to their religion as the basis of education. In regard to the question of the expansion of the college into a residential university, Lord Curzon remarked that it was impossible to obtain the lofty ideal of ducation, the sustained purpose, and the spuit of personal devotion associated with the universities of England, without the conditions of collegiate life to be found in those institutions. in those institutions.

DEATH OF AN IRISH NUN IN CEYLON.

Ceylon Catholic Messenger, March 15;— There died at the convent of the Good Shepherd, Kotahema, on Wednesday morning, Sister Mary of St. Alphonsus. The deceased was known in the world as Mary Catherine Hall, youngest daughter of Mr. Stephen

Alphonsus. The deceased was known in the world as Mary Catherine Hall, youngest Jaughter of Mr. Stephen Hall, Limerick, where she was born on October 10, 1867. She received her early and pious training from the Convent School of the Sisters of Mercy in her native city. After successful graduating from this school she went to Relgium for her higher studies. There she remained for two years and then returned home, to the delight of her six brothers and five sisters; her poor mother died when she was quite young. About this time the Very Rev. Father Lytton, O.M.I., was preaching in Limerick on behalf of the Ceylon Mission. Miss Hall attended the sermons, heard of the good that was to be done in educating the young girls of Ceylon. At once she seemed to hear the sweet invitation of the Spouse. "Come to Me, my beloved." She heeded the Master's wish, and she applied for admission to the convent Spouse. "One to the first his and she applied for admission to the convent of the Good Shepberd in her native for the Good Shepberd in her native for the Good Shepberd in her native for the country of the congregation of Angers, France, in 1891. Here during the two years of probation she was a model of obedience and patience. Having over defere and it also the first had specially destined her for this foreign mission she laid in store for herself a goodly supply of submission and seeing supply of submission and or the special for the forms of the composed an original mission she has since been stationed. She was invaluable as a feed of of mission and frame of the first had been such that her has been such that her had been su

fer from the malady which carried her off. For a year she allowed it to make headway, telling not even the Moteht of her trouble, lest she might Moteht of her trouble, lest she might be ordered to stop working. She died on March 19th, the Least of St. Suphresia, the patron saint of the ven-erable foundress of the Congregation of the Gond Charleste. of the Good Shepherd.

FRANCE.

TATE LAST CENTURY'S RECORD.
A book recently published by a committee of Catholics presided over by a Bishoo, has given rise to the usual, criticism in Protestant circles. The volume is called "Un Siecle; Movement du Monde de 1800 a 1900." One of the most britter critics is M. Gabriel Most britter critics is M. Gabriel Most bright at leaks the book in the Tronod, who attacks the book in the Pronod, who attacks the "Signal" It is a pity to see a man of M. Monod's in-telligence and attanments dishing up-the customary old wheezes about Cathe customary old wheezes about Catholicism which are common to narrow-minded, half-educated and bigoted Protestants. One is not surprised to find writers of the Bicham-Edward the surprise of the Bicham-Edward them. class, who refer in the usual pitron-ising and supercitious style of the would-be British person to France and sing and septements systems and Catholicism, making an imbecile statement of the sweeping order, and printing silly generalisations; but that M. Monod should have to descend to this spositively painful to all sensible people. He tells us that the fundamental error of the new book on the last century is the attempt on the rart of the authors or compilers to attach the whole intellectual, economic, and political movement of the century to the development of the Catholic Church, and to mak the history of the century demonstrate the truth of Catholicism and presage the triumph of its tenets. Then follows the usual list of old taunts. Since Le Maistre, Bonald, Lamennais, Rosmini, Gioberti, and of old taunts. Since Le Maistre, Hon-ald, Lamennais, Rosmini, Gioberti, and Goerres, in the beginning of the cen-tury, there has been no remarkable Catholic thinker or philosopher. In politics, the Catholics are also reced-ing, every Catholic country, except-Belgaum, being in a state of decline. Por ugal is a satelite of Eagland,

igration. Next we are told to look at the Next we are told to look at the flourishing condition of Protestant countries, or of Schismatic nations. The controlling Powers are Protestant Germany, Schismatic Russia and France, where the 'cloctorate masses are opposed to Catholicism and where Freethought is predominant." These arguments and assertions partake something of the antiquity of the Hill of Howth. Cardinal Newman answered some of them long ago in his lectures on Anglican difficulties, where in he poitred out that the world in ed some of them long ago in his lectures on Anglican difficulties, wherein he poitred out that the world in general had received numberless temporal and moral blessings from the Church, but the Church did mot, as it were, boast of these things, for she did not aim at making a show, but at doing a work. If M. Monod, who must have read the writings of the English Oratorian, had thought of that special lecture about the political state of Catholic co-atries, he would not have been in such a hurry to indite the tales of ancient females about the decadence of Catholicism, and the benighted condition of Catholics in the intellectual and political domains. Independently, however, of Cardinal Newman or any other great Catholic writer who has answered the Catholic writer who has answered the usual Protestant objections, M. Mausual Protestant objections, M. Monod's experience as a professor and a politician should have enabled him to see that the so-called flourishing Protestant and Schismatic countries are nowadays sapped at their vital parts by Socialism and all the modern forms of systematised revolution.

The ways of the French anti-Clericals are pecluair. Thus, M. Zevaes, the Socialist, who during the debates on the Associations Bill proposed the

icals are pecuair. Thus, in. Thus, in. the Socialist, who during the debates on the Associations Bill proposed the obliteration of all the religious orders, is stated to have asked the Cathusians of the Grande Chartreuse for their support when he was trying to enter Parliament for the first time about three years since. And not only that, but M. Zevaes, alias Bourson, his wife, and some of his political friends, were most hospitably entertained by the monks, who promised their influence in the district to the man who is now repaying them by sancarous opposition to the Church. In connection with this ever-burning topic of the religious orders, M. Jean de Bonnefou, who writes for the Boulevard Press on Church topics, reminds the Government that after twenty years Press on Church topics, reminds the Government that after twenty years of hospital secul risation the nuns have not all been removed, for the simple reason that it is impossible to replace them. Lay nurses cannot be found in sufficient numbers for hospital work, and those already employed cost the Budget wice as much as the nuns.

CAN RECOMMEND IT .- Mr. Enos GAN RECOMMEND IT.—Mr. Knos Rornlerry, Tuscarora, writes.—If am pleased to say that Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil is all that you claim it to be, as we have been using it for years, both internally and externally, and have always/received beuefit from its use. It is our family medicine, and

The Gold Louis ‡

The Gold Louis (When Luc en new his last note rak ed in by the banker, and rose from the roulette table white he had just lost what was deft of his little fortune, he felt as if the earth was crumbing the neath has feet and he would scarcely

spectacle.
On a stone beach covered with

before he had been unable to tind a single piece to give the errand boy he the club. If ged by an instinctive feeling of pity, however, he went up to the child and was about to take her in his arms and carry her to a place of shelter when he saw something afficter. He bent down. It was a result louise

of shelter when he saw sometimes of shelter when he saw sometimes gold louis.

A benevolent person a woman doubtless passing by, had seen the shoe lyang before the sleeping child, and had given munificently; so that the child might still, in spite of her masfortune, preserve some confidence

misfortune, preserve some confidence and hope in the goodness of Provid-

dence.

A low's! That meant several Mays of rest and ease for the beggar. I raien was about to awaken her to tell her of ther gift, when he heard close to his ear, as in a dream, a voice—the voice of Wronski—murmuring the wo ds;—"I have not started from here for two days the "seventeen"

le stole the gold louis from out the fallen sabot. Runn nr back as fast as he could, he re-entered the gamb-ling house, bounded up the staircase, thrust open the door of the accursed place, entered just as the clock sound-

of the first stroke of industry, put the gold pece on the green cloth and

which he had lost in the beginning of the evening. Now, risking two to three hundred lous at once, favored by fantastic, fate, he was about to win back the patronony he had squander-ed in each a few years. He played desparately, like a reaken man, a madman, and he won. In his heart was a burning pain; he was haunted by the chought of the beggar child sleeping in the snow—the child he had gobbed.

ooded. course she ds. In a few moments— yee, as soon as the clock strikes tone— I tween, it, I wall taken her sleeping in my arms; I wall carry her home

and put her m my own worm sed. And I will adopt her and sove her as my own daughter, and take care at her

But the clock struck one, quarter

always

Runn nur back as fast

Completely upset, we threw bimself down upon the leather settee which extended agound the room. For a few moments he booked vaguely around the place where he had wasted the best years of his life. He realized that he was runed hopelessly; and remembered that a bureru drawer held the pistots which ms father, General dos Hem—then only a coptain—had used so well at the attack on Zaatria Overcome by fatigue, he fell into a deep sleep. When he invoke, he judged, after glaneing at the clock, that he had isk pissearcely half an hour, and he delt as imperious desire to breathe the fires a right ar. It was just a quarrer to twelve. et ahad. Completely upset, me threw bimself undert wis imperious and it was just a quarter to twelve.

Just at the moment old Dronske, a devorce of the gaining table, came up to Lucien, mumbing something behind his driff gray beard;—
"lend me just five francs, etc. I have not strived from here for two days; and at cheet time 'seventeen' has not furined up. Laugh or not, as you please; but I would give my right hand it to sight at midnight that number floes not win."

Lucan de Hem shrugged his shoulders; he did not have enough in his pocket to make this contribution, which the immates of the place styled "the Polander's hundred sous." He stopped into the clock room, put on his wraps and passed down the stair-

stepped into the clock room, put on his wraps and passed down the stair-case with feverish sgility. During the four hours that Lucien had been inside it had snowed steadily and the streets were white. The run-ed gambier shavered under his furs and walked quickly down, but his steps were soon accessed by a petitul smeetacle.

politics, the Catholic country, excepting every Catholic country, exceptBelgium, being in a state of decline.
Portugal is a satellite of England,
Spain has lost her American colonies,
Austria's aly anchor is in "Protestant, Jewish, Treek and Freethinking
Hungary," and Italy has dethroned
the Pope. As to the increase of Catholicism in England and the United
States, M. Monod attributes it to emigration. spectacle.

On a stone bench covered with snow, which according to the ancient custom, stood before the entrance of its hotel, a lattle girl of six its seven years of age was sitting, scarcelygoodered by a ragged black dress. She had tallen asleep in spite of the bitter cold, in an attatude of fatigue and abandonment, and her poor little head and delicate shoulders were bent in an angle of the wall and rested against the key stone. One of the sabuts the child wore had slipped off from her foot and was lying in front of fher.

With a mechanical gesture, Lucien de Hem put his hand finto his pocket. Then he remembered that a moment before he had been unable to find a single piece to give the errand boy ht the cliff. Herad he an haddentied.

ployed cost the Budget wice as much as the nuns.

Father Monsabret, the celebrated Dominican, who succeeds the ex-Carmelite Hyacinthe Loyson in the pulpit of Notre Dame, has been for several years in retirement at the Monastery of his Order in Havre. The famous Friar has not, however, been inactive during his retreat. He has just published a remarkable treatise on preaching or "advice to young occlesiastics." Eather Monsabret was directed to write the volume by the Chapter General of Avila in 1895, and his successful labors have received warm and almost enthusiastic apprea his successful labors have received warm and almost enthusiastic appre-ciation from the Master General of the Dominicans, the Very Rev. Fr. Fruhwirth.

But the clock struck one, quarter past, half-past, three quarters past—and lucren was still sitting at the internal table. Finally, a minute before two, the banker arose abruptly and said in a loud voice;—
"The bank is closed, gentlemen. Encugh for to-night."
Lucen bounded to his feet. Roughly repulsing the gamblers who crowded about him and regarded him with envious admiration, he hutried away and any toward the stone bench. From a distance he saw the child under the

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warm her; and, seized with a vague a line by warm her; and, seized with a vague a line by warm her; and, seized with a vague a line by warm her; and, seized with a vague a line by warm her; then he saw with terror that they were helf open and were set and glassy horrible suspicion crossed has mind. He put his mouth close to the child's no breath came from her lips. While Lucien was winning a fortune with the gold louis stolen from the child, she had died—died from cold.

Chokang with anguish, he tried to cry out, and in the effort he woke from his nightmare and found himself lying on the settee in the club-room. He had dropped asleep shortly before midnight; and the porter, the last to leave the building at five in the morning, had left him to his evil dream undisturbed, out of sympathy for his misfortune.

The dim December dawn shone out

misfortune.
The dim December dawn shone out through the frosty panes. Lucien went through the watch, took a bath, through the trosty panes. Indeed white out, pawned his watch, took a bath, atc his breakfast, and went to the feeruiting office, where he enlisted us a grivate as the First Regiment of Atrican Chasseurs.

rivates at the traction of the security of the control of the cont prised at the poor lieutenant's gener

osity.

Lucien de Hem had placed n gold lows in the little girl's hand. — The Southern Cross.

LLANFAIR COURT. Continued from Page Seven is merciful; He will forgive thee,

With a moan Dick Trevor turned away, he could bear no more, and without a word he fled from the room. Those last words of kindness had cut him far deeper than Gwynyth's fierce reproaches; he must away and hie his shame, he knew not whither. A few minutes later Black Saladin bounded away from Llanfair Court; his hoofs might have been heard ringing on the cobble stones, whose cehoes he was never more to arouse. Meanwhile Gwynyth's anger had melted at her loved father's voice, giving place to bitterest anguish. Once more, breaking through the men, she flung herself at Sir Ruperet's feet in an agony of tears. With a moan Dick Trevor turned

"I have not starred from here for two days; and for two days the 'seventeen' has not curned up. I would give my right hand if at midnight to-night that number does not win."

Then this young man of twenty-three, who had never done it dehonorable act, conceived a horrable thought. By a quek glanc he assured himself that he was a lone in the deserted street; then, bending his kees and reaching cauthously forward, he stole the gold louis from out the fallen sabot. Funn no back as fast tears.
"Father, father," she cried, "I will

tears.

"Father, father," she cried, "I will not part from thee, they must take me to prison, too! I cannot, cannot live without thee!"

He stooped tenderly over the weeping form and his voice shook with emotion, for his great heart weil nigh overflowed at the thought of leaving her, his all, perhaps never to see her again in life.

"Farewell, Gwynyth, my dearest one," he said; "grieve not over me, child, for I am indeed proud to suffer for the faith, for which I shall gladly lay dewn my life if need be. Be ever true to our holy religion, my Gwynyth; let it be chy first thought in all things. Remember that we serve a God who loves us and who will repay us a thousand-fold for the things we suffer in His name here below."

The brutal voice of Norton broke

she gold peec on the green cloth and cried;—
"All on seveneen!"
"Seventeen won!" Lucien pushed she ith.rty-six louis on the ked. The red won. He left the seventystwo louis on the same color. File red won again. He doubled the stakes twice, three times, always with the same success. A pile of gold and bills lay to fore him. He had won back the pultry amount, hes last resource, which he had lost in the beginning of the evening. Now, risking two terms of the evening. Now, risking two terms of the sevening weep-

in. "Enough of this," he cried. "Seize the prisoner! Move on, my men!"
But Sir Rupert raised hi shand and involuntarily the soldiers paused.
"Rachel," he said, addressing the old servant, who was silently weeping. "in thy charge I leave my child. Be thou a mother to her; she is my treasure, my sil. Once again, fare thee well, my Gwynyth. May "hag good God keep thee. Now, men," he continued, turning to the soldiers, "I am ready; lead me where you will."
They hurried him away, and Gwynyth and her old nurse followed to age the last of the beloved father and mastar. As the party wended their way down the ancient avenue of sycamores Sir Rupert turned to bid one more adieu to the home he was leaving, he felt, forever. Through the gathering gloom he could see the gleam of a white dress, framed in the shadows of the old hall. For a moment the life seemed to die within him; the strong man shook, his soul wrung to its depths in the intensity of his grief. "Help me, my Lord," he muttered.

shook, his soul wring to its depths in the intensity of his grief.
"Help me, my Lord," he muttered. And the God he called upon came to his aid, the God in whose service he had sacrificed his ail. A gentle peace stole over him, stilling the inward tumuit and endering him heedless of the rude soldiery. His heart turned within him; the time was come to show his fidelity in very deed, and half aloud he surmured the words of the inspired writings;

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