Continued from Page Two. an additional mantification to the

ARCHBISHOP OF GLASGOW His Grace is recovering from the reis been able to take a little carriage executed and there is every hope expressed by his medical attendants that the worst part of his filmess is now

FATHER DUPERIOR.

The Rev. Father Duperior, who has been in charge of St. Vmcent's parish, peem in charge of 5t. Vincent's parish, filasgow, for the past fifteen years, was the recepient of a purse of sovereigns and an address from his congregation. Father Duperior before tridination was a Protestant.

PATHER MAGINN'S GRAVE.

The annual pilgrimage of St. Alphon sue's parish to the Grave of Father Maginn in Delbeth showed that as the years rolled by the number tak part in the function would not get dess, for each year sees the procession assumed arger dimensions and shows what a great hold he had on the af-fections of his flock.

CHINA.

FIFTEEN THOUSAND CHINESE MARTYRS.
The editor of the "Annuls of the Pro-The editor of the "Annals of the Propagation of the Faith" in the last number of that publication says:—We give, unimpaired by added comment, the martyrology of the Munchurian Mission, so simple and so touching in its brevity. God has given a heavenly crown to those heroes, the equals of those of the early ages of the Church. It is for us to think of the survivors and to provide for their heeds by our charity. ceds by our charity.

The following letter has been receiv-The Iollowing letter has been received from Father Choulet, superior of the Southern Manchuria Mission. It is dated Ing-tse, November 30, 1999; I am at length in a position tol give you some details about our marlyrs. Monsegnor Guillon was murdered in the choir of his cathedral at Mukden. the choir of his cathedral at Mukken by order of the chief of the soldiers, the famous Eul-ta-jen, assessor of the Viceroy, and a sworn enemy of the Christians. Our venerable Vicar-Apostolic was first shot and then despitated. His head was exposed to the public, like that of some malefacter. Of his body only a few charred, bones could be recovered. Father Emonet felt beside his Bishop. Sisters Sainte Croix and Albertine perished with the Christians at the burning of the church.

Fathers Bourgeois and Le Guevel, at Leen-Khan, had he undergo much before expiring. The soldiers satiated upon them their devillsh hatred. The ireads were cut off these two brother pricats, were taken to Nengiuen-teneou, and remained there for a long time exposed to the gize of the populace. Fathers Vinud and Bayard, of Biao-hei-chan, and Eather Agnus, of Kouang ning, being taken together by the people of lastse-tchang, were transpierced with lances, and not shot as I was given to understand at first. Their bodies were cast into the river. Father John Li, whom Moneignor Guillon greatly loved on account of his piety and other good qualities. Celt his picty and other good, qualities, felt much repugnation to letting bimself be slaughtered without defending him-self,; but when the Bishop bade the Christians to lay dawn their arms, the Rather same and placed himself deside his Lordship; and there it was he met his death. Thus his last act was one of obedience. Father Alexander His, in charge of the Teung-Kia-kung-ohen district, was taken to Mukden, only a few days after the doath of Monsignor Guillon and his companions. Being called upon the apostatise, the redused to renounce the faith, declaring loudly before the mandaring that he was a Christian and a Qutholic priest. Thereupon the mandarins handed him lover how the Boxers, who cut off his head. Father Muurite Li was taken at Sino-tcheng, a small town in his district. A pagen, who called himself his friend, made known to the Boxers the presence of the Father, of whom he coverat the interctance. Being him mediately bound, Father Maurice was led thack to Mas-mai-Kal and slaughtered these to his residence. his Lordship; and there it was he met his death. Thus his last act was one

One of our thrological students, Auguste Li, has discoppeared. He also must have been but to death. Two of our students at Chaling College. Jean our students at Cha-ling College, Sean Kao and Fabies Tehas, generously gave their blood for Jesus, Christ. When Father Beaulien disbonded his pupils, Jeno hastened home to exbort his relatives to die rather than give my the faith. The Boxers, kearing he was a seminarist, seized him and made him undergo all-kinds of torture. Finally they cut off his hands and teet, and after leaving him in that state for a long time, they beheaded him. Fabien was taken before the sub-prefect, who cross-examined him live times. During these interrogations the young man showed invincible After times. During these interroga-tioms the young man showed invincible constancy. The sub-prefect handed him over to the Boxens, and they shaughtered him. At Touang-houn-shen, throughout Father Villencuve's district, at Sing-ping-fou and in the whole district of Father Hutchet, not of Existian, not a catechumen, was ripuded. The National Guard, organ-ized and the villages, allowed no one to except. Old people, women, and tred in all the villages, allowed no one to excupe. Old people, women, and children, all were stain. These two districts, of recent foundation, have been bottled out. After Touchig thousand the most severely tried districts are those of Mukden and Sixo-hei-chan.

Neukden itself there is no longer phybody. Near the capital we had a village wholly Christian. The soldiers of Eul-ta-len fell upon this village at the very first, seized the thristians, and erouded them into carts to take them to the capital. Then quite little children, who had not been solzed by the soldiers were to be seen following fibe earlist to share the lot of their relatives. Men, women and children were all massacred at Makden. God be thanked, in the other districts nearly all our Christians succeeded in escapping deadth by flight; but they have lost all they possessed, and awander issue and there among bandles, without sheller, food or clothing.

I estimate the number of our Christians massacred out of hatred of the thousand. From fourteen to fifteen thousand. From fourteen to fifteen thousand.

our losses are not so great as one fear-ed, but our ruin is complete. We lead 46 churches and large chapels, without counting oratories, 20 principal pres-byteries, 2 seminaries, and 169 achools and orphanages, Out of all these are have left only our establishments at the port of Ing-tee.

They Never Know Facture .- Careful They Never Knaw Facture.—Careful observation of the effects of Parmelec's Vegetable Pills has shown that they act immediately on the diseased organs of the system and attinulate them to healthy action. There may be eases in which the disease has been needed and does not unsity yield long scalled and does not easily yield to medicine, but even in such cases these Pills have been known to bring these Pitts have been known to bring rolled when all other so-called reme-dies have failed. These assertions can be substantiated by many who have used the Pitts, and medical men speak-leghly of their qualities.

******** THE RISING OF

THE WATERS

ቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀቀ

It was the hight after Ballyellis. The men were nsleep in the valley, on the graps, under the hedge whereve: they could, enjoying a needed and well-carned rest, for they had proved the manhood that was in them on that memorable day. Only an odd scout on the hills around was awake, keeping watch and wad. was the night after Ballyellis keeping watch and ward.

Lights glummered funtly in the windows of a farmhouse on the verged Glummered presently more brightly, as the door opened and a beam of light, shot outwards on the bawn. Again grew darkened, as a form appeared thereat, blocking it.

The form appearing at the door whistled, and from the gable end a

man came up.
"I want you to look up Mick Maher and George Malone, und send then to me. Don't be long."

me. Don't be long."

The door closed, the farm re-entered and the stream of light was slut off. Less than half an hour afterwards the door opened, and two men entered. Were shown into a parlo,, where a number of men were slitting around a table.

table.

"George," said he who sat at the liead of the table, to the first who entered, "I want to send this letter to Dwyer. It is most important it should reach him at once. I select you because you know the Wicklow hills so well. You cannot go Arklow, way, be ause the soldiery are all around there—guarding every road."

"Ve. y well, Mr. Ryan," said the young fellow addressed, readly.

"You must go with him, Mick, be-

"You must go with him, Mick, be-cause it is too important to be chanced to one. Anything may happen to one in such times as these. But two will be able to help one another, and if evil mischance comes to one the other can take up the running. You understand."
They understood.
"Very well. When will you be ready!"

They would be ready in half an hour.
And were.

The letter was handed to them, and with musiceis strapped across their shoulders, they got into the saddles and moved across towards the bara gate. Other riders had owned these horses and sat in these salldles that morning—men with gleaning delinets and high plumes thereover, with burnished breast plates, steel shoulder straps, and swords by their sides—but these men were driving somewhere in these men were Tring somewhere in the valley, too, and would never aguin

the valley, too, and would never agulas mount borse or sit in saddle. There was a leavy mist, the smist of a summer night, dying over the ground but the moon would be up presently. And, indeed, as it was, the round silver orb was orceping slowly into view over the sky line of Carracough. It was a "trange and unaccustomed scene its peaceful rays would stream down on a little later; but the two wayfarers never even thought of that as they furned their horses" heads

as they turned their horses' kends

frey could not go by the Arklow way, as Esmond Ryan had told these mor, indeed, by any of the known roads; for, after the events of this day became known to them—and Alenews travels fast—the ecowding sofhews travels fast—the coowding sol-diery would be keeping watch and award everywhere. They, therefore, ercossed the meadow lands and corn-lands, and towards the Wicklow hills. The theonlight kept them in company

The roonlight kept them in company until the gray light came creeping from the east across the broad bleast of the Irish sea, and then the moon and the peeping others shut up and disappeared. And by this time they had gained the Irish and believe of the hills. Carn Thul, high and nights, was in front of them, and, like a genial Irish amountarn, put on a Triendly smile of golden rays on his summit to welcome them what time they drew near. It was a glorious commer morning. The sun's rays came slanting across the distant sea, the air was sweet and fresh the heatter around was creep-

the distant see, the air was sweet and fresh, the heather around was creeping isto reduess, and, except an odd lark singing high in the morning air, there was not a thing or a sound about. Wintere roise there was arose from the striking of the horses hoofs against the stony way. The air in these high latitudes is exhibitanting, and the travellers felt its effects. They were anjoying it to the full as they moved on an single file, non-speaking, silent. The sensations were much too pleasant to be interrupted by talk.

Presently, however, the silence is troken, for the one behind says in a

hrosen. If the water, the mache is hroken. For the one behind says in a low voice and startled—"Look, George—look!" Malone turned round quickly in his saddle and looked at the speaker.

He was about to ask "What! where!" But his eye following the other's gaze, which was fixed fin a westerly direc-

But his eye following the other's gaze, which was fixed in a westerly direction, the did not need to put the query. He may it all in a glance.

This was what he saw—
A troop of lancers, the morning sun shiming brightly on their pennons and their redects, bringing out the colors with trange vividity. By their sides hung their swords, and in their leather sheathing their corbines. They were going along the ancient military road, so long unused as to have fallentack in its twicinal savagery. But now they halted, and the forms in the saddles turned their faces eastward.

"My soul to glory, they, see us," ex-

claimed Malone in the instant in which he took the scene in. It was easy to take it in; for, with the clearness of the air and the dresh bright-

easy to take it in; for, with the clearness of the air and the fresh brightpress of the sen rays, they did not seem
a quarter of a mile away though
they were probably a mile.

"That they do," and Maher: "we had
better ride for it. They will be on
us immediately."

They were indeed, for presently the
troop went about and were riding in
their direction. It tild not need much
treging to tend the two travellers
pressing forward.

Their horses were not very fresh.
They had teen a good deal of exercise
the previous stay, before their former
owners half fallen from their saddles,
and save the rest during the evening
and early part of the night, had little
for some time. And they had come
a long, troublesome way already. But
they were barong and in good conditon, and they were now put to their were throng and in good condi-and they were now put to their over the rocky heather, taking ad-

Over the rooky heather, taking advantage of a three track wherever they found it, bounding over the rhingle into a depression and urging their horses up the other side, they went on. But the others behind, some ten or twelve, lover equally well mounted, and their horses were fresher, so they kept their own with them—if indeed they were not go hing. They would have gained more capdly if some of them, from time to time, when occasion aross, did not stay to sight their carbines and fire. But the distance

sion arose, did not stay to sight their earlines and fire. But the distance was too great for these old-fash oned firearms, or the aim was unsteady, and they escaped unduri.

The boulders, as they came to Carn Tual, became more frequent and the way heavier. They had to ride, — seramble, rather—around these huge masses of granite, and were sorely delayed. True, their pursuers would have to do the some thing; but these detours, making large curves, were have to do the some thing; out these detours, making large curves, were bringing them within easier range of gunshot, and it man' a horse got a bullet—then where were they fit was all up with them. And what "all up" meant they very well knew. The military stoings in Wexford and Wicklow.

itary stoings in Wexford and Wicklow left no doubt about that.

"We'll never make Glemmalure. George," said Maner, one time when bullets came singing round, and they could then the laughing shouts and hails of their pursuan-laughing, so sure were they of their pray. "My horse is getting tired."

"Well, we must do the best we conford is good," returned Malone. "Push on; we're night a mile ahead of them, still. Push ont."

still. Push out."
Madone had not much more hope of
a successful ending than the other,
but he was of a cheerier mature, and
thought, moreover, that the good word
was just as useful as the stud one.
They left Carn fluid to their right,
and trom its high base the ground
aloned.

and trom its new result right. We're going down the thill. Mind your torer's feet; keep'u feet hold on the reins, and we'll make it yet. Good gracious! What's amiss ?"
The current path had left pursuers and measured not quite a quarter of a

and pursued not waite a quarter of a mile away, as the crow flies. They were nt the unds of a large chord, both—from the circumst nees of the ground—exposed, and the former had taken advantage of the position to firs

taken advantage of the position to fire e. volley.

"My horse is hit in the shoulder, George. See."

Maher rubbed his hand along the shoulder, lifted it for view—it was streaming with shoot.

"That's a bad job—devil a worse," eard Ofalone, as he reined up. "Will he be able to carry on, d'ye think!"

But he wot no answer, for the horse presently shivered a bit, shook himself, shouged forward up his head and side, and it took all Maher's, quickiness to get this feet, out of the starups before he fell, and eave himself from before he fell, and save himself from

nesstoget his feet out of the stirrups before he fell, and save himself from being crushed.

"It were never to see the setting sun egain. I'll put a kink in their laughing," said Malant, as hetleaped out of the saidle, and unalinging, his gun, got it ready. "Don't mind that horse, 'Mick—don't bother yourself shout him the'll never krayel a foot, again. Get your gun."

It was fortunate the horse was a trooper's horse and bould, stand fire, for they both rested their muskets on his back, took isteady dim, at the yelling pursuers behind, who were in no hurry now, knowing their prey was certain, and fired.

They were both good shots. Much firing at hares and wild fowl in these same regions in the more peaceful days find made them so. When the smoke lifted they found that their pursuers had something else to occupy themselves with than yelling forth ribadd insults. They were in a state of confusion, and horses were rearing and frembling.

of confusion, and horses were and trembling.

"There, that will delay 'em a time," Malone said, slinging up his gun again and leaping into the saddle. "Now, Mick, hump up behind me. Why—ch? What the devil are you doing?"

"Unhitching my iaddle," said Mick. "Well, St. Aldan help us. Of alt the loomies I ever haw. Jump up, will

loomies I ever haw. Jump up, will you—while 'there's time."
The words came in a wildly despervoice-hot with indignation and

wrath.
Mick Maher did as he was told: "We'll never make it, George," he said. "We'll hever make Glenmalure This horse is tired, an' two's too

"He wouldn't be much the better for having your raddle on him," said Manlone ungrily. "Anyhow, we can only do the best we can. It's all im the

do the best we can. It's all in the hands of God. How dreadful dark its skyowing."
Two was too much for him, as Mick Maher haid raid. That was evident from the labored way in which the horse strove to get along. That was dubte brident. All the more evident when going through w narrow cleft, he stargered visibly against the left side rock, swraying the riders shins. side .rock, swaping the riders'shins. George Malone felt Maher's fingers,

richt. The best flore in the avoid might do that.

Did you bring the training the said in reply the this maintended remark. "It's all right. The best flores in the avoid might do that. Did you bring the

might do that. Did you oring the cartridges?"
"No," was Maher with a choice. "No, they're under the saddle skirts. I neverthought of that. "Why did you hur-

ry me?"
This seemed to be the last straw for

"Ah-oh, my," he said, guipingly.
"Yes, I knaw. I lorget all about the cartifolists. Never care thought of 'em, so more than yourself. Oh, my, do you know what we'll do, Mick ?'

"What?" "We'll make far Darrycorrig. It's all we can do. We'll get thelter there better than hi'ring in the boulders here, where they could stalk us at ease like deer. Isn's it growing terable first?"

It was indeed growing frightfully dark, as their horse, under its double weight, stumbled along. One would think old Carn Tush was putting on mourning for them—as indeed well he might. Men could not be in much more deadly perid-in worse extremi-

They find some six miles to go, per-They mad tome fix miles to go, perhaps eight, to reach Glennaduce They might as well try to make their horse fly to the moon. They had tonly three to resch Durrycorty—ney might, by a miracle, reach that. It was not

to reach Dirrycorrige they might, by a miracle, reach that. It was not much; but, is Malone had said, it was the only thing to be done.

Darrycorr & was a narrow ravine—something the whit they call a canon in thrizons—but a trille long. In the done aforetime, when Wakhow was flossed and rent and torn by convulsions of grature, before the form of man had been econ on this round of obe man had been seen on this round globe it had been made. Just as the Scalp had been rent asunder—just as the severance where the Avoca runs through at Cronbane land been made—just in a comilar manner had nature made the great rent. It was not more than twee the length of the present land in the length of the present land in the length of the present land in the length of the length more than twee the length of a borse's leap in walth, but it was very deep. Its is des were studded with including tooks, out-cropping grantic, and among these grow in places straggling when bushes. Otherwise its walls were steep as the sale walls of n house. And below, in the bed of the ravine, ran a tiny brook—tiny

n bit."
"But wh. t's the good of that?"
broke in M. her, with something like a sob. "They can shuot us from the banks, like bares un a trap."
"It's the only thing to be done. It's gow in the tammer, but rostring wild in the winter, when Garn Tual saught the rays, and the proper meted by its

In this winter, when Carn Tual raught the rains and the snows melted on its fall summit and oides. To its shelter they turned their torse's hent.

Pounding down the rocky ways, floundering across the spaces of shaggy heath, laboring theavy and with shead, lifeless strides, when steed finally reached its edge, about can're ways in its length. They did not expect he would do no much. But he tild; and whipping off the winkers, they turned him hopping and crept over the edge of the preference, tust as the yells and this precipies, dust as the yells and shouts of their pursuers came on their ears from behind the boulders, not 800

garde away. It was not much of a thelier, when

Each bank commanded to complete wiew of the opposite side, and if the solders event to the far bank they can ld put thism at their feisure—rid-di-fillem with holes, like a cullendar, while they were delpless to reply; or they could come flown the canon from sither end, or soth ends, and capture them. From the treor side, the pro-jecting stone under which they crouoled protected them in a degree. The thrkness, or cloud, or whatever it was—so very unusual of a summer day—protected them also. But it was a poor inclient, and a demail business at the best, and death was spreading his wings very close to them. The could keel, his rey, shivering breath or

their faces.

The second plan was that adopted by the soldiers, perhaps in ignorance of the ground—perhaps because they wanted to take them alive to wreck their toutures on them. The Ameient Mesitems were a rise lot, and, if anytheir for take them alive to wreck their sortures on them. The Ancient Britons were a nice lot, and, if anything, the Hessians were werse.

One party rode up, and, dismounting at the Carp Tual acts, entered the gorge; the other went to the lower and, and entered there. They were

caught, as a hare between two nets, or h balmon in the weir.
"I knew jor'd be caught here," Mick Maher said. 'We're just like rabbits in a ditab, wid the ferryts thracking 'em up." "We have done the best we rould."

"God help us, an' that ain't much."
"Well, crying will make it no better.
Say a prayer or two, and I'll chare my
curtardays with you. Wo'll make a last fight for it, anyhow," Malone

Mild. "It's so Airk I can hardly see your hand," said Mick, after a minute or two, as his reached out for the carridges. "What's amiss with the day at all, at all."

"I'm blesi, if I know," said Malone, as a mortal dear for the first "me grew oyer him. "God bless us, it's like a day hould be going to thunder, and yes it thon't."
"I never him a thundersform come

and yes it thon't."
"I never line a thunderstorm come like this—whatever it means," observed Mick."
They were quite right in saying so for the blackness was not that of a thunderstorm. A blanket of heavy clouds had covered the face of the sky, heaving it completely—the result of obscuring at completely—the result of a long upoll of very hottweather. But it was not their blanket so much that made the intence placen. Over the made the intense placen. Over the sea, down Balriddarrig way, there desanded a funiel-sheped cloud, intensely black, almost blue-black, from the clouds. And forthwith, rose up from the income another, come-shaped, to meet it-forming a water spout. And this went whirling, revolving, landwirds. Itles two fugitives saw not all this. But they could see the top of the enormous cloud, and they could see the tipe of the enormous cloud, and they could see the tipe of the intense blackness of the day. "Instead is in What's that it as a full, subdued rost burst on their ears.

dull, subdued roof burst on their ears.
"Was that a volley afted?"
"No." Madone answered, "Too dull to be firedrins. I think it must be thur-

'It den't thunder whatever it is,"

"It dan't thurder whatever it is," Maher said.
And then, presently, the sky cleared and the panner day shone out, revealing all things plainly.
"We shad a better ohme: while it was dark," Mahee said again. "Give me the cardiodges. We ought to stay a bit apart. I'll fire at those coming approva at faces coming down."
"The very thing, Mick. God send they dow! go'to the other bank facing us. There's no hope then. But, ch f See here. The stock of my gun's all wet."

They had been biding very near the bottom of the emon, and the barrel

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of Malone's gun was between his knees, the ntock below \$ "In the name of God, look! The stream is traing."

It was, indeed, rising—fast, too. Rising by the haif foot per recond—so very fast that there was nothing for that to climb up by book and, rock as quakly as they could. Even so, the rising atream cought them, and their feet and boots got wet.

their feet and boots got wet.

They lated themselves swiftly to near the brain.

"Oh, giory to to the high raine of God! Mick Maher"—as he grasped the other's arm with ingers that seemed grown into iteel—"there, is there. Was ever anything like that! Was ever anything like that! Was ever anything like that!

Not often, indeed Quarte, of a indeligher up, or living green wall came swooning along. Rearing, with a

swooping along. Roaring with a mighty rush. It was high as a two-story house, and its front was pripendently as a clover cheese. It carried rocks, should, trees—everything—before it and with it. Grasping one another, with a four its which their nother, with a fear to which their dormer fear was as nothing, they watched it come. It did not take long to come and riweep by that that pass-ing, though instantaneous, seemed a

gemenation in time.
"Father in Heaven! Did you see that!" whispered Malone, m awediruce tones.
"I did! I saw it—saw them," said

Mahor, whilst his form shivered and shook, and his face had grown to the color of the newly dead.

In the momentary rush by, they had seen mea's forms sweep by on its surface like thraws. They had time on that swift glance to note the faces of the reflected me, and to see the three control of the see that the the s that awift glance to note the races of the red-coated men, and to see the ten-rible look of unspeakable dread that was on them—a dread that there are no words given to any language to de-acribe. They look that Dante tells us comes into the eyes of those sinners who see death before them—and hell after.

The two men, unspeaking, stood there for full half an hour watching the stormy rush of raging water. It passed like one solid mass, and fell as

passed like one solid mass, and fell as swittly as it rose.

The apparition was afterwards simply explained. The whirling waterspout, coming inwards, had struck Carn Tual and at once dissolved-fell in one mass. A had poured down the mountain sides and to the lowlands by the one way open it—through the savine or canon of Darrycarrig. Thence down the Carraway Stick, into the valley of Glenmadure, whence it rushed, doing immense mischief. Dack to its home again in the sea.

There were less thankful men in Ireland that day, and a good many less

There were less shankful men in Ireland that day, and a good many less areligious, than George Malone and Mick Maher, as they emerged on to the solid bank and looked around them on the smelling summer mon.

There was but one soldier left, he who had care of the picketed horses, and him they had little difficulty in securing. The troop of horses they led with them over the uplands and down into the valley. Then turning their faces westward, from the direction in which the rushing waters had

their faces westward, from the direc-tion in which the rushing waters had taken, they came to the end of Glen-malure and deflected north rards. The summer eve was felling, and a peaceful haze setting in over the Av-amore, what time they stood in the shadow of Derrybawn, and handed Michael Dwyer th letter with the welcome news of Ballyellis.—St. Pat-rick's.

THE SOURCE OF LOVE.

Written by the hand of Wieden; 'And our hearts the lesson know, Is the truth that as a shadow, Do man's years of warefare go; As a ship that cleaves the waters, Leaving on the waves no mark;
As the song-pearled flight towards
heaven.
Of the dawn-enamored lark;

As an azute-picroing arrow From the hunter's strong-set bow. Leaving not a trace of passa. Do the years of mortals go.

But the shadow lies behind us, If we face the Source of light; And the harbor is before us. And the harbor is before us,
If we hold the helm aright;
And the wings of weary sparits
Like the larks shall soar above,
If the heart is ever glowing
With the holy warmth of love.
And our prayers shall speed to heaven,
iAs the szure-piercing dar',
if we aim with love untiring
At the source of love—Christ's Heart

YOUTH AND HAPPINESS.

Youth looks for happiness-advancing like for peace. Time holds names of it, unexplored as yet, and the light to illumine the days places is the will of God. We must accept the inevitable. Fo fret and chafe will but make able. To fret end chate will cut make the burden more gualing, and therefore it were well to think seriously of a course of solf-descipline which results in anothing peace. Is it worth the effort i Screly, surely. How many hearts and homes could be interested by the course to wall. many absorts and homes could be furnisformed by an energetic, well-assistanced courageous effort to make the best of thengs? To be stlent, and consequently safe, when the words are delry betting the tongue for outlet. To withold judgment and crush out bit-terness which threadens to rise like a tital water. To west patiently and not to quarred with events. It is not easy to bit back in the solitude of one's own soul and view calmy this surring casy to talt tack in the sources own soul and view calmly the surging srowd; Aut to him who learns to do so-to give in, or up, and wait, life loses much to its mystery, because we read its secret in the will of God.

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