#### BERENGAIRE D'ELVAZ.

A Story of the Crusades,

FROM THE ITALIAN BY SISTER MARY

#### CHAPTER I.

THE CRUSADER'S RETURN.

It was sunset. The mist of the even ing was already rising from and con-cealing the surrounding valleys when a young knight on horseback, who had been riding slowly along the sandy shores of the Mediterranean, at length turned into a road flanked on either side by tall, majestic pines. Both horse and rider bore signs of a long and weary journey, but in spite of the well-worn cloak, battered helmet, and sword and lance rusty from exposure to heavy rain, the young warrior's face was radiant with happiness. His heart throbbed with joy as he spurred on his steed and cast looks of tender interest on all he saw, as at every turn of the road he recognized some familiar object: while the words which from time to time he uttered, the smile on his lips and the tear in his eye betrayed the strong emotion within. At length paused before an image of Our Lady, standing in a half-ruined niche by the wayside, and with clasped hands he cried: "O Mother of Mercy! thanks to your loving care, I once more behold my beloved Provence. Here, when I started for the Holy War, I made a vow, and here on my safe return I promise to fulfill it. On this spot I will build a chapel and a monastery to give shelter to pilgrims; here I will each year revisit your shrine, and with tender devotion succor thirty three poor men in honor of the life of your divine Son on earth. My loving Mother, be merciful to me, your poor son and servant!'

And good reason had Berengaire d'Elvaz to thank the God whose powerful hand had delivered him from so many perils. He had gone to the Crusades as the faithful vassal of the saintly Louis IX., King of France, and having been wounded and taken prisoner at Mansoura, had languished in captivity until the King had paid many millions and ceded Damietta as the price of his own and his followers Thus set free by the Emir whose captive he had been, the young crusader joyously set out on his home-ward journey, and having crossed the sea, we find him once more in his own dear Provence, and approaching to his ancestral castle. True, he was returning penniless and possessed nothing but his good sword, he was weary and hungry; but what did that matter to him now? What loving caresses and attentions would be showered upon him by his mother and sister! How rejoiced his father would be to fight over again his own early battles as they sat together at Christmas by logs burning brightly for even in sunny Provence the winter evenings were chilly, and Berengaire had tales of adventure enough to las for many a month to come. How proud the old count would be of his son's valor and endurance in his dreary imprisonment, while his mother and sister would shed tears of sympathy at the recital of his sufferings. He pic tured the joy of the old retainers who known and loved him from his boyhood, and even recalled the good memory of his faithful dog, saying half aloud, "Bernard will surely recog nize his master's voice! On, on Victor!" he cried to his horse ; "a few more strides and we shall be at home, and you will find a good stable and as much corn as you please. Oh, then, my brave steed!"

Obedient to his master's words, the noble animal set off at a gallop, and, in spite of the fast increasing darkness the young traveler soon saw the outlines of the Castle of Elvaz. His heart bounded with delight, but he was surprised to see no lights in any of th windows and hear no sound from the

They must all be in the hall on the other side of the quadrangle," he said with an effort to reassure himself my father is playing chess with the chaplain, while my mother and sister are at their embroidery frames, and the servants are busy elsewhere; but I can easily make myself heard.

So saying, he raised the bugle to his mouth that hung from his belt, and gave the well-known call with which he used to announce his return from the chase. Still no reply! Urged by his impatience he spurred on. drawbridge was down, in spite of the lateness of the hour; Berengaire crossed it, but under the dark archway he found no servants loitering about as usual, no man-at-arms pass ing hither and thither! He called out but his only answer came from th echoing walls of the castle keep. He advanced into the courtyard, but all around was silence, obscurity, solitude "Good God!" he exclaimed, "what can have happened

At that moment the moon, appearing through the gathering mists, shed a faint light over the castle. Berengaire looked round, seized with a secret and indescribable terror. His blood seemed to freeze in his veins as he beheld the scene of desolation. The castle was in ruins, the roof destroyed, the arched windows shattered and dismantled of their hangings; in the paved court yard lay the wreck of costly furniture splendid tapestry, rich armor ; fire and pillage had spared nothing but the thick walls, and even these bore traces of the flames.

Berengaire sprang from his horse. and, beside himself with grief, clambered through a window, the solid be but common justice?" forced by an enemy's hand, and so saith the Lord.

father the knightly exercises chivalry and war.

"Father! he cried, "my father! where are you? Mother! Alice, my

sister, answer me!" "Who is there?" answered a voice

from the farther end of the hall. Berengaire rushed toward the sound with extended arms and seized the arm of a man clothed in rough goatskin.

"Who are you?" cried the poor young knight, dragging the unknown to the window, where they stood together in the moonlight. They looked

at each other.
"Is it you? Is it really yourself,
my young lord?" exclaimed the man,
falling on his knees at the feet of
Berengaire. "And are you still
living? Do you not remember me? I am Jacques Lerouge, the goatherd, who used to accompany you to the

chase."
"Yes, yes! I remember you well, my poor Jacques! But tell me what has happened! My father, mother, sister, in the name of God, where are they?

The man stepped back, and then, with a look of horror and pity, laid his hand on Berengaire's arm and said in a low, broken voice: "The count, your lady mother, the Lady Alice, your sister, are all dead, killed by Jean de Montfort, the old enemy of your house! They lie buried there in the chapel.'

Berengaire's frame shook with emo-tion; he leant against the wall to support himself, and fixed his dim eyes or Jacques, who went on: "It was thought you had perished at Mansoura, and De Montfort, no longer fearing your return, attacked us and massacred all the retainers and servants. Lord, your father was killed while de fending the Lady Alice; she was imme after struck down and mortally wounded by an arrow, and your mother died of grief by her side. The miserable assassins sacked the castle and departed, leaving the dead bodies of their victims unburied, but the Benedictine monks sought them out and laid them to rest in conscerated ground, with the rites of holy Church I was left for dead in a corner of the courtyard, but the good Fathers took care of me, and when my wounds were cured, I returned to my old home and tended my goats as usual. I never believed that you were dead, but have waited, hoping for your return, with but one word of comfort to offer you.'
"What is it?" asked his young lord,

breathlessly.
"Jean de Monfort has a castle, a wife and a daughter!" was the reply.

# CHAPTER II.

PETER NOLASCO.

The sun had already risen next morning when a monk, wearing the white habit and scapular of Our Lady of Ransom, with the red cross em-broidered on a gold shield, might have been seen approaching the road that led to Elvaz. He walked with a firm, elastic step, and seemed to be con templating with pleasure the lovely pine woods surrounding him and th little rivulet flowing gently at his feet from time to time repeating half aloud some verse of a Psalm as though he fain would use the voice of the Prophe King to praise the works of the Creator in His creation. Pausing beneath the walls of the old castle, h glanced at its ruined turrets, and said o himself, "I will go in to say a D Profundis by those forsaken graves.

He passed over the drawbridge, n longer guarded by faithful warriors and on entering the courtyard was sur prised to see a young man leaning against the walls, gazing with sad eyes on the wreck surrounding him. The monk drew near to him, and "My son, what brings you to this lonely place? The lords of the castle are no longer here—but you are pale and exhausted, I see; tell me, are you ill or what is amiss? If you are faint with hunger, I have here bread and figs, and if you are ill, I know some thing of the healing art."

Whilst the good religious spoke thus persuasive accents, Berengaire raised his head, and, looking at him coldly, said in a hollow voice more terrible than the cry of despair:

'I am Berengaire d'Elvaz. What! my dearest son!" claimed the monk. "You still alive?
Alas! it is God's holy will that sends you this heavy trouble, and doubtless He has given you strength and faith to meet it with. But why stay here? You still have many relations and friends who will rejoice to welcome you. Leave this melancholy castle, I entreat you, my son, for here all re "I will not leave this place till-

and Berengaire stopped abruptly. The monk, though still young, was gifted with an intimate knowledge of the human heart. He well knew that an open face and a calm voice may ver conceal the bitterest and most excited feelings, and that under a tranquil

eneath a carpet of snow. Taking the youth's hand affection ately in his own, and gazing steadily on him with sweet but piercing eyes.

exterior raging passions may lurk, as

the volcano may for a time lie hidder

"My son, you are unwilling to leave these ruins because you are nourishing sorrow, but revenge, and your mind is not dwelling on your father's memory, but on Jean de Montfort."

"And can you wonder if I do study how I can best repay him all the evil he has wrought for me and mine?" was the calm answer. "Would it not

"Vengeance is Mine; I will repay

Ransomers. entered the armory where he had spent many a happy hour learning from his God's rights, and by a sudden and the children standing as if hesitating looked out over the waters and saw the

violent death rob the sinner of the day of penitence which perhaps God has in store for him. I tell you in the name of that God who will one day be your judge, vengeance does not belong to and in the name of your Redeemer, I say, 'in patience ye shall possess your soul in peace.' When you have burnt down your neighbor's castle and murdered his wife and daughter, will that restore your own ruins or bring back to life your beloved ones? When you have burdened your own conscience with the load of sin that now oppresses his, will you find your bitter grief

"Father," interrupted Bernegaire "you are a man of peace, you cannot understand me!"

"Son," replied the religious,
before I became a monk I was a
warrior like yourself; before I put on the monk's cowl I carried the knight's sword and shield. I also have felt the tumult of human passions. I can speak to you as one who has known earthly glory, and I tell you that though an insatiable thirst for revenge appears a grand thing to our blinded eyes, far greater and more noble is the generous pardon which, instead of trampling on an enemy prostrate at our feet, treads down and subdues the fiery passions of our heart."
"Father, leave me alone, you can

not understand me." was the impetuous reply of the young knight.

"My son and my brother," answered the monk. "I will not leave you, for the hour of despair is not the hour of good resolves. God has sent me here. May His divine Providence be blessed who does naught in vain!

"But perhaps," said Berengaire impatiently, "you do not know the full extent of the injury he whom you wish me to pardon, like a coward, has done? After two long years of cruel imprisonment I return home, my heart bounding with joy, longing for love, overflowing with the tenderest affection for my old parents and my lovely sister, and, thanks to this same Montfort, instead of my ancestors' castle, I find three graves! Last night as I paced up and down beside these graves, where all I love lie buried, I seemed to hear their dear voices cry to me 'Strike home and avenge our blood! and I will surely obey them.

"No, my son, your grief deceives you; I knew those for whom you Your father was a just man, your mother a noble and pious lady your young sister an angel in he innocence ; now they rejoice in the rest of the saints of God and ask forgive ness for their murderers. They are not seeking to heap on his head the fiery coals of revenge, but of an ineffable charity. Oh, no!" the holy man continued with hands and eye raised to heaven as though addressing the departed ones, "blessed souls, it i not vengeance that you ask from the Lord, but rather that your enemy may find pardon at His hands and a crown of glory to all eternity! Meanwhile, and brother, still enslaved by the fleshy passions of earth, hears you

"Your words disturb me." said Berengaire more gently, voice is as the voice of a friend.

"Ah! my brother, do not doubt it for that sorrow of which I have been witness will always bind us together In the name of that friendship which I feel for you, grant me one favor. Our monastery is not far; there you will find Fathers and Brothers ready to receive you, and there your future plans may mature with silence and reflection. Leave this sad place and ome to the home God offers you!"
"Who are you? What is your

name?" asked the young warrior. "I am a Knight of Our Lady of Ransom, and my name is Peter Nolasco.

# CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTIVE'S DAUGHTER. Ten years have passed away. The

Knights of the Order of Our Lady of Ransom are in command of Montpellier, from whence, as an outpost of charity, these brave soldiers of the cross go forth day by day to defend the countries of Europe against the inroads of the Saracens, or with still greater heroism to toil across the sands of the desert, or seek amid the galleys or the dungeoons of their foes for prisoners to ransom from their hands. sultry noon, a young girl directed her steps toward the monastery, which might be seen far and near from the whiteness of its walls. She was accompanied by a little boy and an old man-servant. After having crossed the drawbridge according to the fashion, induced by necessity in those troublous times, the monastery was built and fortified much like a castle), they passed under the archway to speak to the sentinel, pointed out the way to the great door of the building, which served alike as garrison for the knights and monastery for the monks of the order.

The children stopped as if struck with fear at the sight of the spacious enclosure where some of the valian companions of Peter Nolasco and Ray mond Pennafort were already ing beneath the green sward in well earned and glorious peace. modest graves were in the centre o the quadrangle, and many knights and priests were pacing up and down the cloister that surrounded it, the former in the white tunic and cloak the latter in the white habit of the order, while all wore embroidered on them the royal arms of Aragon in token of the affection borne by noble prince of that royal line to the chivalric Order of Redemptorists or

what to do next, and came up to them. He was still in the prime of life, but the traces of sorrow on his face, and his hair, which was prematurely white, showed him to be one who had suffered so cruelly that his wounds were scarcely yet fully healed. Looking kindly at the children, he

said in a gentle voice:

"Who are are you looking for, little ones?"

"Alas! Father," the young girl replied, "we are almost orphans, though our parents still live, for our father is a captive in the hands of the Saracens and our mother is fast sinking under sorrow and anxiety."
"Is your father sold for a slave?"

'Yes, Father!" answered the child. 'He went to Barcelona to receive a legacy left him by a friend and was returning happily to Provence when his ship was attacked by pirates. resistance was vain. The infidels carried him off to slavery, and we have reason to believe that he is now in Tangiers. My father a slave! and for sale in the market !"

Here tears and sobs interrupted her words, and her little brother wept at

the sight of her grief.
"Calm yourselves, children," said
the monk; be comforted; your father

may be ransomed."
"Ah, good Father, nothing would seem to us too costly to redeem him. See, my mother has given me her jewels. Here are bracelets and rings of great value, and we will mortage our estates and everything we possess. If only you will go to find and deliver our father we will give you more than enough money for his ransom. have faithful vassals and tried friends and all will willingly contribute to the

redemption of the Lord de Montfort."
"Montfort, did you say? Montfort!"
exclaimed the monk. "Is your father-

"Jean de Montfort, Father. If you are from Provence you must know his "I know it," said the monk, in a low, hard voice, "I know it alas, but

too well! He turned abruptly away; for a second his eyes flashed with a fire not

yet fully quenched, then he raised them a crucifix which hung on the wall of the cloister.

"Great God!" he murmured, "how can such stormy passions still reign in a soul subdued by Thy grace! This child's voice has rekindled those feelings of hatred and revenge which I believed forever stifled. My father, my mother, my sister, what would you have me do? What do you, blessed spirits, ask from me?'

He remained silent for some time. with his eyes fixed on the figure of the crucified One. Then turning again to the children he said with a voice of in-

expressible sweetness:
"I will myself go to seek your father, and I trust in God to bring him safely home to you and your lady mother. Pray for me, a miserable sinner.

A few hours later, a monk, equipped for a long journey, knelt before Peter Nolasco, the general of the order, to receive his blessing before starting.
"Go forth, dear son," the general said,
as he embraced him; "spare not your life nor your blood in the service of our neighbor. Go forth, servant of Christ, tread bravely in the footsteps of your divine Master. Forget not your vow, which binds you to remain in slavery, if needs be, to save a Christian from its chains. God be with you, Brother Berengaire.

# CHAPTER IV.

THE RANSOMED CAPTIVE.

The sentinel on the tower of the Abbey of St. Victor at Marseilles had just given the signal that several him. At length he spoke hoarsely: vessels were making for the harbor, and immediately a number of people hurried to the walls of the city to find out from their flags to what nation they belonged. Sailors, ship-owners, merchants expecting goods interested in the new arrivals. In the midst of the noisy crowd, one silent group stood clinging to each other as it in anxious expectation of some loved one. A lady clad in mourning gar-

ments, a young girl timidly holding her mother's arm, and a lovely boy of about thirteen years of age, who now and then stopped to play with his pet dog, which ran by his side, formed th An old man-servant followed group. them, and all gazed with longing eyes on the white sails which were now nearing the harbor. Two of the vessels had advanced so rapidly that the colors of their flags and their signals could already be distinguished The practiced eye of an old pilot recognized the first vessel, and he shouted

" Praise be to Our Lady of La Gare. it is the bark Felice, from Palmermo and we shall have news of Monsieur d'Anjou, our Beatrice of Provence's

"And the one following her," cried another sailor, "is the Santa Maria. coming from Smyrna, with dates and

The two vessels thus announced came quickly and safely into port amid the cheers of the spectators. But there was still another vessel outside which eemed to be beaten back for a time as the wind suddenly veered to a less

favorable quarter. The lady and her children looked on anxiously, and she now and then said, almost hopelessly:

'It is useless to wait, my darlings it is God's will to try us still further. "Mamma," cried the boy at last, see her clearly - it is the holy banner that waves from that vessel.

His mother turned pale and pressed her heart, which throbbed with min-

banner floating in the air and on its white ground was plainly visible the royal arms of Aragon with the device: "Redemptionem misit populum suo," "He hath sent redemption unto His

people.")
"She is the St. John Baptist, the galley of the Redemptorists," shouted

the people."
"Great God! My merciful Father, exclaimed the lady, "Holy Virgin Mother, do not disappoint me of my

Again she looked, and now they could see a figure, habited in white, standing on the deck.

"Mother," said the young girl, "it is he, the kind priest I told you of, who went to seek my father!"

"There is a captive on board!" cried the sailors and bystanders, greatly excited. Thanks to Our Lady of La Gare, he will soon hang his chains on her altar!

The poor lady tottered along the shore to the landing place. A mist covered her eyes, and she dared not raise them for fear the captive might not prove to be her long-looked-for husband; but at last the cries of the children and shouts of the crowd compelled her to look up.

The ship had cast anchor. A man, with chains on his hands and feet, was descending the vessel's side with some difficulty. It was her husband! She gave a cry, took a few steps forward and fell fainting into the captive's arms. He pressed her to his heart and extended his hands to bless his children. who, kneeling at his feet, were trying to remove the fetters, which he had resumed before landing, according to the custom of those days, that he might lay them as a thank-offering at the feet f Notre Dame de la Gare.

He then turned to the monk, wh had also landed, and, said :

"If you love me, my wife and dear children, you will also love and bless this religious: to him I owe my liberty All who love Montfort will and life. ove and venerate the saintly man of God.

Then seeing that the monk was try ing to escape his thanks, he caught him by the arm, and in a still louder voice called out

'Listen, my friends, this good monk sought me out even in the recesses of the Great Desert, where I had been carried by my masters; he found m half dead with the black plague and abandoned by all, but without hesitation he risked his life in nursing me through the terrible disease, showering on me the tenderest cares, which availed more for cure than any remedies. The infidels then declared that the money brought was insufficient for my ransom, but he offered to remain a slave in my stead! This, I Our Lady to witness, I never would have permitted, and at length they agreed to let me go with him And now I command all who bear the name of Montfort henceforth to befriend and serve the Order of Our Lady o Ransom.

Hardly hal he finished speaking than a man in a coarse woolen coat and fur cap strode through the crowd and

said abruptly "Are you the Lord of Montfort? Do you know who has freed you?"
"Father Berengaire; if he has any other name I do not know it," replied

de Montfort. "Well, I can tell you then. He is Berengaire, Lord of Elvaz. Do you know the name of Elvaz? Ah, my dear lord and master," said the new comer, our old friend Jacques Lerouge, falling on his knees before the monk and bathing his hand with tears as he

kissed it, "I knew you!"

Montfort stood as if petrified; he looked at Father Berengaire as though

"Berengaire d'Elvaz, can it be "Yes, it can be and it is," said the faithful goatherd; "I should know my lord among a thousand. I was his vassal, but he gave me my freedom and provided for me generously—I owe him everything

"And I also," said Montfort, kneeling in his turn at Berengaire's feet Servant of God, is this true that have heard? You knew who I was, but yet saved my life at the risk of your own?'

"Brother, do not kneel to a sinner, said the monk, raising the knight from the ground; 'let us forget the past and ask God's forgiveness for all the injuries we have done each other in

"If I have your pardon, then may I hope for God's," replied Montfort, but from the day in which, in order to revenge wrongs received from your ancestors, I slew your dear ones, I have never known a night's peaceful rest very temporal prosperity which God permitted me to enjoy turned to bitterness in possession. Assure m of your forgiveness and I can begin to

hope for God's."
"Let this embrace be the pledge of our future friendship, "said Berengaire throwing his arms round the hereditary enemy of his race, "and now come with me to the altar where I am about to offer the divine Victim, and receive from my unworthy hands the pledge of God's mercy and forgiveness. Come, follow me.

Montfort silently, and tearfully followed him, and attended by Jacques Lerouge and a crowd of people they went to the Church of Notre Dame de la Gare, There the ransomed prisoner laid his chains at the feet of the venerated and miraculous image of Our Lady, while his wife placed near "I them a magnificent cross of diamonds reserved as a thank-offering in case of his safe return, and his children, according to the beautiful custom of those ages of faith, covered the chains with wreaths and banquets of flowers.

Then Mass began, and Berengaire

d'Elvaz, the spiritual son and true disciple of St. Peter Nolasco, burned at the altar, whereon lay the heavenly Victim, every bitter memory of the past, and when he himself placed on Montfort's tongue the Sacred Host, they were no longer the chiefs of hostile houses, but brothers in heart, together by the gentle cords of charity, the monk Berengaire having given an example of the noblest of all sacrifices, and Montfort that of gratitude as humble

as it was sincere. Henceforth the Order of Our Lady of Ransom had no more valiant protectors than the Lords of the House of Montfort, and when Father Berengaire died, as so many of the followers of St. Peter Nolasco did, of fever, caught in ministering to the poor captives in their loathsome prisons, he could look back with thankfulness to the ruined walls where he had met with the saint who had helped him to raise up a fairer edifice than that beneath which his earthly hopes lay buried-"a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—Catholic Fireside.

# **Dyspepsia**

well known grocer of Staunton, Va. He says Before 1878 I was in excellent health, weigh ing over 200 pounds. In that year an ailment developed into acute dyspepsia, and soon I was reduced to 162 pounds, suffering burning

sensations in the tomach, palpitation of the heart, nausea, and indigestion. I could not sleep, lost all heart in my work, had fits of melanel heart in my work, had fits of melancholia, and for days at a time I would have welcomed for days at a time I would have welcomed death. I became morose, sullen and irritable, and for eight years life was a burden. I tried many physicians and many remedies. One day a workman employed by me suggested that I take Sarsapait had suffering rilla, as cured his wife of sia. I did so, and before taking the whole of a bottle I began to feel like a new man. The terrible pains to which I had been subjected ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided.

ceased, the palpitation of the heart subsided, my stomach became easier, nausea disappeared, and my entire system began to tone up. With returning strength eame activity of mind and body. Before the fifth bottle was taken

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