### THE GOOD SEED.

BY THE REV. JOHN B. TABB The Magi came to Bathlehem.
The house of Bread, and following them,
As bey the Star I, too am led
To Christ, the living House of Bread.

A pilgrim from the hour of birth. A pinghi roni the nour of often a pinghi-cold boson of the earth I traversed, he we want d journeyi A bidden pinghe cy of Spring My only guide, a lifted blade My only weapon, till the shade, The latest to withstend me. Lay Death smitten at the door of day.

O Light! O heavenly Warm hi to you My cup bearers, I quaffed the dew, The place and sacramental sign Of Life, that mingling first with mine-A sap-like inspiration—ran To mingle with the life of Man.

# -" Later Lyrics."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. Westch in Spare Moments. Madame de Genlis, in a work on "Time," tells us that the famous Chancellor D'Aguesseau, observing that his wife always delayed ten or twelve minutes before she came down to dinner, and reluctant to lose so much time daily, began the composition of a work which he prosecuted only while thus kept waiting. At the end of fifteen years, a book in three charte volumes, was considered. quarto volumes was completed, which held in high repute. Madame de Genheld in high repute. Madame de Genlis profited by this example. Having
upon the hills, and in the distant vilto wait at the dinner hour in the Palais Royal for Madame de Chartres, who was always fifteen or twenty minutes late, she utilized the time by copying a selection of poems from eminent authors. It is told of a German critic that he could repeat the entire "Iliad" of Homer with scarcely an error. How many years, think you, did he spend in mouths, or weeks, or even entire days for he was a physician in the full tid of practice; but he contrived to store

the old bard of "Scio's rocky isle the brief, disconnected snatches of time while horrying from one patient to another. Dr. Mason Good, a celebrated English physician, performed a similiar feat, having contrived to translate the whole of Lucretius during his long walks in London to visit his "How I should like to patients .- Success.

### The Way to Success.

"Education," wrote John Graham (the "self-made merchant" in George H. Lorimer's book) to his son Pierrepont at Harvard, "is about the only thing lying around loose in this world, and it's about the only thing a fellow can have as much of as he's willing to aul away." In the same "Letters of Self-Made Merchant to His Son," hauf away.' which contain much good sense on the subject of success, and will amuse as well as shake up every young man who reads them, the old man enquires: eame." What beautiful music. Fried the reads them, the old man enquires: "Does education pay? Does it pay to feed in pork trimmings at five cents a pound at the hopper and draw out nice, cunning, little 'country' sausages at cunning, little 'country' sausages at twenty cents a pound at the other end? Does it pay to take a steer that's been running loose on the range and living on cactus and petrified wood till he's a bunch of barb-wire and soleleather, and feed him till he's just a solid hunk of porter-house steak and oleo oil? You bet it pays. Anything that trains a boy to get the answer be-

fore the other fellow gets through biting the pencil, pays." Nothing will ever be said in this column to discourage young men from going out and getting all the education they can earn or fairly ask their parents to give them. To quote Mr. Lorimer's book again. "College doesn't make fools; it develops them. It doesn't make bright men; it develops them. A fool will turn out a fool, whether he goes to college or not, though he'll probably turn out a different sort of a fool." There is a good deal of knowledge which a man can acquire at any time, but which he probably never will

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worthy was produced, and Sir Walter handed him a half-sovereign, with the remark: "There—take that, for keeping my seat warm." Prof. Andrew Dalzell, Scott's teacher, had said of him: "Dunce he is, and dunce he will remain."

Scott's great fellow countryman,
Robert Burns, got on ill at school;
Oliver Goldsmith was the despair of his teachers and family till well into Oliver Goldsmith was the despair of teachers and family till well into manteachers and family till well into manteachers and family anthor of "Gulhood; Dean Swift, author of "Gulliver," was plucked at Dublin University; Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, was set down at school " an

one of the greatest chemists of the last

Meantime the dunces will be tortured ecause too many boys do not learn considerateness, urbanity, justice toward their companions until they are no longer boys, if they learn those Christian graces ever. But the dunces will not be discouraged. He who laughs last understand. laughs best. The late William E. Gladstone obtained his triumph by hard work, and he spoke more than one word of encouragement to the less brilliant brethren with whom he could sym-pathize. Said the Grand Old Man: In some sense, and in some effectual egree, there is in every man the material for good work; not only in those who are quick, but in those v stolid, and even in those who are dull. Wise counsel.—The New Century.

### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE FIRST CHRISTMAS TREE.

BY EUGENE FIELD.

Once upon a time the forest was in great commotion. Early in the evening the wise old cedars had shaken their heads ominously and predicted strange things. They had lived in the forest many, many years; but never through three editions, and was had they seen such marvelous sights as lage. "Pray tell us what you sce," pleaded a little vine; "we who are not as tall as you can behold none of these wonderful things. Describe them to us, that we may enjoy them with you

"I am filled with such amazement." said one of the cedars, "that I can hardly speak. The whole sky seems to many years, think you, did he spend in depositing the immortal epic in his brain? Years he had not to spare, or enter the village or talk with the shepherds upon the hills."

The vine listened in mute astonishment. Such things never before had happened. The vine trembled excitement. Its nearest neighbor was a tiny tree, so small it scarcely even was noticed; yet it was a very and mosses and other humble residents

"How I should like to see the angels!" sighed the little tree, "and how I should like to see the stars dancing among the clouds! It must be very beautiful!"

As the vine and the little tree talked of these things, the cedars watched with increasing interest the wonderful cenes over and beyond the confines of the forest. Presently they thought they heard music, and they were not mistaken, for soon the whole air was full of the sweetest harmonies ever heard upon earth.

"What beautiful music!" cried the The angels are singing," said a

cedar; "for none but angels could make such sweet music."
"But the stars are singing too,"

said another cedar; "yes, and the shepherds on the hills join in the song, and what a strangely glorious song it

The trees listened to the singing, but they did not understand its meaning: it seemed to be an anthem, and it was of a Child that had been born; but further than this they did not understand. The strange and glorious song continued all night; and all that night stand. the angels walked to and fro, and the shepherd folk talked with the angels, and the stars danced and carolled in the high heaven. And it was nearly morning when the cedars cried out: 'They are coming to the forest! And, surely enough, this was true. The vine and the little tree were very terrified, and they begged their older and stronger neighbors to protect them from harm. But the cedars were too busy with their own fears to pay any heed to the faint pleadings of the dge whe'c's man can sequire at any time, but which he probably never will acquire unless it comes to him in the regular course of school and college. Our friends who writes about good books and great for what he calls The Remblic's Reading Circle published the course week a list of authors that every-body ought to know. How many of those authors were known to such of his readers as had not been to college? If they had been to college they would know all of them. So with fundamental knowledge in all departments of into many studies, gaining information which will be of use to him no matter what occupation he follows, and possibly leading him in one of the dippings to come upon the occupation for which he is best fitted. There is no doubt about the value of education.

But it is a great mistake to suppose that because a hoy doesn't get on well at school he need be discouraged. The dunce is by no means hopeless. He is in distinguished company.

One of the most famous authors in history was Sir Walter Scott. At the height of his success he went one day into the schoolroom where he had been sent himself when a boy. He asked the teacher to show him the dance. That worthy was produced, and Sir Walter handed him a half-sovereign, with there was a bout the faint pleadings of the named to the faint pleadings of the angels came into the forest singing the chords and the estars sang in chorus with them, until every bart of the woods rang with echoes of the same glorious anthem about the Child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every bart of the woods rang with echoes of the same glorious anthem about the Child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every the child the child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every the child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every the child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every the child, and the stars sang in chorus with them, until every the child, and the stars sang the chough and there were crowns upon their fair heads, and gol humble vine and the little tree. The

When the morning came the angels left the forest—all but one angel, who remained behind and lingered near the little tree. Then a cedar asked: "Why do you tarry with us, holy angel?"

more confidently than ever before. And how it thrived and grew, and waxed in strength and beauty! The cedars said they never had seen the like. The sun seemed to lavish its choicest rays upon the little tree, heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon Think of the soldiers! Napoleon was "a dull scholar;" Wellington's mother aid he was only "food for powder;" Lord Clive, who conquered the Indian empire for the British crown, was a dunce, and Ulysses S. Grant was petted by his mother under the affectionate title of "Useless" Grant.

Justus von Liebig's schoolmates called him "Booby" Liebig, and one day when he said he was going to be a chemist they howled with laughter. Yet he was the choicest rays upon the little tree, heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon heaven dropped its sweetest dew upon the winds never came to the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which the softinar vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinar vapor of the softinary vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the softinary vapor of Clararhozone which transmittent the soft

but of course they understood little of what he said, for he spoke always of the Child who was to become the Master and always when thus he talked, he

So the years passed, the angel watching his blooming charge. Sometimes the beasts strayed toward the little tree and threatened to devour its tender foliage sometimes the woodman came with his axe, intent upon hewing down the straight and comely thing; sometimes the hot, consuming breath of drought swept from the south, and sought to blight the forest and all its verdure: the angel kept them from the little tree. Serene and beautiful it grew, until now it was no longer a little tree, but the pr de and glory of the forest.

One day the tree heard someone coming through the forest. Hitherto the angel had hastened to its side when men approached; but now the angel strode away and stood under the cedars

' Dear angel," cried the tree, " can you not hear the footsteps of someone approaching? Why do you leave me?"
"Have no fear," said the angel;
"for He who comes is the Master."
The Master came to the tree and beheld it. He placed His hands upon the smeath trunk and Taranches, and

its smooth trunk and branches, and the tree was thrilled with a strange and glorious delight. Then He stooped and kissed the tree, and then He turned

Many times after that the Master came to the forest, and when He came it always was to where the tree stood. Many times He rested beneath the tree, and enjoyed the shade of its foliage, and listened to the music of the vinds as it swept through the rustling eaves. Many times He slept there, leaves. and the tree watched over Him, and the forest was still and all its voices were husbed. And the angel hovered near like a faithful sentinel.

Ever and anon men came with the has been relaxed to give a week's va-Master to the forest, and sat with Him in the shade of the tree, and ful little tree, and the vines and ferns talked with Him of matters which the tree could never understand; only it heard that the talk was of love and charity and gentleness, and it saw that the Master was beloved and ven-erated by others. It heard them tell of the Master's goodness and humility —how He had healed the sick and raised the dead and bestowed inestim— the blessings who never He walked able blessings whenever He walked And the tree loved the Master for His beauty and His goodness; and when He came to the forest it was fall of tion of learning, excepting as the discipy, but, when He came not it was sad. And the other trees of the forest joined in its happiness and its sorr they, too, loved the Master. And the

angel always hovered near. The Master came one night alone into the forest, and His face was pale with anguish and wet with tears, and He fell upon His knees and prayed. The tree heard Him, and all the forest was still, as if it were standing in the presence of death. And when the morning came, lo! the angel had gone.

Then there was a great confusion in e forest. There was a sound of was a sound of the forest. rude voices, and a clashing of swords and staves. Strange men appeared, uttering load oaths and cruel threats, and the tree was filled with terror. It called aloud for the angel, but the angel came not.

"Alas," cried the vine, "they have come to destroy the tree, the pride and glory of the forest !"

The forest was sorely agitated, but it was in vain. The strange men plied their axes with cruel vigor, and the was bewn to the ground. Its beautiful branches were cut away and cast aside, and its soft, thick foliage was strewn to the tenderer mercies of

"They are killing me," cried the ee; "why is not the angel here to protect me? But no one heard the piteous cry-

But the night wind that swept down rom the City of the Great King that ight to ruffle the boson of distant Galigner tayling in the form of distant Galigner tayling in the form of the for

be fully comforted nor perfectly de-lighted, but in God, the comforter of the poor and the support of the humble. Wait a little while, O my soul, wait

for the divine promise, and thou have in heaven plenty of all that is good. If thou desirest too inordinately these present things, thou wilt lose those which are heavenly and everlasting.

Let temporal things serve thy use, but let the Eternal be the object of thy desire.

Thou caust not be fully satisfied with any temporal goods, because thou was not created for the enjoyment of such

things.

Pleasant Cure for Weak Lungs.

### THE SULPICIANS

THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF A GREAT

Devotion to the purpose of clerical education is the leading motive in the life of a Sulpician. The life is not rigorous in the sense of suffering from severe flagellation or other penance or in enduring the asceticism of long fasts and trying vigils. The Sulpician takes no vows aside from those of an ordinary priest; he only makes the promise of obedience to his Society. He may even leave the order if he chooses. Such instances are, however, to rare that it scarcely can be thought of as an ameliorating circumstance in the life. But the rigor of daily doing a duty of a severe type, in a severe way is the part of a Sulpician in a high degree.

The Sulpicians and their pupils get

up at 5 or 5:30 in the morning. After rising they have three-quarters of ar hour for meditation, then they attend Mass and retire to their rooms for : they are either studying or in the lecture hall. They read the New Testament at noon and undergo the religious exercise known as "particular examin ation of the conscience." Though the students are privileged to take a short recreation period after dinner till 2 in the afternoon, they may not leave the seminary grounds for this purpose, or a any other time. Again, they study and attend lectures from 2 till halfpast 4, after which comes another shor recreation period, followed by more study and the religious exercise of the recitation of the beads and spiritual reading. There is a short recreation period after supper, then the gathering for night prayers, and at 9 going to bed. Such, at least, is the day as a seminarian of St. Mary's remembers it, and it is substantially the same in every institution of the order. Only three holidays were allowed some years ago in the term, lasting from September to June, but this strictness cation in the course of a year. So the days go for the seminarian through his course of study, lasting five or six years. It is only for a term of years for the pupil, but it is life service for the Two years of the course are spent in philosophy, comprising logic and metaphysics, and from three to four years in the study of theology, dogma-tic and moral philosophy and of Church history, the scriptures, the liturgy and ceremonies of the Church. The Sulpiction of learning, excepting as the discip-line of his order confines him. He lectures, conducts recitations, and attends to his devotions.

order, was a man with an ideal. inle of St. Vincent de Paul and of Pere de Condren, he made his mission the revival of religious zeal among the clergy of France. Though there is no such striking change in his life from soldier to priest as in the case of Loyo la, the founder of the Jesuits, he underwent a conversion that changed him from worldly priest to almost a mystic. Ie was well born, the son of Jacques He was well born, the son of Jacques Olier de Verneuil, secretary and maitre de requetes to Henry IV., later Gover-nor of Lyons under Louis XIII. Madamo Olier was ambitious for her youngest son, Jean Jacques, and put him in the Church to secure advancement. Young Olier, a vigorous lad, went through the course of training at went through the course of training at the Sorbonne, and at the age of eight-een secured a priory in the dis-cese of Nantes and an abbey in the discese of St. Fleur. Preaching fashionable sermons in Paris and making a social display he promised to fulfill his mother's hopes. After a severe illness, however, his attitude changed, and he thought of joining the Carthusians. He did not carry out his purpose, but for a time became a missionary in the country under the orders of St. Vincent de Paul. In a mission to But no one heard the piteous ery none but the other trees of the forest; and they wept, and the little vine wept, too.

Then the cruel men dragged the spoiled and hewn tree from the forest, and the forest saw that beauteous thing the hymns they had been taught. Many company the hymns they had been taught. Many the hymns they had been taught.

Jean Jacques Olier, founder of the

raised on Calvary—the tree on which his estrangement from his mother was stretched the body of the dying Master.—From a Little Book of Profited and the became and the complete strength of the clergy and he became was stretched the body of the dying Master.—From a Little Book of Profitable Tales.

\*\*THAT TRUE COMPORT IS TO BE SOUGHT IN GOD ALONE.\*\*

Whatsoever I can desire or imagine for my comfort. I look not for it in this life, but hereafter.

For if I alone should have all the comforts of this world and could enjoy all its delights, it is certain they could not last long.

Wherefore thou canst not, O my soul, be fully comforted nor perfectly department. From his hother, and should mit he deducation of the clergy and he became superior of a little community at Vaugeraud. Soon he accepted the charge of the parish of St. Sulpice, at that time as the very sink of Paris for its atter irreligion and immorality. Other and his little community, soon numbering fitty priests, strove to evangelize the district. The leader insisted on the strictest simplicity of life and the mestalert attention to duty. Some of his methods of work were surprisingly modern. For instance, he arranged classes for the instruction of domestic servants and other classes to meet the development of the clergy and he became superior of a little community at Vaugeraud. Soon he accepted the charge of the parish of St. Sulpice, at that time as the very sink of Paris for its atter irreligion and immorality. Other and his little community, soon numbering fitty priests, strove to evangelize the district. The leader insisted on the strictest simplicity of life and the mestalert attention to duty. Some of his methods of work were surprisingly modern. For instance, he arranged classes for the instruction of domestic servants and other classes to meet the development of a little community at Vaugeraud. Soon he accepted the charge of the parish of St. Sulpice, at that time as the very sink of Paris for its atter irreligion and immorality. servants and other classes to meet the wants of various ranks and ages. Finding that a sale of evil books and charms were going on close to the church doors, he lost no time in setting up a rival library of good books, and to-day, as a result of Olier's action, a certain bookseller is privileged to keep his stall against the wall of St. Sulpice. The present beautiful church of St. Sulpice was built during Olier's administration. In the year 1645, just before beginning the church, Olier started the college about which 1645, just before beginning the church, Olier started the college about which his society was to crystallize into the society of St. Sulpice. Some of the members wanted to put the inscription "Collegium Apostolicum" over the entrance, but Olier thought the name of the parish better. So we have Sulpitative "The greater spread rapidly in

picians. The society spread rapidly in France and practically controlled the education of the French clergy till its suppression by Napoleon in 1812. It was restored by Louis XVIII, and now holds its former prestige. The only fields in which the society works are

France and America.

Montreal is the place the Sulpicians are most preminently connected with

# A pure hard Soap

# SURPRISE

in America. Olier sent out a colony to the site of the city to which his puty, de Maisonneuve, gave the name Ville Marie. At first nominally der the centrol of the Jesuit colony ander the centrol of the Jesuit colony in Quebec, in 1656 it was transferred to the Sulpicians. Their claim to authority was resisted and gave rise to a controversy that was not settled till late in the nineteenth century. The island of Montreal and the parishes dependent on it remained and are now without dispute under the direction of the seminary of St. Sulpice of the seminary of St.

clergy of the seminary of St. Sul-pice. This seminary is one of the larg-est as well as the oldest of the society America. For a time the Sulpicians omised to rival the Jesuits in exploring and missionary effort. In 1668 Francois de Fenelon, brother of the author of "Telemaque," and Claude Trouve, founded at the western end of Lake Ontario the first Iroquois mission. A year later the post established here sent out Doilier de Casson with a party of nine to explore ake Erie. The party wintered near he mouth of the Grand River, and in Lake Erie. March continued the voyago. of their effects in a storm prevented them from making a thorough explora-ation of the lake, but they sailed through and were the first white men to

St. Mary's Seminary was founded in 1791. The superior general in Paris sent out François Charles Nagot, three other Sulpicians and five seminarians to establish the order in the United States the order now has in America the large seminary in Montreal; St. John's Brighton; the one at Baltimore, ennection with which is St. Charles College; a seminary at Dunwoodie, Y., one near San Francisco and a house in Washington, connected with the Catholic University. Among the distinguished graduates of St. Mary's now living graduates of St. are Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop Keane of Dubuque, Archbishop Kain of St. Louis, Bishop Burke of Albany, Bishop Monahan of Deleware, Bishop Donoghue of West Virginia, Bishop Montgomery of Los Angeles, and Bishop Muldoen of Chicago. It is in-teresting to note also that Archbishop Williams was educated by the Sulpic ians at Montreal and Paris

Formerly youth aspired to that which our language called an office. To-day the world has grown old. They wish not to fill but to occupy a place nake use of an expression of the day, they wish for a position. I mean to say, gentlemen, that of old a profession as an imposed duty, while in our days is nothing more than the selfish right of each one to his own share of a banuet .- Mgr. Paschoud.

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