

the Weltr burg.

send us to the Lord's keeping, and let us be gone, as it is nearly ten."

"If you are so brave, master," said one of the knaves, "go yourself with the Rev. Father and the pious youth."

"Thou lowborn clod! Darest thou speak so to me? Hast thou not heard that I made a vow never to enter the castle, come a year next Saint John, when old Jacob told us of the sights he had seen and the noises he had heard? And have I not children, thou beast on two legs?"

I saw my young companion's face turn pale at these words, and fearing the lad might lose heart, for he had not yet received the last consecration, and was young, I commended them to God's keeping and hurried on to where I saw the towers of the castle rise against the sky. It was a beautiful moonlight night, but we were weary, and the hill was hard to climb; more than once we lost our way in the forest, and had to seek out the right path as best we could. More than once the youth Augustine said to me, "Worthy Father, had it not been better to have stayed in the village?"

"My son," I replied, "a monk should be willing to go to the very pit of hell to save a soul."

"But perhaps we shall not save them, and may be stricken with a strange madness or death ourselves. I have heard of such things."

"That cannot be denied," I answered. "But we have consecrated ourselves to the Highest. If we die, we die to God and in His service, and will receive our reward in heaven. But it seems to me we are nearing the castle; let us pray for those poor souls and ourselves."

Silently we entered the great hall. Here and there the roof had fallen in, and the moonlight streamed in from the holes that had once been windows. We wandered like two shadows from one room into the other. In the banquet hall we found great heaps of rubbish, and everywhere we saw dark openings in the ground, leading to the dungeons or into the underground stables that are so common in Bohemian ruins.

"I took us quite a time to find out what had originally been the chapel, and when we had found it I lost no time in covering what remained of the altar with linen cloths and arranging the crucifix and candles upon it. Augustine's hands trembled so that he could hardly light the candles, and while I whispered to him not to be afraid, that he was in God's keeping, we heard the clock in the village strike 12, and I began to celebrate Mass, while Augustine knelt at the foot of the altar, as clerk, to make the responses and minister to me.

Hardly had I begun when I noticed that Augustine had fallen into a profound slumber, with his head resting on the stone step of the altar, and a shudder went through me when I heard a voice behind me make the response to the "Introito ad altare Dei." Three times the strange voice answered clearly and rightly. Then taking heart, thinking that ghosts so godly would not do me harm, I went on with the Mass, though I was still afraid to turn around to see who it was that answered and ministered to me.

But when I came to the "Dominus vobiscum" I had to turn round, and then I saw a number of men, all young and with white hair, in long black cloaks; their hands were folded and they all seemed lost in prayer. My companion lay at my feet in deep sleep, but two of the young men ministered to me with scrupulous care. I went on with the Mass, and my ghostly congregation responded. The candles flared in the midnight wind, and now and then a bat would fly over my head, and I could hardly recognize my voice, so strange and solemn did it sound amidst the ruins.

When the time of the awful consecration had come, I turned round to my strange congregation, who were kneeling in the moonlight, and holding up the Host before their eyes, while they knelt before me in profound and silent adoration, I conjured them by the living God to tell me why they haunted this castle, and why they could not find rest for their souls.

Then the eldest of them, a man of gigantic stature, said:

"All of us that you see here were once lords of the castle, but not rightful owners. My mother, who was a peasant woman, and wet nurse to the young lord, changed us at birth, and her son became the lord, and the rightful owner lived and died in poverty as a poor peasant, hated and persecuted by us all, as we feared that our crime might come to light. When my mother was near death she wished to confess her sin, but I prevented her from seeing the priest, and she died without confession, begging me to restore the lands to the rightful owner, or be sure of Heaven. I paid no attention to her words, neither did those who succeeded me. We lived and died as the lords, and the real heir and his descendants lived and died in poverty as breakers of stone in the hut at the foot of this castle. We could, none of us, find peace till we had acknowledged our sins; but now we shall find rest for our souls, the more that the last of the sons of the real lord will die at sunrise; our line will end at the same time, and the property will pass away to the right owners. Here on this parchment is the confession of my mother and myself, with all the necessary information required to place the estate in the hands of the rightful heirs. I wrote it before I died, but I did not have the courage to give it up. I conjure thee by the living God to fulfil my wish."

As he finished speaking he laid a roll of parchment at my feet that he

had kept hidden under his coat, and a bunch of fragrant white lilies, the flowers of Mary.

"Do my bidding speedily, servant of God," he said, "for when these flowers of paradise fade, thou shalt receive the reward of the righteous."

This was written by the venerable Father Fidelis, who died three days after celebrating Mass in the castle of Kunzenburg. The estates passed to the family of Perstein. I, the monk Augustine, of the order of the Minorites, was with the Reverend Father when he celebrated Mass in the castle, but, overpowered by sleep, I did not see the sights he saw, neither did I hear the words. When I awoke I found the Reverend Father kneeling before the altar in a swoon; on the altar lay the roll and the lilies. He related this tale to me exactly as he has written it, and after having placed the parchment in the hands of honorable men, he prepared his soul to meet his Saviour. On the third day the lilies faded, and he fell asleep never to wake in this world again.

Written in the convent of the Minorites by the monk Augustin, 1406.

A PROTESTANT MOTHER.

With Misgivings She Sent Her Daughter to a Catholic Academy - The Experiment was a Success - She Now Says "The Nearer the Good Protestant Gets to the Sisters the More She Will Admire and Love Them."

The following communication to the St. Paul Globe from a Protestant mother who had her child educated in the Benedictine Convent Academy at St. Joseph, Mo., is of surprising interest:

"When I promised to give my experience," she writes, "our daughter was still at the academy, and although my visits to her had been frequent, I was still in doubt as to the result of the experiment, feeling sometimes that possibly she had slipped away from the family moorings in the Protestant faith farther than seemed to us wise or desirable. After waiting two months from the close of the school year, in which I have had the closest companionship of my daughter, it seems only a matter of justice to the Benedictine Sisters that the subject should be again taken up, inasmuch as my former article left the question an open one.

"Before taking Martha to the academy we were the recipients of all manner of objections from well disposed Protestant neighbors, all of whom agreed in one argument, namely, that it was a dangerous experiment to subject a young, facile and pliable mind to the subtle influences of Catholicism - an influence which might not leave her in all her after life, and might create family complications that would be extremely undesirable. But her education, owing to a frail constitution, had been almost absolutely neglected; her parents were poor people; the academy was very reasonable, if not cheap, in its terms, and the conclusion was reached to make the trial, the child being thirteen years old. She was taken to the school in September and the following June returned to her mother.

HEALTH IMPROVED.

"In my former communication I made it a matter of wonder that an order like the Benedictine Sisters, in which are enrolled so many women of superior artistic and even romantic instincts, should have selected the middle of so unattractive a prairie for the site of a ladies' seminary, when so nearly adjacent was a fringe of low hills, beautifully wooded, where a well-shaded location could so easily have been obtained. But I am now satisfied that the Sisters of the order were wise in their generation, for sun and wind are more healthful and bracing than shade and moisture, and a year's close observation has shown me that the academy buildings are constructed in the finest manner of Minnesota air. The faces of these Sisters and of the young ladies attending are convincing of that. When Martha was confined to the school it was with many misgivings as to her living through the winter, as she was tall and slender, weak-lunged, and a very promising subject for a consumptive's trip to California. When she returned in June she was still taller, but erect, full-chested, strong and lithe, hearty and full faced - a trifle "Dutchy," perhaps, so robust was she in appearance and in fact more like a girl of 16 than one of 14.

"In the first three months of her schooling one or the other of her parents saw her every two weeks, and were able to note the rapid betterment in her condition with a gratification that was more than cheerful. And when the Christmas holidays came the danger point was so far passed that neither of them saw her for some time after. She had been given the plain fare of the institution, an abundance of it, plenty of sleep, outdoor and indoor play commensurate with her strength, had been kept constantly occupied in a cheerful manner and given the manual of Indian club exercise with reasonable regularity. Her full eyes, cheeks and neck were the visibly happy results of it all.

NO LONGER AN EXTREME PROTESTANT.

"She began attendance quite ignorant of spelling, penmanship and of the common branches of school lessons. She came away possessed of a ladylike penmanship, an excellent knowledge of the spelling of common words and a fair knowledge of arithmetic, geography, drawing and grammar - sufficient, perhaps, to enable her to pass successfully for a class in the high schools of St. Paul or Minneapolis. To her parents, watching closely, the improvement in her strength had enabled the instructors to carry her up to

the full limit of her mental capacity, and she had crowded two year's study advancement into one. We were, therefore, satisfied with her physical and mental training.

"How about her religious or moral side? I question whether I am now competent to answer that question as a churchwoman from the standpoint originally proposed by me, for the fact is I am no longer an extreme Protestant mother. During the term of our daughter's attendance both her parents were frequent visitors at the academy, so much so that the villagers - who are all Catholics - wondered if we feared a kidnapping of the child. I frequently dined in the academy dining hall, meeting at each visit the Sister directress and one or more of the Sisters teaching, and acquired a positive liking for each and every one of them.

SAW SOME GOOD THINGS.

"I found them always cheerful, guileless, shrewd, but not cunning, faithful, anxious to please in the instruction of the children, and bent upon keeping up an endless procession of duties from 6 in the morning until 8 or 9 in the evening. I began to see some excellent things in the Catholic Church, some charities and blessings that we Protestants disbelieve in or ignore entirely. We began to say that 'distance does not lead to enlightenment,' and that friendliness and co-operation give an entirely different aspect to these orders who make no advertisement of their mission in the world but the black gown and white headcloth. In fact, I saw so much that was good and cheerful in every routine of the academy that when along in January Martha became imbued with the notion to become a Sister there was no great shock to my secular system.

"I found out afterward that most of the girls attending, at some time in the course and frequently during the entire course, wish to join the Sisterhood, and would do so but for the tug of heartstrings at home. The average girl is stronger in her affections than her religion, no matter how devout she may become, and only a few resist the appeals of parents or brothers or sisters long enough to pass into the order. And, upon a request from her father, Martha gave up the childish notion.

HER FATHER'S OPINION.

"In May her father visited her, and in the course of an hour's chat found her range of intelligent conversation much wider than when he last visited her in November, he having been in the East during the winter.

"What is this in your pocket?" he added, as he pulled out a rosary and crucifix.

"Please don't, papa, those are my beads."

"Where did you buy them?"

"I didn't buy them. Sister gave them to me."

"What do you do with the beads? Are they good to eat?"

"Now, I shall not tell you, for you are making fun of me."

"But we told the Sisters not to make a Catholic of you. First, you wanted to become a Sister, and now you wear beads to keep the beads off. If that isn't superstition, what is it?"

"Now, I am not a Catholic, papa; though I would like to be if you would let me. What harm does it do for me to count my beads? I'm sure it is better than not to remember my sins. Perhaps they will keep me from harm if I only think they will."

There was no answer to be made. And when the father ended his visit, Martha asked permission to give him a slip of folded paper to read every night and morning, which he was to open when he got away. It was as follows:

"Jesus, meek and humble of heart, make my heart like unto Thine.

"O Jesus, who, without uttering a single word, dost instruct us by Thy signs, Thy tears, Thy manger, picturing the wood of Thy cross, make us to understand the secrets of Thy admirable silence; may Thy divine power govern me, Thy wisdom fill me with its light, and Thy infinite bounty attach me to Thee forever. Amen."

"She had evidently reasoned that her father was in need of more praying. He admitted that it was a pretty good prayer, if it did come from a Catholic prayer book, and has never since referred to beads or rosary or scapular.

THE RESULT.

"And I have myself found her constant and faithful in the belief that in God is an infallible remedy for all evil, and prayer a relief from all grief and dismay. She reads her prayer book every evening, sometimes that of the Episcopal Church, though I think she finds the former more in touch with her mind and heart - it saying more things that she wants to say, but finds no words to utter. I do not discover in her any trace of hypocrisy. She is cheerful and faithful, and I have been unable to find that her instructors taught her anything but the highest ideals, not only in respect to her own future, but in regard to filial devotion, for we are both satisfied that she came out loving father and mother as much as when she left in September, though anxious to take another year's course in the academy, which, it means meet ends, will be given her.

"A word to Protestant mothers: You do not sufficiently know the various Catholic Sisterhoods. Your husbands do not become intimate with the Brotherhood orders. A nearer acquaintance between Protestants and Catholics would break down many of the prejudices that have been barriers between the two for centuries. Perhaps the Benedictine order is more liberal than others of the Catholic

Church. Of that I cannot speak. But I am convinced that the nearer the good Protestant gets to the Benedictine Sisters the more she will admire and love them, at the expense of much of her old dislike of the Catholic Church itself, which, I am told, is rapidly becoming liberalized according to English and American ideas. M. S."

M. ZOLA IN ROME.

The notorious French novelist, whose writings have tainted the moral atmosphere of Europe with the reek of his polluted imagination, is now building up the scaffolding of his forthcoming work by the minute investigation of facts as they present themselves to his jaundiced mental vision. This photographic method has the advantage of helping out the exhausted invention and supplementing the creative ability of the writer by the accumulated jottings of voluminous note-books. His selective power is exercised under these circumstances, only in picking out the particular details of crime, vice, and degradation, never wanting in the long tragedy of humanity, which shall adorn the pages of the ensuing work. The records of every police court supply these dismal "documents" in abundance, and the skill of the trained literary craftsman is only shown in the greater or less degree of power with which they are collated and presented. The purely secular romance fabricated by this method, is a sufficiently unwholesome concoction, but the *ne plus ultra* of nauseousness is reached when sacred matters and religious observances are mixed up with the familiar ingredients. Such subjects have within the last few years developed a morbid fascination for the leader of the French school of naturalism, and he has already furnished his admirers with one specimen of his mode of treating them. The mind which could see in the touching spectacle of faith and resignation presented by the pilgrimage to Lourdes only the bathos details of bodily infirmity, gloated over with ghoulish avidity, shows itself incapable of interpreting the loftier aspects of human nature. A penman in search of copy will often assume strange disguises, but perhaps the most incongruous was that worn by M. Zola when he walked, in the procession to the Grotto taper in hand, edifying the authorities by his appearance of recollection and devotion. Many even entertained the hope that Our Lady had worked her greatest miracle in his conversion, until the appearance of his book on the subject emphatically belied their pious anticipations. This work is but the first of a trilogy, of which Rome in its ecclesiastical aspect, is to furnish the second number, and he has been for the last few weeks in that city studying it from his point of view. He had apparently condescended to assign to the Pope a prominent place as the central figure in his gallery of types, and true to his principle of making life studies of his characters, desired an interview with His Holiness for the purpose. Blinded by his artistic egotism to the unreasonableness of the proposal, he complains loudly of the unreasonableness of the Holy Father in not admitting him to his presence, and continues to lay siege to the Vatican with the full determination not to be baffled in his quest of inspiration. The French Ambassador to the Holy See was first appealed to, with a negative result as he evidently refused to give his influence in urging the request. The Catholic organs have pointed out the impossibility of an audience being granted by the Pope to a writer whose works are on the Index, except on condition of his public retraction of them with an apology for the scandal they have given. It is said, moreover, that the servants and officials of the Apostolic Palace have been furnished with his photograph as a precaution against his obtaining an entry by strategy. The rumor that he had actually succeeded in assisting at the Pope's Mass, is refuted by a correspondent of the *Unita Cattolica*, by whom he was seen in Saint Peter's at the very hour of its celebration, in ordinary attire, precluding the possibility of his having been present in the Sistine Chapel, where court costume is prescribed by etiquette. M. Zola seems to think himself much aggrieved by his exclusion, contending, in an interview with a foreign journalist, that he has a right to an audience as a Catholic, since, as he says, he has been baptized, and has made his first Communion. As he does not allege that he holds any dogma of Catholic faith or practices any form of Catholic worship, these are reasons for classing him as an apostate, not as a member of the Church. Present, not past belief, is implied in the title he claims on such ignorantly mistaken grounds.

But if as yet baffled by the obduracy of the Vatican, he has his consolation in the homage paid him in anti-clerical circles. Here, indeed, he is hailed as a champion of the cause, and his doughty deeds as a reviler of religion are held sufficiently meritorious to counterbalance his obnoxious nationality as a Frenchman. He was accordingly entertained at a banquet on November 10, by the Liberal journalists of Rome and received from them the tribute of adulation usually forthcoming on such occasions. Of course, so tempting an opportunity for blasphemy as that afforded by the writings of the author of *Lourdes*, was not to be neglected, and Signor Bonghi, who presided, availed himself of it to the utmost. Taking that work as his theme, and starting from the incongruous comparison of Zola with Manzoni as "artistic genius, he went on as follows: "I have *Lourdes*; I have admired your genius and the

bluntness and skill of your pen, which can transform itself into an actual dissecting knife, which not only cuts, but sometimes sacrifices. You have successfully distinguished between the morbid and abnormal character of human superstition turned to account by speculation, and the blind faith containing in itself an element of ingenuousness and depth, calculated to excite both the compassion and interest of the observer." This exordium, in which the faith of the French people was held up as an object either of pity or contempt, was but the prelude to an attack on an Italian Sanctuary venerated by the speaker's own fellow-countrymen.

"We too (he went on) have our Lourdes, a Madonna more miraculous than yours a phenomenon more wonderful, and from which you, coming to Italy and observing it, may learn, if I may say so without offence to M. Zola, something more than at Lourdes. At Pompeii there was no need of a hysterical and ecstatic little peasant girl to create the legend. If your Madonna was revealed by a shepherdess, our Madonna does not require water in order to work her miracles, and at Pompeii, in point of fact, there is none. For the advocate Bartolo Longo, an old image, and a sufficiently ugly one into the bargain, though with a head repainted by the Neapolitan artist, Signor Mancinelli, has sufficed to draw adoring devotees in crowds from all parts of the world." This diatribe against the Pompeian shrine, devotion to which has obtained many well authenticated miraculous graces, was not only an offence to numbers of the orator's compatriots, but an implied disrespect to the Queen of Italy, who has repeatedly and publicly professed her devotion to the Madonna of Pompeii. That the tirade was, however, entirely in harmony with the state of the audience to which it was addressed, was proved by the shouts of hilarity with which it was received. The speech concluded with an exhortation to the guest of the evening to study the third Rome, "which waves the flag of civilization and progress." M. Zola, however, was not to be drawn into any eulogy of the results of the Italian occupation, and declared in reply that as "a pilgrim of thought and art," he must refrain from any political utterance.

The spirit of laicized Rome has been, indeed, sufficiently illustrated for him during his stay by one or two characteristic episodes worthy of treatment in his pages. The most striking of these was the civil funeral of one Antonio Curti, a tanner, demagogue, and noted conspirator against the Papal Government. The authorities, foreseeing that it might, in the present excited state of Italian feeling on the subject of Trent and Trieste, be made the occasion of an anti-Austrian demonstration if permitted to pass the Austrian Embassy in the Piazza Venezia, prescribed for it a different route, crossing the Tiber from the Trastevere by the Ponte Quattro Capi, instead of Ponte Garibaldi. The cortege, escorted a funeral car loaded with flowers and accompanied by banners with the usual Anarchist and blasphemous devices, proceeded nevertheless, to take the route selected by its leaders, until it came in contact with a cordon of police and carabinieri drawn up across the approach to the forbidden bridge. Here a young man, leaping on the driver's seat of the car, and seizing the reins, urged the horses to a gallop, and by their impact opened a way for the funeral train through the intercepting line. The troops, some seventy in number, were, however, rallied by their officers, and attacked the cortege with drawn swords, with the result that a regular pitched battle ensued, the processionist making an efficient defence with paving-stones.

The hier was near being thrown into the Tiber amid the tumult, which lasted for half an hour, and was only pacified by the appearance of two officers of the army, who ordered the troops to be recalled. The procession then passed the bridge, but was met at the other side by a fresh cordon, and compelled to turn into a side street, by which it proceeded between a double file of guards and carabinieri to the cemetery. The second and more tragical incident characteristic of the spirit of modern Rome, was the assassination of a Sister of Charity in the Hospital of Santo Spirito by one of the discharged patients to whose wants she had ministered. Having

been expelled for insubordination and riotous misconduct he gained admittance on the visiting day of the hospital, and poniarded the young nun, Sister Agostina, to whom he attributed six wounds almost in an instant, and then succeeded in temporarily escaping, but has since been arrested. It was with difficulty that the police could protect him from the fury of the populace, and the feeling of the entire city was so aroused that the funeral of the victim was an imposing demonstration of sorrow and respect. - London Tablet.

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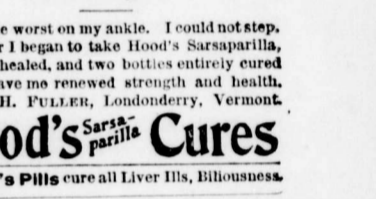
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SEVENTY FIVE ACRES OF LAND. LOT 1, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 4