Requiem Aeternam. BY LIONEL BYRRA. IN MESSENGER.

Leaden skies and sodden meadows, dearth of life, and cheer Heraid once again the advent of November Mark one oft recurring cadence-doth it not

Solemn dirge in darkened chapel, sombre bierland pall? bierland pall? t eternal grant them, Lord!" the moan-ng wind nows say.— to quiem acternam dona eis, Domine!

Take we up the touching burden of November's plaints,
Pleading for the Holy Souls, God's yet
uncrowned saints.
Still unpaid to cur departed is the debt we owe; sill urransemed, some are pining, sore eppressed with woe.
Friends we loved and vowed to cherish call us in their need:
Prove we now our love was real, true in word and deed.
Rest eternal grant them, Lord!" full often

" Rest eternal grant them, Lord!" full ofte let us pray.— Requiem aeternam dona els. Domine!

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Clever Young Physician. In Scotland a young Catholic physician, Dr. Thomas Colvin of Glasgow, is receiving many honors on account of his mastery of his profession. It now generally believed that owing his being the first to discover and report the existence of the bubonic plague of Glasgow two years ago, a national calamity was years ago, a national canality years ago, a hattonal canality ago. him in view for special honor.

Tranquility.

Why do not our Catholic young men attempt to learn the lesson of tranquil-ity? For who does not love a tranquil heart, a sweet-tempered, balanced life? shines, or what misfortunes come to those possessing these blessings, for

which we call serenity is the last lesson of culture; it is the flowering of life, the fruitage of the soul.

The Uses of Misfortunes.

"The sun certainly does shine brighter after a rainy day," said Mr. Billtops, "and after a storm we enjoy smooth sailing all the more. So I supa certain amount of misfortune should not be regarded as anything very dreadful. We don't want crushblows that burst our armor and cripple us, but a gentle whack now then only serves to stir us up and improve our circulation. In fact, taken in moderate quantities and not too a, misfortune gives to life a zest which otherwise it would lack."

Keep on Hitting.

Two boys stood close beside a number of workmen busily engaged in constructing a building.
"That seems nice work," said one to

the other observingly, as he watched a mechanic driving, with wel force, nail after nail into place. with well-aimed "Yes: I should like to be a carpen-

ter, but I could never have the patience to hit the same nail so many times," answered the other boy.

The workman paused, his hammer lifted midway, and smiled.

"You would never do for a mechanic, en," be said, "since it is only repeated effort that brings good result. This is true along any kind of work you may pursue. The art of accom-plishing a task skilfully is not learned in a day, but often represents years of steadfast toil. This ought not to dis courage us, however, but rather to increase our desire to succeed.

A boy who early in life sets about his work, whatever it may be, in earnest, is likely to accomplish wonder-

Get in Touch With the World.

The man who gets "out of the swim," so to speak, who loses his touch with the great, pulsing world about him, who secludes himself in his study or labor-atory, and deals only with books and theories instead of with men and things, will soon find himself going down grade. It is not living in the world of yester

day, nor in the world of to-morrow, but in to-day's world, that counts. We must know the world and the day we are living in, and keep in responsive touch with the great movements of civilization.

A great many men have lived in the past, and have been educated in medieval methods instead of modern ones. They have lived in history, spending their time in buried cities, in dead philosophies, in exhausted theories, until they are dried up. Taey have gathered all their nourishment from the past. They are as much out of place in the present as a bird of paradise would be at the north pole. Their physical sustenance is the only thing that ties them to the actual world of to-day. Their mental food, their reflections are all in the past, and yet they wonder why the world does not appreciate them, why they are not in touch with it, when the fact is that they are really strangers in a strange land. no sympathy with the struggles of the present, with the tendency of the age, or with the great movements going on

all about them. -Success. Advice to Young Men.

Foolish spending is the father of poverty. Don't be ashamed of hard work. Work for the best salaries and wages you can get, but work for half-price rather than idle. Be your own master, and do not let society or fashion swallow up your individuality—hat, coat and boots. Do not eat up or wear all you can earn. Compel your selfish body to spare something for profits sake. Be stingy to your own appetite, but merciful to others' necessities. Help others, and ask no help for yourself. Be proud. Let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to war a coat you cannot afford to buy: too proud to lie, or steal or cheat; too proud to be stingy; in short, be a man of integrity and individuality.

It is Easy to be a "Nobody."

It is the assiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as folcry in the proposition, while fallence is a store, replied, "The work of the cannot all the beautiful three things of the proposition and his sister Edie was to strew flowers that the very choices to thouse of the canopy. And so Lady Granville had given orders that the very choices to thouse of the right kind. Be too proud to be stingy; in short, be a man of integrity and individuality.

It is Easy to be a "Nobody."

It is the easiest thing in the world to be a "nobody." All that is necessary is to do nothing, or to be like the boy who, when questioned by his father as to why he had resigned his position as clerk in a store, replied, "The work of the land o

was too hard; I am looking for some-

thing easy."
Look for a "soft snap." Don't get Leaden skies and sodden meadows, dearth of life, and cheer life, and cheer drait if and c at your work.

If you are at school, don't trouble about preparing your lessons. whenever you can, cheat as often as possible, and get the best of your teacher whenever you see a chance, and your progress in the desired irection will be assured.

If you are in college, never

about a scholarship; the main thing is to slide through. You can employ a tutor at the close of each term and "cram" for the examination. Have a "good time," and never bother about results: they will take care of them-

Do not try to do things as well as you can; any way will do. If you are sawing a board, do not exert yourself to saw it straight. If you start to make a sled or a bookcase, never mind about completing it; or, if you do, put it together anyhow. Half done, botched work is just the thing for "nobodies."

Employes to be Distrusted.

The late Governor Burnett, of Cali-fornia, who was for years the president of a bank, once expressed this opinion of clerks, which has in it several hints for the young men of to-day:

"The discipline in a bank must be as rigid as that in an army. If an employe willfully and deliberately disobeys orders, he should be discharged. If, when caught in a mistake, he manifests no feeling, no feeling, no regret, but takes it coolly and indifferently, it shows that he has deliberately trained heart, a sweet-tempered, paraheed the? shows that he has deliberately trained his feelings to bear reproof, and he is shines, or what misfortunes come to be trusted. If he shirks his in the bothouses and it would not do dety and throws an unfair proportion they are always sweet, serene, and calm.

That exquisite poise of character

That exquisite poise of character the bank, so as just to save his time, he should be watched. If he is too fond of display, and carries a little cane for show, you had better conclude—

Little cane, Little brain; Little work And big shirk.

streets, to show himself. If he is a fast young man in any way, he is unworthy. If he expends all his salary and saves up nothing, he is unfit. up nothing, he is unfit. It will do him no good to increase his salary, because he will be just as poor at the end of the year as he was at the beginning. In fact, an increase of compensation is a positive injury to him, because it in-creases his fast habits in proportion.

"But a young man of correct habits pleasant manners, fair health, and good temper, who saves a portion of h come, may be safely trusted. To bear the continual strain of good economy is clear proof of integrity, sound common sense and self - control. Occasionally a young man may be found who is co petent, sober, economical and industrious, and who will yet steal from sheer avarice; but such cases are rare. An inordinate love of pleasure is the ruin of many a young man. Extravagance in dress and living is the great besetting sin of the times in almost every portion of the world."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. " BESTEST OF ALL."

Sister Mary Xavier, S. N. D., in the English Messenger.

Mike nodded, "I do that, Master Robbie." "And you keep vem warm all ve winter, and you help ve to grow,

stant-like, they'd be dead, every one of

"Well, ven, Mike, you see you help God to make ve camellias and 'zalias. But He made my yellow daisies all by His own self. He did, and so He must like vem bestest of all." And Robbie looked triumphant, for he considered this argument conclusive.

But Mike always met argument by

simple reiteration of his own statements, so he merely repeated:

"You can't go for to give weeds to the Almighty, Master Robbie, you can't," and went off to the conservatory to cut his beautiful red and white camellias and delicate azalias for the morrow. For to-morrow was Corpus Christi, and there was to be a grand Christi, and there was to be a grand procession of the Blessed Sacrament in the beautiful little village church which Robbie's father, Sir Henry, had built, and his sister Edie was to strew flowers just in front of the canopy. And so Lady Granville had given orders that the very choicest hothouse

snap when you broke them, and were full of milky juice, and he would sit for hours with Edie, blowing their fluffy white "clocks" to bit. The was one particular clump of very large ones which he had been watching day by day. There were three big golden suns open now, and Robbie thought nothing would look lovelier just in front of the

constrance than they.

A few minutes after his conversation with Mike found him standing by the desk where Lady Granville was writing letters in the drawing room. He held his hands behind his back; his cheeks were very red and his eyes very big and bright as he began in his silvery voice: "Muvver dear" (Robbie's utterances was admirably clear and correct in every sound but th, which he never could manage) "muvver dear, if you made one fing all by your very own were finished?"

His mother patted his head. "I am afraid, little son, most of us are con-ceited enough to like the things we do

all by ourselves best," she said.
Robbie gave her one of his brilliant smiles, and bringing his hand from behind his back, displayed his "yellow daisies," and told her where he wanted them prot to-morrow, and how God made them grow in the meadow all by Himself, and how, therefore, He would like them bestest of all. Lady Granville laid down her pen and lifted him onto

"Listen, Robbie, dear," she said. "We must never give our dear Lord anything but our best, you know, our very best." Robbie nodded his head

in the hothouses, and it would not do for me to keep them and send Our Lord the common flowers which I took no trouble about. Does my little boy

"Yes, muvver dear, Robbie sees vat "Yes, muvver dear, Robbie sees vat for you. But Robbie doos see somefing also for hisself, too. Suppose muvver dear," and Robbie slipped off her lap, so as to look straight into her face and speak more impressively, "suppose He He likes ve yellow daisies bestest, cos He made vem—and you said He would," "Ah! I understand. You want

mother, very tenderly. "Let mother give nice fresh flowers to Jesus for Robbie and herself this time. Some Robbie laid two fat hands on his arm Robbie and herself this time. Some day you will see that she is right. Ah!

nursery, Robbie sat up in bed in his night-gown with his chin on his knees, holding his little pink toes, and think-ing very hard. When Edie came to ing very hard. When Edie came to kiss him good-night, as she always did, she found him thus. Edie was eight years old and quite a little mother to Robbie, who was only five, and she saw at once that there was something

troubling his mind.
"Why, Robbie darling, why don't you lie down? what's the matter?' and she sat down on the side of the bed and put her arm around him. Robby very seldom cried, but he felt a great lump in his throat and two ears on the point of falling, so he kept "Them there's weeds, Master Robbie

—you can't go for to give them there
to the Almighty, you can't."

"But God made vem, Mike, didn't
He? Didn't He? repeated the sturdy
little kilted figure, as Mike seemed inlittle kilted figure, as Mike seemed inlittle kilted figure, as white seemed inlittle kilted figure, as Mike little kilted figure, as Mike seemed inclined to disregard the point.

"Maybe, maybe, Master Robbie—but they ain't His best, as you may say. Camellias now is the things for the haltar—camellias and 'zalias, and such like—not them there nasty-smelling dandelions."

"More and i am such a lot of days, but Mike bie always said "pleasey" and spoke doesn't like vem, and muvver doesn't like vem, and muvver doesn't like vem, and muvver doesn't like vem, and in a raver sorrowful, like vem. And I am rav dandelions."

There was a pause, during which Robbie looked admiringly at the great bunch of "yellow daisies," as he always called them, which he grasped in the his best fat little heads. Then he was called them, which he grasped in the his best fat little heads. Then he with him that God was bound to write him that God was bound to be headen we represent the paper. "She pinned the one, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on to the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on to the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on to the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the three flower heads as best she could on the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the paper. "Now rule some lines, muvver, dear." She pinned the paper when the paper will be paper when the paper his hot, fat little hands. Then he lifted his large, truthful blue eyes to wild flowers to cultivated ones. And wild flowers to cultivated ones. And the chief point to both their pure, lovthe gardener's face.
"Mike," he said, slowly, "you take a lot of care of ve camellias and 'zallias, don't you?"

the chief point to both their pure, loving, little hearts was that our Lord's tastes ought to be consulted on His feast day, and to those of any grown-

up persons even.
"Don'tmind, Robbie, dear," she said, promptly, "Big people don't understand—but I know what to do. Give don't you, Mike?"

"Ay, you may say that, Master Robbie. If it war'nt for the green-house, and my looking after 'em so conhouse, and the roses, and then, when all the roses are fullshed. I'll throw them before our the bottom of my basket underneath the roses, and then, when all the roses are finished, I'll throw them before our Lord and say, 'from Robbie;'—and perhaps, Robbie, somehow, He'll show us just you and me. I mean—that He really likes them best!' Robbie's two tears fell now—but only from the sheer happiness of his full heart. He squeezed Ledie's hand tight, and said in a loud Edie's hand tight, and said in a loud whisper! "Dear Edie!" twice over, very warmly—adding, after a pause, "It comed right; Edie made it right!" Then he scrambled down from the bed, went to the washstand, took the tumb went to the washstand, took the cambiler in which he carefully placed his three "beauties," and gave it into her keeping. As he had his cheek on the pillow she heard him murmur to himself, "I fink He will like them bestest

Next morning saw the two children in the greenhouse. Very carefully and reverently Robbie took his dandelions

would be finished when the procession on its return journey, came to about the middle of the nave. Robbie was counting to himself all the time. But Edie's eyes were fixed on the Sacred Host as she walked backwards just in front of It. She scattered her fowers with a great deal of grace, first kissing the handful and then giving it a pretty little toss upwards so that the petals fell back in a shower. Suddenly, as the canopy reached the centre of the nave,
Robbie gave quite an audible gasp, and
his firm, rosy, little cheeks flushed
crimson. He pulled Lady Granville's
hand down from her face, and turning
on her two wide open eyes, that glistored like stars, and breathlessly. "He tened like stars, said breathlessly, "He liked vem bestest of all—He kissed vem. Oh! muvver, dear!" Then he pressed his two little palms tight to-gether before his breast, and turning self, and anover fing wiv someone else helping you, which fing would you love bestest, do you fink, when bofe ye fings

his chubby face back again gave one of his glorious smiles to the Sacred Host. Lady Granville was glad something had made her gentle child so happy, she did not understand. Only Ro she did not understand. Only Robad seen it all—seen Edie come to end of her rose petals, seen her lips form the words "From Robbie," seen the dandelions thrown high into the air seen them touch the very crystal of the golden monstrance. He knew Edie had not made them do it on purpose;

III.

The church was empty now-save for a little golden-haired boy in a Stuart-plaid kilt, who was walking slowly up ground, peering under every bench and into every corner.

Suddenly the sacristy door opened

and a priest came out-not Father Morely, but the great orator who had come down on purpose to preach at the High Mass in the morning. Seeing Bobbie, he came up to him. "Have you lost something, my child?"

"No, Faver, I'm only finding some

of the blossoms Jesus passed over. My bonnie little laddie !" said his Take as many as you like, dear child,

Robbie and herself this time. Some day you will see that she is right. Ah! here is nurse come to fetch you to bed. Good-night, darling?"

Robbie threw his arms round her neck and hugged her, but when he reached the door he turned round and said in his grave way: "I am raver sorrowful, muvver, dear, about ve yellow daisies. They is quite fresh," he added, wistfully, "my free beautifullest is. Praps you will find again, and Robbie will fluk, too."

So when nurse had left the night nursery, Robbie sat up in bed in his matting, they found the three dande-lion heads very flat and crushed. But Robbie held out two dumpy little palms pressed together to receive them as if they had been three diamonds.

he said, "and Edie "I kissed vem," he said, "and Edie kissed vem, and He kissed vem." "And now I will kiss them," said the Father. But Robbie closed his fingers

very quick and tight, and shook his head very energetically indeed. "But you mustn't," he said, in tones of wondering reproach; "you mustn't kiss on ve top of His kiss—it must be ve lastest of all—for always." And having got what he wanted he pattered down the nave, and home again, for church stood only just outside the Hall grounds—and went straight upstairs to

explain everything to his mother. "Now, muvver, dear," he said as he finished, "give Robbie a sheet of your fluished, "give Robbie a sheet of your bestest note paper, wiv red letters at ve top—pleasey, muvver, dear." Rob-bie always said "pleasey" and spoke in the third person when he was specially beseeching. Lady Granville took

And gave them to him, and he sat down on a stool at her feet and laboriously wrote in large, round, childish fashion:
"He liked vem bestest of all ve flowers, 'cos He kissed vem.''

Then, screwed up at the bottom, he added; "Robbie, for allways."

There is a gentle old priest with wonderfully blue eyes and a smile like sudden sunshine in charge of one of the poorest parishes of the great manufacturing town of M. There are not facturing town of M. There are not trees or flowers in the shabby little street where he lives, but in a corner by the doorstep is just a little clump of coarse grass and dandelions. If you open his breviary at the office for Corpus Christi, you will find a folded piece of stamped note paper, yellow and taded, with the traces of a child's writing on it. Most of the words are ing on it. Most of the words are effaced, but you can just read:
"Bestest of all * * for allways."

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TELLS WHY HE IS A CATHOLIC.

(Abridged from Dennis J. Tuohy, in Truth) It is plain even to a casual reader of the Scriptures that much ability and labor are requisite to get at the meaning of many texts, and even then some of the most learned men have been forced to give up the task. How, then, can the ordinary man understand then or draw from them his rule of faith: He will not understand them. He will in the words of St. Peter, " wrest them to his own destruction."

Protestants have tried this rule of

private interpretation, and it has proven a principle of disintegration. It has split them into three hundred warring ects, agreeing in nothing save in hatred to Rome. . . . A rule that has been tried and found so disastrous in it effects cannot be the rule appointed b a Divinity. The common sense of man-kind is beginning to reject such a sup-position. It feels the very idea of Revelation implies a present informan and guide, and that, too, an infallible one. This is shown by the notion that prevails among thinking Protestants. They sought an authority and chose the Bible as such. And we see that in proportion, as many of them realize tha the inspired volume was not intended or adapted to subserve such a purpose they are forced to return to the living guide, the Catholic Church. Witness the many conversions of eminent Pro-testants to the Catholic Faith. As, for instance, Brownson, Manning, man, Faber, etc., etc. They told that God had spoken. asked where? In the Divine Book they were answered. They tried it, and it disappointed them, ot through fault of its own, but because it was used for a purpo which it was not given. pian's reply, when St. Philip asked him if he understood what he read, is the voice of mankind, "How can I unviii., 31.) The Church undertakes this She does what none else can do, and this is the reason why I am a Cath

olic. . . .
I consider belief on the authority of the Church no mere submission power, but in very fact a true surrender to the highest reason, the eternal God, speaking through His Church.

believe that a Revelation might as well not have given if there were no infallible authority to decide what it is that has been given. It would soon become obscure to us, as was the primitive revelation to those who preceded the coming of Christ. But as a Catholic, I believe that the Church is the preserver, the guide and the infallible interpreter of the whole Revelation of Jesus Christ. I believe her teaching, not because my private reason understands each particular dogma of belief, but I believe in them, and give them the assent of my mind, because I believe her, and I believe her because I believe that she received the formal commission from Christ "to teach all nations to observe all things whatsoever He has commanded."

We Are All Alone.

All souls are alone. Who speaks truthfully, or rather who permits his soul to speak, will so adm customs and institutions, we may busy ourselves with interests and affairs, we may enfold our lives with loves and friendships, but the moment comes in every life when we are thrown back up-on ourselves, and we realize, despite all, we are alone. Our deepest thoughts are unuttered, our truest words are unsaid, the very cry of our loneliness is smothered, for we realize the distance that parts soul from soul, though they may appear one, as mountains viewed from afar seem to lean one against another but nearer beheld, they are separated by broad, fathomless chasms. But as friends lost in the mountains may some-times catch a comrade's voice across the abyss, so occasionally and briefly soul may meet soul.—Anna C. Minogue, "Racing the Whirwind."

Although the medicine business should, above all, be carried on with the utmost conscientiousness and sense of responsibility, the unfortunate fact is that in no other is there so much humbug and deception. The anxieties of the sick and their relatives are traded upon in the most shameful manner; impossible cures are promised; many prepara-tions are absolutely worthless, and some are positively dangerous to health.

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