## AILEY MOORE

PALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING HOW EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCH LIKE PASTIMES ARE MANAGED AND JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN LAND TOGETHER WITH MAN' STIBRING INCIDENTS IN OTHE

ST RICHARD B. O'BRIEN, D. D., DEAN OF NEWCASTLE WE CHAPTER XI

THE PRISON, AND THE FORTUNES ONE FAMILY

Next door to a great gloomy arch way—the remains of the old city gate—there was a poor shop, kept by a poor man, who sold bread and breast buttons for shirts, and tapes and threads, and pipes, and man things besides, which we have no nee to mention. Indeed, we mention these not from the importance of the things themselves, so much as to give an idea of the poor man's dwelling. Of course he sold many things of which we make no record, but we are quite certain we enumerate everything which appeared in the window. "A Wellington jug," remarkable for a huge nose, contained the pipes; and perhaps, in honor of Waterloo, that not important fact should be men-tioned. Whether it be judged important or not, we hereby note it and leave all discussion regarding it to those who are fond of subtlety.

Well, then, near this door, early morning, one month after Gerald Moore's arrest, stood the re doubtable Eddy Browne, looking up at the little drawing room windows had changed somewhat, in deed very much, since the night he succeeded in obtaining a lodging in the prison. Gerald proposed to his on the morning following to procure him a suit of clothes, and, without consulting him, had ordered in even merchant tailor. But he had known Eddy sufficiently well. He had taught him some "ciphering," and made him read betimes; he had taken him to hunt, and made him mind the dogs, and bag the snipe and ployer. He had heard his catechism, nd often given him sound advice and even alms, for his grondmother But, still, we repeat, he did not know little Eddy Browne himself, a thing which, after all, may not be very wonderful

"Eddy," said Gerald, "give this good man your measure for clothes.

Eddy looked at the "good man," his measures and shears, and then he looked at Gerald; Eddy then looked right before him, and firmly answered "Won't!" exclaimed Gerald. "Will

you not have new clothes?"
"No!"

Why, child, you will want them and you must have them; and Gran will be angry if you refuse." "No, she won't," answered little

'Ah, you are a self willed, stubborn, boy, I fear, or you would not speak so boldly."

speak so boldly."
Eddy turned away, and shook from head to foot, as though a fit were on him; it was almost as on the evening of the committal. Gerald seized hold on him by the shoulders, and turned him round. The tears burst from him in a torrent, and the poor little fel-

low wept aloud.
"Well, Eddy, I'll tell you how it is. You will be often sent to me, perhaps, and 'twould not do your clothing were so bad. It is for me, you know you are to put on the new dress, and

to come to me and to see Ailey."

Eddy went on his knees, and would have kissed the feet of Gerald. The young man raised him up, and having patted him kindly, gave him over to the tailor; from all of which it resulted that Eddy had a "new shoot"

ccasion, then, with a bodycoat and brass buttons, a leather cap (shirt white as usual), and a pair of boets, remarkable for heavy iron heels, which left deep impressions on all plastic materials. These impressions Eddy was very fond of, and though less curious than most boys, often looked back to examine them in the wheel ruts along the road.

As soon as the little shop had been opened, Eddy was admitted, for Eddy d been at this house many times before; and the poor man of the shop liked Eddy, he said wonderfully, be times Ailey asked nothing—she felt that the dear, kind, gentle heart always at his door so early, and his eyes never left the little drawing. room window all the hours he sat or stood outside: and he never comimpetuously, instinctively, he made for the stairs when he got inside the door. This day the poor man stopped him, he was a pale, mild man, just like the woman Eddy had met at St. Senanus' well, on Senanus' day, and he laid his hand upon Eddy's head, and he told the boy he liked him

"An' you like Miss Ailey?" de manded Eddy. "Dearly!" said the mild man.

"An' I like you," said Eddy, while the tears came to his eyes. From that minute the pale man loved Eddy above all things in the world, but Eddy could not be coaxed Eddy or bought to give him much talk or

Eddy got up stairs; the stairs ascended opposite the little shop-door, just at the end of the shop.

They were very white, though very narrow, and Eddy took great pre cautions about his shoes. To avoid all noise, and exclude all risk of foot prints, he took off his shoes, in fact and ever so quietly he stole up, step by step. The mild man "blessed him as he vanished at the stair-head and said he was a fine hearted little

The little room had no carpet, but, like the stairs, was very clean. A

red deal table was in the middle of the apartment; it was covered with tarpaulin; the fender was painted green: there was nicely cut paper in the fireplace; Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter were on the walls around; and between them Daniel O'Connell, Dr. McHale, Tom drawers, with brass handles, was on one side of the apartment; and a looking glass, with "haymaking" on the top of it, bowed forth from the wall, so as to show the whole room on the other. Add a glazed buffet, which contains cups, saucers, and depookshelves in another, and you have Ailey Moore's residence in town since the week after her brother was made

We are not going to explain to the reader what no one ever understood, that is, the law of turning people out upon the road to starve or plunder. We can quite well comprehend how old Mr. Moore laid out some thousands in building a fine mansion, and large sums in draining, fencing, and improving the land—those are plain as the summer light to one. But the law which takes it all away from him for nothing, which approaches its object with serpentine march, and mystic terms, and calls its villainy "justice," that may be very good, as doubtless it is profound; at all events we cannot understand it. This is quite a sufficient reason for any (unless Dr. Whately, of Dublin) not to undertake an exposition of the mat-

The grief of the young girl when she heard of her brother's condition was not to be described. Yet the reader involuntary that it was overwhelming. It struck her like lightning, and she fell like one dead. Thus Father Mick Quinlivan found her, for he bad news had reached his home peforehim. But most kindly had Provi lence dealt the blow that fell upon her in the house of the paster. Obstacles might interpose to hide the hand of God, and blessed ordination be called "misfortune," had she been beneath any roof but Father Michaul's. With him this could not be. He lived for eternity, and time for him was nothing; the priest had also power to make his daughter feel just like himself. When Ailey awoke, therefore, it was not to misery. She had been conveyed to Father Michaul's ora-

tory; the altar, which she decked with fair flowers, and made witness of deep love that morning, in the evening, saw her fall beneath the cross. When she opened her eyes, the crucifix stood before her. Mary the Dolorous looked down with eye of sympathy; her old confessor was kneeling beside her chair, and his hands stretched towards the place of acrifice. The first words Ailey uttered were, "Thy will be done !"

Assuredly her poor heart often overflowed, because memory would strike the fountain before faith and but the abullition was soon over, and the spirit reposed in final calm, resting on the love with which God regards his children-no matter hov he shows it.

Seeking absolutely nothing in this vorld, unless to secure the next, produces a vigorous will and a cool udgment. Ailey soon selected the judgment. ity for her future residence, for she thought it her duty to be near Gerald; happily it was her love, too. Then the break up of a happy home father, whom she was determined to spare. Hence, once, and once only, he or she ever beheld it after Gerald's imprisonment. Father Mick would have been glad that both would make his home their own; but he would not urge a course that his affection only would suggest, and against which poor Ailey's judgment had been formed. The apartment in the mild man's house—obscure, in-convenient, but cheap and clean just the home of decent poverty was

therefore Ailey Moore's. Old Mr. Moore had not risen from his bed for a week, and his recovery was very far from certain. The image of his death sometimes smote poor Ailey-but she flew to the Immaculate," and again and again said, "Mother!" At these times Ailey asked nothing—she felt from her babyhood, was listeningand she only repeated "Mother!" There was a fond care over Ailey Moore—though her road was rough and thorny-just like that of Jesus flying to Egypt.

Ailey came in due time. She wa Alley came in due time. She was a little pale, but very, very beautiful. "Poor Eddy!" were the first words she uttered. "Poor Eddy, here again to-day? Why did you come so soon,

Eddy looked at her; and so fullso soul-like was his gaze, and so much devotion did there appear in the poor child, that Ailey regretted she had asked the question. He looked the declaration that he could not be elsewhere, even though he died for it, than where he was-poo

"Ah! very well," she added. "You are welcome, my own poor Eddy!" and she laid her white hand upon his head, and Eddy wept, wept for joy and happiness.

"How is Gran?"

Eddy's eyes brightened. How is Gran?" Ailey asked.

Well," answered Eddy, laughing

She gave you leave to come?' Gran is in town," said Eddy.

In town!-why?"

The police?"

"Thrun down th' ould house." Your poor Gran's house, Eddy ?

"Yis, to tache me the Bible," said

Eddy.

"How, poor Eddy?"

"Oh, kase Mr. Salmer's school would tache me the Bible if I went, and they tache Gran the Bible as I

And you wouldn't go?" Eddy's eyes burned, and the light of them was frightful for one so

"Eddy, you must forgive every one—for God's sake!" "An' Snapper?"

"Every one." Eddy shook his head, and the tears rolled down his cheeks—for he was thinking of Gerald Moore. Alley saw the image in the poor boy's soul and she thought it would not be sinful in her to yield a little, and she wept, half for the poor boy's loving-ness. Eddy fell on his knees.

"Oh! don't—don't Oh, don't, Missistic agonizingly. "Oh, don't, Missistic Ailey, for God and the Blessed Virgin's sake! "Oh, don't!" he cried gin's sake! "Oh, don't, Missistic Ailes agonizingly. "Oh, don't, Missistic Ailes agonizingly." "Oh, don't!" he cried gin's sake! "Oh, don't!" he cried gin's sake! "Oh, don't!" he cried agonizingly. more intensely, "or I'll die," he added in a tone so true—so heart

wrung, that it echoed in the depths of Ailey's soul.

The wonderful love of the poor man's child, that's loved! No one can ever know it, that has not laid his hand upon the breast and brow of labor. Labor is strong in every thing-but most powerful in love

Poor Eddy became very useful to Ailey. He was no loiterer on his errands, and was active and exact in everything she wished performed about the lodgings. Indeed, he anticipated with so much success all she could wish and he could do, that she often opened her eyes with as-tonishment. And Eddy's love was to sit in a corner; he would be glad were it the lobby, if he saw Ailey sometimes pass, but he usually sat in a corner of the little drawingcoom, under the shelves of bookscertain to run, if any one occasion ally came to see Miss Moore, and in just the proper time, to find himse back again. Yet no one ever told poor Eddy the time he ought to go or the time he should return. The heart of the poor boy was his in-structor—and as there was nothing selfish in it, he was always right.

Ailey went to Mass at 8 o'clock and Eddy "minded the house." The distance to the parish church was not considerable, and the offices were always punctually performed. There was, therefore, entire confidence in the arrangement of time.
One could say, "I'll go at such a One could say, "I'll go at such a hour, and I'll be home for such an thing," which the reader will admit was an immense convenience. Miss Moore could always say to the old gentleman, she would be in again in three quarters of an hour; and then she would kiss his forehead, and afterwards kneel upon her knees to get his blessing, and then pass the staircase and the little shop like a vision.

How charming it is for an hones neart to enter the house of the Good Father? The great eastern window -the tabernacle and its shining ross—the snow-white altar cloththe big missal reposing on the "stand,"—the sunlight streaming through the side-window, and pouring itself across the blessed sanc-tuary; and the little boys in surplices ever so busy, going here and there, for nothing at all—only just because they like to be there. Their parents are looking at them, proudly nd hopefully, and their friends and the multitude : but let us be justthe altar boy " is often very and hangs around the tabernacle with the feeling, the wise and ruling one—that God is there listening, and looking at him and blessing him!

The multitude who attend the 8 o'clock Mass" every morning very great indeed-and oh! how de voted they are. The old grey-headed peasant leaning on his staff; the old woman swaying to and fro with her beads rattling at the end of each "deckid;" the young man with earnest look fixed on his book, or directed towards the tabernacle; and the young maiden with her deep blue hood, from beneath which her innocent prayers and sighs ascend We have met many to heaven. We have met many whose hearts have been struck with the "week day" piety of the Irish the "week day" piety of the Irish people; indeed, we have met some whose faith has been fixed by it who would not believe, and could not persuade themselves, that God Almighty's church was not among he "poor of spirit," and the

Nay, reader, just remember if you please, that the church of Christ was made for all—but most particularly "the Gospel was preached to the poor;" she must always hold the poor then-it is her mission! recollect, spread out on the great payements of the Roman basilicas, morning, enoon and night, one met the poor—one met the rich very often, but always found the poor. A lady of rank some few years ago, led by a spirit-in which there may have been some curiosity, went to see those churches thus at various hours—on various days—and always found the poor! The lady thought of the glorious nave of Durham and the mystic aisles of Yorkhowelonely she remembered them !and then the words came to her mind. The Gospel is preached to the

became a Catholic. Ailey had entered in good time. The congregation were assembled—the lights on, the altar showed that the sacrifice was about to commence, and her own little corner, just behind a confessional, was unoccupied. In fact she (Ailey) was more known than she thought, and more loved and pitied in the city

Miss Moore had been seen to go a few times in succession; for none would cross her, if they could. How little, again we say, the poor are

The Holy Sacrifice was nearly finished, when Ailey's attention was at-tracted by the appearance of a young man some few yards before her. He partly stood and partly knelt on one knee during the Mass, and this singu-larly was very striking; but, be-sides, she was almost certain, that his face would reveal him to be one who in her present circumstances was the very least desirable acquain tance. Ailey was dressed in gray— gray something which we don't know and she had on a rustic bonnet with a green veil. The very first time she suspected who her neighbor might be, she dropped the veil, and a possible. She sought to bury her ooked for the end of the morning devotions, and to the movement of the congregation. If it happened to person who awakened much anxiety, he would scarcely be able to recognize her in her costume and the confusion of the departure

At length the time came, and Ailey recommended herself to God's Holy Mother. The priest made his last inclination at the altar foot; there was a pause to pray for the dead— that beautiful moment that unites us in God's mind with those whom we love—and all rose. The young man turned full round—it was James Boran! the vagabond who had in sulted her when she had protectors lation and bereavement which she felt was just before her. Ailey trembled a little; but she knew that if not discovered, emotion would be danger ous to concealment, and so she mad an effort, strengthened by prayer, to be calm; and she succeeded. She left her little refuge, gently made her reverence, and proceeded down the nave—once outside the gates she thought herself in safety. quickened her pace; she almost flew poor child, and remembered not that such was the most successful way to awaken observation. She arrived at home; but she turned to enter the little shop near the archway—a shadow fell upon her vision which though it passed on apparently with

out stopping.
Arrived upstairs, she was immedi ately obliged to seize a chair. Eddy was forthwith standing near her with a cup of water. Even at that ment, the poor boy was a comfort-nay, a security; and she gave him her hand in attestation of her gratitude. The boy took it in both of his, and he looked at her as she saw him look at his poor grandmother, only there was a great reverence in his love look. Then he laughed, and a tear then stole down his cheek, and finally he placed the fair small hand upon his head. Ailey smiled, even in her fears. She felt that Eddy

would die for her.
Contrary to Eddy's custom, he kept this day very near the window, not so as to be seen, but so as to see Ailey had no reason to blame his curiosity; besides, he very seldom sought indulgence, so she paid no attention, or very little. However, and seemed to rush back there after every momentary withdrawal from the spot, so that at length, Ailey

You are fond of the window. Eddy.

"Yes," said the boy, looking at her—and then into the street.

"Do you expect any one?"
"No, but—" But what Eddy 9

"Hush !-Ail-Miss Ailey," he said, redeening. "Hush hawk! the hawk!" "Hush!" he said;

"Eddy! Eddy!" "Boran!" said Eddy, while his eeth ground like madne th ground like madness.
"My God! my God! Mary, have

Eddy was from the window in moment. He was down at Ailey's feet; his face was laid upon her little

shoes. He wept.

"My God!" again cried Ailey.

"Don't be afeard," said Eddy.

"Oh, Eddy, I must be afraid."

"No, Miss Ailey," said the boy, Why?" she asked, struck by his manner.
"Gran is in town," said Eddy

smiling; "and—"
"And what, Eddy?" "An' I know wan, an' Gran knows wan to ketch the hawk; don't be

wan to ketch the hawk, don't be afeard, Miss Ailey."

The young girl felt confidence she hardly knew why.
"And who does Gran depend on

Eddy? You must tell me everything. "Must I, Miss Ailey?" He was

handling the riband of her shoe, and looking up into her beautiful face. Oh, no, Miss Ailey!" he replied

And why, Eddy?" "Because," he answered, while the tears rolling down his face were a perfect contrast to the firmness of his voice; "because Gran towld me, an' Ailey-Miss Ailey Moore would hate a liar, an' I never towld a

The young girl was affected; she saw he could keep a promise, and valued him the more. Besides, who knew that the man might not be compromised, or even herself, if she knew him? But certainly the beggarman, that strange, solemn,

than ever she imagined! and no one had her small bonnet on, and her now went to the little spot where little basket on her arm. Eddy

looked from his place near the window, but he did not stir. The young lady was calm—a little flush on her her more angelic, and a slight tremulousness in her voice, which only made it more musical. Eddy looked

So Eddy is not coming to day?' Eddy looked into the street, and answered nothing. There was a twitch of the lips and eyelids; she knew that Eddy would bear anything on earth to go where she was going—to go with her anywhere—to be near her, and to see her and hear her; but now she was going to the jail. Ailey knew that this poor beggar's grandson would be satisfied almost to die for the opportunity of seeing Gerald. Yet he remained, because he should watch for her—not satisfy himself. She began to feel some singular reverence in her turn for the little boy.

Ailey proceeded on her mission to the prison, and endeavored to pre-pare for her daily interview in such a way as to conceal her actual perturbation. She arrived safely at the great metal door entrance; the huge knocker and the great rivets, and the iron trestle work, and the high walls, contrasting with the green plot outside the gate, and the fine tion of the prisoner's fate. She was admitted at once, with a courtesy which always marks an humble Irish official to a young lady. She met the parish clergyman coming out; he had just made a long visit to her Her brother's attorney also made his appearance; he had formed one of the morning council. All seemed prepared for her.

Ailey first ascended some steps then passed along a corridor, then lescended a little, and turned on the right into a yard; having crossed the yard, she found herself near a colonade, and was soon in the arms of

her brother.

The multitude of questions regard. she needed direction, was not to be put where they then found themselves, so they passed along the yard before mentioned, groups eyeing the respectfully as they proceeded, until they came to the corridor; and in the corridor Gerald had his cell. It was by no means a bad sleeping place, and he was allowed a table and any books he pleased. On the table were various pencilsketches and a crucifix hung on the wall.

While the brother and sister con versed upon their hopes and fortunes —spoke about their father and Father Mick, and Moorfield—and both resolved to suffer with patience, and pray to God to spare their parents, spiritual and temporal—Ailey was turning over the sketches. She vehemently admired art, and as she was looking at the heads of monks and priests, and philosophers and knaves ; but at length turned upon a female countenance that fasc her. The picture was a half figure, and a loose linen body only halfconcealed a symmetry which was perfection. The hair was black, and lainly laid over the marble brow. and the dark eyes shone out with majesty almost too commanding. Ailey suddenly stopped in the middle

Oh, how beautiful !-oh, how Gerald, who is this ?"
"What does Ailey think of it ?" "Think, Gerald! Where did you

see her? I thought it beautiful! think it beautiful—but it frights me -that eye-that brow !"

You would like her, Ailey, if you knew her." Ailey was startled. You know her, then, Gerald ?"

Alas! yes, sister."
Where, dear Gerald-"Stay, darling—stay!" he said.
"Look here!—this way!"—and drawing his sister to the iron bars of the cell, he pointed to the yard where a young girl stooped over a wash tub The poor thing worked away, and did not look around her. After a long time, she raised her head—it was the original of the picture.

" My God !" exclaimed Ailey-" prisoner!" A prisoner," answered Gerald. Ailey sat down upon the side of her

brother's narrow bed
"Ailey, love," he said, "there i one of seven children - three girls and four boys. They were born and reared at—and received a liberal education. At sixty, the old man and his wife were turned on the high road, and themselves and the children left without a penny—ejected for another's rent. One brother went to America; the father died in the poor-house; the mother is blind from ears and want; the three younger boys have died of fever and destitu tion : one of the girls lies with them in the same pauper's grave; the other sister lives as domestic servant in and that majestic-looking crea ture-

Gerald paused—and Ailey looked at him. She reddened—the color deepened, and she looked like a flash of light into his face.

"Yes, sister," he said; "hers has been a misfortune worse than poverty, and a revenge like her misfortune.
"O Gerald!"

"Ah, Ailey, God is very good to us," said Gerald. Ailey having remained the usual

time, found as usual that hours flew by like minutes, and that she should say "good bye." She learned that much of her brother's hopes depended upon shaking the credibility of Boran. and tracing the motives of Forde and beggarman, that strange, solemn, mysterious man, stood before Ailey's mind, and not disagreeably.

As the clock struck twelve, Ailey had her small bonnet on, and her little basket on her arm. Eddy

of Saint Senanus, and some other person who was there, too, at the same time. God's will should be

One thing Gerald Moore did not say—that money was likely to be de-manded, which he could not obtain He would perish sooner than touch the poor sum in his father's posses sion when he was taken; and to every question from his sister he had ready and satisfactory reply. The orother and sister prayed together before they separated; but they could not shake off the melancholy that stole over them when talking of the poor washer girl. However, they

embraced at last.

Alley made her way back to the mild man's, near the arch, and found Eddy in his old spot, having left the window. He had been out, he said, too; and he had seen Boran, and knew where he was—"an' so did Gran, an' 'twas afther Ailey he was comin.' But other people minded Ailey too; his "Gran loved Miss Ailey -an' every one-just like him.'

TO BE CONTINUED

THE LADY OF THE SMILE

brown eyes and snowy white hair sat sewing in her cheerless little room with its dreary outlook on brick walls and distant roofs. It was a dark, damp, depressing day in early April and there was a look of sorrow and weariness on the face of the lonely woman stitching away so industriously in the falling light. Her lips trembled and at last two scalding tears rolled slowly down her cheeks and fell upon her work. The sight of them seemed to awaken her from her somber reverie and she raised her eyes to the only beautiful and cheerful-looking object in the room, a small but very lovely statute of Our Lady holding the Infant Jesus in her arms. The statuette was of white bisque and the face of Our Lady, an exquisitely beautiful one, had a loving smile as of welcome

out his arms pleadingly.

As she gazed at the image the woman brushed away her tears and murmured: "Yes, Mother, I remember! Forgive me for having giving way to my grief. I will try to smile over it. I have tried, have I not, to pear all cheerfully ever since I got this dear image of you, Mother. Just fifty years ago to-day. Your golden ubilee! Fifty years have you helped me to smile through my sorrows, O Mother Mary, but you who so loved your Son, you know what I feel to-Fifty years ago!" she repeated, and her thoughts strayed back to that day in the dear old country when in the little cottage in Killar ney she saw herself again a little girl with rosy cheeks and dancing blue eyes.

It was the eve of her birth

day and she was very proud to think she was going to be ten years old, and still prouder to know that she was one of the class preparing for First Commun ion, and that soon after her next birthday she would have the happi ness of receiving her dear Lord loved Him dearly already and oh, she loved His dear Mother, too, and took such pleasure in gathering lovely hunches of flowers to carry to altar. But this last day of her nine years she was thinking specially all the gifts she hoped to receive the day. They would be quite simple, inexpensive things, she hoped for no others, for her parents were in very moderate circumstances and right hand, knew it well enough. Still, she did hope for a little workbox, with scissors and all complete and a box of fancy stationery—and perhaps a story-book or a pen knifeshe wanted one so badly to sharpen her pencils, and as she dreamed over them all she almost fancied she already had these things, and her delight was very great.

"Nancy, mayourneen, will you put little sister to bed?" called mother from the next room. have some work I'm anxious to finish

for to morrow."

Nancy obeyed at once and soon the two little girls were kneeling side by side saying their night prayers. Little Celia was six years younger than her sister, who loved her passionately and was very gentle and motherly with her.
"There's booful supprises for oo to-

morrow Sissy," began Celia with a radiant smile.

"Are there?" But you mustn't tell

me anything about them you know," said the elder girl smilingly, as she kissed the sweet baby, face and bid the child good night then went off to her room to prepare her lessons for the next day All that night she dreamed of the

workbox and the dear little scissore

and the dainty note paper and the penknife, and as soon as the sun began to peer into her tiny room she saw a beautiful carved bracket, the top of which was covered with a dainty little embroidered cloth, while on it s ood an exquisite little statue of Our Lady and the Infant Jesus. with on either side a pretty vase filled with a bouquet of white flowers. Of course, Nancy ought to have been delighted. She knew that, but she had realized in a minute that this was so precious and costly a gift that she would get no other, and

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