By Lady Gertrude Douglas.

CHAPTER XIX.

MISGIVINGS.

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"Yet far through the misty future, With a crown of starry light, An h ur of joy, you know not. Is winging her silent flight. Pray, though the gift you ask for May never repay your pleading. Yet pray, with hopeful tears. An answer not that you long for. But diviner, will come one day; Your eyes are too dim to see it, Yet strive, and walt, and pray."

— Melai e P. o -Adelai e Proctor.

"Mabel, how would you like to go

"Abroad, Jessie? Where to?" "Where would you like best to go, Mabal ?"

"I never thought about it. Let me see. Do you really mean 11, 000000 "Why not, dear? We must go away somewhere. I long to get away from here. Anything for a complete change, only I wish to be quiet. I cannot go to a gay place."
"It should be a sea-bathing place.

You know the doctor wishes Eva to have some bathing this year. Where can we go? Would Dieppe do?" Far too crowded at this season.

No, I have it, Mabel. We will go to Vrananches 'Oh, Jessie!"

"Does it please you so much, Mabel? How glad 1 am I thought of "Do you really mean it, Jessie?"

St. Anne is to be let this year. If it is I will take it for three months, and we will start next week."

It was in the beginning of August,

about six weeks after Hugh's depart-ure, that Lady Forrester, one morning after breakfast, asked Mabel the above question. She was sitting, or rather reclining, in a folding-chair by the open glass-doors leading on to the terrace; her baby, her little Guy, lay upon her lap. She had just nursed him, and he had fallen asleep, so that his mother, having nothing particular to do, was observing Mabel, who, with a book in her hands, which she was not reading sat on one of the lower steps of the terrace, her head leaning against a flower-vase, her eyes gazing with a dreary expression, into the

hazy distance of wood and water.

Mabel looked ill, very much out of her that a thorough change would be her. The family doctor had been urging upon herself the neces sity of a temporary absence from the scene of her late terrible affliction. The children always required a change during the Summer, so that, putting all together, Jessie came to the concluwhich she finally imparted to

Jessie had friends at Vrananches, a very pretty, retired, sea bathing place on the most picturesque part of the Britanny coast. She had, in fact, spent many happy days there, for Jessie had been educated at a convent school in Paris, and had on several occasions spent her holidays with the family of the St. Laurents, whose daughters were school-companions of Jessie's, the eldest, Eugenie, being her particular friend. With her, even after her marriage,

Jessie had continued to correspondrather briskly at first, but falling off by degrees; and when Eugenie married into a family in the South of France and left her home to reside in that belonging to her husband, the correspondence waxed very feeble. Jessie, however, had always retained an affectionate remembrance of her old friends; she had often planned a Summer excursion to Vrananches, but, for one reason or other, chiefly because Guy detested the Continent, her wishes in this respect had always been thwarted. When the Vaughans, desiring to visit Brittany, had mentioned the subject in her presence, it was Jessie who recommended Vrananches, and who gave them introductions to the St. Laurents. It was at Vrananches that Genevieve and her father became Catholics. They were enchanted with the place and its inhabitants. so that Mabel had learned a good deal about it from Genevieve's letters.

If there was one thing Mabel could have wished, after Hugh's departure, it was to have had the companionship of Genevieve Vaughan. She longed intensely to see her again, but had never even thought such a pleasure possible, for Genevieve could not leave her father, and Mabel had not for one moment hoped that Jessie would select Vrananches for her summer residence at the sea side.

The idea had suggested itself to Jessie only that morning. She knew that her friend Eugenie de Villeneuve intended to spend the bathing-season with her children at Vrananches. observing the listless, dispirited expression of Mabel's face, it occurred to Jessie that she ought to try to find some means of affording a pleasurable distraction to her young sister-in-law. This object well knew would attained in no way so thoroughly as by restoring her to the society of her beloved Genevieve. Jessie had a longing herself to revisit Vrananches, so that there was no reason why Mabel should not be made happy—it would help to pass the time until Hugh's re-

would have been very much surprised;

but no need to anticipate!

The very last thing Hugh desired for Mabel was a renewal of her intimacy with the Vaughans, whose influences ence over her he dreaded exceedingly but no such fears ever entered Jessie's head. She had heard of the Vaughan's conversion to the Catholic faith with very little surprise. She had never expected anything else from them-her only wonder was why they had remained so long in the Church of England. Religion to her was very nor had she the smallest idea how deeply Mabel had felt her friend's defection from the Church of her bapism. If she had given a thought to the matter, Jessie would have con-cluded that Mabel was not the least likely to follow Genevieve's example, unless Hugh did so likewise. It never would have occurred to her that Gen evieve's influence could possibly be stronger than his—and as for a higher influence working in the matter, Jessie simply never dreamed of such a contingency. Had anyone attempted to reason with her on the subject, Jessie would merely have reminded them of how she herself had been brought up in a convent, surrounded by Catholic influences, yet that she had not suf-fered any damage to her faith, nor had she ever felt inclined to change her religion. Why should it be other-wise with Mabel? Besides, the fact of her engagement to Hugh made her perfectly safe—if ever she had shown Romish tendencies, which she certainly "Yes, I really do mean it. I will write to Eugenie de Villeneuve to day, and ask if that pretty Chateau de Mabel would not do anything to vex Hugh, so of course she would never have anything to do with the Catholic religion. So argued, or rather would have argued, Jessie, had she given a

thought to the matter.

Mabel's joy was also unclouded by any misgiving. All the dark dread with which Genevieve's letter of a few weeks back had inspired her, had faded into complete insignificance be-fore the greater troubles which had since overwhelmed her. Nor was it until the eve of the journey abroad that something akin to her former uneasiness returned for awhile to molest er peace of mind.

She had gone for the last time to the evening service at Elvanlee, and kneeling down in her accustomed place—the place she had occupied from ner early childhood, just in front of th chancel, where the crimson light from the west window fell upon her ivorybound prayer-book -her eyes fell upor a volume of the "Christian Year," which she had left there by mistake in the morning, and which Mabel took up o put into her pocket, that it might be packed with her other books. It wanted yet ten minutes to the commencement of service. Mabel turned over the flypain, for on it was written, in Gene vieve's handwriting, the date of her last visit to the church-little more than a year ago. Underneath the date, in smaller letters, Mabel read the words that made her shiver, just as when she had first perused Genevieve's letter-the letter that had so grieved her some weeks previously :-

" Farewell, my own Mabel." "Thou wilt not be untrue.
Thou shalt not be beguited." Secenth S nday after Tri ity.

The words bore reference, Mabel re nembered, to the promise they had made together at the foot of the altar. and what chilled Mabel's heart was the thought that her beloved friend had functionary, who considered it was been untrue to the promise — she had suffered herself to be beguiled! Alas! with everything foreign, "would you suffered herself to be beguiled! Alas! with everything foreign, "would you what a shadow had come over their friendship! Would it ever be removed? Would Genevieve ever see the disloyalty of which she had been guilty? Then, quick as a lightning flash, returned the misgiving which Mabel had confided to Hugh, only it was far stronger than before. if Genevieve had been, after all, true to her promise? What it-if in order to keep her promise, she, Mabel, too, must do as Genevieve had done?

No thought of Hugh came across Mabel's mind—she was only consider-ing the terrible sorrow it must have cost Genevieve not to be able conscien tiously to love any longer the "Holy Church of her Baptism." Alas! for Mabel! The Ideal Church does not, never can exist, save in the imagination of deluded Anglicans, who are groping blindly round about the one true fold, which they are so loath to enter.

Still absorbed in her painful reverie Mabel did not notice that the choirboys were in their places. The first thing that recalled her wandering thoughts was the sound of the organ Then, during the chanting of that most beautiful anthem, "I will arise and go to my Father," with which the Church of England often prefaces her evening service, peace and tranquility of mind came once more to comfort her. Earnestly did she pray for her friend Genevieve, with all her wonted faith and fervor, beseeching that light might return to her darkened conscience, and feeling sure that there ex isted no form of worship so calculated to fill all the requirements of the soul as the sacred liturgy of the Church of

England. Pray on, trusting, loyal hearted Mabel—thy prayers shall be answered, not just as thou wouldst have them, help to pass the time until Hugh's return. She had promised him to take care of his treasure; she owed something to Mabel for her generous conduct, and Jessie congratulated herself to think how delighted Hugh would be when he knew that she had taken so much pains to gratify Mabel's wishes. If Jessie could but have seen Hugh's face when he did come to know, she but they shall, nevertheless, bring to

the vague ideal could have ever satisfied thy cravings. Be patient, Mabel hurried away, prom-strive, wait, pray. Oh! if thou early next morning. The next morning. than all thy yearnings God has heard thy prayer!

My dear readers, transport your-selves, if you please, to a very different scene, and before you accompany me to the shores of fair France, let me give you one piece of advice—leave your John Bull prejudices behind you, and don't expect to find your English ideas stereotyped upon the minds or manners of the children of a country not inappropriately named "La Fille aince du bon Dieu."\* I know it is the custom to abuse foreigners-we English have a real spite against them The French especially we regard as a frivolous nation. We naturally dislike the French character, and there are few among us who have not something disparaging to say about them. Long experience and intimate acquaintance with that country and people

the French nation. A great many of us who abuse them merely show our ignorance. Those of us who have lived amongst them can testify to the falseness of many unkind things that are in wide circulation respecting their ways and customs and morals. A kinder hearted, a more generous, a more hospitable set of people are not to be met with on the face of God's creation than the inhabitants of beautiful Brittany. They are certainly very un-English; but, after all, that is rather a relief than otherwise. We go abroad when we want change, why should we desire to find everything just as we are accustomed to find it in our own country? If we are such determined Britons that nothing short of the Briton will satisfy us, in the name of common-

sense why don't we stay at home?

have convinced me that many wrong

notions are abroad about France and

We shall certainly not meet with many of our John Bull Britons in fair France's Brittany; but go we there with unprejudiced minds, and we shall find a simple, honest race of men, women and children—a people whose instincts are as loyal as they are Chris-tian; a people devoted to their fallen royalty, whose ardent attachment to the faith of their ancestors is not yet spoiled by the spirit of proud liberalism so rife in this age of general rebellion against all lawful authority Conservative to the very heart's core. the Bretons have kept up to a marvellous extent in their families the old patriarchal spirit, and it is this spirit which makes their vie de famille, their reunions, in fact their whole country, so charmingly native in its simplicity and homeliness. So once again I warn you, you who have no sympathies for anything that is not British to the back-bone, you who want British food, British manners, British cleanliness let me say rather British fastidious ness), and, above all, your beloved reformed British faith, stay where you are, for believe me you will find little to charm you in the Brittany of fair

"They sell bread by the yard here, Miss Mabel," remarked Lady Forres ter's footman, in an injured tone of voice, as he placed upon the table a ponderous loaf, oblong in shape, and, without any exaggeration, a quarter of a yard in length. "And please, of a yard in length. "And please, miss," further added that true British ing water is. I never saw such a heathenish lot of people in my life!"

Before the words were out of Maur ice's mouth (for it was he who had accompanied Jessie as footman, rather leave the family of his beloved than master), the door of the salle-a-manger of Chateau St. Ann was pushed open, and there entered carrying a large jug of boiling water, a stout, pleasant faced woman, dressed in a short skirt. high coiffe, and snow-white apronworn by Breton domestic servants.

"Good morning, Mademoiselle. hope that Mademoiselle has well slept this first night in our beautiful Vrananches." was the cheerful familiar greeting-in French, of course-as she advanced to the table, and deposited thereon, right in front of Mabel's cup,

the aforesaid jug of water.
"Thanks; I slept very well. What
have you brought this for?" inquired Mabel, much amused by a sidelong glance she had caught of Maurice's

"Ah, ca! Julie did not know Mon sieur there" (indicating Maurice with a polite inclination of her body towards him) "had particularly insisted on boiling water for Mademoiselle's break If Mademoiselle would prefer Cafe au lait, or wine-red wine or white wine-Mademoiselle had only to speak, she should be served immediately. Perhaps Mademoiselle took

chocolate ? "Mademoiselle" having expressed herself unwilling to accept any of the beverages offered by Julie, proceeded some tea in the silver teapot in which Maurice, not having been ible to discover an urn anywhere on the premises, had intended to prepare it

himself in the kitchen. The English travellers had reached

shail rise beyond it, upon its ruins, a vieve. Miss Vaughan, in fact, merely reality so beautiful, so glorious, that looked in for a moment, to gladden thou shalt yet wonder how it was that herself with a sight of Mabel, and herself with a sight of Mabel, and make sure that she was come; then she

"No, dear Mabel; the fathers of the

The next morning had come, but not yet Genevieve. Jessie was too tired to get up, and was having her breakfast carried to her room, so that Mabel sat down to take her first morning repast in the quaint salle-a-manger of Chateau St. Anne.

The place, as much as she had been able to see of it, pleased her fancy. It was a curious, old fashioned chateau, which, before the Revolution, had belonged to one of the noble legitimist families. Its owner, like so many other loyal, true-hearted adherents of the King, had been ruined, and had gone to end his days in exile. His successors had not money to redeem the beautiful home of their ancestors from the hands of the mercenary wretches to whom it had been awarded as a reward for their disloyalty. It

was consequently allowed to fall into partial decay, and had been bought within the last fifteen years by an enterprising speculator, who realized a small fortune every year by letting it during the bathing season; for Vran anches was a favorite resort during that period for all the provincial fam ilies round about the neighboring departments, not only of Brittany, but of La Vendee, Normandy and Tour-There was something inexpressibly

melancholy about the old place, full of memorials of bygone splendor, upon traces of which one was continually stumbling. There was an ivy-clad terrace overhanging the sea-shore,

also the remains of what once no doubt had been a beautiful garden, but was now little better than a wilderness, so neglected and overgrown had it been Nevertheless there wild flowers grew in great lux uriance, together with many creepers, twining themselves in untrained glory round the trunks of the ancient trees. and in the dark, mysterious glades of and in the dark, mysterious glades of wood-land, the moss spread out a ver-dant carpet, all besprinkled with flowers. Inside the house the rooms were both spacious and lofty; there were deep, casement windows, en-closed in mullioned recesses, which though excessively picturesque, failed to admit the amount of light to which

ered himself entitled. The furniture, both in style and appearance, was eminently French, and French, too, of the last century, which in other words means carpetless floors, stiff, massive walnut framing, hand some, but not luxuriously comfortable chairs and sofas-few enough of them into the bargain. Just what was useful, and no more; for une grande sim plicite, rather than une grande elegance, characterizes the interior of dwellings even among la

a true-born Briton would have consid-

grande noblesse.
Nevertheless, Mabel felt she should enjoy her stay at Chateau St. Anne. It was a great relief to escape for a time from all the painful associations now, alas! connected with her own once so happy home. She was not inclined to quarrel with any of the foreign customs. They amused hershe had never been abroad before, and there was so much that was perfectly new to her that almost unconsciously she was being distracted from her great griefs. She had nearly finished her break

fast before Genevieve made her ap-

pearance. She came, however, at last, her bright cheery face bringing sunshine along with it, looking so radishine along with along wit past" which of late had seemed to her attachment to Hugh, and not without so very far away. There was so much to hear, so much to tell on both sides, that it was some time before Mabel which a conflict betwixt her faith and bethought herself of what she had her love would entail upon the beloved taken so sorely to heart-namely, Gen- child, who was to him as dear as his When own daughter. evieve's change of religion. she did so, there came an instantaneous cloud over her countenance, which did not escape Genevieve's observation. She, however, took no notice of it, until Mabel, suddenly seizing both her hands, exclaimed, with the old excited manner Genevieve so well remembered in her friend,

"Oh! Veva, what have you done It never can be between us what it once was. Veva, how could you be so disloval?"

The reproach wounded Genevieve deeply, quick tears started to her eyes, but she answered humbly enough.

"Time will show you, Mabel, if I have been disloyal. Oh! pray to God I may never be so!"

"But, Veva, you have been so, you are so now, and I can't bring myself to understand how you could be faithless. I could not tell you what your letter was to me—it makes me shudder even now to think of it," said Mabel, "Can we not love God's holy will to

gether still, Mabel?'

"Ah, that is the question, Vevaare you doing God's will? Can you say you love it, when, rather than stand by our beloved Church at a time when so many bitter enemies, even among those who should be her staunch supporters, are conspiring to rob her of all that is beautiful, you turn traitor to her, and forsake her wing for that of a step-mother, to whom you owe nothing?'

"and there is no mention of Rome in

hurried away, promising to return Nicene Council were not rebellious to Rome. There were no Christians in those days but such as acknowledged the supremacy of St. Peter above the rest of the apostles. It is heresy that has sought to cast obloquy upon the Church in these days, because she still acknowledges Rome for her mistress.

"Oh! well, Veva, don't let's talk about it, pray," said Mabel, quickly. "I cannot bear it yet-it is too sore a subject with me; and remember I will never forgive you if you try to make a Romanist of me. Hugh would be very angry if he knew I had spoken about it to you at all, so don't try, Veva, or we shall quarrel." Again the tears sprang to Gene

vieve's eyes as she murmured, "Mabel, darling, I have no thought of trying such a thing; it was you who started the conversation."

"I don't mean to grieve you, darling Veva," said Mabel affectionately, putting her arms around Genevieve's neck. "Only, if you love me, as I know you do, promise me that you will never try in any way to influence me to change my faith. it, and it would break Hugh's heart Do you know that he told me, the day he went away, that only one thing could part us—that would be if I for sook the Church to become a Roman

"Did he say that, darling? Ah! well, never mind. I promise you not to talk to you about religion - unless you begin, you know, as you did just now. Otherwise I will not talk, Mabel,

I will only pray."
"But don't pray for me to be a
Romanist," added Mabel, with some
impatience, "for that would be the sure way to make me miserable."
"Mabel, darling, I will only pray that you may always have the courage

to do God's will, wherever you see it calling you. Is that not the right prayer? Yes," answered Mabel. "Oh! Veva, God's will is very hard some

times. "You have found it so lately, in-

deed, poor Mabel," said Genevieve, sorrowfully. "But now won't you come and see my father? He is so anxious to see you again.' No one in the world, not even Hugh,

was so intimately acquainted with Mabel's character as was Mr. Vaughan. He had watched her from her early childhood, he had trained her himsel in the path of virtue and piety. He it was who, first discovering in her the germs of Catholic faith, had sought to develop them still further, and to mature in her those longing aspirations after the good and the beautiful which could not fail ultimately in pro ducing rich fruits of practical self de votion and self-sacrifice. He knew, as no one else could possibly know, the great rectitude of her heart, as well as the naturally logical turn of her intellect. He knew how anything approaching to doubt in matters of faith was repugnant to her sense of honest fairness, therefore he could foresee better than anyone else, what would be the probable consequences of Mabel's residence among Catholics. His earnest desire was that Mabel, when brought to a clear knowledge of the truth, should be so, not through his influence, or through that of Genevieve, but only through the working of supernatural grace in her soul Her engagement to Hugh would, Mr. Vaughan knew, prove the most difficult obstacle in the way of her conver were being taken out of the "old what must be the depth of her arden which a conflict betwixt her faith and

> In such a conflict there would be for her but one place of refuge! No human voice would be able to give her consolation; therefore no human voice -certainly not his-should invite her to begin the struggle, no personal influence — his last of all — should endeavor to draw her into a path which was likely to prove so rugged and so thorny. Mr. Vaughan's intimate conviction was that Mabel was a beloved child of Providence, and that the guidance of her heart was better left to God. Nothing less than a supernatural power would support her through what he foresaw lay before her; nothing less than a supernatural voice should speak

to her of the sacrifice. It was in the adorable presence of the Blessed Sacrament that he first conceived the idea of praying that Mabel might be drawn to a conviction of truth, not through reasoning - least of all

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"God forbid it, Mabel! I would likely to be "just as good"?



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