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An Irish Boy's Release on St. Patrick's

Timothy Sullivan had received a letter from his brother in America, written in these words, after a silence of ten years: "Send your boy, Tom, to me if he is living, and I'll make a man of him. I have plenty of money for both of us. And God bless Ire-

Tom's mother sat in a corner weep ing silently. Of all her children, he, only, was left, a great, tall youth, the light of her eyes and joy of her heart. What would life be worth without his sunny face and bright smile?"

"Oh! mother," said Tom, "don't cry like that! I won't go if you say not ; but I think I had better, mother dear. And in a little while I'll be rich;

and I'll send for you."

The uncle had enclosed a slip of paper in the letter for which the pom-pous bank official in the market town had handed Timothy a handful of sovereigns; and, so, Tom was smartly dressed in a "bran-new" suit when he stepped upon the steamship Petrel, bound for the golden land, as he termed it, in rather a grandiloquent fashion.

The voyage was a long one; and Tom Sullivan made many friends among the steerage passengers. He took care of the babies, and amused the fretful children, to the joy of their tired mothers; and he sang old songs which had resounded in the mellow air of Ireland as far back as their memory

It was a surprise to him to hear the people on shore talking a language like his own. They had a queer brogue, he thought; but they under stood him; and he had little trouble in finding his uncle's house. He had expected to be met, at the wharf, by his relative, but he pocketed his disap pointment as best he could, and presented himself at the entrance of No. -Sixth Avenue, half house half shop, with the confidence born of youth and inexperience.

woman came to the door, upon which he had pounded rather loudly. having no idea of the use of a bell

'It's Thomas Sallivan I'm looking he said, jerking at his cap. "He's my uncle, and I am just come over from Ireland."

The woman only stared; and Tom, thinking that she was deaf, or that Americans had most uncommonly strange manners, added-

be after seeing Thomas Sulli van, if you please.' 'You'll never see him on earth then," retorted the woman. "He was buried a week ago - heaven rest his

It was Tom's turn to stare. "Vou don't mean to say-" he said,

gasping.
"Yes, I do," was the answer. "He had the 'newmoniers,' and was only sick a few days; and he kept talking about his nephew Tom, who was com

And, so, you're Tom?"
Indeed I don't know who I am or what I am, but I thought I was Tom Sullivan -- an' Oh !" he said, as a great wave of homesickness came over him,

I wish I was back at home !" But the shock was too much for him.

"Your uncle made a will," she went on, and "left his property to his brother in Ireland; so if you're not in

your father's own house, this minute, don't know where you are." Tom cheered up at this. His father the owner of this snug home! "And if you are young Tom Sulli-

van, as you say-"
"Of course I am," he interrupted "Yes, yes, lad, I believe you; but the lawyers have to have things in

black and white. Tom laughed at the idea of lawyers or anyone disputing his identity. His courage was rising under the influence

of the heat and tea, and possibly-he was out human-the sudden acquisition of this world's goods. "I'll go back for my box, and, then I'm ready for a dozen lawyers," he

said bravely.

The box was safe enough; but, lottering around the wharf was a man who had come in the ship with Tom. He was going West and urged his late fellow-traveller to go with him. know what slow people lawyers are, he said. Write to your father and mother to come here; and meanwhile let us get a look at the country, and

earn a tidy bit of money into the bar-This seemed a good idea to unsophisticated Tom. So, leaving his box with the old servant, and dispatching a letter back to Ireland, he-innocently negligent in regard to the "slow" lawyers—started west with the man who had beguiled him. They were bound for the North-West, and after two or three days of wonderment at strange sights, as the train sped along, the merry hearted young Iri-hman found himself in a lumber camp, in company

with a hundred men of all kinds and nationalities. The man with whom he had come West soon disappeared - floating on the restless current towards the setting sun; but the boy had formed another familiar acquaintance, a shrewd young fellow — aiready skilled in crime, though that Tom did not guess. Raiph Berry he was named; and he had flat-

logs are slow, and we can go to town."
"What for?" asked the unsophisti-

cated Tom.

'Oh, just to see the sights and have a rest. And maybe you'll find a letter from your folks in the post-office.

"Sure enough!" mused Tom, for-getting that he had neglected to furnish them with his recent address, he had laid out to go to New York, soon, to meet them.

They went to "town" the Tuesday

following ; and Tom was astonished to

see how often Raiph found it necessary to bolster up his health with a glass of liquor.

Tom did not approve of that. "I do believe," he said to his companion, now getting into a quarrelsome stage,

"that you're not sick at all, but what an excuse for drinking like a fish." They fell in with another lumber man before the day was through -one generally detested in the camp, especially by Tom, who had, in his usua

frank manner, several times expressed his mind to him. "Come away," he said to Ralph down the street, gazing at the shop

the door, his head bare.
"Tom," he cried, "I think Jack is hurt. Would you mind going to see?

And I'll borrow your hat. So Tom, his pity for a suffering man aroused: went into the saloon. It was empty of people, save one person who upon the floor-dving.

Jack," Tom said, going to him, "shall I fix you a little easter?" Jack only groaned.
'Oh, if somebody would come!

thought Tom; and then, as if in ans wer to his wish, two men enteredthe keeper of the place and a police man. But the poor dying Jack was last in the officer's thoughts, as he grasped Tom's collar and roughly bade

"And leave Jack?" he asked. "Oh, we'll take care of him if you've left any life in him." "I - I - I don't know what you

mean !" "Well, you will soon," was the re ply, as Tom was jerked along, a crowd of men and urchins at his heels.

"The bloodthirsty wretch!" said the saloon-keeper, a sullen looking Swede. "I had slipped out of the back-door just to ask Bill Johnson about the elec

tion, when I heard the shot.' Meanwhile Tom, poor lad, found himself locked up, charged with the gravest crime in the calendar ; but his ignorance and innocence were so pro found that he did not realize the grav ity of the situation, and, commending his sad case to the Blessed Mother he slept sweetly upon the hard beach that

night, and dreamed of home. The trial came on very soon, and Tom went through it somewhat be wildered; but firm. When urged to

plead guilty, he said: plead guilty, he said:
"Guilty? Guilty of what? Of kill
ing Jack? Why I wouldn't hurt the
smallest thing that breathes, let alone
a man! Kill Jack! I wouldn't hurt a hair of his head, though he was a

good for nothing sneaking -- "
"Hush, hush," said his lawyer.

"It is already noised about that you

Ralph had his reasons for not appearing, and was many safe miles away, the borrowed hat on his head, his heart hard as a flint, and his pistol at the

ottom of the river. The jury brought in a verdict of

his youth and previous good character. well, but to one of Fitteen years at hard labor," said need of men. the Judge; ' the lightest sentence pos-

Fifteen years! fifteen years! The there poor fellow looked more puzzled than | well as they can. ever as they led him away.

From home he did not hear and did

From home he did not hear and did not wish to hear. He had indulged in phrase for 'Whatsoever thy hand findhis first bit of deceit by giving an assumed name when arrested; and it was
"How many men do that? Every sumed name when arrested; and it was comforting to think that his father and mother would never know, if he could nelp it, of the stain upon their name His cell was a model of neatness; and strangers, passing through the corri dors, would often ask if they might

Oae day, in the following March something happened. Miss Patty Lee was going through the prison filled with pity and a strange awe. It was so weird - that great stone house, where silence was the rule, and where the inmates moved about ns in a dream ! Her brother was guilding her-a man of kind heart and much learning, in full sympathy with the warden and his somewhat unusual ideas concerning prison reform-a prison official, and a

"how one of the boys has gar nished his room.

It was as neat as the call of a honey

wrong thing in his life.

"What is he charged with? asked
Patty "Murder!"
"On!" She gave a little scream,

"Let's get a day off, next week; the the whitewashed walls.

Patty sat down upon the cot. "Then he is Mrs. Sullivan's boy Tom," she said, when she could speak.
'And who is Mrs Sullivan?'

"The dearest of old creatures, Willie, and our tenants. They took the

house when I came here to teach."

Then she told him their story—how, failing to hear from Tom again, they had crossed the ocean in search of him and, finding themselves the possessors of a comfortable fortune, were using it trying to find their child, sometimes believing him to be in sore trouble or dead, but never, never losing faith in

him. "Well, Patty," said the brother, "keep the discovery to yourself for a little while. I have my reasons. And

now we must be moving on."

Miss Patty took one last look at the room, where, on either side of a cruci-fix, the faded portraits hung; then re membering that it was St. Patrick's day, and acting from a sudden imwho was stubborn, and finally went off pulse, she took the bunch of shamrocks with the intruder, leaving Tom an idle from her coat and pinned it fast to the hour before him. He walked up and pillow, leaving a little prayer with it. If she could have seen the scalding windows, and watching some children at their play. Then suddenly, from land's green that night! Some one, within a dram shop, a pistol shot rang out, and he saw Ralph coming from where he had a friend; and he fell upon his knees and added to his devotions a

petition for that unknown friend. The chaplain of the prison, al though kind and good in the extreme, was not a Catholic; but Tom had at in ervals been permitted to see Father Lawrence, who firmly

him, and in the truth af his story.

This night the priest appeared; but Tom, to whom the shamrock had brought its tiny message of love and pity, was so absorbed in his own memories that he utterly forgot to wonde why his friend, wh had lately visited him, had come again so soon.
"My son," said the priest, would

you like to a journey? " A journey? Oh, it's joking you are, Father !"
"No. Tomorrow, instead of going

to work, you are to take a trip with "To another prison?" asked Tom. whose good opinion of the golden land of America had become sadly confused "No; to no prison henceforth. Tom Ralph Berry has confessed. He died in the hospital in San Francisco two

weeks ago, and I have been working for your release ever since."
"And you are sure I am not a 'murderer' any more?"

"No more than I or the best man living."
'Thanks be to God!" Tom answered. "Amen !" said Father Lawrence, with his kind eyes shining

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A powerful article, that is of intense interest to young men. appeared a day recently in the San Francisco Argo It treats in a masterly yet

lively style on

The Need of the New Century. " During these dawn of the century days the papers are full of mystic spec-ulations about the twentieth century. They discuss the twentieth century woman; they ponder over the twentieth century man ; they wonder what They discuss the coming wonders of electricity, wireless telegraphy and telephony, lightning-like transporta guilty—recommending the prisoner to tion by land and sea, airships and the mercy of the court on account of balloon carriages. All of this is very well, but to operate them there will be

"The greatest need of the twentieth century will be men-men who 'get -men who do their work as

"The modern phrase, 'get there,' may be accepted as a slangy phara-

boy has looked forward with proud anticipation to the day when he should be a man. To him a man seems a God-like creature, masterful, strong many handed, quickwitted, obeyed by women and children and even by lesser men. But how often the thoughtful boy, when he arrives at manhood, finds that his beliefs were but visions, that his idels have feet of clay; that the men around him are ent did not detect this knavery; that but boys grown tall; that they have the weaknesses of boys; that they heat to ignite the rubbish. Finally, have the same propensity for dodging he may find his house burning down duty, and if he becomes an employer of labor, he speedily finds that the men under him must be watched much as a a criminal bricklayer. school master watches his boys. Large establishments employing thousands of men are forced to make the most min-He led her to Tom's cell. "See," he of their employes, otherwise they find that under the pretense of attention to the corpus curize the men will sause bee. Bright colored cards adorned the their employers to lose thousands of

> struck the hour for beer. at lazy man, but rather at careless, shiftless, ignorant, victous and worth-

the landscape for industrious artists, and when he dies makes better ferbrother because he is generally fatter.

Let him rest in peace!
"It is not, then, of the lazy man, but of the careless man that we would speak, and in this one word 'careless' are lumped all the qualities included in the terms 'worthless," 'shiftless, 'dilatory; 'ignorant,' half-hearted and 'victous.' For the careless employe who kills, drowns, burns maims human beings by his lack of care is more than careless-he is vicious. Yet scarcely a week passes that we do not hear of some train dispatcher who has sent two trains hurling into one another because he 'made mistake.' If the twentieth century man would do his work as well as he can there would be no such 'mistakes,' for there is hardly an accident in our complex civilization which cannot be attributed to carelessness or to crimesometimes to both, for the lack of crime which permits crime is itself a

crime. When two trains collide, when a washout ditches a train, when burned bridge wrecks a train, when steamship's shaft snaps in twain, when a steamship cylinderhead blows out, when a boiler explodes -- these are some human agency at fault ; it may be the division superintendent ; it may be the track inspector; it may be the in-spector of steel; it may be the steamship engineer—but there is always some man to blame. There was a flaw in the steel of the snapping shaft which should not have passed in the foundry. There was faulty working of the piston when the cylinder head blew out which shou'd have been detected by the trained ear of a careful engineer. There was neglect in inspecting the water gauges of the exploded botler. Out of the long chapter of catastrophes to machinery made by men there are always men to bame.

Careless and Victous Workmen. Leaving the question of careless, negligent and ignorant handling of great transportation machinery,

mismanagement of which involves death or disaster, let us take up the matter of work involving less fateful matters. Let us take the question of building. The landowner who begins the erection of a dwelling or a business building little knows what he has to encounter. Almost every imaginable kind of carelessness, thievery and victorsness will confront him Before kind of carelessness, he has finished he would disbelieve his own brother. It was the Psalmist who mused, 'I said in my haste all men Were he to build a house are liars.' now-a days he could say it at his leis ure. The unfortunate man who begins building may fall into the hands of a dishonest architect. He may find that his architect is in collusion with the contractor. He may find that the contractors are in collusion with the quarrymen, brickmakers or lumber-He may find that he is paying more for stone or brick or lumber than his neighbor did. He may discharge his dishonest architect after a violen quarrel and get a new one. He may find that his new architect is not a kneve, but a feel. He may find that uncle's servant for many years—tried to comfort him, making him a fragrant cup of tea, and having him sit by the fire until he was warm and rested.

"Weli, I didn't; but 'twasn't I fired to comfort him, making him a fragrant cup of tea, and having him sit by the fire until he was warm and rested.

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"Weli, I didn't; but 'twasn't I fired to comfort him, making him a fragrant cup of tea, and having him sit by the fire until he was warm and rested.

"Weli, I didn't; but 'twasn't I fired over 'What is the greatest need of the twentieth century?' Their theorizing is a valuable as newspaper theories is a 'good thing.' He may find them over time in making ingenious excuses for not doing his work than he will in doing the work itself is as valuable as newspaper theories.

"Weli, I didn't; but 'twasn't I fired over 'What is the greatest need of the twentieth century?' Their theorizing is as valuable as newspaper theories."

"Weli, I didn't; but 'twasn't I fired over 'What is the greatest need of the twentieth century?' Their theorizing is as valuable as newspaper theories." the contractors think his new architect generally are, but the sages of the badly hung; he may hid the hardware Galdia. Application of the twentieth century may find that the plumbers delay the Elbert Hubbard, at Aurora, N. Y. It greatest need of the twentieth century may find that the plumbers delay the carpenters, that the carpenters delay the plasterers, that the plasterers delay the painters; he may find that the plumbers forget to put ventilating pipes in the bathrooms; that after the tinners finish the tin roof the forgotten ventilator pipes must be put in and run through the tin roof that thereafter the tin roof lesks; that the plumbers ran their drain pipes under the building and let them re main there unconnected In the San

Francisco City Hall the plumbers ran the drain pipes into the basement under the Mayor's office, where they discharged for years unnoticed, mak ing a cerspool of the cellar and nearly killing two or three mayors before it was found out. He may find that the painters used poor oil and that the paint crumbles off. He may find that the bricklayers laid chimneys only one brick thick on the hidden side; that the carpenters were too lazy to remove the shavings and rubbish around the flue; that his \$10 a day superintendthe thin layer of brick permitted the heat to ignite the rubbish. Finally,

over his head because of a careless superintendent, a lazy carpenter and " A l of this is not an exaggeration, as any man can testify who has had building to do. The same ignorance, carelessness, shiftlessness and vicious-The same ignorance, ditions of men. Probably the most destructive results of these qualities are in the administration and direcwall, and the simple toilet appliances dollars a year in stolen time. It was ton of great armies. Ignorance and Chas. Reade who wrote of an epitaph "Between us, Patty," he said softly, "I don't believe that boy ever did a "The British workman would leave the "The Britis 'd" in God unfinished when the clock petent generals who lose thousands of men in battle ; it is also true of quar-But this indictment is not leveled termasters who do not properly feed fellow — already skilled in crime, though that Tom did not guess. Raiph Berry he was named; and he had flatted Tom in many adroit ways, and hed rendered him every service postible.

Raiph Berry said one morning, "Let's get a day off, next week; the"

And looked about the tiny room again. But why is he here if innozent!"

But why is he here if i who fail to care for them properly. artistic character.

Many thousands of stalwart American "Mr. Hubbard's booklet, 'A Message

the bare ground because their medical and transportation officers were too tilizing material than his industrious shiftless or too careless to bring to the front the blankets and medicines lying

useless at the Cape. "In the arts of peace these curious faults have less destructive conse quences, except in the great transportation systems of the world by land and sea. There also they are to be feared. But employers of labor know how common they are in all the walks of life.

A Man Who Got There. "Recently a booklet entitled 'A Message to Garcia,' by Elbert Hubbard, has been circulated by the hundreds of thousands throughout this country. It is brief—only about 1,100 words men who work with hands or brains The writer says that during the Span ish War President McKinley desired to send a message to Garcia in the heart of beleagured Cuba. There were any number of bureaucratic gentlemen in Washington who knew how not to send a message to Garcia. But the Presi dent was peculiar and wanted it sent. Finally he found that 'a man by the name Rowan 'might do it. So Rowan was sent for. He raised no difficulties, he required no explanations, he demanded no instructions, but he deivered the message to Garcia. Hubbard asks how many men in the United States could have been found to 'deliv

er a message to Garcia.' He savs : "You, reader, put this matter to a test: "You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclonedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Cor-

regio "
"Will the clerk quietly say, 'Yes, sir;' and go do the task?' On your life, he will not. He will look at you out of a fishy eye and

ask one or more of the following ques-

Who was he? "Which encyclopedia?
"Where is the encyclopedia?

" Was I hired for that? 'Don't you mean Bismarck? "What's the matter with Charlie

doing it? Is he dead?

" Is there any hurry? "Shan't I bring you the book and

let you look it up yourself? What do you want to know for ?" "And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the ques tions and explained how to find the information and why you want it the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to try to find Garcia-and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but according to the

law of average I will not. " Now, if you are wise, you will not bother to explain to your 'assistant that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind" and

go look it up yourself.' "While there is a tone of humorous exaggeration about the foregoing extract no man familiar with affairs can deny that there is much of truth in it. The average workman, the average mechanic, the average clerk will spend

attracted the attention of George H Daniels, general agent of the New York Central Railroad. There is no bust ness where these peculiar qualities of carelessness and shiftlessness are more dangerous than in the railroad business. Mr. Daniels was so impressed by the pithy wisdom of 'A Message to Garcia' that he secured permission to re-print it. He then began issuing it in one of the New York Central series of booklets entitled 'The Four Track Series.' The first edition was 100 000 Series. The demand for succeeding editions speedily increased until at last 500 000 were issued. But the demand goes on, and 'The Message to Garcia'is now in its second half million.
"Mr. Hubbard, the author, is no

doctrinaire or armchair theorist. He had founded at Aurora. N Roycroft Printing Shop, and he has set the young men and women of that vil lage to work, turning out handsomely printed books. They set up the type, print the sheets on hand-made paper, fold them, tan the skins for their leather bindings, do the tooling and other ornamental work and frequently illuminate the pages by hand with in itial letters, vignettes and head and tail pieces. They turn out some very handsome books. Even the village blacksmith was instigated by Mr. Hub bard to begin forging artistic andirons, and now his andiron business has forced him to intrust horse shoeing to apprentice farriers. The work of the Roycroft shop, although done in a viilage, is better than much of that which is done in large Western cities although it will not compare with that of the great presses like the Oxford Press of England, the De Vinne Press of New York or the Norwood Press of Norwood, Mass. - an establishment not widely known apparently, but doing most of the work for the Macmillan and transport men, and chief surgeons | Company and doing work of the mos

traits are those?" she demanded, excitedly.

"His father's and mother's".

Patty Men Solling is no article.

The doping dates from infancy and there is no antidote. Let the lazy man pass. He has his uses. He is frequently picturesque. He fills up of enteric fever, rotting and dying on the cot.

The landscape for transferoments are the landscape for transferoments are frequently picturesque. The landscape for transferoments are those soldiers have died to the landscape for transferoments are the landscape for transferoments. noticeable in the Roycroft edition :

1 The rubricated side notes are out

of register.

2. The elaborate border rules are not cut true and therefore 'bind' and

print askew.

3 On the copyright lines on the reverse of the title page the name 'Hub-bard' is printed in small capitals, but a careless compositor has failed to in-sert a small capital 'u,' a myopic proofreader has passed it and it is printed

thus: 'Hubbard "Nothing could more strikingly prove how true is the sweeping accu sation leveled by Mr. Hubbard against the carelessness of workmen than these blunders in his own booklet. It is done in his own shop; it is printed and bound regardless of expense; it is a sermon against the blunders and carelessness of workmen; yet his own workmen are careless in printing it, and begin blundering on the back of

the title page.
"Of a verity the need of the twentieth century will be exactly the same as the need of the first century : Men -strong men-earnest men-men who do their work as well as they can whatever their work may be-whether driving locomotives over trackless prairies or sailing ships through uncharted seas-whether making laws as legislators or construing them as judges—whether making books or making bricks.

AMERICA'S Greatest Medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it possesses unequalled curative powers and its record of cures is GREATEST.

GREATEST.

UNEQUALLED.—Mr. Thos. Brunt, Tyendinaga, Ont., writes:—"I have to thank you for recommending Dr. Thomas Eclectric Oid for bleeding piles. I was troubled with them for nearly fitteen years, and tried almost everything I could hear or think of. Some of them would give me temporary relief, but none would effect a cure. I have now been free from the distressing complait for nearly eighteen months. I hope you will continue to recommend it."

Some persons have periodical attacks of

you will continue to recommend it."

Some persons have periodical attacks of Canadian cholera, dysentery or diarrhoea, and have to use great precautions to avoid the disease. Change of water, cooking, and green fruit, is sure to bring on the attacks. To such persons we would recommend Dr. J. D. Kellegg's Dysentery Cordial as being the best medicine to the market for all summer complaints. If a few drops are taken in water when the symptoms are noticed no further trouble will be experienced.

So rapidly dose large irritation procedured.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and leepen, that often in a few weeks a simple So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give heed to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Bickle's Auti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous ex-

nng diseases.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose inancier, the business man, and mose whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all affer lesser more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.



Songs of Praise

Ottawa, Jan. 20, 1899.
I have used SURFRISE SOAP since I started house and find that it lasts longer and is better than other soap I have tried.
J. Johnston.

Fredericton, N.R., Dec. 15th, 1859.
Having used SURPRISE SOAP for the past ten years, I find it the best soap that I have ever had in my house and would not use any other when I can get SURPRISE. Mrs. T. Henry Troup.

St. Thomas, Ont.
I have to wash for three brothers that work on the railroad, and SURPRISE SOAP is the only soap to use. We tried every other kind of soap, and I tell everybody why our overalls have such a good color.

Maudie Logan.

Montreal.

Can't get wife to use any other soap.
Bays SURPRISE is the best.
Chas. C. Hughes. SURPRISE is a pure hard SOAP.

Windows an work LONDON and Cathedral Church a E 4 ORI We mak
MEMOF HOBBS

COWAN'S

Royal Navy CHOCOLATE