JUNE 2, 1894.

ore you, command your eave this terrible place. y last moments, the re-the friendship of a lady ion you occupy, and i elieve that the day will will be able to tell the en that I was true to t, and that by reason of called on by the world it is ever thus, young few short hours all will mortal coil will be vio away by the hands of h! glad thought, 1 shall

amortality." ased weeping, and fixed gaze on this martyr of e non-jurors justly co

ance was wan and hag istress of mind he had dark hair hung in over his open brow, his ow and his eyes sunken e had shed, not for himis helpless wife and chil failure of the cause in

been engaged. tion, fortitude, magnanm there remained, and the undying mind sur-ck of the shattered mor-

voung lady. I have give you, and also someas you have honored my ith a visit, to your own ger. I have here a copy ave drawn up to leave in a friend. I beg you to when at length you revisit give it to the king. As t, I scarce know how to a bold one to ask of so

my good Ashton ; if any-my power I will gladly it." a rich heiress, madam; u if you will pay for the f my little daughter,

ladly, my dear friend. bledge myself to her brave father to look to Maud's hen the years of childhood ssed : Maud shall be with with me. My friend, have her. The boy, too, shall unprotected, and - your Clizabeth you love, have

nd her fearlessly, Madam who chasteneth whom He cabeth will bend for a time stroke, but the same all will bring the consola-

uest to make on her be

return to St. Germains beth shall go with me. aght more of earthly care ind ?" h remains ungratified, am ; no care save the fear

l befall yourself.' l protect me. Hark, the s expired, and the warden rewell, gallant John Ash-

farewell, and may the God support you." turned in the lock, and 1 not dare look on Ashton

heard him sob aloud as she and with the tears falling st under her veil, she re teps, passing out from the on back to the clatter and its dismal gates.

time after she had rechair her tears continued n, remembering the paper given her, she opened it follows :

follows : enly called to yield up my ac-Searcher of all hearts, I think unbent on me to impart some neither the iniquity nor inter-imes will, I conclude, willingly ication of, and, therefore, not fit in the sheriff's paper. after the Prince of Orange when it was expected that, ac-own declaration, an 1 the king's ionvention, an exact search and to have been made into the birth of Wales, there was a scheme matter drawn up, and of the ere then and are still ready to to prove His Royal Highness' but no public examination being d the violence of the times, as interest of the present Govern-rmitting any private person to esse papers have ever since lain are now thought advisable, by

JUNE 2, 1894.

The only circumstance in the whole his hand to his breast pocket, but he that of the little girl; not a breath the author is celebrated. Would you, sad affair that cheered her up was the knowledge that she had been able to do remembered that a moment before he did not find even a franc, and he could an act of charity, and thereby to soothe poor Ashton's last hours. not give a fee to the club waiter ; nevertheless, pushed by an instinctive It was impossible, however, to de-ive her uncle. He handed her a sentiment of pity, he approached the little girl, and he started perhaps, to glass of wine. She thankfully accepted it, but her hand shook as she held the ceive raise her in his arms, and to give her a piece for shelter for the night, when it, but her hand shook as she heid the glass, and then setting it down un -tasted, she burst into tears. "Florence, my child, what is the matter?" said the old man, much alarmed. "You are faint and ill; he saw something glisten in the shoe which had fallen from her feet. He bent over it; it was a twenty-

five franc piece. you have waited too long for your food. will order refreshments immediately have longed so to see you back. I ave been wishing I could get you beggar, and Lucien was upon the have here to live with me, but with out the chance of giving offence in high quar-

ters; it cannot be done, however." "Oh, that I could ! Oh, that I could! said Florence, passionately, ringing her hands. But what has happened to distress

you so since you left me this morning?" enquired her uncle. Oh, uncle, Ashton is to be executed

Then this young man, twenty three at the Old Bailey the day after to-morrow, and I knew nothing of it till I called on his wretched wife." "But I did, my child, and I hid it years old, who was descended from a race of honorable people, who bore a

superb military name, was seized with from you purposely. But, my love, did you not tell me you would be a horrible thought : he was possessed with a mad, hysterical, monstrous prudent, and yet you went straight from me to poor Ashton's house, the desire ; with one look he assured himself that he was really alone in that deserted street, and bending his knee and pushing his hand tremblingly into the fallen shoe, he stole the last place you should have gone to, and you attached to the court.

11.

midnight, this number is not the one.

Red was the winning color.

Red came the second time.

Fearing the effect it might have on her uncle, Florence did not tell him of the visit she had paid to Ashton twenty-five franc piece. her uncle, Then running with all his strength, he returned to the gambling house, climbed the staircase with a few strides, himself. Moreover, in case of harm happening to her, she judged it best that he should be able, if questioned, pushed open with his fist the padded door of the cursed room, and reached to declare, with a safe conscience, that it just as the clock was striking 12, he did not know what her movements placed upon the green cloth the gold had been during her absence from his piece and cried-"I stake it all on seventeen !"

At length she rewarded his care and solicitude by brightening up a little, ate her dinner with composure, took number. wine with him, and sang him one or laced his doubled funds on 'red.' two favorite songs, and when she took leave of him late in the evening he was gratified at seeing her as cheerful, apparently, as when she came to visit the same color. him in the morning. TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TWENTY-FIVE FRANC PIECE.

cally. BY FRANCOIS COPPEE. All the combinations brought him When Lucien de Hern saw his last success. It was a chance never heard piece of money raked in by the banker, of before. Something supernatural. One would have said that the little and got up from the roulette table where he had just lost the remainder of ivory ball jumping into the pigeon his little fortune which he had brought there for his final effort, he was seized holes of the roulette table was fascinated and magnetised by the gambler and obeyed him. He had recovered in a score of plays the few miserable notes of a thousand francs, his last resource, with vertigo and narrowly escaped falling to the floor. With a weary brain and trembling legs, he threw himself upon a lonely which he had lost at the beginning of

leather sofa which surrounded the the evening. At present covering with several gambling table. For several minutes he looked hundred francs at a time, and served vaguely about these private gambling always by his fantastic luck, he was in rooms where he had spoiled the most beautiful years of his youth, recog-nized the worn features of the differfair way to regain all, and more than his family fortune which he had in so few years squandered. In his haste and desire to play, he ent gamblers, cruelly lighted by the great shaded lamps, heard the soft clinking of the gold upon the green had not taken off his overcoat ; already he had filled the great pockets with table, felt that he was ruined, lost, and

remembered that he had at home, in the drawer of the commode, a pair of pistols which had once been the prop-erty of his father, General Hern, when he was a captain ; then only, worn out with fatigue, he fell into a profound sleep. When he awakened, his mouth dry

and parched, he ascertained by gland ing at the clock that he had scarcely table at hazard, with a gesture of cerslept half an hour, and he felt an over whelming desire to breath the fresh, cool, night air. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter of an hour he thought constantly of the little beggar from whom he had stolen. of midnight. At this moment, old Drouski, a pillar of the place, a typical Pole, wearing a rusty, long coat, trimmed with braid and large ornaments, approached Lucien and muttered these words through his grey beard : "Lend me five francs, sir. It is nov two days since I have left the club, and during these two days I have not seen 'seventeen' win. You may laugh at me, if you wish, but I will cut off my of her always, always ! right hand if soon, at midnight, this number is not the one.' Lucien de Hern shrugged his shoul-He had not even enough in his pockets to give to that beggar, whom the frequenters of the place called "les quarter cents sous du Polonais." He passe eated at that infernal table into the anteroom, took his hat and coat and went down the staircase with said in a loud voice. "The bank is broken, gentlemen; enough for toa feverish agility. Since 4 o'clock, when Lucien went to the club, the snow had been falling day. steadily and the street-a narrow one in the centre of Paris, with high houses on either side - was white with snow. In the calm, black-blue sky the cold stars scintillated. The ruined gambler shivered in his furs and began to walk rapidly, turn-ing over always in his mind those jet, he could see the little girl. hopeless thoughts and dreaming more than ever of the box of pistols which there. He approached her, and seized her awaited him in the drawer of his com mode ; but after having taken several tiny hand. steps, he stopped suddenly before a thing

CATHOLIC RECORD. THE

came from it. During the time Lucien had gained a fortune with the money stolen from the little beggar, the poor child with-out a home had died, died from exposure to the cold.

IV.

woke up from this nightmare and found himself on the club room sofa, Twenty-five francs ! There was in t several days rest and wealth for the

point of awakening her to tell her of it, when he heard near his ear, like a hallucination, a voice—the voice of the Pole with his thick and drawing

took a bath, breakfasted, and went to a accent that murmured low these words: "It is now two days that I have not left the club, and during these two recruiting officer, where he signed a engagement in the First voluntary

days I have not seen 'seventeen 'win. I will cut off my right hand if soon, at he gets out of it very well, being a it possible to save something out of it, comrades walking a little behind in a had given to the child.

The inquisitive one was much surprised at the generosity of the poor

hands of this indigent child a 25 franc piece.

There is nothing which is more des tructive of faith, religion, and Chris Number seventeen was the winning tian piety than the multitude of un-With a turn of the hand Lucien healthy books and journals which cir culate to-day in the world, The council of Trent has declared that one of the most powerful means employed by the He tried all of his money again on heretics of the sixteenth century to at-

tack the truth were the books and pamphlets which were spread broadcast at a very low price. To-day, just the He doubled his preceding stake twice, three times, always with the same luck. He had before him now a always with the same as three hundred years ago, the same means are employed by Satan to cup of gold and bapk notes, and he scattered them over the table frantiruin faith in souls.

Error, falsehood, calumny, hypocrisy, and sarcasm have alternately done their work against the truths and the We teaching of the Catholic Church. find these characteristics in all the literary productions of infidelity and free thought. Error, which comes from these books, nature, destiny, and chance take the place of God, the Eternal Spirit, Infinite Sanctity, the

Creator and Sovereign Master of all things. After error comes the lying, effrontery without disguise, making science an arm against revelation, and it is this same falsehood which distorts both sacred and profane history and excites the multitudes against the There are the grossest and Church. rolls of notes and gold pieces ; and not knowing where to heap up his gains, he thrust paper and gold into the pockets of his inside coat, his vest and trousers' pockets, his cigar case, his handkerchief—every place that could serve as a receptacle. And he played always, and he gained always, like a madman, like a drunken man ! and he what I advance, you have only to open the first book or magazine which falls into your hands. When, therefore, senate house vainly trying to stem the threw his handfuls of gold upon the what I advance, you have only tainty and disdain. Only there was something burning in his breast like a red-hot iron, and papers in the hands of every one, how could have filled his place.

therefore, take poison in the shop of a pharmacist because he has a reputa-tion? But the book is written in an inimitable style, and I read it to adopt a beautiful phraseology. Yet how many books are better written, and you do not read them because they are

blade is of precious metal? I read through curiosity. the gambling room, in going out about 5 o'clock, had left him sleeping, out of pity for the ruined man

up the window panes. Lucien went out, pawned his watch,

African Infantry. To day Lucien de Hern is a lieuten

ant, he has only his pay to live on, but steady officer and never touching a card; it would seem also that he finds for the other day at Algiers, one of his hilly street of the Kaspa, saw him give something to a little sleeping Spanish girl in a doorway, and he had the indiscreet curiosity to see what Lucien

lieutenant.

Lucien de Hern had put into the

EAD READING.

combat the Church of Christ and to

most odious calumnies retailed, calcul-ated to destroy virtue, charity, and respect for priests and religious. Again, it is hypocrisy which is hidden in little pamphlets, to turn away souls from the practices of the Catholicfaith. sarcasm is also not unfrequently — not one of those present offered to employed to cover the Church follow her, not one asked her where and all that is sacred or holy with ridicule. To give you a proof of

spect or more devoted zeal in her service than was now shown by Dr. and Mrs. Evans. Nothing that could be done for her comfort was neglected, and Dr. Evans never left his imperial guest until he had safely landed her on the English shore. Here at least there was neither ingratitude nor selfish fear. and the conduct of Dr. Evans on this memorable occasion will be remem

hered as a title of honor to his name and to his country. SACRED HEART LEAGUE. But General Intention for May, "Splendor of Divine Worship."

The general intention for May, 1894, presented by the Cardinal Vicar to His Holiness, who recommends it with his special blessing to the Associates of the Apostleship of Prayer, League of the Sacred Heart, is "The Splendor of

Sacrea mean, is "Ine spielidor of Divine Worship." Splendor belongs to the worship of Almighty God. All about Him in Heaven is brightness and magnificence. We cannot think of Him, surrounded as He is by His Angels and Saints, without fashioning in our minds a vision of the gleaming courts in which His holy ones are veiling their faces from His resplend-

ent majesty and crying out : "Amen. Benediction, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, honor and power and strength to our God for ever and ever. Amen." Hence when we come to honor His sacred Presence on our altars we must invest our worship with the splendor that belongs to it, and which will prove how we realized that God has visited His people.

True to this principle our holy Church has never limited herself in aught that would add to the beauty an grandeur of her ceremonial. Templed The sanctuaries and altars ; paintings statuary and altar-ware, bells, and music and psalmody; vestments and tapestry nearer and nearer. The crowd incense and flowers, reverence in pos-reached the reserved garden in front ture, grace in movements, and scrupul incense and flowers, reverence in pos ous fidelity in every detail, all speak the story of Heaven itself and declare the glory of God. All this the Church deems a service due to God ; the patient study of detail, the outlay of money, the labor of those who keep and furnish the sanctuary and the altar, the time and fatigue required, are all a loving tribute which she expects her faithful children to make, as much for the hone: of their Lord as for the good done themselves by an impressive service. Full well the enemies of our Holy Church know how pleasing to God is the splendor of her ritual, and how damaging to her children is the pri-vation thereof. Hence, where they have for a time the upper hand, they have closed her sacred edifices, pro scribed her priests, stolen her revenues forbidden her holy ceremonies, or at least they are preventing them from being performed with due splendor. While praying that our Lord may restore to His altars and His sanctuaries throughout the world the splender which belongs to them, let us prove the sincerity of our prayers by adding to the beauty of our own altars or shrines of His Sacred Heart, to the attractiveness of the public League ser-vices, and to the solemnities which should mark the celebration of our Jubilee Year. -Little Messenger of the Sacred Heart.

Health and happiness are relative conditions; at any rate, there can be little happiness without health. To give the body its full measure of trength and energy, the blood should be kept pure and vigorous, by the use of Aver's Sarsaparilla.

of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The great lung healer is found in that ex-cellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Con-sumptive Syrup. It soothes and diaminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far ad-vanced in consumption. Dr. Evenler's Eterat of Wild Standard Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Minard's Liniment the best Hair Re-storer. Any of the above articles mailed free of pos-tage on receipt of advertised price. Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles.

Broken in Health

3

景

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source until, upon recommendation of a frien I purchased a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparill which made me feel better at once. I have oc tinued its use, having taken three bottles, as I Feel Like a New Man.

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good. And, again, should a person Feeling in his throat a horrible chocking sensation, Lucien tried to cry out, and in the effort that he made he tally poisoned? Would you plunge tally poisoned? Would you plunge a poniard in your heart because the

A misty December sunrise lighted what the result has been for her and for ourselves. No, you cannot plead excuse or pretext of any kind. You are guilty if you read bad books or journals

-yes, more guilty than they whosellor propagate them. And as for those who write them-well, they will one day wish that human justice could shield them from the inexorable justice of God. ESCAPE OF EUGENIE.

How it Was Accomplished After Napoleon Fell.

Miss Anna L. Bicknell, who was for many years a governess in the family of one of the ladies of the Empress Eugenie's household, writes of "The Tuileries Under the Second Empire" in the Century from which we take the following account of the escape of

the empress after the downfall of Napoleon in the Franco-German war : The chamber of deputies had been invaded by the mob; the downfall of the empire had been decreed; the republic

had been proclaimed. cries of the popular fury were heard in the very gardens of the Tuileries and the enraged populace was coming of the palace and tore down the em blematic imperial eagles. It was then

3:15 in the afternoon. The Austrian and Italian embassa dors now entreated the empress to leave the palace, but she warmly re-jected the proposal. The daughter of a noble race, the heroic blood of the Germans flowing in her veins, she could not but consider flight as an act of cowardice. She was a sentinel left to defend the post, and she would die there. The roar of the mob became louder and louder; the cries of Vive la

republique !" were distinctly heard. "Madame," then said her faithful secretary, Pietri, "by remaining here you will cause a massacre of your attendants." profound ignorance of Catholic teach-ing, even of the simple catechism. In "Can you defend the palace with-

out bloodshed ?" "Madame, I fear not." "Then all is over," said the empress She turned to those present. "Gentle-men, can you bear witness that I have

done my duty to the last ?' They hastily answered, "Yes," again urging her to leave.

All her usual attendants of the ser vice d'honneur were assembled in the ose colored room - a fairy bower, ill suited as a frame for such a tragic pic ture, and which she was never to see again. She bade farewell to all. Strange to say — and the inexplicable fact has never been denied nor excused she was seeking a refuge. Let us hasten to add that her ever faithful

The papers have ever since fain ong now thought advisable by them printed, and as they were ned, addressed to the Lords and attrait, and to call forward, ex-otect, for who else dares to ap-ny witnesses to the several par-in affixed to be legally proved, d to carry these papers to the ster, for his inspection, that his probation might go along with his good subjects here, and they with me, with some other papers in a small trank amongst my her private things of my own, he packet, by this means fell into Jur, present governors.

our present governors. In the producing of them as evi-trial, yet have I just reason to greatest crimes were contained

ead this document, Florence it in her bosom, wisely re consign it to the care of Mrs. ilst she continued a resident rival at the house she speed

ed her dress, and told her as the interview had been. atified that she had seen her also that she was to take she pleased with regard to n, for the expenses of whose she would make herselt , and requested her when y communication to make, t to her through the means

many tears and the warmest of thanks, Florence then ouse in a coach which Mrs. l provided for her use. o'clock when she re entered s chamber.

pale, tearful, dispirited; it be otherwise ?.

heart-rending spectacle. Upon a stone bench, placed according to an old custom near the large door of a private house, a little girl

scarcely six or seven years old, dressed in a ragged black frock, was her. "How one sleeps at her age !" He pressed her against his breast to warm her; and, seized with a vague sitting in the snow. She had fallen asleep there despite the cruel cold, in inquietude, he tried, in order to draw a pitiful attitude of fatigue and deher from this heavy sleep, to kiss her jection, and her poor little head and tiny shoulder had dropped into a on the eyelids, as one does to awaken

gently a loved one. corner of the wall and were resting And then he perceived with horror upon the icy stone. One of the old that the eyelids of the child were half morals. Even a priest cannot read

can it be otherwise than that faith is shaken and finally extinguished? What poison more common, more pro

She is still in the same place! She must be there. Immediately, yes, nounced, or sadder in its results? when the clock strikes one I swear to myself that I will get away from this faith, they are also the ruin of place. I will take her asleep in my arms. I will take her home with me she shall sleep in my bed to night I will bring her up and I will settle a God large amount on her; I will love her as my daughter, and I will take care

III.

But the clock struck one, and a quarter-past, and half-past, and a accepts the book and reads it. to two, and Lucien was still passes in her heart and mind I will not

attempt to say. To relate the most scandalous stories, to despise honor, At last, one minute before two, the head of the house got up abruptly and said in a loud voice. "The bank is morality, and modesty, the great and noble virtues of domestic life, to place vice in honor and present it under the

most seductive colors-this seems to be With one bound Lucien was on his the aim of the novelist and the other feet and pushing aside recklessly the writers who deluge the city and councurious who surrounded and regarded try with their him with an envious admiration, he went out quickly, rushing down stairs works. How is it possible for a mind or heart to remain pure after reading and running to the stone bench there those pages in which there is only From a distance, by the light of a gas question of intrigue, deceit and all the , he could see the little girl. "Thank God,' he cried, "she is still ing passions? It is a well-known fact

that many go so far as to neglect their duties - even the most important that they may follow those infamous narratives to the end. These pages "Oh, how cold she is. Poor little exhale a poison which is certain death He took her in his arms, and raised to all who read them, a poison which is so powerful that no virtue can resist it. her to carry her. The head of the child fell back without awakening

Whatever may be said of the evils produced by bad reading, there are some who will employ pretexts, more or less specious, to justify them in reading everything which may fall into their hands. We must not forget that a formal law of the Church abso lutely forbids Catholics to read books

All were bewildered and absorbed by elfish fears. One lady who filled a secondary though confidential post in

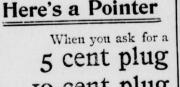
the household. Mme. Lebreton, sister to General Bourbaki, followed her un While bad books are the ruin of happy mistress into exile. With one virtue. faithful attenant, Pietri, and the two We cannot tell the ravages which they dai'y make in hearts which should love embassadors, the empress treaded the galleries communicating with above all things. See, for exouvre while the mob broke into the ample, a young woman of good family, innocent, pure and faithful. Her hus Tuileries on the other side. There was a door of communication which was found locked, and for one brief moband regards her as an idol. A man of the world, a reader of romances, a ment anxiety was intense, but the key constant visitor of the theatre, a lover was happily found, and crossing the of adventure, visits her and places in her hands a book, which he says is at splendid gallery of Apollo in the her hands a book, which he body. She once beautiful and interesting. She Louvre the fugitives found their way into the place opposite the church of Saint Germain l'Auxerrois.

Two columns of insurgents were coming in different directions. danger was great, and the Austrian embassador, Prince Metternich, went in haste to seek his carriage. Mean-time a street boy called out, "There is the Empress !" Much alarmed, the Italian embassador, Chevalier Nigra, unclean and trashy hastily thrust the empress and Mme. Lebreton into a hackney carriage and turned to silence the boy. The driver, frightened at the approach of the mob, drove off in violent haste, and the two embassadors immediately lost

sight of the vehicle. The empress had no money about her, and when, on reaching a quieter region, the diver asked her where he was to take her she knew not whither to go. Several calls were made at the houses of friends. None was at home. and the empress, utterly exhausted, and not knowing where to find a refuge, suddenly remembered that Dr

Evans, the American dentist, lived near, and to him she went. Dr. Evans was about to go to dinner and at first refused to see the unknown lady who came at such an unpropitious time, but as she insisted upon speaking or journals which attack faith and to him he came out and was struck

with astonishment on finding himself wooden shoes with which the child was shod had fallen from the foot, which was hanging down, and lay drearily before her. Mechanically Lucien de Hern put



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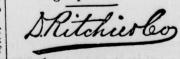
10 cent plug 20cent plug

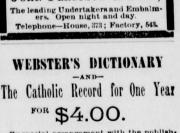


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