ESTER.

6, 1894.

sper Hour.

IONY. mber evening had t. It was an hour g and all things

a the most fashionMontreal a young
and twenty stood,
chind her, and her
great and gloomy
h of Notre Dame,
formed. Her hair
ustrous. Her face
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Ursulne convent
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nd the church of a picturing to her occurred in her life mearly. The Vesper its finely decorated of priests and altargation and the dedeep-toned organ of the great choirs ling and filling the classical music of classical music of

classical music of Then the service ong of worshippers the altar, the pillars the grade and the threw its "dim, recred place.

In the calm and mys she fancied that he locks from her the spirit of her the tabernacle and bowed her head and its exaltation. With the her hands she holy mother, in dark figure passed he pew before the lt. She looked up man. He fell on his is on his head and cried out, "Oh God or !" or se with which the loved her heart and er eyes. of Hope," she softly for him!" Then making her genudown the aisle until entrance where she bless herself at the had hardly done so behind her and turn who, just a moment d to take pity on him, was young; that he and handsome as a safece was white and not that his eyes were t and full of unatterague sort of way her ir, are you hungry or

dlooked at her in wonand looked at her in wonand looked at her in wonthen as he read her exsad and grave, and
"Why do you ask, my
ad her saying in answer
eard bin moan in the
pity him and that she
thon mignt be granted,
whis lips quiver d as
rethe only one in all the
ny child; pray for me
sprayers. I have been
ost insane, and I should
meel of purity like you,
you, little girl;" and then
threshold of the church
ight. But he returned
nall gold locket from his
ded it to her saying,
hind you of your promise

if he was going away swered yes, and as the she asked, "Have you a ?" and he replied, in a I have not," and mur-"God has sent this child my salvation." and after ago. Those years had the and great political bey moved in the most. The father, ambitious tion, cherished, with dental his daughter was at all and gifted woman in he rhe saw the best gling of his own French his Irish wife for whom ty years after her death, so eastly and talents he with the lidea that she after the style of leafty, in which men and id meet to honor her as

in pull his beard and tease dear old man;" the very the wide, wide world, y. I am perfectly happy u and the books and the tot my noble dog, Boxer, and — and everything; mortal being desire here

al away from her father had take a little locket of t. Long and earnestly the pictured face it enlk to the window and he twin towers of Notre had flattered her, courted yove her, but the memory of do only love, born in her ong ago, and grown strong nthralling in the years of the did assert its univialed different like that of a Greek did with mute and appealing of if he was living, and if yer-book as she had his

II.

ling down on the dying and of carnage still went on. of the South American Retreatment of the South American Repathies or interests influtes of the war was a project tall the South American general towerful of the two. Agg the new federal capital the rival Republic made a function of the completed, along, a cruel ar was precipitated. Haptar was precipitated. Haptar was precipitated. Haptar was precipitated. Haptar each of the general of its army, was ting the last battle which her all the legislatures of e to be brought under one vernment or to remain as ed, discontented; ruining heir squabbles; disturbing ople and presenting a most unrest and impoency to all point americane. Far into the point came. Far into the piece of the came of the came of the came. II.

"Oh, aren't you delighted?" exclaimed Miss Maud St. John to Miss Sylvestre, in the latter's home.

Matto St. John Walessylvan and St. John Whoonly paused now for want of breath. She covered in an instant, however, and being a very voluble young lady recommenced her chattering.

very voluble young lady recommenced her chattering.

"You see, Azilda, he will arrive here in the 2:40 train to-morrow afternoon and of course he will stay at the Windsor, and oh! Azilda, he is not old, only thirty-five, and he's as rich as—as Croesus—and they say he is as beautiful as Apollo and isn't it just glorious, he is a great hero and the president of—of all South America and—"

hero and the president of — of all South America and—"
"Maud, have mercy on me! I have heard all that before. The papers have had it in print ever since he landed in New York, three weeks ago, and I know that he is a hero, and, as you say, the president of all South America," said Miss Sylvestre, in a dry monotone.
"And you, you heartless wretch you, you're not enthused one little bit over him!" charged Miss St. John, with a dash of indignation and amazement in her clear, shrill voice.
"In a way I am Maud. I like brave, strong, ciffed men, and I have read that this man is

Mis, Mand, and I fear that his history is rather too romantic to be told to such a susceptible little girl as yourself, "said Mr. Slyvesire smilingly.

No! No! Sir! Ah! do tell me! I shall not interrupt you, and you know silence is the greatest peakance I could impose on myself, 'said Miss St. John in a tone of mingled resignation which had behind it a great deal of implied curiosity.

"Well, as you have promised to be a good girl I shall tell you all I know about him. He is an Irish-Canadian by birth and was surface of a brilliant future. Suddenly, however, it was noticed that society as getting too strong a hold on him to the surface of a brilliant future. Suddenly, however, it was noticed that society as naturally of a generous and genial emperament, and as he was popular about of friends. The inevitable consequences followed. It was but a step from one folly to another, and in one short year he became hopelessly involved in debt, lost his reputation, his means of support and his so-called friends." "I am glag to hear you call them: so-called, father. They could not have been true friends, or surely they would have tried to save him, 'said Miss Sylvestre.

"My dear Azilda," said Mr. Sylvestre "he only learned the lesson that all men must learn by heart, sooner or later. Friends are many and friendship is seemingly fervent and eternal in the days of our prosperity. Let adversity overtake us or misfortune fall heavily upon us and then we shall come to know those who really are our friends."

We shall find them few, very few in number. But young Koznane dianned them for their betrayal, their treachery, their meanness, their shallowness, their hypocrisy and selfshousd. The his substantiant he has he was recklessness has brought in the flowers what his own recklessness has brought in the flowers what his own recklessness has brought in number. But young Koznane dianned them for their betrayal, their treachery, their meanness, their shallowness, their hypocrisy and selfshousd. And the rude awakening almost duning

bood.

Before going he visited his mother, and it is said that the most bitter regret of his life is the knowledge that he was ever the cause of whiteling a single hair in her head or of making a solitary tear trickle down her dear, old face.
He went down to South America and worked like a common laborer until he accumulated

When the first, faint streak of dawn "filvered the east" both sides mustered all their forces for a grand, a final effort. The command was given. The armies rushed together like two mighty avalanches meeting in a valley between opposite mountains. The General of A— was mounted a: the head of this army, and his deads of daring and fearlessness and valor electrified his warriors, and urged them on, impetuously, for the honor of their cause and the glory of their country. Right royally they fought and bled and died as the sun crept up higher and higher in the heavens; they beat back their gallant foes inch by nuch until, at high moon, "victory perched upon the banners" of the army of A—.

There was no rejoicing. Thousands of lifeless bodies were scattered around everywhere. Difficult questions and intricate problems remained to be solved. The conqueror knew that he had an almost superhuman task before him. Many years must pass away before he should be able to reconcile the claims of various creeds and satisfy the demands of different nationalities. But It was his highest ambition to fill the breast of South America with the aspirations of a broad, a liberal, a truly national spirit. Omin-

standard to the heavens; they beat back their several problems of the service of the heavens; they beat back their several problems that the heavens is they beat back their several problems. The heavens is the several problems are the heavens of the heavens of the service of the heavens of the service of the heavens of the service of the heavens of

"You have been the angel of my salvation," he said. "You have saved me from myseif and from the world. But it is not here and now that—"
"No not here and now," she assented.
"Under the saked.
"To morrow, at my house. It is in street, No.—"
They parted without another word. The woman to meet her father and her friend. The man to go to—he alone knew where.
Great, solemn and holy thoughts filled Miss Sylvestre's mind as she walked homeward. They were soon dispelled, however, by the cheery voice of Miss St. John and the pleasant greeting of her father.
"Late, Azilda, late! It is 8 o'clock now. Make her hurry, Mr. Sylvestre. My hero may commence speaking before we arrive."
They harried on and reached the Champ de Mars just in time to hear the last words of the Governor-General's introductory speech, "and now, ladies and gentlemen, Il have the distinguished honor of presenting to you a man who is justly celebrated in two hemispheres, the illustrious president of the United States of South America."

A man of noble presence stepped out of the background of human beings to the front of the platform upon which they stood and as he came nearer and yet nearer to the immense and women that were massed before him the light fell full upon his head and with an involuntary cry of astonishment Azilda Sylvestre beginning and down into its very heart. In eloquent words he told of the struggles of South America and of her ultimate emancipation from faction and her potent progress toward the goal of national life.

Azilda Sylvestra heard him not and when he had thished and the plaudits of the populace rang out like the roar of artillery in tribute to their great fellow countrymen she whispered softly to herself, "To morrow. To morrow."

To morrow:"

The morrow came, clear and bright and the earth seemed glad. But happier still were the earth seemed glad.

To-morrow!"

The morrow came, clear and bright and the earth seemed glad. But happier still were the hearts of Azilda Sylvestre and Justin Roy

Bewildered indeed was the Hon. Mr. Sylves-tre until he heard their story.

Amazed in all truth was the delightfully friv-volous Miss St. John when the awful informa-tion reached her that he who had been her here, her king and her idol, was to her as if grave had closed upon his majestic form.

"It was so sudden!" she said ruefully to Miss Sylvestre.

"It was so sudden Sylvestre." Why, my dear child," explained Azilda, "we have known and loved each other ever since we first met, ten years ago, in the church of Notre Dame.

Catholicity and Patriotism.

Those that are so busily calumni. highly as yours? amazement in her clear, shrill voice.
"In a way I am Maud. I like brave, strong, gifted men, and I have read that this man is brave and strong and gifted and—"
"And what?" asked the Hon. Mr. Sylvestre as he entered the room.
"And that he had succeeded where other men would have failed, "repited Miss Sylvestre, with a brilliant light in her fine eyes.
"Oh, ho i so you two, like all the world, are talking of President Roynane!" exclaimed Mr. Sylvestre, "Yes, sir," said the irrepressible Miss St. John, "and a very good subject of conversation he is, don't you think so?"
"Indeed, I do, Miss Maud. I met him in Kew York, a few weeks ago, at the givernor's house."
"On! you met him, Mr. Sylvestre! You lucky man! Do tell me all about him, sir, please do?"
"I am afraid you're in love with him already, Mis, Maud, and I fear that his history is rather too romantic to be told to such a susceptible little girl as yourself," said Mr. Sjlvestres to romantic to be told to such a susceptible little girl as yourself," said Mr. Sjlvestre sindingly.
"No! No! Sir! Ah! do tell me! I shall not the soldiers who by their yalor with the catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking in the patricting the Catholic Church in this country by accusing it of lacking try by accusing it of lacking in patri-otism and regard for our national honor and glory, would do well to read the address which the Catholic bishop of Marseilles recently made at the dedication of a monument to the memory of the French soldiers, who fell during the Franco German war of a quarter of

Premising the Church loves peace and always endeavors to promote its maintenance, the Marseilles prelate declared that she recognizes that war is at times inevitable, and preferable always to peace purchased by shame and cowardice. If she has plaudits for the soldiers who by their valor win victory and peace for their country, she is not forgetful of those who meet defeat in the nation's service. Blood shed in defence of native land, said the eloquent Bishop, causes to spring up in our hearts that true patriotism which will make us all rise, as one man, when it is necessary to defend the integrity of our territory, and he eulogized the French soldiers who, though they suffered defeat, won new honors for their

country and their flag. Catholicity and patriotism are cor-relative terms, and the influence of the former always deepens, broadens and strengthens the character of the letter, so that the better Catholic a man is, the more patriotic citizen does he nec essarily become.

It is a fortunate day for a man when he first discovers the value of Ayer's Sarsaparilla as a blood-purifier. this medicine, he knows he has found a remedy upon which he may rely, and that his life-long malady is at last conquered. Has cured others, will cure

you.

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Low's worm syrup is the standard of

THAT WIFE OF YOURS.

Promises of the Sweetheart Days that Alas, are too Soon Forgotten.

Young husband have you an idea that you have anything like a just comprehension of the nature of the being whom God has given you for a companion? If you have, you labor under a very serious mistake. You may live with her until, amid gray hairs and grandchildren, you celebrate your golden wedding, and then know but a tithe of her strength and tender-

A woman's happiness flows to he from sources and through channels different from those which give origin and conduct to the happiness of man, and, in a measure, will continue to de so forever. Her faculties bend their exercise towards different issues; her social and spiritual natures demand a different aliment. What will satisfy you will not satisfy her. That which most interests you is not that in which her soul finds its most grateful exercise.

"The affections are infinite, and cannot be exhausted;" and it is through her affections, and through the deepest of all affections, that happinesss comes to the bosom of your wife. The world may pile its honors upon you until your brain goes wild with delirious excitement : wealth may pour into your coffers through long years of prosperity; you may enjoy the fairest rewards of enterprise and excellence but if all these things are won by de-priving her of your society—by driving her out of your thoughts, and by interfering with the constant sympa thetic communion of your heart with hers, she cannot but feel that what enriches you impoverishes her, and that your gain, whatever it may be, is at her expense. She may enjoy your reputation and your wealth, your success and your fortunes, but you and your society are things that are infinitely more precious to her. She depends upon you, naturally and by force of circumstances. Friends may crowd around her but if you come not, she is not satisfied. She may have spread before her a thousand delica-cies; but if they are unshared with you, she would exchange them all for an orange which you bring home to her as an evidence that you have thought of her. The dress you selected when in the city is the dearest, though she may acknowledge to herself that she would have chosen different colors and material. In short, it is from your heart, and the world coming through your heart, that she draws that sustenance and support which her deepest nature craves.

Now, how are you dealing with this wife of yours? Do you say that you have all you can attend to in your business, and that she must look out for herself?

Do you forget that she lives in the house, away from the excitements of the world which so much interest you, and that the very sweetest excitement of the day is that which throws the warm blood in her heart into eddies as she hears your step at the door?

Do you forget that she has no pleasure in public places unless you are at her side?
Are you unmindful that she has no

such pleasant walks as those which she takes with her hand upon your arm? Do you ignore the fact that she has claim upon your time?

Do you fail to remember that you took her out of a pleasant family circle, away from the associations of her

first duty to her, and that you have no right to give to society, or to your own pleasure, the time which neces sarily involves neglect of her? To come to a practical point - is it one of the aims of your life to give to

obliged to sit alone and go out alone?

That husbands and wives may entertain perfect sympathy there should be the closest confidence between them. The wife need not be told to give her husband the most perfect confidence in all affairs. She does this naturally, if her husband do not repulse her. But you, young husband, do not give your wife your confidence—you have an idea that your business is not your wife's business. So you keep your troubles, your successes—everything to yourself. Numberless disturbances of married life begin exactly at this Your wife receives the for her personal expenses, and for the expenses of the house, at your hands. You do not tell her how hardly it has been won; with how much difficulty you have contrived to get it into your purse, and how necessary it is for her to be economical. Perhaps you chide her for her extravagance, and so, in course of time, she comes to think you have got a niggardly streak in you, and very naturally rebels against it. She will not be curtailed in her ex-She dresses no better penditures. than her neighbors. So you run your fingers through your hair, and sigh over the fact that you have got an extravagant wife, while she, in turn, wonders how it is possible for a loving husband to be so selfish and stingy.

Thus for life, perhaps, a hostility of feeling and interest is established, which might all have been prevented by a free and full statement of your This would interest circumstances. her in, and identify her with, all your trials. It is entirely rational and right that your wife should understand the basis of all your requirements of her; and, when she does this, the chances are that she will not only be

economical herself, but will point out leakages in your prosperity for which you are responsible rather than her-

The desire of a young and sensitive husband to give his wife all the money she needs is commendable. You would fulfill her wishes in all things; especially would you allow her those means that will enable her to gratify ber tastes in dress and household equipage You dislike to appear unthrifty, inef ficient or mean, and you are willing to sacrifice much, that no care, no small economies, no apprehension of coming evil, should cloud the brow of the one you love. This feeling has its birth in a sensitive, manly pride; but it may go too far-very much too far. It has carried many a man straight into the open throat of bankruptcy, and ruined both husband and wife for life. No. you must tell her about it. She must know what your objects and projects are She must know what your income is, and the amount of your annual ex penses. Then, if she be a good wife and worthy of a good husband, she will become more throughly your partner, and "cut her garment according to the cloth." The interest which you thus secure from her in your business affairs will be the greatest pos sible comfort to you. She will enjoy al your successes, for they become her own. She will sympathize in all your trials, and you will find great consola-tion in feeling that there is one heart

in the world that understands you. And this matter of confidence be tween you and your wife must be carried into everything, for she is your life-partner-your next soul. is no way by which she can under stand fully her relations to the com munity and its various interests save by understanding your own.

wife a reasonable portion of your time and society, the very choicest side of your nature and character when in her society, and your fullest confidence in all the affairs connected ssuage your disappointments, pour make her a nobler, freer, better woman.

MARY AS A PROPHETESS.

'All Generations Shall Call Me

Did the Blessed Virgin think, when she utte.ed those prophetic words, that she was then placing upon record one of the most reliable evidences by which the Church of Christ could be distinguished from among the multiplicity of beliefs of the present age?
Sufficient time has elapsed since

the birth of the Child Jesus, and so widespread and continuous ly from generation to generation has been the Christian devotion to the Mother of the regenerated world, that the most sceptical must readily admit that her prophecy has been abundantly fulfilled. Nor would any reasonable person suppose for an instant that the enemies of religion would become the greater, or Christians, whose every hope is attached to the sacred maternity of Mary, the lesser effective power in the promulga-tion of that important truth. Had the childhood, and that she has no society Catholic Church been unable to surin the whole world which she prizes so highly as yours?

Do you forget that you owe your sidious attacks upon her unsullied purity by teachers of false doctrine in later times, how could the prophecy of Mary have ever been realized? Would the numerous dissenting bodies, satisfied with the disruption, if it were possible, of Christ's divine establishyour wife a portion of your time and society, so that she shall not always be ment, have spread abroad among all nations, and perpetuated from generation to another, that prophetic declaration which is now familiar dear to Catholics through the four quarters of the

out earth? How have Protestants been exercised in the fulfilment of that prophecy? Is it a favorable argument in behalf of their sincerity and devotion that they remain entirely silent with regard to it, simply because, the Catholic as they think or allege, Church has unduly honored her from whose pure viens the precious blood of the most adorable Heart of Jesus was drawn, and which same blood was afterwards shed for the remission of sins? Turning to the Jews and point ing to the torn and bleeding figure of our Lord attached to the cross, that grief-stricken Mother might have ex claimed, with all due propriety: hold My flesh and My blood which are given for you and for the sins of the whole world:" for verily the Christ that suffered there was bone of her bone, flesh of her flesh and blood of her blood; and we cannot separate. His sufferings from her sufferings-we cannot truly say that her part in the great work of redemption had ended before that awful scene

on Calvary.

It would be sad, indeed, and entirely foreign to our conception of the justice and benignity of God, if, after having built for Himself an earthly temple, and adorned it with most precious and becoming treasures, and make it the scene of the profoundest of His enactments, He should relegate that blameless object of His particular love, and instrument of His corporal union with

wards, through no fault of hers, de prive her of the honor attached to that dignity by treating her as an ordinary

Death itself could not rob Him of His human existence, for after the third day He arose again from the dead and appeared to His apostles, saying to them: "See My hands and feet, that it is I myself; handle, and see; for a spirit hath not flesh and bones, as you see Me have." And with the same body also He ascended into heaven where He is now sitting at the right hand of God in all the glory of His majesty. He is there the same God made man as when He clung to the arms of His mother in childhoood, and, consequently, still the Son of Mary And as long as that two-fold mystica union of His Godhead and manhood shall exist, which will be throughout eternity, so long will He be the Son of the Blessed Virgin. And when the countless multitude of the redeemed shall have gathered around the throne on high, at the last day, to lift up their voices as the sound of many waters and great thunderings, in unceasing alle luias to the Lord our God, Who reigneth for ever and ever; then, and not till then, will the joy of the Queen Mother be proportioned to the bitter anguish of spirit that she endured at the passion of her Son. By the above evidences we see that,

in addition to the many other endearare familiar, the mother of our Divine Saviour is also entitled to those of "Prophetess" and "Revealer of the Truth." And since as such she has conferred inestimable benefits upon us, we should take advantage of the privilege, during this month that the Church has wisely and lovingly set apart for special devotion to Mary, to express our gratitude to her for her and the irrefutable argument of her prophecy to sustain the claims of the Church against those of her opponents. To which end a prayer like the followconfidence in all the affairs connected with your business, your ambitions, Your hopes and your fears. In the fierce conflicts of life you will find abundant recompense for all this your wife will soften your resentments. medium of the holy Scriptures, with a knowledge whereby we may distin-guish the Church of thy Divine Son, balm upon your wounded spirit, and aid us by thy prayers, we beseech thee, harmonize and soften you. At the same time, the exercise of heart and soul which this will give her will through thee. Amen.—John E. M. Shea in Catholic Review.

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And an analysis of the control of th

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I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla it has increased to 163. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is a marvellous medicine and am very much pleased with it." J. Alcide Charsse.

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