907.

hand free, ar and the men swung ng against door, now the mud boots had

ain, erect,

ng breasts, ach other's d determin-

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ds the fire, In an in-. In an in-nd planting

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ack beneath black mask

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n," he cried;

is. Nodlag,

but turning

lying sense-

by the heavy blunderbuss,

ing from the ing a ghastly

ful sight, and

,he shrieked ! en tc-night :

sane, had fled

THE HUNDRED

Teacher of Phila Mt. St. Vin-cham, N. S.

in No. 2, and

more satisfied Sandy. Fifty ought him; 50

But somehow

grime as you aid to yourself:

then wondered

It could not

m the electric

passages paled, his ridiculously

ck out from his nendous spirit, somewhere mid-

at were always could not have

ggested naught

heart, under the

hat had little to

ses in the mine, a g that would not dim regions, but

and whined and went aboard the l a friend, the

the job in the end. But could heaten fur cap,

t, much too long the shoes, twin

either of which uch of his legs Was it all this?

boot! But he 2, and all this

spirits to-night.

sparkled, as he tilted his chin, the track, 1,500

e, feeling his full ened a door, and

g engine speed to the great black-

ristmas Day, and

is a secret that wn buoyant way-lay his first Christ-

tiful book, bound of his—a young

past twenty, and ast ten. The book e now. Oh, it was aid 25 cents for iti

Florence Smith-

wrapping in the He hadn't done

g wasn't a particu-him; he preferred

everwhere intere from every direconly 12 feet wide,
a track lay along
and over the track

s, propelled by com-g cars of wood, iron seded; but mostly

ndy often wondered it all went to.

eamy doors opener-but a week and His work for tc-day

engine whizzes by;

se for moths, coal-al shiftings, to an-head runs his long

as his nose—a cross black. He had scarce

cap, when Jack, the ne mine, pulled up,

low," said Sandy,

retched nose.

nder how you feel

y, out of the way !"

crack of his master's

d off.

other old horse, one n the mine his short

n, worn out by labor ot. It gave Sandy a der his collar—that sed he would not know

came.

gh the long passages,
by hanging electric
pp and chill. Sandy
t up closer, and when
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law's work was done.

lay's work was done.

head, runs hrough his locks, lor of corn, but now

oal mine. scurry down the

ED.

). 2.

Suddenly he bethought him of his friend Jacques. He had noted that morning how unusually surly he looked when he stepped into the cage, his little electric lamp seeming to throw queer shadows over his cold, grey eyes and stout nose. Something new was up, something beside the old, and that was bad erough. He had heard him growl out that morning that he was was bad elough. He had heard him growd out that morning that he was going to work till midnight. Christ-mas eve was nothing to him. No, he wouldn't meet the Knights of Columbus wouldn't meet the Knights of Columbus at the club; he wouldn't meet anyone, unless he chose to meet him at his drill, and that was in a pretty ticklish place just now; but if anyone cared to risk his head, he was welcome. Sandy accepted this doubtful invitation.

Jacques Sutton was driller No. 1 in that coal mine, the largest in the world, No. 2. And if Sandy was proud of being a mere door keeper in No. 2 what must Jacques not feel? But he didn't. Only disgustrankled in his heart disgust for mackind in general, and for one woman in particular: weariness one woman in particular; weariness for one woman in particular; weariness of life in general, and hatred of his own particular life. What was the use of living anyhow? He hated everybody, everything — except his drill. No trouble there; only beautiful work, with the rapidity and precision that only dead, polished metal, working by steam, electricity or compressed air, can do. His drill was a bit of perfec-tion, tireless and like himself to-night,

How well she works! Never had she seemed so full of life, so responsive to his eye and touch. And it soothed his anger that she so steeled with power and force, was yet so obedient to his will; for Jacques was a man who could not endure opposition. Any weaker force that opposed him he would crush, if he could; any weaker force that yielded, he would cherish, if it were cherishable.

it were cherishable. He is now five feet in from the pas sage, where the ceiling is stayed up by steel and stone. He has done more the steel and stone. He has done more the last three days than any two drillers, for he has worked night and day. Was it to vent his anger, or test a new in-vention—an invention of his own—which added effectiveness and speed to his drill? How he loves his machine, the only unchaing companion of the long day or night! All the same, day or night, in that dark region, where the blessed light of the sun never comes. Often as he works neath the glare of the electric bulbs, the wind and damp chilling him through and through, he thinks of the beautiful world above. Tonight, somehow his mind keeps running in sour places. The damp and cold without are not so chill as the damp and cold within.

Hillo, old man! Phew, but its "Hillo, old man! Fnew, but its drafty like here! This is a queer ole corner you're got inter!" cried Sandy, ain't ye goin' home to night?"
"Not before 12. I'm testing my

new drill. Isn't she a beauty?"

"I heard about her," said Sandy, wondering how he was to introduce his subject. "I heard about her at Miss subject. "I heard about her at Miss Smith's." He had set himself a pesky task. It was easy to manage doors; there is some swing to them; but a man!" "She gave me this, opening his coat and showing a bright, new badge fastened to the tattered lining with a silver pin. Jacques raised his eyes for a moment only, and Sandy saw by their gleam that if the whole mine was lined with badges, it would make no difference to him. What could he do?

Whir-r-bir-r-whiz-z-went the machine, and Sandy readjusted his cap and prayed for light to take the Jacques' face was completely hidden by his hat.
"I sent her a Christmas present. I

"I sent her a Christmas present. I s'pose she has it by this time. I'm goin' to see her termorrer."

"Whir — r — bir — r —" How morotonous a machine is!" Was he cold or warm or hot? Was he near the right track? If he only knew!"

"She tole me she was so happy las' Christmas—"

Christmas--''
"She did!" "a pair of flery orbs were fixed on Sandy for one instant, then nothing could be seen but the top

of a hat.

Whir—r——birr—r——whiz —z—

—Was he mad? He must go on.

He must make 'em up. But was he warmer? Was he getting nearer?

"She made a pretty ba'ge for some un that's mad at her. He oughtn't to he mad at her.

be mad at her." 'Humph!" snorted somethin. Was it the drill or the man? "She is so good—to—everybody what gives—her a—"

Whir-r-r-birr-r-r-whiz-zz... How provoking a machine is when you want to carry on a conversa-tion! If he would only lift his head! Was he doing his self-imposed task well? It she were only there to help How provoking a machine is

"I tole her I'd take the ba'ge termorrer' an' enny one u'd—know—."

"Know what?" snapped voice and

"Know-know-know. You know Jacques, that—that she's—allays—kind to—me," despairingly. "And she wants to make up, I know she does,"

desperately.

Whirr-r-r-birr -r-r-whiz-z-z-. He hae done it now. Jacques would squelch him for interfering, and she would never forgive him; for had not told him she was sorry; he had just guessed it. Neither had she told him she wanted to make up. Oh, what could he do! Yes Jacques was mad! My—oh my, he was hot enough, now!

Jacques suddenly wheeled round and bent over something nervously. Now, only a broad back was to be seen. Who could summon courage and talk to back? Suddenly a look of terror leaped into Sandy's eyes. With the force of a man he threw himself against the stool on which his friend tilted, and sent him sprawling across the track, then darkness closed over him.

Jacques, after a few moments, picked himself up, hardly knowing just what had happened. He gazed about in a dazed sort of way. What was it? Where was Sandy? Where was his drill? Who could answer? He ran Where was Sandy? Where was his drill? Who could answer? He ran block of coal had fallen from the ceiling, and had blocked up

his little corner; that Sandy was under

it, or behind it.

With strong willing hands they went to work. The click of the pick axes

was now and then broken by some one calling, "Sandy!" But no answer came. In a few hours the monster block was cut out. Behind it they found Sandy, who smiled at them feebly. He was unburt but almost sufficated. Tenderly Jacques wrapped him in his great coat and carried him

As they stood at the foot of the shaft, waiting for the cage to take them up, Sandy said, "I hope I didn't hurt you when I pushed you out. I saw it coming. I knew I couldn't get out over the drill, but I thought I could

sounded like sweetest music. Strarge, he had often thought it dismal.

In a moment the cage descends.

Jacques lifts Sandy upon it, and supporting him with one hand, he grips with the other, the iron bar above his head. It takes only a few seconds to account the straight sheft one seconds to ascend the straight shaft, one thousand feet deep, but he has many thoughts in those few seconds.

thoughts in those few seconds.

"You'll come home with me, to-night
Sandy. You'll have to live with me
now: you saved my life, you know."

Sandy clung closer and whispered,

"And by and bye—she'll come,
—and we'll all live together? Sandy —aid we it all live together; Sainty was an orphan and longed for the luxury of home life and somebody to love.

"And by and bye—she'll come, please God, whispered the driller, but Sandy had to strain his ears to hear.

"What made you turn round—turn your back on me that time?" asked Sandy after a pause.
"I turned to remove a cartridge from my revolver," whispered the

driller.
"One fer Jack?" whispered Sandy, crestfaller.
"No. Never mind. It's all over now."

The cage stopped with a jerk, and the two stepped out. The clear blue sky, moon-lit and starry, greeted them, while over the sharp frosty air came the distant chimes of midnight bells, calling to the world: "Peace on earth to men of good-will."

THE MONEY CRAZE

CARDINAL GIBBONS ON STANDARDS OF HONOR IN AMERICAN BUSINESS LIFE. Business life in this day is all absorb

ing. We are running the risk of carrying our enthusiasm for doing things too far past the sensible mean, where am-bition to succeed and industry are still compatible with a certain commendable enjoyment of the things of this life that are good and pleasant, writes Cardinal Gibbons in the Van Norden Magaz-

Some of the modern seekers after wealth will sacrifice anything rather than be known for what they are. Clear and palpable dishonesty itself is shielded behind barriers eleverly conitself is structed by the brightest minds in the country. Men of the highest standing in the financial world are guilty of acts as members of corporations which they would scorn to commit as individuals. This statement was made to me by the late Mr. James G. Blaine. I believe it to be true. The money craze, with the corruption it has developed in this country, is, to me, the greatest of the

evils we have to face.

Not only is it true that men of the highest financial standing take part in transactions in their capacity as mem bers of a corporation which they could not be induced to take part in as individuals, but it has come to be true that the greater, the richer, the more powerful the corporation, the more the individuals composing it thrust the corperation itself to the front, shielding themselves behind its great bulk.

BUSINESS LEAGUE RESPONSIBILITY. When men form themselves into business league, their responsibility is so over shadowed that their individual responsibility is, seemingly, lessened. This is why many men, in their corporate capacity, assent to measures from which a individuals the dread of public opinion or the dictates of conscience would cause them to shrink.

No friend of his race will quietly

contemplate the grasping avariee ex-hibited by such heartless monopolists. Their sole aim is to realize large dividends, without regard to the paramount claims of justice or Christian charity. They are filled with a sordid selfishness which is deaf to any cry of distress. In tolerant of honest rivalry, they use al sorts of unlawful means to drive from the market competing industries.

They endeavor even—often, it is feared, with success—to corrupt our National and State Legislatures and our municipal councils.

CONTROLLED BY CORPORATIONS. CONTROLLED BY CORPORATIONS.
Throughout the whole of the United
States—and, of course, in other countries also—there is to day a continuous
network of syndicates and trusts, of
companies and partnerships, so that
every operation from the constuction
of a huge steamship to the manufacture of a tiny pin is controlled by some

And, like the car of Juggernaut, they crush every obstacle that stands in the way of their success.

The great question is, how shall we

Undoubtedly correction will be found n the creation of a more intelligent

and less complacent public sentiment.

A corporation should be regarded a the sum of the entire number of indivithe sum of the entire number of indivi-duals composing it, and each member of that corporation should be held by the public to a full accountability for each and every act of the entire cor-poration, whether that act be great or small, important or unimportant.

tion, graft and the many other evils growing out of our modern system of finance are to be checked.

RESTRICTIONS ON WEALTH. We are confronted with the question of placing restrictions upon the accumulation of great wealth by individuals. This question is, perhaps, more within the province of discussion of the master of social economics than it is within that of the churchman, but, personally, I think more depends upon the man himself than the amount of his features.

Unfortunately, it seems to be too true that swift expansion of business and quick rise to wealth on the part of a great many men has brought about cer

great many men has brought about eer tain shames in their private lives.

When a man has got himself wrought up to a pitch of nervous energy where his business is everything, or where, by so constantly and for a long time excluding thought about higher things, be has lost all according for enjoying. he has lost all capacity for enjoying, or even understanding, the decent plessures of life, he is on dangerous ground, because he is possessed by ignoble ambitions, and his conscience will be able to make but a poor fight if an apportunity to succeed at the ex-DESTINY OF COUNTRY.

The United States of America is destined to greatness among the great nations—far greater than it has so far chieved, even. It must sweep onward growing stronger at each step, and there should be nothing to halt its com-

mercial greatness.

This is a young country. It lacks background. Its possibilities are barely realized at this time, but the country is a growing giant, and no man may know to what heights it may attain. There should be no desire to halt or check this development in any way. We should all work together, since it is to the individual interest of each one of us that our country should prosper But, above all, we should ever remember that commercial prosperity is not the highest aim of life.

highest aim of life.

There can be no stable prosperity without justice, no justice without morality, no morality without religion, no religion without God.

FREEMASONRY AND THE COURSE OF JUSTICE.

It is not known to many students of geography that Ireland possesses a desert island line the Juan Fernaudez of Alexander Selkirk, or Robinson Crusoe. But it really does, and this —an island just beside the Hill of Howth, at the entrance to Dublin Bay. The lonely island is named Lambay—and philologists tell us that the final "ay" in the word is identical with the 'Eve' given to the neighboring island because an "eye" or "ay" was in old maritime parlance a place where pirates buried their treasure for future recovery-a very unfrequented dot in the ocean.

The existence of Lambay is recalled by the story of the disagreement of the jury in the Thaw murder trial. It is now known that one of the jurors was sought to be influenced by the tie of freemasonry — a policeman having told him as the jurymen were filing past that his father was a member of the Mystic Shrine and so was Thaw or Thaw's father or some other member of the family. The attempt was futile, it is believed; nevertheless it shows how the institution of Freemasonry is dangerous to the interests of society at large in at least one way, while if we could get an inkling of its workings in other directions we should undoubtfind that it is inimical to morality and fair dealing in many others. From the lips of Masons themselves we have had saddening illustrations of the havoc that may be wrought in the home under the cloak of Masonry; but it is beside the closk of Masonry; but it is beside
the purpose to cite anything but what
relates to the sphere of public justice.
Many years ago a frightful murder was
committed on Lambay Island. An
artist named Kirwan, with his wife
went out from Howth in a boat to take
a ramble over the lonely isle, it being a favorite haunt with disciples of the brush because of its wild natural scenery. When the boatman called in the evening according to orders, to fetch the pair back, the artist was alone. He the pair back, the artist was alone. He accounted for the absence of his wife by saying that she had been taken ill and he must return with a doctor to help her out of the trouble. But on reaching the mainland Kirwan made off. The dead body of his wife was discovered subsequently, and for a time it was not known how she came by her death, so cleverly and so horribly had the murderer done his work. How-ever, the mystery was revealed by the autopsy, and Kirwan, after some time, was captured and put on trial. The case was beyond all possibility of doubt. A verdict of guilty was swiftly had and the judge was bound in accordance with such a verdict, when unaccompanied by any recommendation to merey as in that case, to sentence the convict to the gallows. But when he was asked the usual question what he had to urge in mitigation of the capital penalty, the prisoner stood up in the dock and, before proceeding to speak made the Magnic sign. It was seen made the Masonic sign. It was seen by many in the court besides the judge. It was effectual. To the astonishment of everyone, the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment for life instead of the doom he so richly deserved. It is not many years since Kirwan was released, his

sentence having been commuted because of good behavior in jail. Most of his time was spent in Spike Island and his spare hours were occupied in artistic work, trinkets, and rings and other trifles cut from a valuable stone other trifles cut from a valuable stone that was found in the quarries. One of these rings was presented to us by a friend. Many people in Ireland remember that famous case and the efficacy of the Masonic sign in the prisoner's dock in a case where all hope might well be abandoned.— Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

Pray hardest when it is hardest to

CONVERTS AND CONFESSION

As some well meaning non Catholics feel a great deal of needless alarm and anxiety about confession, it may be

well to remark:

1. That we are bound to confess only mortal sins, that is, grievous sins which 'kill the soul,' by depriving it of the grace of God, which after self examination can be called to mind. Our venial sins, that is, lesser faults, which, "they offend God, do not kill the soul," we are not bound to confess although it is recommended to do so. Holy Communion, an act of contrition, or a fervent act of love of God, suffices through the merits of Christ, without sacramental confession, to cleanse the

soul from the stain of venial sin.

2. That it is not required of us to mention each sin of the same sort or kind in detail, but the sins of one kind may be mentioned together; for example, the penitent may say: I accuse myself of having been guilty of grievous disobedience to my father or mother, or of having given way to great spiteful anger, about so many times," stating according to the best of one's belief, after careful examination, the number; and thus also of other mortal sins. A circumstance which may cause a venial sin to become mortal, or a sin of one kind to become a sin of another kind must also be de-

clared.
3. That if we are unable to remen ber the exact number of our sins, it is enough to state the probable number to the best of our recollection and judgment, saying: I have committed that sin, about so many times a day, a week, or a month. In fact, we are bound to reveal our conscience to the priest as we know it ourselves, there and then stating the things as certain, those doubtful as doubtful, and the probable number as probable; for God does not require impossibilities, but only what we can offer, namely, sincerity and ordinary diligence.

Confession is the healing medicine of the soul, and we must not wonder that in the Providence of God, it is somewhat bitter; yet we ought to be ready to use it for our soul's health, as we take a medicine for the good of the body, however distasteful that medicine may be.

Medicine may be.

If prisoners condemned to death were offered release on condition that they make confession of their misdeeds, in secret to one of the judges, who would be bound in honor never to reveal a word of what was confessed, surely they would easily overcome their natural dislike to self accusation Crusoe. But it really does, and this fact is all the more peculiar from the circumstance that this uninhabited wilderness lies right before Ireland's Eye —an island just beside the Hill of it too hard a condition of forgiveness it too hard a condition of forgiveness. to have to confess to any priest he may choose, who has the authority, called "faculty," from his Bishop to hear confessions, and who is most solemnly bound, not only in honor, but in conscience, by the law of God, by the positive law of the Church, to the most sacred and inviolable secrecy with regard to what he hears in sacramental confession. The penitent sin-ner will not think it too hard to make confession of his sins if he only considers the punishment his sins have deserved, the sufferings which our Saviour underwent for his sins, the orgiveness he receives, his rescue from the slavery of satan, and his re-storation to the friendship of God, and what a great folly it is for the sake of sparing himself a little shame here in confessing his sins to expose himself to

sternal shame hereafter. Jesus Christ shed His precious blood to the last drop, in the midst of the most cruel torments on the Cross, to provide for us sinners an overflowing fountain of salvation in the sacrament of penance—the sacrament of reconcilia-tion. To refuse to make use of this life-giving sacrament, on the plea that

the assistance of your confessor, added to your own good dispositions, confession becomes surprisingly easy and

consoling. How many converts there are who though in alarm before making their confession have afterwards exclaimed : how easy it is, I would not have endured upon my conscience the burden of sin so long, put off my reception into the Catholic Church. Thank God now I feel an unspeakable peace."

Cardinal Newman feelingly observes

on this point: How many are the souls in distress anxiety, or loneliness, whose one need is to find a being to whom they can pour out their feelings unheard by the world! Tell them out they must: they cannot tell them out to those whom they see every hour. They want to tell them and not to tell them; and they want to tell them out, yet to ast with butter of they wish to tell them to one who is strong enough to bear them; on land or on sea.

ment in easily digested form.

ment-highly concentrated.

putting any tax on the digestion.

yet not too strong to despise them they wish to tell them to one who can at once advise and sympathize with them; they wish to relieve themselves of a load, to gain a solace, to receive the assurance that there is one who thinks of them, and one to whom they can recur, to whom they can betake themselves, if necessary, from time to time, while they are in the world. How many a Protestant's heart would leap at the news of such a benefit, putting aside all distinct ideas of a sacramental ordinance, or of a grant of pardon and the conveyance of grace! If there is a heavenly idea in the Catholic Church, looking at it simply as idea, surely, next after the Blessed Sacrament, con-fession is such. And such is it ever tound in fact—the very act of kneeling. the low and contrite voice, the Sign of the Cross hanging, so to say, over the head bowed low, and the words of peace and blessing. Oh, what a soothing charm is there, which the world can neither give nor take away. Oh! what piercing, heart subduing tranquillity, provoking tears of joy, is poured almost substantially and physi-cally upon the soul, the oil of gladness, as Scripture calls it, when the peni-tent at leigth rises, his God reconciled to him, his sins rolled away for ever! This is confession as it is in fact."

Meanness vs. Dignity.

Western Watchman.

The American philosopher who de-clared that, 'no office is a mean one save that which has a mean man in it,' probably considered the remark original with himself; but, of course, like a multitude of other good thoughts, it had been uttered in other words hundreds of times before. When St. Francis Xavier, for instance, was on his way to India, he did his own laundry work on board ship. As he was Apostolic Legate at the time, he was remonstrated with by a companion, and told that he was degrading his high office by the performance of such menial w rk. His reply was: "I consider nothing conmptible and unworthy of a Christian

It is superfluous to add that the individual who is least occupied about preserving his dignity, is precisely he who is most truly dignified .- Ave

BETTER THAN MEDICINE.

THE NATURAL FUNCTIONS OF THE BODY MAY BE RESTORED WITHOUT RESORT TO "TONICS" OR OTHER DRUGS.

Persons who are addicted to the medicine habit" will be surprised to earn how easi'y the natural functions of the body may be restored without resort to "tonics" or other drugs. The road to health and strength is through a natural food that combines in well-balanced proportions all the elements that are needed for the complete nourishment of the body prepared in a digestible form. Such a food is Shredded Wheat. It contains all the strength-giving elements in the whole wheat, made digestible by steam cook ing, shredding and baking. It is the nurse's favorite—an ideal food for convalescents and those who are recuperating from wasting diseases.

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Yours truly, (Signed) A. F. WHITMORE." Shredded Wheat Biscuit and Triscuit are sold by all grocers. The Biscuit is delicious for breakfast or for any meal in combination with fruit. Triscuit is the Shredded Wheat wafer, used as a toast with butter or cheese. Triscuit is the favorite food for luncheon, for campers, for picnics, and for excursion

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