

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Sunday Within the Octave of Christmas.

RETROSPECT.

Between remembering the old year and looking forward to the new year, this day should be a busy one for the Christians. It ought to be a day of examination of conscience. Good Christians examine their consciences in some manner or other daily, and some are so vividly in God's presence that they scrutinize every act of their lives; and this is what it is to be thoroughly conscientious.

There are two kinds of examination of conscience, both of which are good. One is done at fixed times by some arrangement with one's self honestly adhered to. The other kind of examination is spontaneous. In this latter case the conscience won't let you pass an hour, or even a minute, without undergoing scrutiny. In the former case you examine your conscience, and in the latter your conscience examines you.

Brethren, wish all of you had something of this high gift. But for most of us it may truly be said that the examination of conscience which will benefit us will be that made at set times; of course, at confession. But no practice will produce better results for persons of good sense than having fixed times at which we shall go over the actions of the day. And on New Year's Day, of all days in the year, we should take account of our conduct towards God and our neighbor and ourselves, and make good resolutions for the future.

Let us face about, therefore, brethren, and look back over the past twelve months, and question the seasons of the old year. How did I begin the old year and how did I behave myself last winter? Did I attend Mass regularly and worship God through the summer, or did I make the Lord's Day one of carousing and picnicking and drinking? Have I used my tongue for blaspheming, my body for lust, my soul for slavery to the evil one? Have I unjustly gotten any of my neighbor's property? Have I been brutal to my family? These sound like ugly questions. But there's no happy New Year for you or me till we have answered them and many others besides, repented of our sins and made good resolutions for confession and Communion, and for a good life for the future.

Henry Ward Beecher.

I met a Maryland man the other day who told me this story: "Years ago I happened to be in Kansas City, Missouri, on Good Friday. While at the Catholic church, during devotions, I was surprised to observe reverently kneeling there no less a person than Henry Ward Beecher, the famous preacher. I was told that every year on this occasion, he attended Catholic service. The Bishop of Kansas City at that time, happened to know Mr. Beecher personally and, having been made aware of his presence in the city, invited him to dinner, stating incidentally that he must, on that day, expect every lean fare. Mr. Beecher accepted the invitation gladly and gratefully. It touched his heart, for, at that period, he was under a cloud. He found charity where he did not look for it. He enjoyed the very plain meal and thanked the Bishop cordially for his hospitality and Christian spirit. What a pity that the brilliant and marvellously gifted preacher did not pursue what seemed to be a preliminary grace for conversion. He clung measurably to his idols but went on more and more into the abysses of theological speculation. He had not much orthodoxy when he died, and he appears to have left a skeptical legacy to his Brooklyn congregation. To the last, however, he paid homage to Good Friday, and having no other church to go to piously on that day, he joined his Catholic brethren in devotional exercises. Poor Beecher!—Jas R. Randall.

Catarrah, like scrofula, is a disease of the blood and may be cured by purifying the blood with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Did you ever receive a present that was given in such a begrudging fashion or with so little grace that you would have liked to hand it back to the donor if your innate politeness had not held you in check? Gifts thus received have no value in them even though they be of surpassing worth in the eyes of the world. A single rose presented with a little graceful air of compunction and pleasure in the act is more appreciated than a string of priceless pearls that are doled out with the scowls or in a manner that speaks more loudly than words of the ungracious sentiments of the giver.

The season is at hand when an interchange of offerings will be the order of the day and let us all, just for once, see if the true spirit of Christmas cannot enter into the giving of our gifts, whether they be great or small. Let love and good-will prompt whatever we may see fit to bestow, and let no thought of the return gauge the cost or the quality of our own offering. To be a cheerful giver is a quality that is most desirable. True generosity does not lie in the lavishness of the donation, but in the sweet spirit that dominates and permeates, whether it be great or small.

Obedient and True.

Here is an old and a good story from the Orient, retold by Andrew Lang:

A Persian mother gave her son forty pieces of silver and made him swear never to tell a lie.

"Go, my son," she said; "I commit thee to God's care, and we shall not meet again."

The youth left the house, and the party with whom he traveled were assailed by robbers. One of them asked the boy what he had, and he said:

"Forty florins are sewn in my clothes." The robber laughed, feeling certain that the boy lied. Another asked him the same question and received the same answer. At last the chief called him and asked him what he had.

The boy replied: "I have told two of your men already that I have forty pieces of silver sewn in my clothes."

The chief ordered the garments to be ripped open, and the discovery of the money proved the boy to be more truthful than most men.

"How came you to tell this?" asked the chief.

"Because," said the boy, "I would not be false to my mother, whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "are you so mindful of your duty to your mother, and am I so forgetful at my age of the duty I owe to my God? Give me your hand that I may swear repentance on it."

A Clever Dwarf.

The king's "fool" of olden times was generally wiser and wittier than his royal master. Albin, the Lombard usurper, held his court in Verona in the latter quarter of the sixth century, and his jester was Bertholde, a dwarf, of whom Mary S. Roberts writes in St. Nicholas. When Bertholde made his first appearance at court King Albin asked him what he was, when he was born and of what country.

"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came to the world and the world itself is my country."

King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.

"What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" asked one.

"Thought," replied Bertholde promptly.

"What is the gulf that is never filled?"

"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.

"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"

"Self conceit, because it makes them unteachable."

"How would you bring water in a sieve?"

"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf, readily.

The King was delighted.

means be let out, you would see that the best interests of the kingdom require your request."

The women were greatly impressed by these words, so greatly impressed that they at once began to wonder what the secret could be, and at last their curiosity became so great that the one who had the box in her keeping thought she would just look in for a minute—when, whir! out came the bird and away he flew through the window.

The next day the fair petitioners did not come to court to press their claim. For they saw that the king had made them show themselves unable to keep a secret.

For this crafty ruse Albin commanded his treasurer to give the dwarf a thousand crowns.

"I hope Your Majesty will not be displeased if I refuse to accept your gifts," replied Bertholde. "He who desires nothing and has nothing has nothing to fear. Nature made me free and I wish to remain so, but I cannot if I accept your presents, for the proverb says, 'He who takes sells himself.'"

"How then," asked the king, "am I to show my gratitude?"

"I have heard that it is more glorious to deserve the favors of a prince and to refuse them than it is to receive without deserving them," was the answer. "Your good will is more agreeable to me than all the gifts in the world."

Little Boy Blue.

The little boy dog is covered with dust, but sturdy and staunch he stands; And the little boy soldier is red with rust, and his musket moulds in his hands.

Time was when the little boy dog was new, and the soldier was passing fair, and that was the time when our Little Boy Kissed them and put them there.

"Now don't you go 'til I come," he said, "and don't you make any noise." So toddling off to his trundle bed, he dreamt of the pretty toy, and he was wakened our Little Boy Blue.

Oh! the years are many, the years are long, but the little toy friends are true. Aye! faithful to Little Boy Blue they stand, each in the same old place, awaiting the little boy's hand, the smile of a little face.

And they wonder, as waiting these long years through, in the dust that little chair, what has become of our Little Boy Blue, since he kissed them and put them there.

Things I Have Seen in Church.

At the Church of the Franciscans there was a mere scattering of people in the pews. Every one seemed to be going to confession. Far up in the church a grotesque little figure stood before the first station. As he approached the third station two women started to make the way of the cross.

At the seventh station they were beside him; he was slighter, shorter than either of the women. Now the women were ahead of him; they passed the box near which I stood, glancing calmly at the people in the line on each side. Three more confessions had been heard when the boy stood within a few feet of me. Without a look at the waiting penitents, he passed to the twelfth station, "Jesus Dies Upon the Cross." How thin and white the lad's hands were, too fragile almost for the weight of the heavy black prayer book he was trying to read in the dimness.

There was something noble in the poise and shape of his small head with its clustering black curls. He finished his prayer and stood looking up at the scene of the crucifixion. As he raised his great, black eyes, they were like the eyes of St. John standing at the foot of the cross. In them was the same mute anguish, the same helpless, unseekable compassion. Gradually his delicate Italian face grew more agitated—the sensuous lips trembled and the beautiful eyes filled. Without completing the stations he knelt down in the nearest pew, his weeping face on his slender hands. I thought I was the only one watching his devotion, when the woman back of me murmured, with foreign accent, "Poor little Antonio! isn't it sad he can never be a priest?" He thinks of nothing else. When they tell him he will die of grief.

"Why can't he be a priest?" I asked her.

"Didn't you notice? It is so dark here perhaps you couldn't see his crooked shoulders. A hunchback may not take holy orders."—Written for the Chicago New World.

It is in the Nature of Things.

That, as age advances with its concomitants of wear and tear, some parts of the delicate machinery of the body, upon which health and vigor depend, should suffer derangement. Feelings of weariness, listlessness, or despondency are the signals that Nature throws out to warn, and to him who neglects these warnings, for severe are the penalties she exacts. To quicken into new vigor the falling energies, to impart, with certainty, to the nervous system; to renew its one-time force; these are the special tendencies of the wondrous tonic and nutrient, Maltine with Coca Wine. It gives strength to the nervous system and is thus a "nerve restorer"; it increases nutrition, and is, therefore, a "blood builder." Maltine with Coca Wine, by its power to add to nerve force and to increase weight, will be found by the debilitated and weak a veritable "life-giver." Maltine with Coca Wine is not a patent medicine. Its composition may be known to you, as it has long been known and subscribed to by the medical profession. Maltine with Coca Wine gives strength, vigor and health. Sold by all druggists.

Free and easy expectoration immediately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Hickle's Anti-Consumption Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given abundant satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and not only are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

CHIATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Amidst the vastness of eternity is allotted a little space for each individual. That is, the little space called life. It is daytime for that individual; all the rest of the endless ages are night. It is, therefore, his chance, his opportunity, his acceptable time. It is filled with potentialities, possibilities and opportunities which far surpass the imagination of the most optimistic.

An Unexpected Response.

It was growing late. The tide of humanity that earlier in the evening had ebbed and flowed through the streets of the great city had swept onward, leaving the strange and almost appalling sense of desolation that comes when the noises of the town are hushed. The electric lights flared and noticed at the corners; the street cars passed at further intervals; now and then a night worker hurried by, his footsteps ringing out loud and clear in the stillness. In front of a saloon whose lights shone out bright and ruddy across the pavement stood a tramp, unshorn, ragged, dirty, disgusting. He watched with envious eyes the men who passed in and out through the swinging doors, and then he turned his eyes toward two young fellows in evening dress who were coming down the street toward him. They had been drinking deeply, and they stopped before the saloon door and looked curiously at him.

"By Jove," said one, "think of having a thirst like that and not the price of an extinguisher in your pocket! Beats old Tantalus all to pieces, eh? Liquor, liquor, everywhere and not a drop to drink."

He ran his hand in his pocket and proffered the tramp a dime, but before it could be accepted the other young fellow interposed.

"Say," he said, "let's do the good Samaritan and set Hobo up to a good drink."

The other hilariously consented, and the tramp slouched into the saloon at the heels of the two gilded youths. The barkeeper set before them glasses and liquors, and with a hand that shook the tramp poured out a brimming glass and raised it to his lips.

"Stop," cried one of the young men, drunkenly, "make us a speech. It is poor liquor that doesn't loosen a man's tongue."

The tramp hastily swallowed down the drink, and as the rich liquor coursed through his blood he straightened himself and stood before them with a grace and dignity that all his rags and dirt could not obscure.

"Gentlemen," he said, "I look to-night at you and at myself, and it seems to me I look upon the picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as proudly as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had home, an friends and position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the priceless pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra like, saw it dissolve, and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as sweet and lovely as the flowers of spring, and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunken father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and ministered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke and bruised their beautiful wings, and, at last, strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more. To-day I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp with no home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink."

The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nervous fingers and shattered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and swung to again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—Catholic Columbian.

On Doing One's Best.

Young men frequently run away with the idea that if they can get over a given task, in a certain time, that is all that is required of them. They do not care how slovenly and unfinished the work may be, if they succeed in covering up the defects so that they may not be readily discovered by supervising eyes. Their object is to get through the period of labor with as little output of intellectual and manual strength as possible. They dawdle away the time, looking continually at the clock until the dinner hour arrives, and gazing at it quite anxiously, when they return to labor in the afternoon, until the hour of closing approaches.

At least half an hour before this you will find them preparing to leave their desks or their work benches, by doing a thousand and one things that are directly connected with their employment so that they may waste minutes that rightfully belong to their employer. This may seem over critical, but it is not. These young people really do more harm to themselves than they do to anyone else. They get into a shiftless, aimless way of doing things, that will have a direct influence in retarding their success in life, if it does not prevent their progress altogether. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well, is one of those old maxims which the wisdom of the past evolved for our benefit, and it can not be laid too closely to heart by the young fellow just starting out in life.

I have seen so many fine fellows go to the dogs, as the saying goes, simply because they would not make an effort, that I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of doing one's best. Many a boy of good natural parts, who has shone at school because he could readily acquire his lessons, has never fulfilled the promises of his youth, simply because he did not recognize the fact that in a world of fierce competition more exertion was needed to succeed than was required in the school. It is constant, persistent application that commands success, and the slow tortoise often outruns the sleeping hare.

One may pity the person who throws away his opportunities, but no one can respect the man who belies his possibilities. The latter wastes the talents that God has given him, and for a little fleeting pleasure, often of a disreputable kind, or from a love of ease, makes himself a nobody or a shining example of a man who might have done nobler things. The young fellow who has no aspiration to be something better than this has but a pitiful ambition, and one that I should dislike to have any of my readers nourish. I want them all to be respected citizens with a purpose to do right from which they cannot be swerved—in short, happy men who take an interest in their work and in their play. The idler is never happy. The time hangs heavy on his hands. The busy man never notices its flight. Indeed it seems all too short for the accomplishment of his worthy ends. He is, too, less liable to temptation than the one who finds both occupation and recreation a bore, and who is constantly saying, "there is nothing in it," like Sir Charles Coldstream, who had exhausted all the pleasures of life. "There is nothing in it" because there is nothing in him. He is a rapid pretender who floats' on the surface of life and who never looks below it to discover its hidden meaning. Do your level best, my young friends, at all times and in all places. You owe this much to your friends, yourself and to the Higher Power that created you. Then, whether your earthly existence be long or short, you will achieve as much happiness as the world can offer, and will be well prepared for the bliss that has no ending. Follow the poet Longfellow's advice and be up and doing, with a heart for anything.—Benedict Bell, in the Sacred Heart Review.

Where love takes, let love give; and so doubt not; Love counts not the will, And the heart has its flower of devotion No winter can chill, The one who cared for good will 'till the Christ-mas Will care for it still. Adelaide A. Proctor.

Family Worship.

In an article on "Family Worship," the Central Presbyterian has this to say: "So far as family, systematic training of children in devout habits, by the precept and example of parents, is concerned, a distressing conviction is impressed upon us that this fountain of Christian influence is rapidly falling in our own as well as in other churches."

Just so, and why? Undoubtedly because the Christian education of the parents of this generation was neglected in the least; because the godless training of the Public schools is altogether impotent as a means of Christian education; because children who hear nothing of religious truth in the school-room are not particularly likely, when they become fathers and mothers, to furnish their own children with the requisite precept and example. In a word, the old dictum that religion should be taught in the church, the Sunday school, and the home, not in the daily school, is being demonstrated as mockery and an illusion. If God and morality have no place in the Public schools, they can not long retain any footing of practical importance in the family. Non sectarian schools are a menace to the Christianity of the nation, and the years are proving it superabundantly.—Ave Maria.

This tells Where Health may be Found, And that is more important than making money. If your blood is impure, Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. It cures scrofula, salt rheum, rheumatism, car-cure and all other diseases originating in or promoted by impure blood and low state of the system.

Hood's PILLS are easy to take, easy to operate. Care indigestion, headache.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

Made and Merit Maintains the confidence of the people in Hood's Sarsaparilla. Its medicine cures you when sick; it makes wonderful cures every where, then beyond all question that medicine possesses merit.

D-O-D-D-S

THE PECULIARITIES OF THIS WORD.

No Name on Earth so Famous—No Name More Widely Imitated.

No name on earth, perhaps is so well known, more peculiarly constructed or more widely imitated than the word DODD. It possesses a peculiarity that makes it stand out prominently and fastens it in the memory. It contains four letters, but only two letters of the alphabet. Everyone knows that the first kidney remedy ever patented or sold in pill form was named DODD'S. Their discovery startled the medical profession the world over, and revolutionized the treatment of kidney diseases.

No imitator has ever succeeded in constructing a name possessing a peculiarity of DODD, though they nearly all adopt names as similar as possible in sound and construction to this. Their foolishness prevents them realizing that attempts to imitate increase the fame of DODD'S Kidney Pills.

Why is the name "Dodd's Kidney Pills" imitated? As well ask why are diamonds and gold imitated. Because diamonds are the most precious gems, gold the most gold precious metal. Dodd's Kidney Pills are imitated because they are the most valuable medicine the world has ever known.

No medicine was ever named kidney pills till years of medical research gave Dodd's Kidney Pills to the world. No medicine ever cured Bright's disease except Dodd's Kidney Pills. No other medicine has cured as many cases of Rheumatism, Diabetes, Heart Disease, Lumbago, Dropsy, Female Weakness, and other kidney diseases as Dodd's Kidney Pills have. It is universally known that they have never failed to cure these diseases, hence they are so widely and shamelessly imitated.

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS

An Opportunity to Possess a Beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay

THE HOLY BIBLE

Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek and other editions in diverse languages. The Old Testament published by the English College at Douay, D.D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1582. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. J. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Gaimet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Hartmann, D.D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles, Baltimore, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Reverend James F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references to historical and chronological facts, a table of the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year, and of the most notable Feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This Bible will prove not only a blessing to every Catholic household, but an ornament to the study, and is bound in cloth, for \$7 (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for postage prepaid, and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of The Catholic Record. Send the Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the nearest retail bookseller. Please note that on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sent by agents for ten dollars each.

THE HOLY BIBLE. (A SMALLER EDITION.) Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10 1/2 x 7 1/2, and weighs 4 1/2 ounces. This book will be sent to any address, postage conditions as the larger edition for \$7. It is always better to send the order by money order, but when cash is sent the order should be every case be registered. Address: THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, LONDON, ONT.

PICTORIAL LIVES OF THE SAINTS

THE CATHOLIC RECORD FOR ONE YEAR FOR \$3.00

The Pictorial Lives of the Saints contains Reflections for Every Day in the Year. The book is compiled from "Butler's Lives" and other approved sources, to which are added Lives of the American Saints, recently placed on the Calendar for the United States by Special petition of the Third Plenary Council of Baltimore; and also the Lives of the Saints canonized in 1881 by His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. Edited by John Cleary Shea, J.L.D. With a beautiful frontispiece of the Holy Family and nearly 400 other illustrations, elegantly bound in extra cloth. Greatly admired by our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, who sent his special blessing to the publishers; and approved by forty Archbishops and Bishops. The above work will be sent to any of our subscribers, and will be sent to them credit for a year's subscription to The Catholic Record, on receipt of Three Dollars. We will in all cases prepare carriage.

WELL KNOWN—ASTHMALENE, gives a night's sweet sleep and a day's bright cheer.

ASTHMA so that you need not sit up all night gasping for breath for fear of suffocation. (On receipt of name and 25 c. address will mail you a Trial Bottle, 10, 15, 20, 25, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 120, 150, 200, 250, 300, 400, 500, 600, 700, 800, 900, 1000, 1200, 1500, 2000, 2500, 3000, 4000, 5000, 6000, 7000, 8000, 9000, 10000, 12000, 15000, 20000, 25000, 30000, 40000, 50000, 60000, 70000, 80000, 90000, 100000, 120000, 150000, 200000, 250000, 300000, 400000, 500000, 600000, 700000, 800000, 900000, 1000000, 1200000, 1500000, 2000000, 2500000, 3000000, 4000000, 5000000, 6000000, 7000000, 8000000, 9000000, 10000000, 12000000, 15000000, 20000000, 25000000, 30000000, 40000000, 50000000, 60000000, 70000000, 80000000, 90000000, 100000000, 120000000, 150000000, 200000000, 250000000, 300000000, 400000000, 500000000, 600000000, 700000000, 800000000, 900000000, 1000000000, 1200000000, 1500000000, 2000000000, 2500000000, 3000000000, 4000000000, 5000000000, 6000000000, 7000000000, 8000000000, 9000000000, 10000000000, 12000000000, 15000000000, 20000000000, 25000000000, 30000000000, 40000000000, 50000000000, 60000000000, 70000000000, 80000000000, 90000000000, 100000000000, 120000000000, 150000000000, 200000000000, 250000000000, 300000000000, 400000000000, 500000000000, 600000000000, 700000000000, 800000000000,