chesinut back in time to stroke, threw aside the ell across his eyes half nen, with uplifted sword, at his foe. Just as they dropped the point, and straight thrust ran his the upguarded the unguarded sword

made no sign or sound se, set lips never so much lis great sword dropped age horse pistol from the ore, and levelled it stead-officer, who, carried ten by the impetus of his last completely at his mercy, inger pressed the trigger, ruck the barrel down, and hed up the green sod at

Christy!" cried the voice close beside; "for shame! tch, sword against sword, The lad must get fair de. It is my turn now rd, Christy gave place It is my turn now.

icer, flushed with his first othing loth to engage a at this time he met his re than his match, with tke where he would, high or left, his quick blows in a wall of steel, so true the defence. The newarce an effort to return the showered so fiercely or ord. Once, indeed, he t sleeve of the scarlet uni-raised the skin by a lunge as impossible to parr it strained his foe's wri as effort to disarm him. nce gave way at last, or, it ick ear caught some sound at counselled haste. He changed his tactics. For

he slung up his heavy r his shoulder, to give full downward streke. The k and true. But the great lown, sheer on the opposring it like an icicle.

blacksmith's sledge strike
n anvil. The young soln was jarred to the elbow
The broken sword hilt
his numbed fingers on the
as at the mercy of his

as at the mercy of his rebels," he had been told, ey. He bowed his head and rayer as he waited for the hat was to end him: but ried the conqueror, in a n which there was a touch ation. "Yield to Maurice in the Army of the United have made a good fight—it

yield to such odds. be honorably treated." oldier in his first skirmish ought it deadly disgrace to ten by a regiment. Anger nb. He could only bow his refaced submission. The of horses' feet made him ne blood went surging back aving his face quite pale.
a rescue!" he cried, gleea rescue!" he crie

in the nick of time."
ood's edge all round there
of horsemen in the scarlet
gland. Rapidly forming,
e conqueror and conquered
rele.
ied officer seemed half
e shout of joy into which
ad at the first sight of his
looked so like an ungener.

looked so like an ungener-over a gallant foe. There nost of apology in his voice the American captain, he turn to yield now. It is —a hard fortune for you, I to lose the stake when you came. Your sword, and I y life for your honorable

the other answered, while ed in slowly to make sure ers. Not a motion he made, nder or resistance. soldier was not twenty ied the American captain

is attendant, who watched follow me;" and he rode circle where the line was fore a pistol could be plucked he was upon them. Two d strokes to right and left ones good will not be some speaking down under oons sprawling down under bet. Straight through the ne he galloped, followed by his shadow, into the thick woods, where pursuit was might prove dangerous to

s were so taken by surprise gone before the quickest-st them thought of firing-variant as a harmless splutter of in the direction in which nished. But this silly perpromptly checked by the in command.

ig!' he cried, angrily.

Int to signal our position to el army?' he added, as he bung ensign, who sat like a mishment, with a smoking and. "There is no sense vice."

Il angry; yet there was a uration mingled with his irned to our first acquaint-quite still where the Amerhad left him, ruefully conterfragments of his broken grass.

BE CONTINUED.

BE CONTINUED.

ge of Substitution.

ge of Substitution.
competition is the characterisNot in old channels of routine
litted to flow, but in channels
t of the solid rock of opposiand energy. Good in its way
wever, it give rise to dishonest
an evil does it certainly beinent physician had occasion
rescribe that well-known nuic, Maltine with Coca Wine.
active public man, had gone
nerves unstrung, sleepless, apsecond of the competition of stion sadly impaired—almost By unfailing experience the to be the right thing. Well, de no progress, and investigad the fact that the druggist duother preparation—" just ourse—to secure slightly in—The doctor soon saw that his id the genuine Maltine with the expected result, for his red from the start.

Maltine with Coca Wine when and do not be imposed upon-

and do not be imposed upon.

aggists.

BROTHER TO A SAINT.

BY EELEN M SWEENEY.

Andy M'Gonigal was drunk again That sounds as though it were a rare

occurence, but it wasn't. Every one in Saratoga-for they are as particular as to names on Eleventh Avenue as on Fifth-knew that Andy was at it again, and every one, from the little toddlers that hung around the stoop to "Blind Joe" who lived on the top floor back, was sorry for his sister Mary. It was only last week that she had boasted that she had made him cent; but, alas! for woman's faith and man's unappeasable thirst, he was "at it again." It was not for want of care or want of prayer that Andy was the wreck he was. From the streak of day until midnight Mary sewed incessantly on "pants"-for the bulk of the sweater's work is done in these tenements-that Andy might have a roof over his head, a hot dinner nearly every day, and a good, wellmended coat on his back in which to go to Mass : but he never used it for that

purpose. A preizel, a pickle, and a cup of "callco-tea " was Mary's meagre meal every morning after 5 o'clock Mass. The pretzel "kept so well," the pickle so fillin '," and the tea was the one little luxury that the poor soul allowed herself. Her hard life of unie mittent toil and continual disappointment of reforming the brother she loved so tenderly left its mark on her shrunken frame, her hard knotted hands, and large jointed fingers. Those poor fingers were kept so busy By constant application for six days in the week she could earn at "finishing" thirty-nine cents a pair, and could do three pairs a day, thus bringing up her income to the munificent sum of seven dollars a week. As for Andy, he was always "looking for a job," seldom got any farther in his search than the "Owl's Retreat" next door, out of which he would be systematically ejected at the timid questioning of his sister, "Is Andy within?"

There was no mistaking Mary's ationality. Slight as her accent was nationality. it proclaimed her birth amidst Gotham's teeming population. Her heart was warmed by the intense glow of perfect faith and loyalty to the Church of her fathers. There was nothing, how-ever, of the wholesome Milesian comeliness about Mary except a perfect personal cleanliness. Her small face was drawn, and too old for her thirty seven years ; her thin hair was smooth ly parted, drawn tightly back from a too high forehead, and twisted into a walnut at the nape of her neck.

But for all that her face was strangely attractive ; it was so peaceful, so re solute, so quietly strong. Her eyes were Tennyson's "homes of silent prayer." They were her one redeem. ing feature, and were large and softly dark, confiding as a dog's, and like a dog's, full of a dumb wistfulness.

As she steed now, looking down at the poor, weak creature sprawled on ittle, old rickety lounge, where friendly though scarcely steady hands had laid bim a few moments before, her patient eyes were filled with tears But she did not waste time sentimental ising, but she set to work at once, loosening his clothes, covering him with the blanket from her own bed. settling his head comfortably on the straw pillow, and putting to draw at once the little brown pot of strong black tea, to steady him "agin his wakin'." She considered it "tryin' for the nerves" to indulge in the stimbut for him no trouble nor expense must be

Week after week he promised to do better, and week after week he failed. She had gone to see Father Ambrose and had enlisted his sympathy for poor frail Andy, all unconscious that it was her own courage and devotion to the scamp that had attracted the good priest's interest in the case. As each week went by and it was the same sad old sotry, even the priest gave him up as a hopeless case; but his sister never became discouraged, save momentarily. With a heroic stead fastness she worked still harder, hoped more, and prayed incessantly.

Those indefatigable workers in the cause of temperance say that there are a thousand "drunks" arrested

every year.

Has anyone taken a census of hearts? Does any one know how many lives have been darkened by the black sin Has any one the statistics of the little children with their fear-stamped faces? How many saints have earned their canonization in this fertile field of sorrow and suffering?

Only God knows ! Lives like Mary's are the white pond. lilies that flourish above the noisome lightened and sweetened by her holy, surface. Her whole, hard day she made a ceaseless prayer. Her love work, raising her thin old, cracked work, raising her thin old, cracked work in quayering melody. "Erin, for her scapegrace brother endured through years of toil and disappoint ment. Her one ambition was to see him a member of the Holy Name society and have him receive Holy smile. Sunday of the month. But in answer to her pleadings he gave her nothing but abuse, and sometimes even blows for Andy "in his cups" was a fero-cious brute, as Mary's limp middle finger testified. He had struck the cup out of her hand one night when she was urging him to take "just one

more swallow of the tea.'

roof over her head, Andy would share bread, Andy had the larger part of it.

Father Ambrose and his active sympathy, her daily Mass and weekly Communion-for she received every Saturday morning-were the bright spots in her otherwise dark life. She had all the passionate devotion and loyalty to her pastor that characterises her warm blooded race.

But sometimes for weeks he did not see her; for a parish of twelve thousand souls needs a rector's constant supervision.

One day in the middle of the winter word was brought to him that Mary was sick and had sent for him. burried down there, expecting to find her laid up again from the effects of one of Andy's sprees; but he found her very ill indeed with pneumonia.

The flush of fever on her worn, sunken cheek made her almost beauti ful. Her eyes shone like stars as she grasped her friend's hand in her burning ones. As usual, his very presence soothed and calmed her. He begged to know if there was anything he could get for her, anything at all he could do to lessen her trouble

"O Father! I'd have never a bit to trouble me if Andy would only keep straight. But then," she went on, her labored breath coming in great gasps God must send me some trouble would be worse if I had nothing at all to suffer for His sake." Then, after a little pause," "It's Andy's soul I'm

thinking of continually.' "Think of yourself now, Mary, for once. Andy will have to work out his

own salvation. "Ab, Father dear! if I may make so bold, Andy has no one but me. And in your sermon last Sunday night you said that prayer was a bridge from earth to heaven. Sure, I'd make my body a bridge for him, if he could but walk on it into that Land o' Promise What's my pains, and my work, and my days and nights of trouble, if they

won't buy heaven for my brother?' And Father Ambrose, used as he was to the heroism of poverty, familiar with the pathetic courage of the poor, felt his eyes fill with tears in the ence of such a noble example of vicar-

ous suffering.
What could he do but pray with and for her, this lovely soul that walked or a plane but little lower than the

ange's "l'il offer up my Mass for you to-morrow, Mary," he said as he rose to go, "for the—" "O Father! say it for him. No one

will think of prayin' for his soul when I'm gone.' "Where is he now?"

"I don't know, Father. But every night the lamp is put in the window be up to see to him."

But you may not be here to-mor row, Mary. For an instant she was silent; a hadow crossed her face, and she twisted and untwisted the worn fringe on the clean but shabby counterpane

then a light shone in her lovely eyes, and she said, looking up in his "I don't think God is ready for me yet, for Andy needs me. This spell of sickness he has sent me was just for a rest; but, 't any rate, His will be

She was right : God did not want her yet, and the poor soul that could rest was raised from that bed of sick is often the case with that terrible but still Andy did not return. scourge, the frail little bodies offering The constant disappointment. the least resistance are able to with stand the ravages of the disease better than a robust frame that would be felled in a week. Mary lived to work, to pray, to love and hope for her brother again. Andy, trightened by the nearness of death, was quiet for a month. During those four months Mary went about with such a deep, intense look of happiness on her poor, pinched little face that it seemed to glow as with an inward light. To crown her happiness, Andy, at the solicitation of Father Ambrose, joined the Holy Name Society. The first Sunday of March was the red letter day of Mary's life. All during the Mass her tears fell stlently, and as she saw those nine hundred men approach the rail she could with difficulty re-strain her sobs. That her brother was among them she did not ascribe to her own prayers, but to Father Ambrose's. When she saw the King of Kings enter her brother's heart she felt like the Simeon of old, and could like him ex-

claim: "Now, Lord, let Thy servant depart in peace.

For days afterwards she stitched away with her accustomed industry, lightened and sweetened by her holy voice in quavering melody. "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye," she piped, till in her own lovely eyes her tears made twin rainbows of her

For a week he had been working in the big dressed beef house down at the corner, and Mary was looking forward to the calm, happy future when with one blow her hopes were dashed to the

Poor thing! she took as an earnest for the future the few haleyon days of March, and when she heard of Andy's latest escapade she felt worse than if it

opportunity he let his irritability get the better of his little stock of pru dence, and with hot words let the foreman have the full benefit of his part. roof over her head, Andy would share it; while she could earn a crust of opportunity he let his irritability get. There was

off, and to drown his discomfort had would those eyes look love into his eyes resort to the "Owl's Retreat" again. again; never again would the thin, He aired his grievances and was worn fingers let the brown bead slip loudly applauded for his "grit." Enthrough them for him; never again couraged by the praise of the bar room | would the stilled heart throb in fear as heroes, he announced his intention to his unsteady step stumbled up the "lay for" his enemy at the first ep stair.

held out.

enough until it was remembered that champions do not "train on mixed ale." whatever they may do after they have proved their staying powers in the ring. Andy's flabby muscles offered no menace to the foreman; and vet when the latter entered the place. and after a few hot words on either side, Andy let fly from his shoulder a well-directed blow between the eyes, the foreman dropped like a log.

In a moment the excited crowd announced "he's dead."

It was fully a minute before Andy could take in the fact, and when it did enter his dulled brain he dashed out of the place turning toward Eleventh Avenue, and just caught hold of the rear platform rail of a freight train pulling out, and was carried off faster and faster toward the West and liberty.

How Mary got through that night she never knew. All night long she spent on her knees, imploring the acred Heart to forgive Andy, only to forgive him, and then it did not matter what the law did to him. Not for an instant did she contrast her present state of horror and fear with the calm ness and peace of yesterday. She simply thanked God that he had been brought to a state of grace once at least, and she trusted blindly to the saving grace of that Communion to reach his sin stained heart even yet.

She offered no resistance to the officers of the law as they entered her two little rooms in search of her brother, and to their repeated questionings as to his whereabouts, had but one answer, "Only God knows!"

Two days afterwards she would have given her very life to know herself for by a strange circumstance of fate the post-mortem examination brought out the fact, too strange not to be true, that the foreman had not met his death at Andy's hands at all. He was found really to have perished of heart disease, or, as the medical expert termed it, "he died of syncope antefor him; I'm afraid that he'll want to cedent by a few seconds to the so-come in some night and think I'll not called murder." Witnesses bore evi dence to the fact that the deceased had peen out of health some time. His heart was found to be entirely empty, thus exonerating from the very serious charge the fleeing fugitive.

IV.

From the moment of this announce ment Mary spent her time in looking for her brother. Day after day she haunted his usual resorts, but found no trace of him; night after night she spent praying for his return. To help her, though he had but little hope of its success, Father Ambrose had in serted in one of the big dailies a care look upon a fit of illness as a chance to fully worded advertisement ; and even went farther, and interested a young ness to take up again the burden that newspaper man in the story and had for five weeks she had laid down. As him make a stirring article out of it; newspaper man in the story and had

The constant disappointment, hard work, and sleepless nights began to tell on Mary's enfeebled frame. When she found that she could not finish her three pairs of "pants" a day, and realised that her health, already undermined by the attack of pneumonia she had had, was ruined by her latest trouble, she bowed her head to the inevitable, and with her accustomed for titude made hers the will of God.

As long as she could crawl about at all she managed to trim and light the big lamp and put it in the window for the absent eyes to see; and when she was forced to surrender and accept aid cupied Rome and declared it the cap from the St. Vincent de Paul Society. oil was all she asked for. Father Ambrose himself saw to that, and, like the

the hundreds of lighted windows of the tenements on the avenue began to glow like dull red eyes in the dusk, Father Ambrose went down to her, and with him was another Guest, the shadow of whose dark wing lay over the low, mean bed on which a saint was lying. From behind every door on his upward way through the house came the sounds of talk and laughter, the clatter of dishes at the evening meal, and the incessant click of the sewing machine : for the very poor have not time to eat. But in Mary's room there brooded a peaceful quiet, filled as it was with the "peace that passeth understanding," and for the first time the lamp was unlit.

She smiled up in the priest's face. "I knew you would come. Light Andy's lamp, Father, and pray for the

soul of him. Late that night Andy came. Far caught the friendly glow of the light that was leading him to more than a home. He was perfectly sober, for travelling in a freight car, hidden safely in the heap of ill-smelling hides had come in the regular line of his from the far West, was not conducive former deliquencies. It seems that to conviviality. Now, heavy-eyed and he had a quarrel with one of the fore-

man have the full benefit of his pent.

up feelings. That night he was laid on a still, white, peaceful face. Never

With a dreadful cry he flung his "Where's your gun, Andy," said his host, who was smilingly agreeable as long as the coin in Andy's pockets sheld out. shocked into perfect possession of his senses, Andy made vows over Mary's Andy, laying bare his large, sinewy forcarm, that looked formidable died to hear. Like many another, craved for ; but who shall say that Mary did not hear his words of penitence, his promises of amendment?

Hers was a glorious death, for by it she purchased eternal life for a most

repentant brother. To day in an obscure corner of Cal vary is a long, low, grass covered grave with a simple cross as its head, which reads--

MARY M'GONIGAL,

ANDY, HER BROTHER.

Below there is no provisional "May they rest in peace," but, with firmer faith, Father Ambrose has written THEY SLEEP IN CHRIST.

LEO XIII AND THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPE.

A letter of Leo XIII. to Cardinal Origlia di San Stefano, Dean of the Sacred College, in answer to an address from the Bishops assembled at the Canonizations of 1897, ing their attachment to the Holy See, has been published. The Pope exhort ed the Bishops to inculcate and foster this loyal sentiment throughout the Catholic world and concluded :

"Every day the necessity appears greater for replacing the Holy See in the position Providence assigned to it. As long as the difficulties which oppress us endure, we will continue to com plain of the violence done the Papacy and to demand the rights safeguarding our liberty."

These words are full of significance for Catholics. They bring back most vividly the nature and deplorable consequences of the act of theft, by which the Holy Father was deprived of his temporal ossessions, and rendered a prisoner in his own palace.

To the world at large, "The Pris oner of the Vatican" is but an empty word, and regrettable and incomprehensible as it is there are Catholics (? who lightly profess to think, and even weakly assert, that the Vicar of Christ is better without those earthly posses sions with which a faithful Christendom endowed the Holy See. These same Catholics are they who would in the name of liberty and progress, de prive both Bishops and priests of their just prerogatives and of the exercise of their proper and legitimate authority in things not purely spiritual. They forget that Christ's grand maxim, "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and unto God he things that are God's," at once esablished a limit to secular power and safeguards the interests and indepen-

ence of the Church. The question of the temporal power of the Pope is not dead: nor can it of \$60,000, the expense to be borne by ever die, so long as the Pope himself Mrs. Josephine Hecker, widow of thus protests by word and life long action against the iniquitous act that wrestled from him his temporalities The express desire of Leo XIII. for the full restoration of his rights and liberty takes us back to the time-some thirty years ago-when Catholic volunteers from every land rallied around Pius IX., ready to shed their blood in de-

ence of the Papal States. It was in 1870, soon after the adjournment of the great Vatican Council, which proclaimed the infallibility of the Pope, that the Italian army oc ital of the new kingdom of Italy,thus ostentatiously placing a tombstone over the empty vault their sacrilegious faithful virgins, Mary's lamp was always ready.

One sultry evening in May, when solemnly renewing his oft repeated protest, refused even to listen to the ompromising proposals of an unprincipled, hypocritical and apostate sov From that date commenced reign. the captivity of the illustrious "Prisoner of the Vatican." In 1878 Pius IX., died, and Leo XIII. took up the weary, silent, but stern and signi-

ficant protest.

But the first real and deliberately planned act in the sacrilegious drams of spoliation took place in 1856, when lavour, the prince of base schemers at the Congress of Paris, by barefaced lying, malicious misrepresentation and unparalleled intriguing, based his plan for a United Italy upon his alleged misrule of Austria and the Papacy. As far as the latter was concerned, it is the undeniable truth that Pius IX led all the Italian states in his efforts to improve the condition of his subjects. Now, when the heat and down the deserted avenue he had passion of conflict have subsided, an eminent and impartial non-Carholic

authority states: "The accession of Pius IX, in 1846 seemed the inauguration of a new era for Italy. A general amnesty was followed by wise liberal measures, brose when he, roused to indignation at the thousandth repetition of Andy's wickedness, urged her to make complaint and have Andy'committed to the But there were people there! Three administration of his States, notwith Hood's Pills pills, aid digestion. 256.

Island. But no, while there was a ing of the petty tyrant who made the or four women sat around and dozed in standing the embarrassed condition of

But no one is so blind as he who, dazzled by his own selfish ambition, will not see; and such was Victor Emmanuel, the tool and figurehead of the arch plotter, Cavour, and of the irreligious, red vested revolutionist, Garibaldi.

The plain fact then is, that the Papal States were the best governed portion of Italy, an example to all the other Italian states. Consequently, another plea for robbery had to be found. It was found. A United Italy became the cry, and the appropriation of the Papal States was preclaimed to the world a national necessity; and upon this plea and that of "Might is Right " is the acquisition defended.

And so the States of the Church granted by Pepin and Charlemagne, extended by Matilda of Tuscany, pro ected through the ages by the swo of Catholic Christendom, and ruled over by the Sovereign Pontiffs fo more than a thousand years, were more unjustly and iniquitously ab sorbed into the kingdom of Italy

Morally speaking, the weakest claim to another's property is the so-called right of conquest, which appropin quates to rank robbery where the elli is small or entirely wanting There was no casusbelli as between Piu IX. and the King of Sardinia. Repellion there was none; for the Pope was an independent sovereign, owning allegiance to no superior on earth, and whose sway had outlasted many dynas ties in many lands. Annexation it was not; for annexation supposes kind of consent on the part of the annexed, a condition which was entirely lacking here on the part of rules and subjects. Sale or enchange there was none, because the insulting offers of an unscrupulous Government were spurned and rejected. For this atro-cious act of deprivation there is but one name-robbery; and the King of Italy, the robber.

Is the tenacity with which Leo XIII lings to his claim to the just heritage f the successors of St. Peter to be wondered at? Can history furnish a learer and more incontestible claim than this of Popes to their temporal dominions?

"It was a national necessity," cries the would be thought nationalist.

"It is a fait accompli," says the careless observer. "The temporal power of the Papacy is dead and buried forever," declare the enemies of the Catholic Church.

And thus the non-Catholic world pronounces on this the most stupen dous piece of spoliation of modern times But the millions of Catholics, whose hearts turn in sympathy to the Holy Father in the Vatican prison know better. The question of the restoration of the Church's ancient patrimony is not dead, but a living issue between the Catholic world and the despoiler: and the words of Leo XIII., quoted a the beginning of this article, prove how near and dear to his heart it is. The question is not dead, nor will the mit ions of Catholics the world over look upon it as dead, so long as the third crown rests in its time honored place on the Papal tiara .- "S." in Ottawa (St. Patrick's) Calendar.

Memorial to Father Hecker.

St. Paul the Apostle's Church, at Columbus avenue and Sixtieth street, New York, is being decorated at a cost Mrs. Josephine Hecker, widow of George V. Hecker, the flour merchant Mrs. Hecker, with her daughter, Mrs. Locke, contributes the money nemorial to the late Father Hecker, founder of the community of priest known as the Paulist Fathers The task of decorating the sanctuary has been entrusted to John Lafarge. The decorations will be a setting for the high altar, designed by Stanford high altar, designed by White. This altar is made of Mexican onyx.

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