For the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Death.

You speak of death as a warrior grim, A stern, relentless foe; But I hold him rather a gentle knight Whose sword strikes a saving blow.

You speak of death as a robber bold, Who setzes upon his prey; I deem him a giver of priceless wealth Whose gifts will ne'er fade away.;

You speak of death as a vulture fierce That flies to a banquet vile; But I think of him as the messenger-bird, Bringing news of release the while. You picture death as a fleshless skull, In hideous, loathsome guise; But I dream of a face of calm delight With tender, serious cyes.

You call him avenger, and spirit of wrath, But the grave is robbed of its sting; To me he's no victor fell and fierce, He's the Herald of the King.

HIS REWARD.

-A. San Jose.

For the Catholic Record. "Come now, move on! There's no room for loafers;" and the policeman looked angrily at the old man who leaned on his stick looking anxiously at the passers by. He made an effort to move, but staggered as he went, and almost fell.

'Drunk, eh? I guess the station is

the best place for you."

The old man's face flushed. "I'm not drunk," he said in a weak voice. "I am faint. I have eaten nothing since before yesterday." Have you no home?"

"I have a room, but I'm too weak to work just now, and I have nothing I have never begged."

"Still it won't do for you to starve. Come into this grocery store with me and have a glass of wine. It will put

The kind-hearted policeman helped the forlorn old creature into the store, got him a glass of wine and some bis

cuits and cheese.

"Here's a dollar," he said to the clerk. "Keep this man here until he's able to walk home, and then give him the worth of this in groceries;" and not waiting for the thanks of his newly-found friend, he hurried back

'I suppose I'm a fool to spend my hard earned money on strangers," he said to himself, "but my poor mother made me promise her to do an act of charity every Friday for love of the Sacred Heart, and that's the first thing that has come in my way this morn-

The old man left the grocery and proceeded homeward, breathing bless ings on his benefactor. His landlady met him at the door. "Come into my met him at the door. "Come into my room a minute, Mr. Nelligan, "she said; "I've something to show you. He followed her into the little sitting-

room, and sat down in the chair she

pointed out to him.
"I was reading this paper this morning," said Mrs. Grady, "and I saw your name. Just read that. Perhaps it refers to you, and then again per-

He took the paper from her hand that morning."

"Mrs. Charles Green, formerly Honora Nelligan, would be glad to hear news of her father, John Nelligan, who left Ireland, it is supposed for America, in 1870. His former residence was in the suburbs of Dublin."

Here followed the address of a well-

known law firm.
"Thanks be to the Sacred Heart that caused your eye to light on that this blessed Friday morning, Mrs. Grady. Honora Nelligan is my daughter. A scamp of an agent, that works, made off with the money and reduced me to beggary. It was foolish to risk all my property in one speculation, but the best of us do foolish things

Honora couldn't bear to go to work in Ireland, among the very people that she used to entertain like a princess in the old days, so she set out for America. I was a good while without hearing from her, so I came to America myself, but no trace of her could I find. I've been here now two years, and, as you know, can scarcely keep body and soul together. I have written to no one in the old country, and I didn't know my daughter was married.

'Take a cup of hot tea, Mr. Nelligan, and then fix yourself up and go to see the lawyers. Its good luck I hope you'll be havin' from the visit It's myself that considers lawyers the most misfortunate critters you could set your eves on.'

dessrs. Turner and Kental received the old gentleman with the utmost "Mrs. Green was a client of they told him, and had en trusted them with the task of settling her late husband's estate — a very valuable estate too. They could not estimate its exact value as a great part of it was in stocks which were still rising. Of course he had heard of the raise in Belfast linen goods. The late Mr. Green had speculated largely in that line, and now was getting more than double returns.

At last their explanations came to an end; and, calling a cab, Messrs. Turner and Kendal put a card containing Mrs. Green's address in the old man's hand, gave the driver the directions, and bowed their visitor out. "Fine old gentleman," said Mr. irner, "looks like a lord. No old Turner.

sod about him. "Looks as if he hadn't had a square meal since he got to America," said his partner. "I wonder how the his partner. fashionable widow will receive him. She seemed anxious enough anyhow. When he gets another suit, he'll look

quite as fashionable as she. The cab drew up at the door of a large, handsome house. A lady fashionably but quietly attired, was just coming out. At the first glance he recognized Honora, and in a moment more she was clasped to his

"How thankful I am that you have come at last," she said, I have tried so long to find you.

Mutual explanations followed. Hon ora had written at once on landing in America, and again after securing a situation as companion to an elderly lady, Mrs. Green, who was in poor At last, receiving no an to her father's letters, she wrote to an old family servant who still lived in Dublin, and this woman told her that her father had started for America. She had ever since been trying to find him. "And now comes the romantic part of the story, papa. Mrs. Green had one son, Charley, who was away on business, she said. came home a few months after I was there, and his mother told me that he was very ill. He got worse and worse, and his mother seemed worried to death about him. Besides all, he wouldn't see the priest. One day Mrs. Green asked me if I would go and sit with him a little while. asleep when I went in, but after a few minutes I saw that he had awakened and was looking at me attentively. asked if he would have a drink. said no, that he would like to see his

mother for a few minutes.

'I sent her to him. When she came back I saw that she had been weeping. She told me then that her son, under an assumed name, had been in Ireland; in fact that he was the agent who had cheated us out of all our property. He had recognized me at once, and isked his mother how I came to be there. She told him our history, as I had related it to her. He then gave her an account of his transactions in Ireland, told her that you were the only one who had advanced the money, and that your ten thousand had more than doubled itself. He then begged hat I would marry him on his deathbed, that, as his widow, I could enjoy what was justly ours. His mother told me that if I would do as he asked he would make his peace with God. I consented. That evening the priest was sent for. Charley made his con-fession, was prepared for death, and then we were married. Before an

hour I was a widow. "I at once renewed my efforts to find you, but without success. Mrs. Green lived with me, and I made her declin ing years happy. She is now dead, and I felt so alone in the world that my every effort was directed to find you. Now, dear father, we shall once

more enjoy the happiness of old." It was decided that they should return to Ireland at an early date, as there were all their friends, and the graves of those that had once filled up their family circle.

One day the old man said: "I must go to see the poor lodgings I once occupied, and you must come with me, Honora. Besides, we must make a suitable present to Mrs. Grady, and my helper the policeman. Only for him I should have died in the street

Honora shuddered. "Only to think of you being reduced to that state fills me with horror," she replied. "I remember the day you came to me-it was the same day-you looked like a skeleton. Ithought you were going to

They drove to Mrs. Grady's, who failed entirely to recognize her former lodger in the stately old gentleman, who "looked every inch a lord," as she expressed it. She was very loth to I entrusted with ten thousand pounds take the bank note he pressed into her to invest for me in the Belfast linen hand at parting, and her thanks and sider the nonor shown her can be help feeling a deep love, blessings followed them until they were out of hearing.

When they reached the corner of the next street Mr. Nelligan bade the driver stop his horses.

"Here is the spot I stood, Honora, looking into the face of each passer-by hoping to see your own sweet smile The policemen ordered me to move on: and when I staggered with weakness he thought I was drunk; but when he saw that I was starved he brought me into that grocery shop at the corner and bought me a glass of wine and cheese and biscuits. Then he gave some the grocer a dollar and told him to give me some groceries to take home with me. I'll give him a dollar for each cent that was in it, Honora."

"Indeed you will, father dear, and every penny will be given with all our

"There's a policeman now, but he's a stranger. We'll go into the shop and ask the grocer where the other one

The grocer remembered well the kind policeman who used to be on that beat. "He met with an accident. sir, and he's laid up ever since. iddress, is it? Indeed sir, I can; and the grocer gave the required directions, which were immediately directions, which were immediately followed by the cab and its inmates The house was soon found, and Mr Nelligan saw at a glance that the injuries were beyond the help of numan skill. Everything was very poor, and the dying man seemed in

great distress. "Is there any trouble on your mind, my kind friend?" he asked.

"I've a little boy, sir. His him when I am gone. I have prayed to the Sacred Heart; but I can't die happy till my prayer is any order.

happy till my prayer is answered."
"You did a kind turn for me when I was poor and in trouble," said Mr. Nelligan, and now the Sacred Heart has sent me to help you in the hour of agony. I will be a father to your child, and he shall want for nothing. Honora, we wil! do this in thanksgiv-ing for the happiness restored to us."
"Thank God!" murmured the sick man. "The Sacred Heart will suffer

The departure for Ireland was delayed until the poor sufferer's eyes were closed in death, and, with wholesouled generosity, John Nelligan and Honora shared heart and fortune with the orphan of him who had befriended a poor wanderer for love of the Sacred A. SAN JOSE.

The Reasonableness of the Practices of the Catholic Church. By REV. J. J. BURKE.

Honoring the Blessed Virgin.

"The angel Gabriel was sent from God. to a Virgin. . . . ane the Virgin's name was Mary. And the angel being come in said to her: Hall, full of grace, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women." (St. Luke i., 26, 28).
"From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." (St. Luke i., 48).

These words from St. Luke show that the Catholic practice of honoring Mary is scriptural. We alone is scriptural. We henceforth We alone fulfil the prophecy, "From henceforth all generations shall call me blessed." If Mary was so pure that the Archange Gabriel could salute her as full of grace; if she was so perfect as to be nonored, respected, and loved by her divine Son, Jesus Christ, is it no reasonable that we, too, should honor Jesus Christ, is it not

respect, and love her? How we honor the sword of Washing ton! What a cluster of tender recol lections clings to the staff of Franklin Is there a loyal American citizen who does not think with feelings of love and respect of the mother of our revolutionary hero, or who would not doff his hat at the unveiling of a statu of the sage of Monticello? And why Is it on account of their intrinsic merit No. We honor them principally on account of the relation they bear to those three brightest stars in the American firmament. So it is with the honor we show to Mary, the Mother of God. Although she was an example of all virtues, we honor her principally because it was through her instrumentality He was born by Whom we achieved not civil liberty, but the liberty of the children of God. She did not draw lightning from heaven, nor the sceptre from kings; but she brought forth Him Who is the Lord of heaven and King

of kings. The principal reason, then, why we honor Mary is because she is the Mother of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. This honor consists in love, respect and veneration. We love her with an interior love, a love proceeding from the heart ; nor should we fear to let this love appear outwardly. When others revile her, speak disrespectfully of her, we should shrink from the very idea of acting similarly toward her We should then remember that she is the Mother of Our Saviour, and should ask ourselves how we would have acted toward her had we lived in her day and been witnesses of the honor shown her by her divine Son. By so doing we will show her that love which is her due. Our respect, our veneration for her, should be affectionate and deep. When we remember that it was her hand that first lifted from the ground and received in maternal embrace the sacred body of Jesus, just born and just dead; when we think how respectfully Elizabeth greeted her; when we recall to mind the reverent salutation of the archangel; when we consider the honor shown her by the respect and veneration for her? You see, dear reader, honoring Mary is

scriptural and reasonable. But if we should honor her princi pally because she is the mother of God, we should also honor her because she is the peerless glory, the matchless ewel of her sex. She constitutes sole exception to a general law. never contaminated, never touched her fair soul. This is what we mean

by the Immaculate Conception. God created the first man free from But he transgressed the law of God, and, by his transgression, all his posterity are born in sin and conceived in iniquity. For St. Paul says: By one man sin entered into this world, and by sin death; and so death passed upon all men, in whom all have sinned " (Rom. v. 12). But God promised that the woman, Mary, should should be pure, free from sin of every

kind. There have been exceptions to all general laws. At the time of the deluge Noe was saved. Lot was saved from the destruction of Sodom. In like manner, the Blessed Virgin is an exception to the general law that all sinned in Adam. Isaias and St. to envy the apparent good fortune, as John Baptist were sanctified in their mother's womb. Was it any more difficult for God to sanctify Mary at the moment of the conception, at the moment of the union of her soul with her body? God chose His own Mother. If He had the power to choose her did He not also have the power to preserve her from original sin? And does it

"Hail, full of grace," the angel said to her. If she was full of grace, no vacancy was left for sin. denotes the absence of sin, as light denotes the absence of darkness. Hence if Mary was full of grace, she was never subject to sin: she was always pure and her conception immaculate. It is but natural, then, that we arrive at the belief in the Immaculate Conception, at the belief whether he be strong, rich, beautiful, no action in its honor to go unrewarded. Immaculate Conception, at the benief whether he be strong, rich, beautiful, Our Lord has indeed sent you to me." in the sinlessness, spotlessness of the ingenious, a good writer, good singer,

Blessed Virgin from the very beginning of her existence. If we honor Mary principally because the apostle honored her, because the angel honored her, because God honored her, we honor her, also, because of her honor Mary, to love her, and to believe that she loves us? If we honor the good and virtuous, where can we find a nobler example of virtue than Mary? What a beautiful model Mary is for Christians, and especially for Christian women! Good Catholic mothers are continually according to the continual to the conti are continually urging upon their daughters the necessity of choosing as a model Mary, the true type of female excellence. In Mary you find all that is tender, loving, constant and true. In her you find all virtues. In her humility she refused the highest honors; while in patience she en-dured more anguish and agony than

any other creature on earth Mary is a creature of God. As the beautiful praise picture redounds to the glory of the artist, so the honor we Mary redounds to God, since we honor her for His sake. Let us honor her. That person who honors the Blessed Virgin; who loves, respects and venerates her as the Mother of God; who takes her as a model and imitates her virtues; who prays to her in trials and afflictions and her intercession with divine Son, does not only act in a reasonable manner, but such action is certain to make the path through this world smooth and easy and at the same time safe to a life of eternal happiness.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixth Sunday after Pentecost.

FEAST OF ST. JOHN THE BAPTIST. To day we celebrate the Feast of the Birthday of St. John the Baptist, of whom our Lord said that a greater man than he was never born; and we well know what kind of greatness Jesus Christ would make much of—the greatness of holiness. Looking at his life altogether, we see in him a striking example of one wielding great power and acquiring an eternal fame, who set out to do neither, but rather avoided both. No doubt as he grew up he must have heard something about his miraculous conception, of the angelic prophecy concerning him, and of that wonderful visit the Mother of God made to his own mother before either he or Jesus Christ was born. No doubted he felt himself to be conse-crated to God, and set apart in a special manner to aspire after a holy life. And now it is just his fidelity to

all those interior inspirations, which,

costing him, as it did, so much self

abnegation, and taking him appar

ently out of the way of obtaining a great name, really made him great. He was a notable example of those who gain all by giving up all. Only those who have this character in a marked degree are truly great in their souls, for virtue is both the source and the glory of nobility. No birth however high, no station or office however exalted, no good luck however extra ordinary, high honors, great wealth, nor heaps of badges and medals can make up for the lack of it. A mean, covetous, selfish, proud, gluttonous, sensual, envious minded, overbearing, spiteful, unforgiving, greedy king or emperor neither is nor can be great, no matter how vast his dominions or countless his subjects. On the other hand, we Catholics know of, and recognize often, the most extraordinary nobleness and refinement of soul in many who are among the poorest, most suffering, and often in book-learning, the most ignorant of our brethren.
What is it that gives to many such that singular taste for and perception of what is pure, beautiful and true, which they unmistakably possess And, in times of great trial and sacrifice, what is it that often brings them out above and ahead of many others of whom we might be led to expect so much more? I'll tell you: it is the greatness of their holiness, the nobility of their virtue. It is that manifesta-tion of what is really great in the sight crush the head of the serpent. Now if she was to crush the head of the serpent, it was fit that she should never be under his power, that she should he was found that the server has been decreased as the server has been decreased a the world, their free obedience to superiors, their sweet endurance of pain and sorrow, their meek, forgiv

ing spirit. Such as these are the souls of the great, whom the world, the flesh, and the devil attack and may wound, but cannot conquer. If some to envy the apparent good fortune, as it is esteemed, of those whose great ness is not thus founded in virtue, we may be sure that we are weighing something with a very light and empty weight in the other balance, which may be very bulky, sparkling, and showy, like a big, bright, sun-shiny soap-bubble, but with nothing

inside, and of very short continuance. So you see how true greatness is within the reach of every one, and within quite easy reach, too. One is not obliged to do a great many things, nor labor many years, nor accomplish what makes a long report with large headings in the newspapers. One has only to take care how the work is done one is called to do-with what spirit one does it. Says the "Imitation of Christ:" "We are apt to inquire Christ:" how much a man has done, but with how much virtue he has done it is not

or a good workman; but how poor he is in spirit, how patient and meek, how devout and internal, is what few speak of." Yes, it is not so much the long and splendid record of the work, but we honor her, also, because of her Immaculate Conception and total freedom from sin. She was a model of all ruling our labors, that makes them virtues. Is it not reasonable, then, to worthy of everlasting memory and meritorious of the renown of a great name, which leaves behind one a memory held in benediction and the history of a life delicious to recall.

Boston Republic

The appeals to religious passion which the A. P. A. leaders of the West are making have already borne fruit in outrages committed against Catholics, both in their persons and pro-perty. At St. Cloud, Minn., a Catho-lic chapel, situated in an outlying section of the town, was recently burned to the ground. Statues and decorations, as well as the sacred relics and altar fixtures, were taken from the building, broken into fragments and then burned. The "patriotic" Americans who were engaged in the nefarious business then proceeded to a Cath olic cemetery and smashed fourteen tombstones which loving hands had erected to perpetuate the memory of departed parents or children.

This desecration was accomplished

in the interest of American institutions whose safety the vandals professed to believe were threatened by the church and the grave stones. Ministers o the gospel are members of the vile organization which perpetrated thes outrages against the living and the Dr. Miner of Boston and his coterie of cranks who hold forth at Music Hall contribute their money and their influence to its support. How do they like the results of their preaching? Do they imagine that the Protestant religion wili gain in reputation and strength through such blackguardism? Do they believe that the Catholic Church will suffer in public estimation through the desecration of graves and the burning of churches

They had a taste of that sort of thing in this vicinity some years ago when the Mount Benedict convent was burned by a Protestant mob. much did Protestantism gain by that dastardly act? How much was Catholicity retarded? Catholics are far more numerous and influential now han they were in 1834. They are amply able to take care of themselves and their property. They will see to it that the jails are filled with these hoodlums who violate the most sacred sentiments of humanity and call their ruffianism religion.

Don't You Know That to have perfect health you must have pure blood, and the best way to have pure blood is to take Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier and strength builder. It expels all taint of scrofula, salt rheum and all other humors, and at the same time builds up the whole system and gives nerve strength.

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Mrs. Celeste Coon, Syracuse, N. Y., writes: "For years I could not eat many kinds of food without producing a burning, kinds of food without producing a burning, excruciating pain in my stomach. I took Parmelee's Pills according to directions under the head of 'Dyspepsia or Indigestion,' One box entirely cured me. I can now eat anything I choose, without distressing me in the least." These Pills do not cause pain or griping, and should be used when a cathartic is required.

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"I never realized the good of a medicine so much as I have in the last few months, during which time I have suffered intensely from pneumonia, followed by bronchitis. After trying various remedies without benefit, I began the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and the effect has been marvelous, a single dose relieving me of choking, and securing a good night's rest. — I. A. Higginbotham, Gen. Store, Long Mountain, Va.

La Grippe

"Last Spring I was taken down with la grippe. At times I was completely prostrated, and so difficult was my breathing that my breath seemed as if confined in an iron cage. I procured a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and no sooner had I began taking it than relief followed. I could not believe that the effect would be so rapid."—W. H. Williams, Cook City, S. Dak.

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"For more than twenty-five years. I was a sufferer from lung trouble, attended with coughing so severe at times as to cause hemorrhage, the poroxysms frequently lasting three or four hours. I was induced to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and after taking four bottles, was thoroughly cured. I can confidently recommend this medicine."—Franz Hofmann, Clay Centre, Kans.

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