CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Steady and Inward Growth. Manliness is not made by miracle; it is the result of a process. Character growth is just as natural, just as amenable to laws as material growth. Growth in any thing is the evidence of italian. vitality; development alone establishes

Some people think they are pious be-Some people tunk they are plous because they never change their opinions while others think they are exceedingly spiritual minded because they pick up new fancies every hour. There is nothing colder than a plety that is petriled. It is so dead that the man read has it never thinks of it as a life.

petrified. It is so dead that the man who has it never thinks of it as a life, but only as a night latch into heaven. The progress of the world depends not on the increasing speed of its trains nor the accumulation of its bonds and securities; it depends on the develop-ment of its people. The world is only greater as man is grander and more divine. Civilization is not in the clothes we wear, but in the men we are. The new world is the product of the new race, the old things pass away; all things become new; man emerger from the lower into the higher.

Greater far than the changes that have taken place in our physical form are those taking place in our inner lives. Religion is the name we give that mighty power that works out the higher type of personal character. You are not a religious man unless you are a growing man. If you are not better today than yesterday, then you better to-day than yesterday, then you are worse. To stand still is to retreat. If all you can do is to hold your ground the ground might as well hold you forever. We do not measure the youth's growth by his knowledge of physiology; neither can we gauge the spiritual character growth man knowledge of theology. It is marked by strength of purpose, by sweeten-ing of disposition, by increasing proficiency in human adjustments. In things it is an approximation to an

Let no man hope to leap in an instant into the fuliness of character. best things are likely to grow, y. Only let them but grow, that Be sure that you really are alive to the best, really are living toward the better things day by day, that childish whims are being forsaken, childish weakness being outgrown, that the shining ideal of the all glorious man comes nearer, even though the clearer vision of its glories makes it seem actually farther away. Let religion mean not the falling back into weakness, but the putting on of the whole man, the increase of the life more and more, more light, more love, more law, more likeness to that which the Great Archi-tect has planned for His living temple. -Henry F. Cope.

More Important Than Intellect is Character. While you lay the full stress you ought to lay upon learning, upon the training of the intellect, yet you appreciate that even more important than intellect is character; while your intelligence is going to be a great in your success, yet it is your charac-ter which will be an even greater factor in the success of each of you, and which will be the all important factor in deciding whether that success shall be a service to your countrymen or not.—Roosevelt to Georgetown Gradu-

How to Achieve Permanent Success. Bear this in mind, that you will not make true progress or achieve perman-- in other words, according to our text, you will not be con-armed in your calling, unless you bring to your work honesty, fidelity, perse verance, and courage, and put into practice the Christian ethics you have earned in your college life.

First of all you must be honest with very air we breathe is tainted with dishonesty to day, dis honesty in private life and public life ; yellow journalism is leading the minds of men into the most perverse and un-godly channels; the age itself is unil or whether goldly. Whether you toil or whether you spin, it matters not; you must be the protectors and conservators of law and order against false theories, against false philosophy, against dishonest principles, against socialistic tendencies of the day, against modern uto plan schemers and false ethics.

plan schemers and false ethics.
You must also bring with you fidelity
to your work. That fidelity must show
itself in your willingness to give your
best efforts of mind, and heart, and hand, and head to the work before you

Do to day's work faithfully. Draw not the fatal line on just so many hours a day or a week, but continue your labor, even to the burning of the mid-night oil when necessary to finish the work in hand. This fidelity has made the successful student, the successful lawyer, the successful physician, the successful successful merchant, and even the successful laborer, whose services are

And, my young friends, persevere. Honesty of purpose is necessary, fidelity to your calling is necessary, but be of stout heart—persovere. The high-ways and the byways of the professions, and the scientific and liberal callings, the arts, and mercantile life are strewn with failures, because men lost heart when they should have had courage to when they should have had courage to go on, and to morrow would have brought success. How truly does ex-perience bear us out in this assertion! The honest and faithful toiler who perseveres must attain final success and final triumph.—Rev. H. P. Callanan in Students at Boston College.

Be a Help, and Not a Burden. "Of course the first duty of each of you is to earn his own livelihood. You will not find it too easy either. Your first business is to be a help and not a burden upon those who have helped

you through.

I do not want you to go out so intent I do not want you to go out so intent upon reforming the world that you are quite unable to keep your own heads above water. Remember that your power of doing good to others is con-ditioned upon not being a burden to others.

of service to nunity as a whole.

"Remember, each of you young men here, that the chance for heroid endeavor of a rather spectacular kind does nt often count; that the man who really counts in this life is not the man who thinks how well he could do some bit of heroism if the chance arose, but the man who actually does the hum-drum, workaday, every day duties as those duties arise. The very first thing to do is to do your the family, in the home .duty in Roosevelt to Georgetown Students.

Hints on Conversation. Avoid an apologetic mood, it is al

ways weakening to character. Never let your eye wander over the room while your friend is talking to you. Study the person with whom you are conversing, and lead up to the subjects with which he is familiar.

Never talk about yourself, and if you see the conversation drifting that way get it out of a personal rut at once.

The secret of successful conversation is contained in the faculty of being able

to make the other person talk.

Remember that conversation is an art. It takes time, thought and experience to develop the faculty of conversing

properly.

Do not let conversation drift into any Begin the attack with some subject. thing definite, and force your partner

to show his powers.

If you find yourself doing all the talking, you may depend upon it that the other person is managing you. If you make the other person talk, you are the master of the situation.

Do not talk about the weather, or your illness, or the maladies of your friends; society is a place for the inter change of only bright and pleasant change of only bright and pleasant thoughts—leave the "grinds" at home.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE LITTLE ACOLYTE.

Fred was in a quandary. He had found it pleasant enough during the fall months to get up at 6 o'clock and hurry off to the convent to serve the community Mass. But now the morn-ings were dark and cold, and the first snowstorm of the season had fallen yes-terday. Besides, Sister Anne could serve; to be sure, the new chaplain was a great stickler for rubrics, and did not like it; indeed, in Fred's own hear ing, he had openly expressed his disapprobation of a weman serving, albeit a religious and outside of the sanctuary.

And now at 9 p. m. Fred was think-ing — thinking seriously over the prob-lem. He had finished learning his last and kissed his mother goodnight; and now in his little, cold room he was preparing to say his night prayers. Preparing, I say, because he always read ten verses from the New Testament, and then in a half playful mood drew from the "Following of Christ" a lesson for the next day.

To-night he opened the giltedged Testament which Father Carey had given two years ago to "his little man" given two years ago to "his little man" (the good Father was now lying with crossed hands in the simple Jesuit cemetery), and turning to the little purple mark he began to read from the twelfth chapter of St. Mark, the thir tieth verse. At the end of the verse he paused and looked into space. The moralight was shining through the uncomplicity was shining through the uncomplication. moonlight was shining through the unourtained, lightly-frosted panes, his eyes seemed to be gazing far be-yend, and a dawning of light half shadved by perplexity looked out of them tle sigh escaped him, and he read "And the second is like unto it: A little sigh Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thy-self." He laid his head on the little table before him, and the great long ing that he felt at his first Communion, and at rare intervals since, again shook

his very soul.

Perhaps ten minutes had elapsed when he awoke from his dreamings with a little shiver, and finished the chapter slowly and thoughtfully. Then with a sign of the cross he opened his "If I be tempted me. She is my strength; she gives counsel and help."

A tender light came into his dark eyes. "Yes," he soliloquized, "the last words Father Carey said to me were, 'Correspond with God's grace and I prophesy He will do great things with you.' But it's awful cold—just hear that wind! And I almost froze I mustn't harp on that, for mother can't get me another. It's well enough when the sun's out, but - 6 o'clock in

the morning's a different thing."
And, still debating, sleep overtook
him and tucked him warmly under her wing, as she does all little children, especially those with pure consciences

The college clock pealed out 6 in unison with the first triplet of Ange us, when a sleepy little boy heard his mother's gentle knock on the door.
"Yes, mother, thank you," he called out, without moving. He made the sign of the cross with closed eyes, and

murmured the Hail Mary, and then, quite awake, began to reflect. And the result was that a very bright, happy-faced boy served the convent s that morning with unusual fervor He noticed as he lifted the Commun-

ion cloth from the onyx tipped altar rail that a pale, beautiful woman in mourning followed the Sisters with clasped hands as they returned to

their seats.

It had been a lovely morning for him; he had wanted to go to Communion, too, and was sorry he had not asked permission; but he tried to make up for it by many sweet spiritual Commur-ions of desire, as Father Carey had taught him. The chapel was not overheated, and he had not yet recovered from the chill the bitter morning had given him as he re-entered the warm

sacristy.
"Now sit down and get a good warm.

ushered into the sacristy by Sister

Anne.
"Yes, it is a heavy blow," the lady "Yes, it is a heavy blow, "tes lawy was saying; "so well and bright only a week ago, when we arrived; full of life—our only comfort—and now we go home desolate Mr. Alken and I. But I home desolate Mr. Alten and I.
have said, "Thy will be done!" and I
shall not repine, for God knows best
even when He shadows our lives."

Fred looked up; he had laid down his roll and the tears were standing in his eyes. As the lady glanced toward him she caught the sympathetic leads and she caught the sympathetic look, and her eyes turned questioningly toward

the good Sister.
"He is our little acolyte, Fred
Walters," she said, in her cheery
musical voice; "comes every morning so promptly, in spite of the cold, to

serve Mass." He is just about the age and size of my Charlie," the lady remarked, in lowered tones, as she walked to the long, old-fashioned sofa. "He does not seem warmly clad," and her glance wandered from his worn coat to his shoes, much the worse for the wear. would like to give him Charlie's clothes; I had just bought a new winter suit for him, poor darling!" and her tears broke forth afresh. "He only wore it once. Would there be any impropriety in my offering it to this little boy

'None in the world," answered Sister Anne, with a pleased smile. would be a beautiful act of charity."

Just then the Sister portress entered. The carriage is at the door, Mrs. Aiken," she said. As the lady walked by her side to the vestibule, Sister Anne her left, explained in a low voice His mother has a hard struggle to support a sick aunt who has been in the hospital for some years; and she is trying to educate Fred, who shows remarkable talent.

Call the little boy, then, and he can

drive to the hotel with me."

Fred blushed to his temples with pleasure when he found he was to take a ride with the beautiful, sad lady. His heart had warmed toward her, and as she threw a heavy shawl about his shoulders and tucked the carriage blanket around him in such a mother like way he thought of the other boy who had lost these loving attentions, and said in a tremulcus and embarassed "I am so sorry that your little tone, "I boy died."

'Yes, dear, I know it; I loved you for your sympathy this morning; we take our child home with us to lay him in his little grave," and the falling tears only made her face more beauti

"But you know his soul is living with God in heaven, he said softly, while his hand slid into hers with childlike confidence. And Mary, childlike confidence. And Mary, God's own Mother, will take care of him till you go to meet him again

"My dear child, you comfort me. I had forgotten all about Mary, our dear mother; and she was the Mother of Sorrows, too," and she leaned back in the carriage, lost in a reverie. His words had somehow thrown a light on a yow she had made that morning in the chapel.

When the carriage reached the hotel a life bond had been formed be-tween Fred and Mrs. Aiken. A little tween Fred and Mrs. Aiken. A little more than an hour had elapsed, when Fred, warmly and richly clad, even to the fine boots (which pinched enough to give him chance for an act of mor chance for an act of mortification,)
was again scated in the carriage by
his benefactress' side and driving rapidly toward his home.

A feeling of anxiety had crept over Mrs. Walters as the minute hand had been making its circuit around the dial plate of the old clock; and now pointed to five minutes past nine. Fred met with an accident-had Sister sent him perhaps on an errand—had he gone to school? But there were his Something must have happened books. —and she arose from her work and, un folding her shawl, had just slipped it about her shoulders, when Sister Anne crossed the street. She hastened to pis." He read: "If I be tempted and afflicted with many tribulations, I will fear no evils while Thy grace is with her scruples at "receiving charity" her scruples at "receiv her scruples at "receiving charity" being easily brushed aside by the good Sister

"I have never seen anything more "I have never seen anything mote touching in my life," said Sister Anne; "Mrs. Aiken, broken-hearted as she is, had time and thought for others; and while the body of her dear child is and while the body of her dear child is just to be borne to the station, she gives him happiness even in heaven by making him the benefactor of your dear Fred. And her left hand never knows what her right hand does. I have seen that ever since she was our pupil in the

But she is a stranger to me and I have no claim on her," argued Mrs. Walters, though weakly.

"The lovers of God are never strangers to each other—" but Sister Anne's ecided generalization was brought to a full stop by the roll of a carriage to the door.

Bearing in his hand a beautiful bas ket of fruit, Fred jumped lightly out and assisted Mrs. Aiken to the curb with the grace of a little prince. Sister Anne's eyes glistened; and Mrs. Walt rs' voice was husky as she murmured,

'My God, what a change!''
They ascended the steps, followed by the driver, who deposited a heavy trunk in the hall.

With a heart overflowing with gratitude and sympathy Mrs. Walters greeted Mrs. Aiken; but her tears told more than the broken words which she tried to frame into an expression of thanks. Fred placed a chair for his new friend, and then turned toward his mother with a frank, happy smile.

"I hardly know you any longer as y Fred," she said, embracing him; but look!" and she pointed laughing ly to the timepiece, where the minute and had been travelling swiftly for very joy, and now, reaching the mid-point of the hour, set the soft bell that innounced it to sweeter music than it

power of doing good to others is conditioned upon not being a burden to others.

"First be able to hold your own in the world. Treat this merely as laying the foundation of your life; and upon that foundation of self-help, of self-service raise the lofty structure of service for

were to give up school entirely?"
"What do you mean, my son?" questioned Mrs. Walters, in astonishment.

"Dearest mother, you have long known the secret of my heart; perhaps Sister Anne, too, has suspected it"—his manly tone grew a trifle unsteady as he went on—" Mrs. Aiken has just drawn it from me by her own sweet ways, and she wishes to pay all the expenses of my education through college and seminary so that I may one day be a priest of God. Oh, mother, how can

we repay her?"
"God alone can do that, my child," answered Mrs. Walters, in a voice that

sounded like a sob.

"He has more than rewarded me already," and Mrs. Aiken took Fred's hand affectionately in hers. "As I knelt in desolation before the altar of my childhood this morning I made vow to God to educate and support for life a boy who might manifest tion to the missionary life. Such a life is full of hardships, I know, and requires a heroic spirit, a courage born of God and ardent zeal for souls. I felt a strange attraction for your Fred during Mass, which he served, it seemed to me, with angelic devotion; and was not surprised when, at my questioning, he made known to me that to be a mis sionary priest was the great desire of his life. But what has his dear mother

to say?" Ah, what can I say but that he be longs to God, and that he was only lent May His goodness be blessed tooses my child to glorify His name even through suffering and hard ships

I told Mrs. Aiken you would say so, mother," exclaimed Fred, joyously

And I shall be blessed that this dear child will seem to be doing part of the work of my own child on earth," rejoined Mrs. Aiken, as a slow tear rolled down her cheek. "In my own ved South, beautiful, pure souls are languishing in ignorance of our holy faith and pining for the truth. God grant that Fred may one day be another St. Francis de Sales among mountains," and she laid her upon his head.

Sister Anne had been a silent witness of the scene, too deeply moved to speak of the scene, too deeply moved of speak.

"This is all so wonderful I can hardly credit my senses," she said at last.

"But, Mrs. Walters, you will be very lonely," and her tone was brimming

with compassion.

Dear Sister Anne, you never for get anything," Mrs. Aiken gently in-terposed. "Mrs. Walters must have a home near her son, where he can visit her easily at stated times; and I shall furnish her with light clerical work which will insure her a lucrative And, dear and permanent income. And, dear Sister Anne, let me place in your hand these two checks, providing for the endowment of two beds in St. Vincent's Hospital; as you will see, one is secured to Mrs. Walters' aunt while she

Mrs. Walters was sobbing aloud by this time, and poor Fred walked over to the window to conceal his emotion Sister Anne folded Mrs. Aiken to her heart, exclaiming, "Oh, Margaret, I thought I knew you all these ears; a great, magnanimous heart you ave !

'Now, don't speak of it, dear Sister,' she protested, with a sweet humility that glorified her face. "God has shown me in the very act of making my yow how acceptable it is to Him, and be sure it is I who have received the greatest favor. I shall go home this afternoon inexpressibly consoled in the midst of my great sorrow. And dear Fred—shall he not go to St. Charles' College next week?" and with a win ning smile she slipped a sealed enve and with a win into Mrs. Walters' hand.

iope into Mis. Walters' hand.

'Your bounty makes it possible, dear
madam, and there shall be no delay in
fulfilling your wishes. My comfort is
that you are lavishing your kindness on one who has never given his mother moment of pain-whose respectful obedi ence and patience under the privations we have suffered since his father died, five years ago, have been—but a mother's lips may not say all," and her eyes

sought the floor. But I believe all and more than you can say," was Mrs. Aiken's quick rei inder. "The dear child began his rej inder. missionary work of love and comfort in my soul this morning. And he has promised to write to me once a month and tell me of his progress."

Mrs. Walters seemed spellbound as door. Sister Anne put her arms around her. "I don't wonder you are so overcome," she asserted; "it is my firm conviction that it will take you three days at least to realize what has hap pened, as it surely will me."
"If I could only speak and tell you

all I feel," she murmured, helplessly, as Mrs. Aiken took her hand at part-

ing. .. I know it better by your tears," said that lady.
"But there are thoughts that lie too

deep for tears, you know," rejoined Mrs. Waters. "Those deep, deep thoughts are for God, my dear friend, for He alone can read and understand them; they are oftimes our best worship of Him."

" May He guide and bless and bring "May He guide and bless and bring to a great end all that you may have begun, my dear Margaret," said Sister Anne, fervently.
"Amen," was the equally fervent

response from three hearts. The good-byes were said, but Mrs. Aiken turned back and, drawing Fred

to her, kissed him tenderly. A hot tear fell upon his forehead which seemed to him a consecration of sorrow and of As the carriage rolled away Fred

closed the door, and, conducting his mother back to their little room, placed her in a chair. Her shop work lay neglected on the floor; Fred picked it up and, with a feeling of relief and hap-piness, threw it on the table. Then he piness, threw it on the table. Then he knelt by her side, while she wept unrestrainedly. He waited till the storm of mingled joy and sorrow had subsided; then while she listened in wonder he

convent this morning God's designs over my whole life would have been frustrated. And you and Aunt Alice would have suffered, too. Isn't it all vonderful, mother ?'

Yes, truly, God hath blessed us," answered. "Father Carey's words she answered. have begun already to prove a prophecy for my dear Fred."

"Mother, I made a solemn promise to God at Mass this morning to obey them all my life, and 'correspond with God's grace' at all times and to the utmost of my power.'—M. S. Pine in the Sentinel of the Blessed Sacra-

HOW TO MAKE A HOODLUM.

This is the rather startling title of a short article in one of our contemporaries. Who, under the sun, may be asked, would want advice as to how to make a hoodlum? Well, nobody seeks directions on the subject, but the fact is that a great many fathers, mothers, ancles and aunts (to say nothing grandmothers), are through ignorance or carelessness, turning sundry little boys into hoodlums every day of their lives. Without being aware of it, per-haps, these indulgent relatives are folowing out with great care the direction for making a hoodlum which our esned contemporary gives as follows:

"Tak a small male infant, of ordinary, common variety. Dissolve whatever backbone it may have by steeping it in adulation, and coddling

and petting.

"This, if conscientiously done, will make it so soft and mushy that it will be ready to run into any sort of a mould. Drop in, one by one, the ideas that mother was made to wait on her darling boy; that teachers are tyrants, and the stress should not go to school unand petting. and that one should not go to school un less he felt like it; that it is outrageous for a poor boy to be expected to work; that a boy must have pocket money and be allowed to do as he pleases no matter what sacrifices the mother and the girls make, and that the boy who can not keep a job is always an unappreciated genius that the world is down on. Flavor this mixture with cigarettes

Permit it to run with pool-room habi-tudes, amateur prize fighters, and corner saloon loafers, and it will mould itself into the desired shape of a tia horn sport.

Harden it by leaving it out nights, and garnish it with the green of the last dollar in the family.

The usual accompaniment of this dish is tears and prayers of the mother

—a somewhat bitter drink but one that is seldom omitted." These directions, if carefully followed

will turn into a hoodlum even the best disposed boy that ever was born. If you don't want your boy to be a hoodlum take the exactly opposite course. Let there be no lack of kindness, but teach the boy his duties to those who are his superiors. Instead of dancing attendance on him, let him do a little of that sort of dancing. It is the best sort of dancing he will ever do. Allow no disrespectful allusions from him to is teachers or others in authority. sneering criticisms of teachers which some boys affect should never be tol erated at home. Let him learn that he must work—not spasmodically but stead ily. Teach him that his mother and him that sisters were not placed on earth to wait on him, and sacrifice their happiness Keep an eye on the compar ons he keeps, on the papers and books he reads. Give him a chance to know he reads. Give him a chance to know that there is something better than dime novels and yellow journals, by buying Catholic books and taking a Catholic paper. Make home pleasant for him and the companions he brings in occasionally. If this is done, his temptation to seek pleasure in illicit ways will not be so strong. But don't coddle him, and don't condone his coddle him, and don't condone his faults when they are such as should be corrected. It is hard to correct and punish a child that one loves, but punish a child that one loves, but better a little twinge of pain now than a mind-corroding and heart breaking sorrow bye and bye. And this is what comes, inevitably, to the people who, by their own self-indulgence turn children, whom God has given them to bring up in His fear and in His love, into hoodlums .- Sacred Heart Review



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