

Consolation.
BY S. M. C.

There's not a pang in the human heart
There's not a sorrow veiled apart
Unseen by God's dear eye,
There is not a man that's stifled low,
Nor a soul that's why has thou left me so?
Unknown to the heart that bleed.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twenty-second Sunday after Pentecost.

OBEDIENCE TO THE CIVIL AUTHORITIES
Render therefore to Caesar the things that are
Caesar's, and to God the things that are God's.

Our Lord made this reply, my dear brethren, to the question of some who asked Him whether it was lawful to give tribute to Caesar or not; or, in other words, whether it was right to pay taxes to support the government of the Roman Empire, to which the Jews were then subjected, and which was pagan, and in many ways an impious and ungodly power. They hoped that He would say that it was not; for if He did, they would have a very good chance to make against Him before the Roman governor, as one who was a rebel and a disobedient of the laws; and could thus bring about His ruin, which they earnestly desired. Now, if it really had been wrong to pay these taxes Christ would of course have said so; for, as they had said to Him in truth, though they meant it as flattery, He was a true speaker, and would not betray the truth to please any man or to escape any danger. But instead of answering in this way, as they hoped, He surprised them by saying that they ought to pay the taxes which were imposed on them; he commanded them to obey the power that was in many ways as it was, whose subjects they were.

We must, therefore, conclude that the power of the states, or the law of the land as it is called, has a real claim in the name of God and of Christ to our obedience. For if our Lord required those who heard Him to obey the Roman authorities, He would also require us to obey the duly constituted authorities under which we live at any time. For the cruel and persecuting pagan empire of Rome was surely no more worthy of respect and obedience than any other under which our lot is like to be cast.

And if we could have any doubt as to our duty in conscience on this point, St. Paul confirms this lesson most emphatically. "There is no power," he says, "but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God." And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation. . . . Wherefore be subject of necessity, not only for wrath (that is, for fear of the consequences) but also for conscience' sake." And coming to the very matter of which our Lord has spoken, He proceeds: "Render, therefore, to all men their dues. Tribute to whom tribute is due: custom to whom custom."

We see then clearly, my brethren, that the laws of the land bind us in conscience. And we do not by any means need to go back to apostolic times to find instruction to this effect. The successors of St. Peter, and those teaching in union with them, have always insisted on this duty of obedience to the civil power very strongly. Only last year, for instance, our Holy Father Pope Leo XIII, in an encyclical letter, taught it to us very clearly. "The Church," he said, "rightly teaches that the power of the state comes from God." And He tells us that, whatever the form of Government may be—that is, whether the rulers are chosen by the people or not—it is not simply from the people that their right to rule and to be obeyed comes; the people in an elective government do not make the power, although they designate the person or persons in whom the power of God is to rest.

Of course no one denies that the civil power may, in particular cases, forfeit its claim to our obedience by requiring of us things manifestly unjust or plainly contrary to the law of God or of the Church; as, for instance, if it should require us to attend Protestant worship, or should forbid us to make our Easter duty. But such cases are very rare, at least here in this country. We shall know easily enough when they arise. There is little fear, as things now are, of too great respect for law among us; the danger, rather, is of our regarding laws as a mere decisions of a majority, to which we have to submit as far as we cannot help it, and because we cannot help it, but to which we owe no interior reverence, and by breaking which we commit no sin. Whereas the truth is that we do sin by breaking any law of the land which is not manifestly unjust or contrary to the rights of God and the obedience we owe to Him.

Remember, then, my brethren, to render to Caesar the things that are Caesar's. The President, Congress, our governors and legislatures, and the other powers that be are really God's viceregents, though not in so high an order as the spiritual; still in their own place they truly act in God's name. Find out and consider what they require; confess and amend any disregard or disrespect for their laws, unless you wish to be guilty of contempt and disobedience to Him from whom all laws come.

The great value of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh is vouched for by thousands of people whom it cured. COUGHS, COLIC, ASTHMA, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, etc., yield at once to Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, the successful Throat and Lung Specific. MILBURN'S REEF, IRON AND WINE restores strength and vitality, and makes rich blood. Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria.

LADY JANE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE VISIT TO THE PAICHOUX.

One bright morning in October, while Pepsie and Lady Jane were very busy over their pecans, there was a sudden rattling of wheels and jingling of cans, and Tante Modeste's milk-cart, gay in a fresh coat of red paint, with the shining cans, and smart little mule in a bright harness, drew up before the door, and Tante Modeste herself jumped briskly down from the high seat, and entered like a fresh breeze of spring.

She and Madelon were twin sisters, and very much alike; the same large, fair face, the same smooth, dark hair combed straight back from the forehead, and twisted in a glossy knot at the back, and like Madelon she wore a stiffly starched, light calico gown, finished at the neck with a muslin scarf tied in a large bow; her head was bare, and in her ears she wore gold hoops, and around her neck was a heavy chain of the same precious metal.

When Pepsie saw her she held out her arms, flushing with pleasure, and cried joyfully: "Oh, Tante Modeste, how glad I am! I thought you'd forgotten to come for Lady Jane."

Tante Modeste embraced her niece warmly, and then caught Lady Jane by her heart as Madelon did. "Forgotten her? Oh, no; I've thought of her all the time since I was here; but I've been so busy."

"What about Tante Modeste?" asked Pepsie eagerly.

"Oh, you can't think how your cousin Marie is turning everything upside down, since she decided to be a lady." Here Tante Modeste made a little grimace of disdain. "She must have our house changed, and her papa can't say 'no' to her. I like it best as it was, but Marie must have paint and carpets; think of it—carpets! But I draw the line at the parlor—the *salon*," and again Tante Modeste shrugged and laughed. "She wants a *salon*; well, she shall have a *salon* just as she likes it, and I will have the other part of the house as I like it. Just imagine, your uncle has gone on Rue Royale, and bought a mirror, a console, a cabinet, a sofa, and a carpet."

"Oh, oh, Tante Modeste, how lovely!" cried Pepsie, clasping her hands in admiration. "I wish I could see the parlor just once."

"You shall, my dear; you shall, if you have to be brought on a bed. When there's a wedding,"—and she nodded brightly, as much as to say, "and there will be one soon,"—"you shall be brought there. I'll arrange it so you can come comfortably, my dear. Have patience, you shall come."

"How good you are, Tante Modeste," cried Pepsie, enraptured at the promise of such happiness.

"But now, *cherie*," she said, turning to Lady Jane, whose little face was expressing in pantomime her pleasure at Pepsie's delight, "I've come for you this morning to take you for a ride in the cart, as I promised."

"Tante Pauline does not know," began Lady Jane dutifully. "I must go and ask her if I can."

"I'll send Tito," cried Pepsie, eager to have the child enjoy what to her seemed the greatest pleasure on earth. "Here, Tito," she said, as the black visage appeared at the door. "Run quick across to Madame Jozain, and ask if Miss Lady can go to ride in the milk-cart with Madame Paichoux; and bring me a clean rock and her hat and sash."

Tito flew like the wind, her black legs making zig-zag strokes across the street, while Pepsie brushed the child's beautiful hair until it shone like gold. Madame Jozain did not object. Of course, a milk-cart was not a carriage, but then Lady Jane was only a child, and it did not matter.

While Pepsie was putting the finishing touches to Lady Jane's toilet, Tante Modeste and Tito were busy bringing various packages from the milk-cart to the little room; butter, cream, cheese, sausage, a piece of pig, and a fine capon. When Tante Modeste came, she always left a substantial proof of her visit.

There was only one drawback to Lady Jane's joy, and that was the necessity of leaving Tony behind. "You might take him," said Tante Modeste, good-naturedly, "but there are so many young ones home they'd pester the bird about to death, and something might happen to him; he might get away, and then you'd never forgive us."

"I know I mustn't take him," said Lady Jane, with sweet resignation. "Dear Tony, be a good bird while I'm gone, and you shall have some bugs to-morrow." Tony was something of an epicure, and "bugs," as Lady Jane called them, extracted from cabbage-leaves, were a delight to him. Then she embraced him fondly, and fastened him securely to Pepsie's chair, and went away with many good-bys and kisses for her friend, and not a few lingering glances for her pet.

It was a perfectly enchanting situation to Lady Jane when she was mounted up on the high seat, close under Tante Modeste's sheltering wing, with her little feet on the cream-cheese box, and two tall cans standing in front like sturdy tin footmen waiting for orders. Then Tante Modeste pulled the top up over their heads, and shook her lines at the fat little mule, and away they clattered down Good Children street, with all the children and all the dogs running on behind.

It was a long and delightful drive to Lady Jane before they got out of town to where the cottages were scattered and set in broad fields, with trees and pretty gardens. At length they turned out of the beautiful Esplanade, with its shady rows of trees, into Frenchman

street, and away down the river they stopped before a large double cottage that stood well back from the street, surrounded by trees and flowers; a good-natured, healthy-looking boy threw open the gate, and Tante Modeste clattered into the yard, calling out:

"Here, Tiburce, quick, my boy; unhitch the mule, and turn him out." The little animal understood perfectly well what she said, and shaking his long ears he nickered approvingly.

Lady Jane was lifted down from her high perch by Paichoux himself, who gave her a right cordial welcome, and in a moment she was surrounded by Tante Modeste's good-natured brood. At first she felt a little shy, there were so many, and they were such noisy children; but they were so kind and friendly toward her that they soon won her confidence and affection.

That day was a "red-letter day" to Lady Jane; she was introduced to all the pets of the farm-yard, the poultry, the dogs, the kittens, the calves, the ponies, the little colts, and the great soft motherly-looking cows that stood quietly in rows to be milked; and afterwards they played under the trees in the grass, while they gathered roses by the fruitful to carry to Pepsie, and filled a basket with pecans for Madelon.

She was feasted on gumbo, fried chicken, rice-cakes, and delicious cream cheese until she could eat no more; she was caressed and petted to her heart's content from the pretty Marie down to the smallest white-headed Paichoux; she saw the fine parlor, the mirror, the pictures, the cabinet of shells, and the vases of wax-flowers, and to crown all, Paichoux himself lifted her on Tiburce's pony and rode her around the yard several times, while Tante Modeste made her a beautiful cake, frosted like snow, with her name in pink letters across the top.

At last, when the milk-cart came around with its evening load of fresh milk for waiting customers, Lady Jane was lifted up again beside Tante Modeste, overloaded with presents, caresses, and good wishes, the happiest child, as well as the tireddest, that ever rode in a milk-cart.

Long before they reached the noisy city streets, Lady Jane became very silent, and Tante Modeste peeped under the broad hat to see if she had fallen asleep; but no, the blue eyes were wide and watchful, and the little face had lost its glow of happiness.

"Are you tired, *cherie*?" asked Tante Modeste kindly.

"No, thank you," she replied, with a soft sigh. "I was thinking of papa, the Sunflower, and the ranch, and dear mama. Oh, I wonder if she'll come back soon."

Tante Modeste made no reply, but she fell to thinking too. There was something strange about it all that she couldn't understand.

The child's remarks and Madame Jozain's stories did not agree. There was a mystery, and she meant to get to the bottom of it by some means. And when Tante Modeste set out to accomplish a thing she usually succeeded.

CHAPTER XII.

TANTE MODESTE'S SUSPICIONS.

"Paichoux," said Tante Modeste to her husband, that same night, before the tired dayman went to bed; "I've been thinking of something all the evening."

"Vraiment! I'm surprised," returned Paichoux facetiously; "I did not know you ever wasted time thinking."

"I don't usually," went on Tante Modeste, ignoring her husband's little attempt at pleasantry; "but really, papa, this thing is running through my head constantly. It's about that little girl of Madame Jozain's; there's something wrong about the *menage* there. That child is no more a Jozain than I am. A Jozain, indeed!—she's a little aristocrat, if ever there was one, a born little lady."

"Perhaps she's a Bergeron," suggested Paichoux, with a quizzical smile. "Madame prides herself on being a Bergeron, and the Bergerons are fairly decent people. Old Bergeron, the baker, was an honest man."

"That may be," but she's not a Bergeron, either. That child is different, you may see it. Look at her beside our young ones. Why, she's a swan among geese."

"Well, that happens naturally sometimes," said the philosophic Paichoux. "I've seen it over and over in common breeds. It's an accident, but it happens. In a litter of cubs; there'll be one or two stylish dogs; the puppies'll grow up together; but there'll be one different from the others, and the handsomest one may not be the smartest, but he'll be the master, and get the best of everything. Now look at that black filly of mine; where did she get her style? Not from either father or mother. It's an accident—an accident—and it may be with children as it is with puppies and colts, and that little one may be an example of it."

"Nonsense, Paichoux!" said Tante Modeste sharply. "There's no accident about it; there's a mystery, and Madame Jozain does not tell the truth when she talks about the child. I can feel it even when she does not contradict herself. The other day I stepped in there to buy Marie a ribbon, and I spoke about the child; in fact, I asked which side she came from, and Madame answered very curtly that her father was a Jozain. Now this is what set me to thinking; To-day when Pepsie was putting a clean frock on the child, I noticed that her underclothing was marked 'J. C.' Remember, J. C. Wall, the day that I was in Madame's shop, she said to me in her smooth way

she heard of Marie's intended marriage, and that she had something superior, exquisite, that she'd like to show me. Then she took a box out of her *armoire*, and in it were a number of the most beautiful sets of linen I ever saw. *Batiste* as fine as cobwebs and real lace. 'They're just what you need for *mademoiselle*,' she said in her wheedling tone; 'since she's going to marry into such a distinguished family, you'll want to give her the best.'

TO BE CONTINUED.

A LEEDS CO. SENSATION.

A Story Containing a Lesson for Parents—the Restoration of a Young Girl Whose Condition Finds a Parallel in Thousands of Canadian Homes. Not Through Willful Neglect, but in Ignorance of the Terrible Consequences.

Brockville Times.

The great frequency with which pale, sorrowful, and emaciated girls are met with now a days is cause for genuine alarm. The young girls of the present day are not the healthy, robust, rosy-cheeked lassies their mothers and grandmothers were before them. One all sides sees girls building into womanhood, who should be bright of eyes, light in step, and joyful in spirits; but alas, how far from this is the reality in appearance. They are victims of low or waxy in complexion, pale, sickly, and heart palpitations, ringing noises in the head, cold hands and feet, often fainting, rack-like headaches, backaches, shortness of breath, and other distressing symptoms. All these conditions have been chronic or acute, and in other words a watery and impoverished condition of the blood, which is thus unable to perform the functions required of it by nature. When in this condition unless immediate resort is made to the natural remedies which give richness and redness to the blood, corpulence, organic disease and an early grave are inevitable results. It is in a condition closely resembling the above that a young lady in Leeds, Leeds county, was when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to her rescue, and undoubtedly saved her from premature death. The case was recently brought to the notice of the Leeds H. S. Medical, general merchant and postmaster at Addison, of which family the young lady in question is a member. Mr. Moffat had read the numerous articles in the *Times* regarding what are admitted on all sides to be marvellous cures by the use of the popular remedy above named, after all other remedies had failed, and felt it his duty to make public for the benefit of sufferers, the wonderful restoration to health and strength that had taken place in his own household. The young lady in question is his adopted daughter, and of some sixteen years of age, a very critical period in the life of all young women. She had been declining in health for some time, and her family became very much alarmed that serious results would ensue. Medical advice was sought, and everything done for her that could be thought of, but without avail, the treatment by her mother and she gradually grew worse and worse. Her face was pale and her blood less, she was oppressed by constant headaches, and her appetite completely failed. When her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffat's, advised her to use the young lady's case.

The advice was acted upon, and Mr. Moffat says the results were marvellous. In a short time after beginning their use a decided improvement was noticed. The color returned to her cheeks; her appetite was improved, and there was every indication of a marked improvement of the system. After taking a few boxes she was completely cured, and is now as well as ever she was. Her blood is rich and her friends had almost despaired of a cure, some person who had purchased Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at Mr. Moffat's, advised her to use the young lady's case.

In view of these statements a grave responsibility rests upon parents—upon mothers especially. If your daughters are suffering from any of the troubles indicated above, do not, as you value their lives, delay in procuring a remedy that we have tested. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is a remedy that never fails in such cases, and a certain specific for the troubles peculiar to the female system, whether young or old. They act directly upon the blood and nerves, and never fail in any case arising from a "watery condition of the blood," a shattered condition of the nervous system.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such cases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis, locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' dance, nervous headache, nervous prostration, and the tired feeling therefrom, the after effects of the grippe, weakness depending on humor in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions. In the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of any nature.

These Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schneidmiller, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing our trade mark and wrapper, at 25 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50. In mind that it is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are never sold in bulk, or by the dozen or hundred, and any dealer who offers substitutes in this form is trying to defraud you, and the money is lost. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, 100 North Second Street, Philadelphia, Pa. These pills are sold make a course of treatment comparatively inexpensive, as compared with other remedies or medical treatment.

When the merits of a good thing are considered, it only requires proof like the following to convince and settle any doubt.—Constance, Mich., U. S. A., Feb. 20, 1887: "I was troubled 20 years with pains in the back from strain; in bed for weeks at a time; no relief from other remedies. About 8 years ago I bought St. Jacobs Oil and made about 14 applications; have been well and strong ever since. Have done all kinds of work and can lift as much as ever. No return of pain in years." D. E. REARICK. FOR CURE, BURNS, SORES, OR WOUNDS, VIOLENCE AND SCALDS, the best healing and soothing ointment.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN CUTICURA REMEDIES

Cleaned and purified every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated CUTICURA REMEDIES. These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of itching and burning Eczema and other itching eruptions, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, un-fading and inimitable efficacy. Sold every where. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure. HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Adding Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Urinary Pains, and Rheumatism relieved on one minute by the CUTICURA Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

ADDRESSES—20 UNIVERSITY STREET, MONTREAL.

CASTLE & SON MEMORIALS AND LEADED GLASS

CHURCH DECELS—TUSLUM CHIMES AND BELLS
190 KING STREET.
JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,
The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day.
Telephone—Home, 373; Factory, 543.



thing. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.
SURPRISE is stamped on every cake.

It's Soap, pure Soap, which contains none of that free alkali which rots the clothes and hurts the hands.

It's Soap that does away with boiling or scalding the clothes on wash day.

It's Soap that's good for anything. Cleans everything. In a word—'tis Soap, and fulfils its purpose to perfection.

ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO.,
St. Stephen, N. B.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR
The Celebrated
CHOCOLAT MENIER
Annual Sales Exceed 33 MILLION LBS.
For Samples sent Free, write to C. ALFRED CHOUILLON, MONTREAL.

Sustaining, Strength-giving, Invigorating.
JOHNSTON'S FLUID BEEF
IS A PERFECT FOOD FOR Invalids and Convalescents.
Supplying all the nutritious properties of Prime Beef in an easily-digested form.
HEALTH FOR ALL

HOLLAND'S PILLS & OINTMENT
THE PILLS
Purify the blood, correct all disorders of the Liver, Stomach, Kidneys, and Bowels. They invigorate and restore to health debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all Complaints incidental to Females of all Ages. For Children and the aged they are priceless.

THE OINTMENT
Is an infallible remedy for Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. It is famous for Gout and Rheumatism. For disorders of the Chest it has no equal. For Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Hoarseness, and all other diseases of the Throat, Colds, Glanular Swellings and all Skin Diseases it has no rival; and for Contractions and stiff joints it acts like a charm.

Manufactured only at Professor HOLLAND'S Establishment,
78 NEW OXFORD ST. (LATE 533 OXFORD ST.), LONDON.
And are sold at 1s. 6d., 2s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 10s., and 20s. each box of 100, and may be had of all Chemists and Druggists. Write to me and I will tell you how to get the best and most reliable medicine for your ailment. O. M. BARNES, Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

Many Old FARMS
Worn-Out FARMS
require much fertilizing and drainage. The rich loamy soil of Michigan Farms produces a fine crop without the expense. The most marketable, general localities of climate and freedom from cyclones, blizzards, together with good society, churches, etc., make Michigan Farms the best in the world. Write to me and I will tell you how to get the best and most reliable medicine for your ailment. O. M. BARNES, Land Commissioner, Lansing, Mich.

CATHOLIC - HOMR - ALMANAC FOR 1893.
The BEST YET.
It should be in Every Catholic Family.
PRICE 25 CENTS.
Address, THOS. COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London.

MEMORIAL WINDOWS
—FOR—
Churches, Halls, Private Houses, Schools, Etc., Etc.

We are prepared to make special designs and quote prices for all kinds of Stained and Leaded Glass, Fancy Enamelled Wood Cut or Sand Glass.

A. RAMSAY & SON,
MONTREAL (Established 1852).
GLASS PAINTERS AND STAINERS.
MANUFACTURERS OF WHITE LEADS, OILS, COLORS, VARNISHES, Etc.

A. RAMSAY & SON, MONTREAL,
Wholesale agents for Canada, manufacturers of White Leads, Colors, Varnishes, &c.

THE HURON AND ELIE Loan & Savings Company
ESTABLISHED 1864.
Subscribed Capital, - \$2,500,000
Paid up Capital, - - - 1,500,000
Reserve Fund, - - - 602,000
J. W. LITTLE, President.
JOHN BEATTIE, Vice-President.

DEPOSITS OF \$1 and upwards received at highest current rates.
DEBENTURES issued, payable in Canada or in England. Executors or trustees are authorized by law to invest in the debentures of this company.
MONEY LOANED on mortgages of real estate.
MORTGAGES purchased.
G. A. SOMERVILLE, MANAGER.
London, Ont.

HEADQUARTERS
—FOR—
Church - Candles
ESTABLISHED 1855.
ECKERMANN & WILL'S
Beeswax Altar Candles.
ALTAR BRAND
PURISSIMA BRAND

The leading brands now upon the market, and the most popular with the clergy. Send for our price list, list of premiums and special discounts for quantities before placing your order. Address
ECKERMANN & WILL
The Candle Manufacturers,
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

Books We Ought to Read
The Incarnate Word and the Devotion to the Sacred Heart. By Rev. G. Tickell, S. J. 10mo, cloth. . . . net, 60 cents.
Ancient and Modern History. This volume is copiously illustrated with colored maps, the copper plate engravings, 12mo, cloth. . . . net, 50 cents.
History of England To the Present Time. By a Catholic Teacher. 12mo, cloth. . . . 75 cents.
History of the Middle Ages. By Rev. P. F. Gazeau, S. J. 12mo, cloth. . . . 90 cents.
Bible History of the Old and New Testament. By Dr. J. Schuster. Revised by Mrs. Jas. Sadlier. Fully illustrated, with fine engravings. 12mo, board sides. . . . 50 cents.
Ipsa, Ipsa, Ipsum. A collection of controversial letters in answer to the above question, and a vindication of the position assigned by the Catholic Church to the Ever Blessed Virgin of the World's Redeemer, in the Divine economy of man's salvation. By R. F. Quigley, L. L. B. 8vo, cloth. . . . net, 25 cents.
The Letters and Correspondence of John Henry Newman. With a brief Autobiography. Edited at Cardinal Newman's request, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth. . . . \$1.00.
The Works of R. W. Emerson: Nature, Addresses and Lectures, 8vo, cloth. . . . \$1.25.
Phases of Thought and Criticism: Principally a portrayal of the characters of Newman and Emerson. By Brother Azarias, 12mo, cloth. . . . 50 cents.
Development of Old English Thought. This volume traces the development of old English thought as expressed in old English literature. By Bro. Azarias. 12mo, cloth, \$1.25.
Books and Reading. This volume serves as a criterion on what, and how to read. By Brother Azarias, 12mo, cloth. . . . 50 cents.
Oratory and Orators. The power and influence of the orator. Orator's helps, etc. By Wm. Mathews, L. L. D. 12mo. . . . \$2.00.
Dictionary of Quotations from the Poets with dates of birth and death. By Miss A. L. Ward, 12mo, cloth. . . . \$2.50.
Familiar Quotations. Being an attempt to compile a portable, handy and complete volume of the sources, passages and phrases in common use. By John Bartlett, 12mo, cloth. . . . \$1.25.
Life and Poems of John Boyle O'Reilly. By Jas. J. Roche and Mrs. John B. O'Reilly. 8vo, cloth. . . . \$2.00.
Canadian Pen and Ink Sketches, containing a highly interesting description of Montreal and its environs. By John Fraser, 8vo, cloth. . . . \$1.50.
Any of the above books sent free by mail on receipt of price.

D. & J. SADLER & CO.
Catholic Publishers, Church Ornaments and Religious Articles.
1669 Notre Dame St. 123 Church St.
MONTREAL. TORONTO.