

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Fifth Sunday after Pentecost.

ON ANGER.

"Be angry and sin not." (Eph. 4, 26)

In the gospel of this day our Divine Saviour warns us so earnestly against the sin of anger. We should not only arm ourselves with good intentions, but we should also make use of the means necessary to overcome this vice, and endeavor earnestly to root it out of our heart. Now, what must we do to accomplish this, and what weapons must we use successfully to overcome this enemy which slanders in our hearts? My answer is, if you wish to guard yourself against the insanity of anger, if you desire earnestly to overcome your passionate nature, you must, first of all, take refuge in prayer, begging God daily to infuse into your heart the virtues of meekness and patience. Frequently during the day represent to yourself the image of your suffering Saviour, how willingly and uncomplainingly He offered His pains and sufferings to His Heavenly Father. Consider how He prayed for His murderers on the cross, and then say to yourself: You, my Jesus are the Son of God, I am only a poor sinner, and I wish to give way to anger! You prayed and forgave, and I wish to nourish hatred! Ah, no, in penance for my sins, I will willingly and without complaint offer to you all the injustice and insults I have to endure. Thus, dear Christians, you should think, speak and act whenever the passion of anger is aroused in your heart, and with God's grace you shall certainly gain the victory.

Consider daily before mingling with the world, the probable occurrences which might arouse your anger and thus arm yourself in advance against this passion by good resolutions. Today, for instance, say, I might become angry on account of my wife's contradictions, or on account of the disobedience of my children, or the negligence of the servants—what shall I do? Grow excited, curse and quarrel? No, for love of my Saviour, I will overcome myself and appear as if I had heard and seen nothing. Sweet Jesus, assist me! Thus you can arm yourself against anger before it rises.

You must also give a proof of your fidelity to your good resolutions. During the day, you are really incited, your blood begins to boil, your tongue is ready to pour forth the most abusive language, what will you do? How protect yourself? My dear Christians, overcome yourself and say not a word until your passion has subsided. A pagan philosopher advised the Emperor Augustus, whenever he felt the passion of anger rising in his heart, to repeat the alphabet, until the passion was calmed, in order that he might not do or say anything for which he would be sorry. My dear Christians, I can give you even better advice, namely, when ever you feel angry, say the Lord's Prayer and repeat it until your soul, by its communion with God, has been restored to a state of tranquillity.

But, perhaps, you cannot leave calmly at your adversary, then leave him. Fight, in this case, is the only means to escape defeat. If your neighbor insults you on the street, pass him by or turn away and cross over to the other side without making any reply. If it happens in your own house, rise and leave the room for a few moments, and ask God for patience. Thus acted the pious Tobias when he was angered by his wife. Hearing a strange kid beating in his yard, he, with best intentions, remonstrated with her. But she became so enraged that she upbraided him with bitter invectives. Tobias said not a word, but left, and fell on his knees in prayer. This, my dear Christians, is the best way to meet insults; if all would act thus, what great peace and happiness would reign in families! In the beginning, it is usually a trifling cause which causes disagreement. Had we a little humility, and were we to practice a little self-denial, the discord would seldom continue.

Christian parents, it is especially your duty to practice the rules of Christian meekness when your children are angry, by their bad behavior. If kind admonitions are useless, you are indeed obliged to punish them, but never do so in anger. For whenever passion takes the rod to chastise, it always trespasses the limits of moderation: cursing and imprecations pour forth, and the corrector does more harm than good. Postpone the punishment until your mind is calmed and then inflict it with great love for your children and a hatred only for their vices. If you have been so unfortunate, as to have yielded to the passion of anger, reflect as soon as you realize what you have done, be sorry for your fault and ask God's forgiveness. Say to yourself: What have I achieved by my anger? Was it really worth while to get excited over such a trifling? Ah, what foolish language have I used? How severe and bitter were my words, and how deeply have I hurt my neighbor, and all for such nonsense! If I had overcome myself, I would have merited many graces and a heavenly reward. Now I have shame and remorse of conscience.

Thus, my dear Christians, address yourself, make an act of contrition, renew your pious resolution of avoiding the same fault, be not discouraged, but rely on God's aid, and you shall gain the victory, and with it the eternal crown, which has been promised to all who have learned from Jesus to be meek and humble of heart. Amen.

LOOK OUT for the first signs of impure blood—Hood's Sarsaparilla is your safeguard. It will purify, enrich and vitalize your blood.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Smiling Face.

This nice to wear a smiling face
And laugh our troubles down,
For all our little trials wait
Our laughter or our frown.
Beneath the magic of a smile
Our doubts will fade away
As melts the snow in early spring
Beneath the sunny ray.

'Tis nice to make a worthy cause
By helping it our own;
To give the current of our lives
A true and noble tone,
'Tis nice to comfort heavy hearts
Oppressed with dull despair
And leave in sorrow darkened lives
A gleam of brightness there.

'Tis nice to give a helping hand
To eager, earnest youth;
To watch with all their waywardness,
Their courage and their truth;
To strive, with sympathy and love,
Their confidence to win.
'Tis nice to open wide the heart
And "let the sunshine in."

—London Tit Bits.

A Question.

There is a bird that belongs to the parrot family and yet is very much like an owl. It is a large bird, and it has good wings. And yet it flies so very little that some books that tell about birds say it does not fly at all. This bird lives in New Zealand, and is called the kakapo. God gave it wings, and it does not fly.

Here is another strange thing. A little girl lives in this country, where there are a great many chances to be kind. And the little girl is kind only once in such a long while that some people say she is not kind at all. God gave her chances to be kind, but she does not use them.

Is the kakapo like the little girl, or is the little girl like the kakapo?

The Girl Who is Ever Welcome.

The welcome guest is the girl who, knowing the hour for breakfast, appears at the table at the proper time, does not keep others waiting, and does not get in the way of being done half an hour before the hostess appears. The welcome guest is the girl who, if there are not many servants in the house, has sufficient energy to take care of her own room while she is visiting, and, if there are people whose duty it is, she makes that duty as light as possible for them by putting away her own belongings, and so necessitating no extra work; she is the one who knows how to be pleasant to every member of the family, and who yet has tact enough to retire from a room when some special family affair is under discussion; she is the one who does not find children disagreeable or the various pets of the household things to be dreaded; she is the one who, when her hostess is busy, can entertain herself with a book, a bit of sewing, or the writing of a letter; she is the one, when her friends come to see her, does not disarrange the household in which she is staying that she may entertain them; she is the one who, having broken the bread and eaten the salt of her friend, has set before her lips a seal of silence, so that, when she goes from the house, she repeats nothing but the agreeable things she has seen. This is the welcome guest, the one to whom we say, "Good bye!" with regret, and to whom we call out, "Welcome!" with the lips and from the heart.

Pass It On.

Once when I was a schoolboy going home for the holidays, says a writer in an English journal, I had a long way to go to reach the far-away little town in which I dwelt. I arrived at Bristol and got on board the steamer with just money enough to pay my fare, and that being settled I thought in my innocence I had paid for everything in the way of meals. I had what I wanted as long as we were in smooth water. Then came the rough Atlantic, and the need of nothing more. I had been lying in my berth for hours, wretchedly ill, and past caring for anything, when there came the steward and stood beside me.

"Your bill," said he, holding out a piece of paper.

"I have no money," said I, in my wretchedness.

"Then I shall keep your luggage. What is your name and address?" I told him. Instantly he took off the cap he wore, with the gilt band about it, and held out his hand. "I should like to shake hands with you," he said.

I gave him my hand and shook his as well as I could. Then came the explanation—how that some years before some little kindness had been shown his mother by my father. In the sorrow of her widowhood.

"I never thought the chance would come to me to repay it," said he, pleasantly, "but I am glad it has."

As soon as I got ashore I told my father what had happened. "Ah," said he, "see how a bit of kindness lives! Now he has passed it on to you. Remember if you meet anybody that needs a friendly hand, you must pass it on to him."

Years had gone by. I had grown up and quite forgotten it all, until one day I had gone to the station on one of our main lines. I was just going to take my ticket, when I saw a little lad crying—a thorough gentleman he was, trying to keep back the troublesome tears as he pleaded with the booking clerk.

"What is the matter my lad?" I asked.

"If you please, sir, I haven't money to pay my fare. I have all but a few pence, and I tell the clerk if he will trust me I will be sure to pay him."

Instantly it flashed upon me the forgotten story of long ago. Here, then, was my chance to pass it on. I gave him the sum needed and then got into the carriage with him. Then I told the little fellow the story of long ago and of the steward's kindness to me.

"Now, to-day," I said, "I pass it on

to you, and remember, if you meet with anyone who needs a kindly hand, you must pass it on to him."

"I will, sir, I will!" cried the lad as he took my hand, and his eyes flashed with earnestness.

"I am sure you will," I answered. I reached my destination, and left my little friend. The last sign I had of him was the handkerchief fluttering from the window of the carriage, as if to say: "It's all right, sir, I will pass it on."

The Other Side.

James Lincoln, an uneducated man, who had made within a few years a large fortune by speculation, while driving out to Central Park, passed Mr. Crounse, a plainly dressed, middle-aged gentleman, who was on foot. "That man," he said to his wife, "belongs to one of the oldest families in New York. His grandfather was one of the signers of the Declaration. He has been brought up in the midst of refined and scholarly people. He belongs to a set which I cannot enter. I would give half that I am worth for his start in life."

In the meantime Mr. Crounse looked at the carriage and its sumptuous equipments, and thought, "If I had some of that man's money, how many comforts I could bring into our bare lives."

Down one of the leafy avenues a man sauntered thoughtfully, whose name is known throughout the country as a brilliant writer.

One of the foremost men in Wall Street rode past him. The man, having met at the club, bowed to each other. "Ah!" thought the writer, "If I could live without writing anything but checks!"

"That fellow is famous," thought Dives, on horseback, with an envious sigh. He had in his pocket-book a yellow newspaper clipping, in which his name occurred as having made a few remarks at a dinner. Dives thought of this clipping and said to himself, "What happiness it must be to see one's name in print every day. How much finer a gift than money is fame?"

A humble, pious young seamstress, going in a spare moment on an errand of charity saw one of her wealthy patrons pass—a woman who ruled in an extensive fashionable clique. A thrill, almost of envy, dived her calm breast. How pleasant it must be to live in a social atmosphere, pure and refined—to escape all that is vulgar and painful in life!

The other woman's eyes grew troubled as she looked wistfully into the serene face of the gentle girl, and wished, "Oh, to have her faith!" she thought. "When sickness and death come, to know where to turn as she does! To live always apart from the worry and pain of this world, close to God!"

So each man and woman went on a separate way, envying the other. For the great mistake in life is that each of us over-rates the peculiar blessing which God has bestowed upon our neighbor, and is blind to our own good.

The Result of a Dream.

The history of inventions is often curious. Many of the most wonderful discoveries in the world have been made quite by chance. A workman carelessly upsets some substance into metal or soft clay, and the world is suddenly richer. Men will toil for years in pursuit of some combination of material, or the realization of some dim dream, and stumble upon the reality without an effort. Before the time of James Watt, the Scotch inventor, the making of shot had been a long and wearisome process, costing much money and labor. The workmen knew no way except that of pounding bars of lead into thin sheets, and rolling in a barrel the little bits cut from this until they were round. Primitive, was it not? It seems as antiquated to us now as plowing with a sharp stick, or winnowing wheat by tossing it in the air.

Watts had always wished to discover a more speedy and easy way of manufacturing shot, but he racked his brain in vain. The truth compels us to admit that he was not adverse to a social glass with boon companions, but he was never so much influenced by liquor that he forgot his long-cherished desire.

One night, after an evening at a tavern with his convivial companions, his sleep was troubled, and he dreamed a strange dream. He was, he thought, stumbling along in the night with some of his friends, when it began to rain shot in such quantities that they were all obliged to find a shelter from the fierce pelting of the little shining globules.

He could think of nothing the next day but his vision of the night before, and then he took to wondering what shape melted lead would assume if dropped from a great height. At last, to decide the question, he went up into the Church of St. Mary at Radcliffe, melted a quantity of lead, and dropped it carelessly to the ground. Beneath was a shallow moat; and when he went down from the tower and looked for the result of his experiment, he was rewarded by finding a great many perfectly round spheres of lead at the bottom of the water.

Ever since then the shot-tower has been in common use; and Watts had, through the agency of a dream, made his fortune and a great discovery at the same time.—Francesca in Ave Maria.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

"Man, the highest and noblest of God's creations, upon whom He has showered many gifts, and to whom He has given a soul that is immortal, is maker of his own destiny."—Mae Clairmont in *Leslie's* from Loretto.

Overcome by Courage.

A brave heart solves most of life's troubles. To meet every day and event with smiling courage is to drive from them the greater part of their difficulties and annoyances.

In the World's Work.

It is an utterly low view of business which regards it as only a means of getting a living. A man's business is his part of the world's work, his share of the great activities which render society possible. He may like it or dislike it, but it is his work, and as such requires application, self denial, discipline.

Act in Time.

An esteemed correspondent writes as follows:

I have been long admiring your "Chats with Young Men" and at last decided to send you the following short article entitled "Act in Time," because it applies to a few young men here. I hope you will deem it worthy to appear in your next week's paper, for I think it will have the desired effect:—

When we see young men so indifferent to their holy faith that instead of assisting at the holy Sacrifice of the Mass where they have every opportunity, and where they are afforded that grand opportunity only once in three weeks, when Christ Himself leaves His heavenly throne and inhabits a miserable dwelling on this earth so that they may receive Him—when we see young men wasting this chance in playing cards, and indulging with their non-Catholic companions, and giving such an example of the faith which their holy Mother the Church inspires in them—when we see young men act thus, what can we expect?

Playing cards, well and good—but at the proper time and place. Rather harken first to the voice of God, Who in one moment might dash you and your tempting pack into Eternity. Have you a spark of faith? Yes, for do you not carry in your pocket the image of Christ crucified, to save you in the hour of bodily peril? But are you aware that you are daily crucifying that God—yes, how often daily you cannot tell? Do you not in a moment of passion ignominiously crucify Him by the vile epithets you confer upon Him, and the blasphemous manner you call upon Him to bear witness to your indifferent words and actions? Do you ever think that He Who in His mercy has been sparing you so long and has so often snatched you from the jaws of hell, will one day find it necessary to exercise His justice and then you may vainly utter—too late.

Take heed, young men, in time. Be not so solicitous for your bodily peril. Look to your immortal soul. Think of that soul, like God's, burning in the flames of hell, think how many souls, you, by your example, may bring to such perdition, and determine with the help of God, Whose mercy is ever within reach, to keep before you your last hour, and by daily uttering "Jesus help me," gain your eternal reward in Heaven.

The Best Stimulant.

The best possible thing for a man to do when he feels too weak to carry anything through is to go to bed and sleep as long as he can. This is the only recuperation of brain power, the only actual recuperation of brain-force; because, during sleep the brain is in a state of rest, in a condition to receive and appropriate particles of nutriment from the blood, which takes the place of those consumed by previous labor, since the very act of thinking burns up solid particles, as every turn of the wheel or screw of the steamer is the result of consumption by fire of the fuel in the furnace. The supply of consumed brain substance can only be had from the nutritive particles in the blood which were obtained from the food eaten; and the brain is so constituted that it can best receive and appropriate to itself those nutritive particles during the state of rest, of quiet and sleep. Mere stimulants supply nothing in themselves; they goad the brain, force it to greater consumption of its substance, until it is so exhausted that there is not power enough left to receive a supply.—*Medical Journal.*

Accomplishments.

Whatever accomplishment a young man attempts to acquire, let him by all means acquire it thoroughly and keep it bright. Accomplishments all occupy the field of the arts. They are things which have no significance or value save in the ability of doing. They become, or should become, the exponents of a man's highest personality. They are his most graceful forms of self-expression, and into them he can pour the stream of his thoughts and fancies, and through them utter the highest language of his nature and his culture. Accomplishments make a man valuable to himself. They greatly increase his pleasure, both directly in the practice, and indirectly through the pleasures which he gives to society.

A truly accomplished man—one whose thoughts have come naturally to flow out in artistic forms, whether through the instrumentality of his tongue, his pen, his pencil, or his piano, is a treasure to himself and to society. Such a man as this would I have you to be. There may be something to interfere with your being all this; but this you can do: you can

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acquire thoroughly every accomplishment for which you have a natural aptitude, or you can let it alone.

Do not be content with a smattering of anything.

Do not be content to play parrot to your teachers, until your lesson is learned, and then think you are accomplished. Do not be content with mediocrity in any accomplishment you undertake.

Failures That are Greater Than Successes.

There's Kipling, how enviable his popularity! There's Hobson, Dewey, McKinley, Bryan: What can I do to become as much talked about as they? Or, How can I be as rich as Mr. Armour or Mr. Morgan? Thus secretly, and sometimes audibly meditates the youth. But a little sound sense shows it in a new light.

Why should you excel others? Why should you not be hanged? Have you any mortgage on prosperity? You have no rights whatever in the case. You were certainly born for a purpose, for 'every man's life is a plan of God's.' But why should you assume that that plan is for you to get upon the top rung? Common, every-day folk are just as necessary as are the cream-tinted and monogrammed.

Fame and wealth simply mean to be 'called great.' Who ever strives for such prizes has in himself a seed of weakness. The scramble for them is a gambling game. These are no sure laws that govern them. They are tossed about to this man and that by the blind goddesses, Fate and Fortune. But to be great, actually, in the sight of God and of your own heart, is quite another thing, which any one can attain unto if he will pay the price. This you may gain by mastering yourself, by keeping the soul and body clean, by living for others and not for self, and by doing your present work well. And if, having thus become in truth a great man, the fickle fates should throw to you the golden apple of popularity, of high office or of a vast fortune, you will feel less the sense of intoxication over your good luck than you will feel the weight of the responsibility thrust upon you.

Did you ever reflect that the man who climbs to the top only does so by displacing some one else? All men cannot be superior or richest or most famous, any more than all buildings in a city can be the highest. So long, therefore, as your aim is to out do others it will be meretricious. It is this motive that embitters human life. Society should not be under the brute law of competition, each one of us striving to displace another; but it should be under the divine law of co-operation, each endeavoring to do his part the best he can, thus ennobling self and blessing the world.

Open your history and see whether you would be among the successes or failures of the earth's story. Cain was the first conqueror. Others who 'climbed' were Tamerlane and Genghis Khan, Alexander and Napoleon, Midas and Lucky Baldwin, Cortez, Herod and Calaphas, and Madam Blavatsky. And then there are those who 'failed,' yet were indeed great: beggaring Homer, exiled Dante, accused Savonarola, pauper Palfrey, murdered Regulus, leprous Damien. And the greatest worldly failure of all was He who was crowned with mocking thorns, condemned to death and crucified with common thieves; yet who, at the nadir of his shame and defeat, said, in calm triumph, to His disciples: 'Be of good cheer: I have overcome the world.'—Frank Crane.

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3. Clothing, new and second-hand, material for clothing, for use in the Indian schools.

4. Promise to clothe a child, either by furnishing material, or by paying for it a month in case of a girl, \$5.00 in case of a boy.

5. Devoting one's self to the education of Indian children by accepting of a vacancy in the Indian schools on Indian Reserves—a small salary attached.

6. Entering a Religious Order of men or women specially devoted to work among the Indians; e.g. for North-Western Canada the Oblate Fathers, the Grey Nuns of Montreal, the Franciscan Sisters (Quebec), etc.

Donations either in money or clothing should be addressed to His Grace Archbishop Langevin, D. D., St. Boniface, Man., or to Rev. C. Cahill, O. M. I., Rat Portage, Ont.

C. Cahill, O. M. I., Indian Missionary.

BOYS' AND GIRLS' ANNUAL FOR 1899.

THIS BEAUTIFUL AND VERY ENTERTAINING little Annual for 1899 contains something to interest all boys and girls, and as it costs only the small sum of FIVE CENTS it is within the reach of all. It contains a very nice illustration of St. Anthony proving by a public miracle the Real Presence of Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.—The King of the Precipice (illustrated); How Jack Harkith Fred Winterton from the Comanches, by Marion Ames Taggart, author of *The Hallelujahs*; Three Girls and Especially Gae, by Branscombe River, etc., etc.; Fast Asleep (illustrated); Fast Mending (illustration); Mary, Queen of Heaven (illustration); You're Out (illustration); Playing with Kitty (illustration); Stolen Fruit (illustration); An Army of Two; A True Story; Our Blessed Mother and the Divine Infant (illustration). This little Annual has also an abundance of games, tricks and puzzles—The Magic Dart, Shadows in Disguise, The Impossible Cat, Fire, The Inverted Glass, A Home Telephone, To Preserve Flowers, Another Way to Keep a Bouquet Fresh; as well as splendid recipes for Home-made candy. Altogether it is one of the nicest little books that we know of, for the price—five cents. Orders mailed at once on receipt of price. Address—

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