

FIVE-MINUTE'S SERMON.

Trinity Sunday.

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

If any man has not made his Easter duty this morning, or before to day, he ought to think seriously on the frightful state of his soul. The decree of the Lateran Council which prescribed the Easter duty says of him who refuses to obey its law, "Let him, while living, be driven from the Church, and, dying, let him be deprived of Christian burial." If this punishment meant simply a temporal exclusion from the society of the faithful, which at present it does not mean; or if it meant no more than a refusal of Christian burial, though that would be hard enough for the sinner, and especially so for his friends; if it meant only what it says, it might be tolerable, to a sinner at least.

But really it implies more terrible things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree is the same as that to which Christ said, "Whosoever you shall bind on earth, it shall be bound in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

Thus he is excluded from the Church in heaven who is justly excluded from the Church on earth.

This grievous sin of not hearing the Church does not take away the obligation of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too many think. The obligation hangs over the man who refuses to fulfil it until what it requires is done. As Moses said to the people of Israel in giving them the law of God, so might it be said to the sinner who scorns this most important obligation: "If thou wilt not hear the voice of the Lord thy God, to keep and do all His commandments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city and cursed in the field. Cursed shalt thou be coming in and cursed going out. The Lord shall send upon thee famine and hunger, and a rebuke upon all the works which thou shalt do: until he consume and destroy thee quickly, for the most wicked inventions, by which thou hast forsaken me."

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come upon him who has neglected his Easter duty, he has already brought upon himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his mortal sin. And as has been said, the obligation is ever present to multiply evils upon the head of him who scorns it, just as every blessing becomes a curse to him that abuses it. For every time the sinner resolves to fulfil the ever present obligation, and then breaks that resolution, by putting off without reason the fulfilment of it, he commits a new mortal sin. And thus the curse increases and multiplies.

Would that all might be impressed with the importance of this duty, and the gravity of the sin of neglecting it!

Even if we did not have the explicit decree of the Church to bind us, we could not help inferring the obligation, from the strong words of Christ, "Unless you eat of the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, you shall not have life in you."

Nothing could impress upon us more forcibly the obligation of holy Communion than these words of our Blessed Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if we cannot live except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart, that such a sweet Fountain of Perpetual Youth is provided for our souls? "Drink ye all of this."

How marvellous is God's goodness and mercy to us, poor sinners! And how base is the ingratitude of that man who requires a law to force him to partake of God's infinite mercies! God grant that such ingratitude may keep none of us from the bounty of our all-mighty Benefactor!

"He that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath everlasting life: and I will raise him up on the last day."

THE NUPTIAL MASS.

The Church has appointed a manner, a form, in which all should receive the Sacrament of Matrimony.

See in what estimation she holds it. She would have the holy nuptials of her children with all religious pomp and ceremony. It is so sacred in her eyes that she bids her priest sing a Solemn Mass of benediction and joy clothed in his most precious robes. She would have the sanctuary adorned as if for a high festival, and to honor and reverence this Sacrament she interrupts the sacred ritual to bestow her fruitful and hallowing blessings. The only other occasion when she does this is the ordination of her priests. Then, and then only, does she grant Nuptial Benediction to the married pair, and those who are not thus married never receive it. Custom to the contrary, so much to be lamented, does not make up the deficiency, and heavenly graces are simply rejected as if they were of little or no worth.

What would you think if the priest would simply baptize your children with plain water and omit the prayers, exorcisms and holy unctions appointed for the solemn administration of that sacrament? You would not be content and you would be scandalized at the priest's want of obedience to the Church and his want of respect for so holy a rite.—Catholic Monthly.

Want to Keep Your Neuralgia?

Of course you don't; so you should take Scott's Emulsion. It is a fact this remedy cures it; and it cures nervousness, nerve debility and insomnia also.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(For the Catholic Record.)

Broken Friendship.

They had been friends in youth. Their earliest joys and impulses formed part of each others' lives; their happiness was shared; their tribulations participated; likewise their success in all undertakings. What affected one affected both.

Such were the relations existing between Jack and Will in their early days. Their friendship was great, rapidly extending into an intense love. No project was undertaken by Jack without first informing Will, and vice versa. "Say, Will, I've a plan ahead and I want to know what you think of it." "That so, Jack, what is it?" "Well, you know my mother has been struggling hard to make both ends meet and just as the wolf is approaching with ravishing howls and fiendish eyes old age has gradually taken possession of and has reduced to decrepitude my sole support. She must be relieved."

Will readily acquiesced with the project, suggesting different methods for the execution of his plans, declaring several times his extreme delight to be a co-operator in the work.

Soon a decided change for the better was seen in the course of their lives, due not entirely to Jack but in some extent to Will. As years began to glide along, their youthful days were soon to be replaced by the graver days of manhood, accompanied by the cares which seem to belong par and parcel to men of the world. However their friendship continued to develop and seemed almost to have reached a climax when a certain unforeseen event changed the course of their lives.

Sad it is to think but only too true did it prove that a venomous poison had found its way and through the means of an unguarded tongue, had wrought fatal disaster, leaving an irreparable scar on the hearts of our young friends.

Time wore on. Their hearts, deprived even of a mother's love, ever constant, true and loyal, were drifting farther and farther apart, but still in their very core, the absence of that all-powerful passion was gnawing them to the marrow, leaving nothing but a dismal vacancy. Only now did they begin to realize the loss they had sustained. Long since launched upon the world they had often tested its stern realities, but when sympathy, that soothing tonic was needed, where was it to be found? Many a time did each long to reach out and embrace his one-time friend, but alas! vain youth, even on the verge of reconciliation, refused to stoop.

Then came the shadow of death. In a distant land, wandering among the blackest strangers, seeking by times a means of sustenance in the foul air of mines, a racking fever took possession of our friend Jack leaving him on the brink of insanity. Calling aloud and often shrieking for his friend, raving, uttering his name in wild gesticulations, his cries seemed not in vain, for unknown to Jack Will's impetuous temper had been overcome and he had followed at a short distance the footsteps of his friend, ever watching with bated breath an opportunity of becoming reconciled.

Behold him now languishing in the jaws of death, breathing his last in the arms of his only friend on earth and passing to another world at peace with all, breathing a dying prayer for the companion of his youth.

Brass Habits.

"Never put on any brass jewelry," said a mother once to her little daughter. "False things are hateful."

Her little daughter opened wide eyes and promised obedience. Down in her heart of hearts she didn't see why a nice looking brass rings were not as good as gold ones, and one day a very pretty, bright one came in her way. It was a little tight, but she slipped it on and wore it with much pride. When it was time to go to supper and most mother she tried to pull it off. It would not come! She pulled and wriggled and soaped her finger, all to no purpose. At last she had to creep shamefacedly in and hear a long lecture on disobedience before mother would consent to file the ring off the hot, aching hand. Little daughter had a lesson which she did not forget, and she has never worn a ring of any sort since, though she is quite grown up.

Parents and teachers know what habits are likely to grow so fast to you that you can never slip them off! School rules are based on their knowledge, and if you insist on experimenting, through disobedience and evasions, you will find yourself held fast by links and chains of unexpected evil ways, which will be far tighter and more painful than little daughter's brass ring.—The Young Catholic.

Use for the Useless.

The beautiful composition pavements in our cities are made from odds and ends ground up and cemented. Old shell, refuse from the manufacture of pearl buttons, etc., is now finely powdered and blended in the clay of certain kinds of china. Old shoes are ground into pulp and the pulp made into a very serviceable floor covering. Peanut oil, cotton seed oil, sunflower oil, all accounted useless in former times, are now among the most valued of agents in the fine arts, in medicine and in culinary science.

Use for the Useless! A volume might easily be written on this fertile subject. Yet such a book would itself be useless if it did not teach us that while there is value in the very refuse of the earth, we, God's noblest crea-

tures, dare not be valueless in His sight; that we dare not allow His gift of life to be turned to waste. We must account for every idle word and for every idle silence; for every foolish action and for every base inaction. There is no waste so terrible as that of a mis-spent life; for no other waste has consequences reaching through all eternity.

Let It Die.

Pay no attention to slanderers and gossip-mongers. Keep straight on your course, and let their back biting die the death of neglect. What is the use of lying awake at night brooding over the remark of some false friend that runs through your brain like lightning? What is the use of getting into a worry and fret over gossip that has been set afloat to your disadvantage by some meddlesome busybody who has more time than character? These things cannot possibly injure you, unless, indeed, you take notice of them, and in combating them, give them standing and character. If what is said about you is true, set yourself right; if it is false, let it go for what it will fetch. If a bee stings you, would you go to the hive to destroy it? It is wisdom to say little concerning the injuries you have received. We are generally losers in the end if we stop to refute all the backbiting and gossiping we may hear by the way.

How to be Happy.

The best thing—among all good things that can be taught a child—is perhaps to teach them the art or develop in him the capability of being happy without the aid of external amusements. It is an art that must be learned in childhood, for it is on the line of development rather than acquirement. The man or woman who depends on amusements and entertainments for the happiness of his life is a most unfortunate being, and is, whatever his comforts, or luxuries, or resources of the moment, a slave to the accidents and incidents of life. All personal happiness that is worth having or the holding must be inherent in personality. It must be based on right feeling, right doing, or generous impulses; on thoughtfulness for others and forgetfulness for one's self. In fact, the one great source of happiness, of anxiety, discontent and regret is a prevailing self-consciousness. The very moment one forgets himself in something higher than himself, that moment he has the surest basis of true happiness. It is because of this that work is a blessing rather than idle-ness; not labor, not drudgery, but work, with its inherent possibilities of satisfaction and its margins of leisure. The individual who is born to a speciality, and whose life has developed this particular talent, enabling him to use it for his own pleasures, and to the benefit of others, has the most valuable and the most permanent of inheritances. To work in the line that one enjoys is like rowing with the tide or sowing with the grain—all forces of nature are its natural aids.

St. Francis of Assisi and the Birds.

There is in Louvre a charming little picture by Giotto, of St. Francis preaching to the birds. The saint's face, with an earnest, loving expression is looking up at the birds that, with outstretched necks and half-open beaks appear to catch his words. The old legend which this painting illustrates with all the artist's vividness in presenting a story, is equally charming in its simplicity. It is as follows: As St. Francis was going towards Blagny, he lifted up his eyes and saw a multitude of birds. He said to his companions: "Wait for me here while I preach to my little sisters, the birds." The birds gathered around him and he spoke to them somewhat as follows:

"My little sisters, the birds, you owe much to God, your creator, and ought to sing His praise at all times and in all places, because He has given you liberty and the air to fly about in; and though you neither spin nor sew, He has given you a covering for yourself and little ones. He sent two of your species into the ark with Noah that you might not be lost to the world. He feeds you though you neither sow nor reap. He has given you fountains and rivers in which to quench your thirst, and trees in which to build your nests. Beware, my little sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and study always to praise the Lord." As he preached, the birds opened their beaks, stretched out their necks, and flapped their wings, and bowed their heads to the earth.

His sermon over, St. Francis made the sign of the cross, and the birds flew up into the air, singing sweetly their song of praise, and dispersed towards the four quarters of the world, as if to convey the words they had heard to all the world. St. Francis used to feed the sea-beaten herons that alighted on the Island of Iona. The sparrows would descend and eat out of St. Rom's hands. And the birds would hover about the hermits of Montserrat and eat from their hands.—The Holy Family.

Piles Cured Without the Use of Knife.

I was troubled for years with Piles and tried everything I could buy without any benefit, until I tried Dr. Chase's Ointment. The result was marvellous. Two boxes completely cured me.

JAS. STEWART, Harness Maker, Woodville, Ont.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in a few weeks a simple cough culminates in tubercular consumption. Give need to a cough, there is always danger in delay, get a bottle of Hickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself. It is a medicine unsurpassed for all throat and lung troubles. It is compounded from several herbs, each one of which stands at the head of the list as exerting a wonderful influence in curing consumption and all lung diseases.

CURE rheumatism by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which by neutralizing the acid in the blood permanently relieves aches and PAINS.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Catholic Universe.

"Young Mechanic" writes that few young Catholics are so fortunate as Sims. Furthermore, charming creatures like the magnetic Mary, of W— are exceedingly rare, in his opinion. "How many of us every-day young fellows," he asks, "ever come in contact with sweet, tactful, altogether lovable beings, like the kind and brilliant gentlewoman who captivated the Youngstown philosopher?" Give us a few girls of her sort in every community, he concludes, and there will cease to be any longer a question as to the future of our Catholic young men. We confess that we cannot be sure whether "Young Mechanic" is optimistic or merely cynical. He might be either, judged from the language of his communication. We shall assume that he is cynical. We have the fullest confidence in Sims. We believe the beautiful picture of feminine grace and excellence which he presented last week for our admiration was a portrait, not an abstract idealization. If it were not absolutely certain that the world contains numerous examples of glorious womanhood, such as that to which Sims introduces us, we should regard the future of our race with gloomy forebodings.

The trouble with most of us, especially with the younger masculine element of these hard, prosaic times, is that we fail to recognize true worth and gentleness when we are confronted with it. We are entirely too apt to be impressed with casual externalities, so to speak. We do not see any deeper than the surface, and are prone to confound mere outward appearances with the more vital and subtle quantity of intrinsic worth. We perceive beneath the thin veneering of conventional amiability and company manners, too often, the crudeness and defects of unformed and undisciplined nature, and we rashly judge all womankind, or nearly all, by this false standard. The atmosphere in which we live has a tendency to foster this spirit of superficiality in reaching conclusions. We regard it as an essential effect of education and habit for our girls to assume in public or in the presence of those who are not members of their own immediate family circle, a charm of character and disposition which in reality is quite alien to their real selves. Therefore we are at all times in imminent danger of finding ourselves to genuine excellence when we happen to meet it. Keener visions untrammelled by irrational prejudices and traditions avoid the mistake of the commonplace average man in this respect, as the interesting observations of our Youngstown friend serve to show. We may be quite certain that Mary, of W— is not the only representative of the type in her town, or that the counterpart of her virtues cannot be found in scores and hundreds of homes in every village and town of this broad land. If they remain practically unrevealed, for the most part, the fault is not theirs.

"Young Mechanic" and the numerous tribe to which he belongs, the every-day Catholic young men of our country, are not obliged to visit W— to enjoy the vision described by Sims. They have but to open their eyes and clear away the cobwebs from their minds to discover beauty similar to that which he has revealed. All about them in Catholic society are clever, cultured, earnest young women ready to manifest the same gentleness of feeling, exaltation of soul and graceful manner which earned for its possessor the respect and homage of the circle in which she moved. It would be immensely beneficial to our worthy young Catholic men to have the fact strongly impressed upon their minds, and it would be a decided gain for the social tone and spirit of the Catholic body at large. Let our young men, then, not only reflect on this suggestion, but act upon it also. Let the ordinary every-day fellows, in particular for whom our correspondent speaks so well, remember that there are just as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, and adopt the simple, but effective mode of profiting by the knowledge. There is nothing that will exert so speedily and surely, a refining and elevating influence on the character of the average young man, as association with pure, intelligent, sincere members of the opposite sex. Unconsciously he will yield to its softening and ennobling power. And if he is wise enough and so fortunate as to profit by the opportunities in this line offered to him within even the limited scope of his own personal field of social possibilities, there can be no question that the highest good will accrue to him in divers forms.

Moreover, evident appreciation of solid merit over and above the transient attractions of face and form, on the part of intelligent young men would go a long way towards restoring sterling worth and interior beauty to the places usurped by the frivolities and vanities of society among our young woman at large. When it became perfectly clear to the general run of girls that the higher qualities of mind and soul are esteemed at their proper value we may be sure that there would be less striving after the spectacular ends of style and fashion, less shallow affectation, more solid common-sense and sincerity in their social relations and in their attitude towards the serious aspect and duties of life. Let "Young Mechanic" and the others bestir themselves, and learn to appreciate true womanhood wherever they find it—and they will find it everywhere—then there will no longer be any ground for the complaint, too often unjustly lodged against our Catholic girls, that they have been educated

beyond their position and surroundings, and feel compelled to seek suitable social and matrimonial alliances among those of a different religious faith.

Human nature never yet gave up a struggle because of despair, nor ever deemed a hope attained worth a fraction of the unattainable. The true import of pessimism lies in the hint it gives that, unconsciously, mankind is reaching out towards a future as different as possible from the present and the past, of which it is weary.

The age of independence of a child, granted by governments, does not free the child from the obedience due parents by the law of God. The command: "Honor thy father and thy mother" obliges to the end of life.

Questions to the Point.

Asks our esteemed contemporary, the Catholic Citizen, of Milwaukee, Wis.: Who is the little A. P. A. man cooking up yellow despatches for the Associated Press?

First he told us that the Pope had blessed the Spanish army. Then he had the Pope "prostrated" as a result of Dewey's victory. On Monday, with the cable cut at Manila, and the despatch boat McCullough at Hong Kong, 600 miles away, he sent us a Manila news item, to the effect that the "priests and sisters" there had sought to lead the American marines into a mined cave, or something of other.

Who is this little A. P. A. news cook? Why does the Associated Press employ him? Why do papers like the Chicago Tribune, the Inter-Ocean and the New York Sun, which have a righteous indignation for yellow journalism, take and print the stuff this little bigoted cur composes out of his alleged head? It is just as if these reputable papers printed as authentic the Papal Encyclical of 1893, ordering a massacre of the Protestants.

Will the Associated Press offer an explanation? There are 12,000,000 American Catholics who will know the reason why.

MODERN SLAVERY

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You, reader, would not permit your neighbor to call you out of bed at midnight and oblige you to walk the pavement for two or three hours, every night! You would not allow him to burn your hand wilfully, nor to cut your finger off, just to please him. Why, then, do you allow your stomach to cause you loss of sleep, night mare, and continual suffering? Every dyspeptic, every sufferer from indigestion, biliousness, heartburn, water-brash, catarrh of the stomach and other stomach diseases, is a slave to his or her stomach. There is one way—on y one—of breaking the chains of this slavery. That is by using Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets.

What is the use of suffering for hours after every meal? Why should you, or I, do so? It is not necessary. We can prevent the agonies of dyspepsia, indigestion, etc., in a simple, sure and cheap way. All we need do is to take one or two of Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets after each meal.

These digest the food you have eaten. They don't need aid from the stomach, which is therefore given time to rest, and gain strength. They regulate the bowels, which carry off the waste portion of the food not used in making blood. Thus the stomach is emptied and prepared to receive the next meal.

No foul gas can form in the stomach if you use Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets, for the food is digested by them, at once, and does not remain in the stomach to rot and cause disease.

Dadd's Dyspepsia Tablets are sold by all druggists, at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or will be sent, on receipt of price, by The Dadd's Medicine Co., Limited, Toronto.

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