BANNER.

1895.

l. I will see sure I would let you know one can sing not a man in ad everybody

Day, and I ats to make. o the grave-ed, the graves they march eeting. The d, and if you nquered Bancomplete." for you," said it you see, ad I might be he colonel in

one reason I will be scores I want them ws more than the insane a set of un-we Catholics , nilly." to find some er people who

one but you ou must go, priest shook and and went steps toward specimen of

tall with the

if you would

rk and almost as about him but it was an ough his eyes at injustice or wrath, and in

ays a peculiar work in the wn, with only n it, and the was full of trash." Desmond pas-

the old priest, talent for this You always es in five min-

-master. Ne-

ou wait," said ng. he broad road ine, the deep twilight lay in

nd there, and as heard the g. Overhead, of the sky, a the moon, a toons of gray ranches, and a e tendrils like

ted slowly ony, hurried life, lid details, and him a pleasant and thither he seated himself ergrown with t thoughtfully e dead.

place, with no r well-trimmed nature of the 's acre a wealth agrance on the ost in thought. nature, with h few under-reticence made but those who

g love of souls, g to help the for good those er among the s cast, a stifled quickly lookkneeling by a bitterly. issing the cross , moved swiftly s she passed, alse, he spoke: dam?"

e, thank you," echanically, as ith a face in ten, and passed ge, with black d with gray. light, her face lined with sorways leaves in-ether suffering ttered a nature

by am dyin' an'

metery, when a ward him, and a

plied, and turnhe negro-quar-o the gathering

Clairefontaine is an old-fashioned about the flag. But at the last I knew thern town of the "befo' de wa" the banner of love was over you, and I thought 'This man can help me!' 'Oh, Father!" she exclaimed, throwing out her hands impulsively, 'help me! I long so for peace. Within southern tound a square, on one side type, built round a square, on one side of which is the Town Hall, an old lding in colonial style, with a huge

"There is, my child," he said, gently. Young though he was, the

calm heights of peace where his soul

rested, and his tones fell like a bene-

diction upon her troubled spirit.

"The peace of God may be yours, if

you will but take it, and earthly love

can never be so sweet as the divine.

Rest comes at length, although the

way be weary."
"Oh, give it to me, Father!" she

"I am glad, dear Father Desmond,

strained my ears to listen, and-yes-

far and high above I could catch the

sound of a human voice. Higher and higher rose the roof until it was further

above me than when I had first beheld

My voice was drowned by the whizz,

could distinctly hear men speaking,

neither see me, nor I them. The voices ceased, and sick and faint with

with a tremor of hope in my breast.

After what seemed hours I caught

the welcome sound of foot steps outside my prison. Seizing my stick I struck

some blows upon the door; in a min-

over, and I was unable to stand. The

the cathedral at such an early hour in

The night before the clock was to

have been wound up by them, but they

had been on an excursion and had not

returned in time to perform this duty,

Knowing, however, that the whole town depended on the cathedral clock,

and that it was as much as their place

was worth to let it stop, they rose

just before the weights quite ran down

They had heard my shouts and guessed

of my prison chamber.

the following manner:

they said.

priest's lips moved in prayer.

portico.

me! I long so for peace. Within there is nothing but bitterness, nothing satisfies. My earthly love is gone from me. If there is a heavenly, lead me to it." aths decorated the square on the 30th of May, and a motley crowd was gathered around the hall, for the Confederate Decoration Day is the great event of the year in Clairefontaine. From far and near the people throng the town, for this, more than Christmas or any other holiday, is the day for family reunions. The quick blood of the South warms the hearts, and the feeling of kinship is strong within them. The loyalty Northerners feel for a principle, Southerners pay to their own people, and this is shown their own people, and this is shown not only by love for the living but fealty to the dead. Early in the morning the old soldiers, many of them in their torn and stained butter-nut suits, filed out to the cemetery, fired a salute, filed out to the cemetery, fired a salute, decorated the graves, and marched solemnly back again, leaving their dead comrades resting peacefully under the shadows of the great trees which had watched above them for

wrote Colonel Delatte some months later, "that you have not encouraged many years. Virginia's wish to go into a convent.
I suppose it is the first wish of a con-In the afternoon was the celebration in the town hall, and here gathered men, women and children, for the vert, but I need her very much, and spirit of the South has descended upon her children, and the young people are is doing in Clairefontaine, especially s patriotic as their ancestors.

The programme for the exercises consisted of speeches, recitations and music, and there was a breathless silence in the crowded hall when Father Desmond rose to sing. Over his head hung the Old Confederate flag, torn and blood stained, its glory dimmed. With an upward glance at the tattered emblem, the young priest sang, and his glorious voice rang out in the words of Father Ryan's "Conquered

Furl that banner, for 'tis weary, Round its staff, 'tis droping dreary; Furl it, fold it, it is best."

The nearer we approach the divine love, so much the more readily can we comprehend the human, and as he sang, Father Desmond seemed almost lifted out of himself. Sympathy is more a matter of imagination than of experience, and his kindly nature went out to these warm hearted, loyal people, and he felt as if their feelings were his own.

As he neared the close of the song, it! Hope revived and I gathered up my strength and shouted as loudly as I his eyes fell upon a figure at the foot of the platform, and he saw again the face of the woman he had seen in the graveyard. Her expression was one of such hopeless suffering that his eyes filled with tears, and the longing to help her rose strong within him Then the last words of the poem fell

from his lips, -"Furl that banner, softly, slowly, Trant it gantly—it is holy— For it drops above the dead. Touch it not, unfold it never, Let it droop there, furled forever, For its people's hopes are dead!"

and from the great crowd came a shout loud and long. Men wept, women waved their handkerchiefs, and all cried, "Sing it again! Again!" Father Desmond, flushed and elated -for who does not feel happy at touching the hearts of men-bowed to them ing the hearts of their solution in his dignified and gentle way, and said: "No, my friends. I will not sing it again, but will you let me sing

you something else?" "Anything," they cried; "only Then there fell softly upon the air the beautiful hymn of Faber :-

"Hark! hark! My soul! Angelic songs are swelling
O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave bea

Everybody listened as if spell-bound, and there was again a breathless stillness. When the priest's exquisite voice, so full of pathos, lingered upon the words. -

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing, The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea; And laden souls, by thousands meekly steal-ing. ing.
Kind Shepherd! turn their weary steps to
Thee."

once more his eyes caught those of the woman he had seen before. She gazed at him with a faint dawning of hope within her eyes, as one who catches a glimpse of Paradise, and as his last notes died away, falling like a benediction upon the audience, she turned

and went swiftly from the room.
"It was glorious, Father! Simply glorious!" cried Colonel Délatte euearly, and, procuring the keys from the sexton, a friend of theirs, had thusiastically as the applause broke forth again and again. own the town! There is not a person here who was not affected. I never can thank you. Did you happen to notice my niece, Virginia? She stood close by the edge of the platform. Poor girl! I'm afraid this will be too much for her. The bullet which pierced that hole in the old flag-staff struck her lover's heart. She nearly died of grief, and has never been the

No one can help me but you,

ported by one of my preservers, into the bright sunshine, I felt how blessed Father," said Virginia Delatte that night as she sat in the priest's study. a thing life was, and resolved by God's help to make a better use than hereto-"Tell me what it is that you have which I cannot find! There must be fore of the precious gift I had been so nearly losing. something to make you what you are. As you sang I watched your face. It My companion accompanied me back to my hotel and knocked up the landlord, who expressed great pleasure at my reappearance, and said he had not was inspired! You love music passionately. You could be the first tenor in the world if you choose. It is terrible to think what you have given known what to do and had decided to world before you, with a capacity to realize every ambition. The old men who are done with the warfers and make inquiries for me if I did not return early the next day. I took some food and then went to bed. My sleep was at first troubled and uneasy but You are a man with all a man's make inquiries for me if I did not rewho are done with the warfare and conflict cannot help me. It is you who are young—who are in the thickest of are young—who are in the thickest of the fight—to whom I must come. In you I see the gentleness of strength, the peace of a chastened will, the the peace of a chastened will, the you sang I wondered that you could understand so perfectly our feelings

wept as they listened to my recital, and my father grasped my hand in his as he said in a voice broken by emotion, "He hath indeed given His angels charge over thee to guard thee in all

THE

thy ways!"
Many years have passed since that eventful night, yet I can never recall it without a shudder, or without again renewing my heartfelt gratitude to the God "who heard me when I called upon Him in my trouble." fatherly words seemed fitting from the

CATHOLIC

THE MONTH OF MAY.

Many of the picturesque allegories of early Anglo-Saxon literature are cast in the form of poets' dreams on a May morning. May is associated from all time with the awakening of the earth from its winter trance to the new on, give it to me, factor? such a cried again, a whole world of longing in her tones. "Show me this peace!" "I will," he said quietly, but earnestly, and as she buried her tearstained face in her hands, the young life of spring, rich with the glorious promise of summer. And as anticipa-tion surpasses more often reality, so is the springtime more beautiful by reason of its promise than the season

of fulfilment.
Do Catholics remember how this most beautiful month is set apart and consecrated to our Blessed Lady, the Mother of God? In the days of childhood the month of May was one of the flowers and hymns. There were altars to our Lady to be decorated with you have no idea how much good she lilies and hyacinths and the early flowers of spring; there were hymns to be sung to her, that came more directly among the negroes. She wants me to sung to her, that came more directly tell you that she is trying to carry on from the heart perhaps than at other times of the year : there were promises to be made, and graces to be asked:—it the work you have begun, and that she is quite content. Thank you for all Three o'clock! Less space now bewas a time when we were nearer to the Mother of God than at other times. tween me and my doom. I almost wished my senses would go; the sensa-tion was terrible! I lay down and covered my face, for in a very short This is a memory in the heart of every man who ever had a Cath-olic mother, no matter how forgetful and indifferent he may have time it would reach me even on the floor become in the years of manhood and the struggle of life. Is it to be only a and crush me to death. In a 1 agony I prayed to God to deliver me from so appalling a fate. A smothering feeling came over me, and almost unconscious from the agony of suspense, I closed my eyes and awaited the end. But it Even if it is, it is a grace, and one that comes from God by special intercession of His Mother, for memory? she never forgets one who once knelt did not come. And after waiting I opened my eyes and saw, not only that at her feet and called her "Mother" from his heart. But surely we can make something more than a memory it had stopped its descent but that it was actually moving upwards. Then a whizzing sound as of some winding or hauling of chains reached me. I

from it? There are thousands of special devotions to Our Lady approved by the Church, from the simple Ave Maria to the Little Office. Everyone has time for an Ave Maria additional to the daily prayer. It is enough if it comes from the heart. But there are other ways of honoring Our Lady this May; there are ways that take up no man's time and interfere with nothing necessary. Let some one be the happier for a kind word every day in honor of Our Lady. Let each day of the month be signal-More light soon streamed in, and as the sound I have mentioned died away ized by some sin refrained from, some occasion of sin shunned. It matters not how trifling the sin or how small the occasion, if it be done in honor though I could not distinguish what Then I shouted again and of our Lady. She is content with easy service from the children. again, and after some time I felt I had

attracted their attention, as I heard a shout in return, but they could Everyone can do this at least. It is a pity if any Catholic does not mark this most beautiful month in some way or another, as our Lady's Month. suspense I sank on the ground, yet

THE MAY DEVOTION.

Once more begins the beautiful be votion of the month of May during which time the faithful are called to ute or two it was pushed open and two men appeared. My strength had utterly given way now the strain was honor our Blessed Lady in a particular manner. And what time of the year could be more fitting for such tender devotion than the gentle May days when the earth is newly clothed in a men supported me to a seat and one went for a restorative. After this had been administered I revived some coat of green and the flowers, no longer shy, have ventured out to give forth what, and in reply to their questions told them what had happened. In return they cleared up for me the mystery and all the gifts of spring, from their of my prison chamber. lied from the fiercer heat and ruder The carving which had attracted me winds of later summer? Ought not so fatally was put to hide a square pilour hearts to be awakened by this lovlar, and was directly under the clock-tower—a fact I had not noticed. Into ing call to pay due tribute to the Mother of God and to gratefully this cell the great weights of the clock decended as it ran down, so that I had acknowledge the many benefits we have received with her aid? indeed run a fearful risk. The men further explained their appearance at

This sweet month is dedicated to Mary the Immortal Queen of Heaven. We would honor her with nature's loveliest season who is our tainted nature's solitary boast, the purest, the loveliest, the most exalted of God's creatures, bound to Him by the closest of ties, that of dear mother. perfume and the flowers of spring incline and bedeck her altar, in the month of May, and Mary's children, month of May, and Mary's children, day after day, vie with each other to honor by prayer, and song and high anthem of praises the ever Blessed One whom God Himself has invested with come at dawn to supply the omission the royal vesture of the divine materand honored with an honor in my whereabouts, but how I could be His kingdom second only to His own. She stands before Him there they could not imagine, as they kept the key and it was a spring lock. 'clothed with the sun" - and star-Some repairs had been made inside the crowned: heaven's highest honors week before, and they could only conand most resplendent glory wait upon jecture that the workmen had not her. Her power of intercession is cor-respondingly great. To be the spiritquite closed the door. However it was, I gave hearty thanks to God and to ual subject of her intercessory prayer, them for my delivery from so horrible love and protection is to insure a death, and as I emerged, still supsalvation, begun of human efforts, amid the temptations and trials of

mortal life. Every Catholic is expected to honor Mary in the month of May, to renew his fealty to her and to strengthen his spirit of devotion towards the Mother of God. He thus lays down a condition her company in heaven.

A Member of the Ontarlo Board of

Health says:

"I have prescribed Scott's Fnulsion in Consumption and even when the digestive powers were weak it has been followed by good results." H. P. YEOMANS, A. B., M. D.

night. My dear mother and sisters THE DOGMAS OF CHRISTIANITY VS. THE DOGMAS OF SCIENCE.

RECORD.

Doubt and scepticism in religion seem to be the order of the day. In fact, one would suppose that even many who profess and call themselves Christians, claim it as a privilege to doubt. They are opposed to certainty -to dogma-in religion. Dogma to them is a sign of servitude-slavery of the intellect. They have no objection to dogma in science. In fact, some of those who are most opposed to dogma in religion are most positive and dogmatical in their assertion of the favorite postulates of science. Yet, experience proves that many of those postulates are mere assumptions with-out adequate proof. If you dare to deny them you are ridiculed as opposed

to the teachings of science. But in religion they claim the privilege of doubting dogmas which have been recognized and believed by en-lightened Christendom for nineteen hundred years. They ridicule those dogmas as unscientific, as grounded in superstition and unworthy the cred-

nce of reasonable beings.
Yet, theology is the queen of sciences and has engaged the attention and profound investigation of the greatest minds that have ever live. The Christian system as embodied in the authorized teaching of the Catholic Church is the most logical system in the world. In the whole range of intellectual progress and development there is nothing equal to it. The reason why our unco-scientific men and even some of our speculative liberal Christians are so opposed to Catholic dogma is that they do not understand the Catholic system. It is a grand system, unique, harmonious, thoroughly logical and founded in the highest reason. It has satisfied the greatest minds, the most profound thinkers in all ages and it continues to attract and fascinate the most intelligent and profound thinkers of modern times. It is a wonder ful system. The more it is studied in its completeness, its harmonious development, the more wonderful and eautiful does it appear.

But the minds of our unbelieving, scientific friends are so occupied with mere material investigations that they have no time, and, in fact, if the truth must be told, no inclination, to occupy themselves with the profound and vastly more important questions which relate to our spiritual well-being. Yet those questions press upon the minds of thinking people for a solution. What are we here for? How did we originate? What is to be our future destiny? These are questions which physical science can never answer. We can scarcely conceive of a more unhappy condition than that of the agnostic who is in doubt in regard to

these great questions. This is, indeed a sad and weary world to the man without faith. All is dark and dreary. He knows not what lies before him. He has longings and aspirations which this world can never satisfy even in the most prosperous condition, while the mysteries of Prov idence which surround us and press upon us for solution are enough to puzzle the acutest intellect and fill the stoutest heart with misery and despair.

We do not overlook the fact, now,

that a certain class of intellectual men men sometimes even of high culture and of excellent characters do form beautiful and attractive theories of natural virtue and cesthetic, or as they style it, ethical culture—for which they are really more indebted to Christianity than they are willing to allow—and recommend them as a substitute for Christianity. They, too, claim to be scientific and it is surprising how confident they are in putting forth their dogmas. While affecting to despise and ridicule the dogmas of Christianity they ask you to accept theirs as undoubted deductions of reason and entitled to implicit belief.

Time Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. will take all precautions to safeguard Ms. entrusted all precautions to safeguard Ms. entrus -men sometimes even of high culture theirs as undoubted deductions of reason and entitled to implicit belief. And the curious thing about it is that they find followers who take them at their word and follow them with the most implicit confidence. It is curious because while they are willing to take this single individual, who is at but a fallible mortal, for an infallible guide they refuse to accept the tradi tional teaching of the Church which is not an expression of individual opin-ion but is the combined and condensed wisdom of the ages. Even leaving out of view the claim to infallibility it would seem that this traditional teaching-this development of the though of the past, this expression of the accumulated wisdom of the ages would be vastly more worthy of belief than the reasoning and speculations of individual, pretended sages and selfconstituted prophets however wise and plausible they may appear.

Agnosticism is doubt, uncertainty, scepticism. It is cold and heartless speculation. It will not do for the masses. It may for a time please and interest the intellectual and cultivated man proud of his attainments, and anxious for notoriety; but the masses must have faith, and they must have good ground for faith. must present a rational explanation of the object of their existence and their of predestination to the enjoyment of her company in heaven.

future destiny. It must have a supernatural element, for human nature believes in and craves the supernatural. It must unite us to God our Creator. our Benefactor and our Redeemer, and it must hold out a sure hope of a happy eternity hereafter as a reward for virtue, for suffering and trial patiently endured in this world. This can only be found in the Gospel of Jesus Christ as embodied in the teachings of the Catholic Church. - N. Y. Catholic Re-

Not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsa-parilla does, that tells the story of its merit and success. Remember Floot's cures.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Sweet May! 'tis thro' thy tender, golden light, That talls from azure skies (half-veiled in

mist),
On fresh young daisy-buds, on lilies white,
Cn violets by timid zephyrs kiss'd—
'Tis thro' thy shining portal that we pass
From Spring's aurora into Summer's noon,
And glide across thy crisp and dewy grass
Into the rose-fields of the fervid June.

Ah! even so sweet Mary, Queen of May, -Nursed in the soft light of thy sunny

-Nursed in the soft light of thy sunny smile,
Humility's fair blossoms deck our way,
And flow'rs of Purity our paths beguile;
Swift thro' the portal of thy stainless breast,
Thy children into God's great Summer dart.
For, thro' thy daisied meadows, Mother blest!
We reach the rose-fields of Christ Sacred Heart!

LIFERARY COMPETITION.

Three Hundred Dollars Offered in Prizes by the Dr. Williams' Medi-cine Co., of Brockville, Ont.

THE ABOVE AMOUNT WILL BE DIVIDED AMONG THE WRITERS OF THE BEST FIVE ORIGINAL STORIES—THE COM-PETITION OPEN TO ALL BONA FIDE RESIDENTS OF CANADA.

With a view to assisting in the deve with a view to assisting in the development of literary talent in Canada The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., of Brockville, Ont., will award prizes amounting to \$300 among the writers of the best five short original stories submitted in the competition as follows:—

For the story pronounced the best \$100 will be given.

submitted in the competition as follows:

For the story pronounced the best \$100 will be given.

For the second best, \$75.

For the third best, \$60.

For the fourth best, \$30.

For the firth best, \$25.

The competition is open to residents of the Dominion of Canada, who have never won a cash prize in a story competition, and is subject to the following rules:

Each story to contain not more than three thousand words.

The writer of the story shall affix a penname, initials or motto to his or her manuscript, and shall send with the manuscript a sealed envelope bearing on the outside the pen name, initials or motto attached to the story, and containing inside it the full name and address of the writer thereof.

We impose no limitations whatever as to the nature of topic written upon, and the scene of the story need not necessarily be laid in Canada, although competitors must be residents of Canada, as above stated.

Stories entered in the competition must be written on one side of the paper only, and when possible should be type-written.

Manuscripts to be sent flat or folded—NOT ROLLED.

All stories for competition must reach the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows:—

Ont., on or before the first day of July, 1895, and should be marked "For Literary Competition."

Decision will be made as follows:—
All stories submitted will be reterred to a competent committee who will decide which are the best five stories. These stories will then be published in pamphlet form, which pamphlets will be distributed throughout the Dominion, and each will contain a voting paper upon which readers will be invited to express their preference. The story obtaining the highest number of votes will be awarded the first prize. The one obtaining the second highest number will be awarded second prize, and so on until the five prizes are awarded.

The voting will close on the first day of December, 1895, and the committee will then publish the names of the successful competitors and the order of merit.

Unsuccessful manuscripts will be returned when stamps are sent for postage.

The five stories selected are to become the absolute property of the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., with their copyright in perpetuity. The decision of the committee and the counting of votes to be absolute and final, and all persons entering the competition agree, by doing so, to accept the decisions of the committee and the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. as final on all points whatsoever.

Correspondence in regard to unsuccessful MSS, declined, even when stamped envelopes are sent: any stamps so sent (for any other purpose than the return of the MS. at the time of first sending) will be put in the poor box.

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There are many here who can testify to my son's condition and I am willing to prove to all who wish to know what Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done for my son, and I cannot say too much in praise of it.

Edward Murrin.

Dayton, O., September 8, 91.

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EEV. C. S. KEMPER,
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