terest in this no farther ening, and will ccompany me t I must leave

g." sted the invita-om it was also wise, Duchesne ood-night, and her. The cab eroux arrived vice of the lat ily obtained in esne entered it his address to address rather he had ex of social equalis refined ap-ly live in the

but instead it is abode in the namps. most brilliant road lay, pass-ssee d'Antin to ith its floods of ling cafes, and riages crossing liens, with its ressed people nues de l'Opera which occupied he cab stopped will be forced said Duchesne, gh in this quar-

compromise by oes not object.'
hter!" though es not 'object' to the Rue Neuve Where does she r, when la Re-ken place? By chesne whether, ces, Montmartre ce and take pos-of the rich, or ll be driven to

pant conjectures arrival on the arth floor, where ss-key admitted n which three or nclosing one of into a small but ng in shape and ed by a draped and was plainly d work. lamp burned in of books, pam-rs. There were er-covered chairs

and cigars. here with a few chesne passed in-re his voice was eminine accents. minutes, saying little supper, in ou will join us e-Egerton with osity concerning rell-bred Socialist o the next room, ery pretty salon. slender, girlish ned as they apon thought ing faces he had ed by the moven struck by the ooth of physiog hat could be said ive countenance,

eyes of golden regarded him ht, with a certain s an American, has some friends

special friends, nusical voice. they are?" said nerally that nothintance like diss acquaintance in whom I speak are

tignac," she antheir name is ericans by birth. i—is it possible!" h surprised as the had been when aintance from the glad to say that I and admire them I esteem it an ab ow such a man as the truest hero

gave him a quick nen saying simply, roism seems to me and led the way aped door into the re a small, bright

fails to have this I come home at ne as they seated

"She is aware that speaking is exhausting to the vital

"And I am also aware that you will spend several hours of the night after your return in work," said the girl. "And then you know, papa, that you "And then you know, papa, that you of things; indeed I have nothing but never have so much appetite as at this the heartiest contempt for those croak-

is good for health I know not; but I neighbors, and prophesying all sorts am never conscious of appetite at any of evils to the children of Adam.

"The word appetite with you and with me, mon cher, probably represents very different qualities," said

Duchesne, smiling.

A glance at the two men—one lean as a greyhound, the other with every mark of what phrenologists call alimentiveness—made this sufficiently evident. Meanwhile Egerton had turned to the young hostess, and anxious to wake again the look of interest and pleasure in her eyes, said:

"I have to-night had the pleasure of hearing your father speak, ma-demoiselle, and it has proved indeed the most genuine pleasure. Eloquence like his is so rare that I have seldom, if ever, heard anything to equal it.

The golden-brown eyes looked at him again; but what was it that he read in them now-doubt, hesitation, anxiety? It was certainly not the expression he had expected, but one which equally surprised and puzzled

"My father has great eloquence— yes, monsieur, I know that well," she said in a low tone and a little sadly. "But how is it that you have been to hear him? Do you, then, belong to his school of thought?" "I have a friend," said Egerton,

"who calls me a trifler dipping into all schools of thought but making none of them my own. Absolute conviction of mind is, indeed, no easy thing. I envy alman like your father who has attained to it, who with passionate fervor believes that he holds the true panacea for the ills of humanity.'

"But you do not think that conviction is the only thing necessary?" she said in a still lower tone. "For you know it is possible to hold false principles with passionate ferver."

Yes," he answered, though still more surprised, " that is the point. One must test things—beliefs, creeds, theories; and the most of them will not bear testing. I am about to test your father's, "he added after a moment, 'for I should be glad to share his en thusiastic belief in the future of human ity, if possible.

TO BE CONTIBUED.

### Spread The Light.

In the September number of the Catholic World, a writer, evidently a convert from Protestantism, argues that it is not dogmatic differences which stand in the way of winning American opinion to the Catholic Church, but prejudices of a character which he enumerates as follows:

"Behind the times, un-American, opposed to science and freedom, that it forbids the reading of Holy Scrip-tures; encourages false speaking, underhand ways; has funny, mysteri ous services which nobody understands and glories generally in mummery, evalism and dirt.

convert but rather to remove misapprehensions. Mr. Adams says:

"To a layman it does seem that the times are ripe for the ministrations of 'preaching friars,' who not being absorbed by the business of building churches and schools and not being taken up with looking after the Cathotaken up with looking anto our ports, shall go out into the 'market place' (which in plain 'American' means Cooper Union or any kind of place that is not a church) and preach."

The Catholics who are coming into our ports, if they come from countries deserving to be called Catholic countries, would come with enough priests to organize them and go with when they settle. It is not perhaps for the gains in membership that such a policy would secure that the Church should go out "into the market place and preach the gospel, but for the sake of the rising generation who are within its fold; and who would be held to the Church better by the spec tacle of an aggressive, intellectual and advancing policy of this kind that by the most gorgeous ceremonial or the most rococo architecture. — Catholic Citizen.

# A Good Appetite

Always accompanies good health, and an absence of appetite is an indication of some thing wrong. The universal testimony given by those who have used Hood's Sarsaparilla, as to itss merits in restoring the appetite, and as a purifier of the blood, constitutes the strongest recommendation that can be urged for any medicine.

Hood's PILLS cure all liver ills, bilious ness, jaundice, indigestion, sick headache 25c. How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

How to Get a "Sunlight" Picture.

Send 25 "Sunlight" Soap wrappers (wrappers
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the ends open. Write your address carefully.

the ends open. Write your address category.

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#### A SON'S INGRATITUDE.

Typical Lesson . or Upstarts, of Which,

I have a ways felt the greatest aversion towards dwelling on the dark side ur."
"It is true," said he. "Whether it ure in relating the frailities of their of evils to the children of Adam.

Of evils to the children of Adam.

Generally speaking, it is far better to let the dead past bury the dead and not to be habitually raking up the shady conduct of poor erring human nature. However, there is a good with a glance over the table. "At least I know that I dage not indulge my appetite freely if I have brainwork to do."

"The word appetite with you and of the children of Adam. Generally speaking, it is far better to let the dead past bury the dead and not to be habitually raking up the shady conduct of poor erring human nature. However, there is a good me learn much from fools." It is, undoubtedly, the duty of those who have trod life's thorny path, to point out its dangerous places to those who out its dangerous places to those who have most need to be on their guard. This is sometimes best done by laying before them glaring examples of the retribution which infallibly awaits the cowardly, the mean-spirited and the wicked. These were the motives that guided a dear, gray-headed friend of mine who recently related to me the following tale of dark ingratitude.

"I have often seen,' began my friend, "many lads (and lasses too), especially among the humbler classes, who are pusilianimous enough to be ashamed of the author of their being. It may be that their parents are poor, ignorant, shabbily-clothed people, who do not come up to beau ideal of the sixpenny novel, but is that any reason why they should be looked down upon by their own children? Certainly, it is very difficult to conceive anything more truly despicable than the be-havior of those youngsters. What is still worse this conduct is more marked in those in whom we should least expect it — those whom education has placed in positions of responsibility. I wish I had an opportunity of telling each of them the story that I am now going to marrate to you. I have very little doubt that it would effect a material improvement in their conduct. Here it is. I hope you will always keep it before your eyes as an

object lesson:"—
"It is now," began my venerable friend, upwards of thirty years since I was employed as a steward on a fertile estate whose banks were washed by the gentle waves of the Irish sea. Bordering on my cottage there lived Larry Keane and his wife, a most thrifty and worthy couple. Larry, who was a blacksmith, was possessed of a small farm of fifteen acres, every sod of which was as well cultivated as if it had been a market garden. They had, the neighbors said, a crock of money in the bank. Yet, advanced years, which induce the majority of people to take things easy, did not cause them to relax their exertions by one iota. At daybreak each morning the ding dong of the anvil could be heard in the little forge. Mrs. Keane, in addition to keeping her house as clean and tidy as a little palace, spent most of the day outside in the fields, working with her servants cheerfully and lightheartedly, Larry Keane and his wife plodded on. Neither the cold of winter nor the heat of summer suffered them to become remiss in their continued toil. What was the motive power that impelled them on to this? The answer lay in their only child, a young stripling named John. centred all their energies in the laudable aim of making a doctor of him. earned the much-longed-for privilege

fellows on the road without as much as giving them a glance of recogni-tion. His abilities as a physician were eminent in the district. quently, he was a persona grata with the upper ten. As a matter of course he became engaged to a young lady far above him in the social scale, at least as far as birth was concerned. He was returning one summer's even ing in company with her, and her brothers and cousins from a picnic, when, passing the road near his paternal abode, who should he see but his water to his cows.

"Good evening, Johnny," said the old man, "I hope you've enjoyed your

Judging by his look John would have rather that the ground had swallowed him up than have met his father just then. He merely shot a lightning glance at the old man, and muttering some reply, rode on. Further down the road they met some young men who were bowling. Jack, as usual, did not seem to take the least notice of them, although some of his old school fellows were among them. "O, the Lord save us," said one of the youngsters loud enough to be heard by Doctor John's company, "If Larry Keane's son was the Prime Minister of England he couldn't be prouder." John like the magnanimus fellow he was, charged this rebuff to the account of his father. Returning home that night, and meeting his mother at the door, he began sullenly to dilate on his sorrows in having such

lowly little man as Larry for his father. "Ah, Johnny, aleih," said his mother, "your father does not deserve to be spoken of like this. If he were a rogue or a thief, or if he wasn't all

there—"
"All there! Why there's too much of him there," retorted the sneaking John. "He's everywhere before me!" The old man had been listening with open mouth to these dagger words. This was the reward after all his years of self-denial! It stung him to the

heart; he could not conceive how any human being could be so wanting in simple gratitude as to act thus. His simple gratitude as to act thus. only reproof to his son was "May God

forgive, and bless you, Johnny."
The sound of the anvil was not heard next morning — nor the following morning. In its stead was heard the ticking of the death-watch. Larry Keane's gentle spirit was broken by the unmerited indignities heaped upon him by his son. In less than a week's time the mournful toiling of the chapel bell in the near vicinity proclaimed to the world that Larry's soul had gone to a better clime. Little anybody in the locality suspected that the proud, handsome young man, his son, had

been the cause. Two years rolled by, and John in grand lady. Driving out one even-ing with her and their child, he overtook his mother walking along the road. He reined up the horse and invited her to take a seat in the carriage. The haughty lady, his carriage. The haughty lady, his wife, would not hear of it, and snapping the reins out of her husband's his poor mother, who on seeing the agony in his face, burst into tears.

Now by a strange concidence it happened that a blacksmith was shoeing wheels and had kindled a fire on the bank of the stream, on the very spot where John had been hailed by his father two years previously. On seeing the fire the horse shied and upset the car. Mrs. Keane, junior, was thrown out, and received such injuries that she died in a few days. John's leg was broken; while the child escaped unhurt. Despite all that medi-cal skill could do, mortification set in, to which he succumbed after an illness of two months, during which time his poor mother had been night and day watching by his bedside. Just before he drew the last breath of life he sat up and beckoned to his mother to come close to him. "Mother dear," said he, "say you forgive me for the cruel

my dearest mother. You were my first and my last friend, and badly have I repaid you. Adieu, dear mother; I shall never more behold you at this side of the grave." Receiving a last kiss from his mother, his spirit left its mortal abode. His child was taken care of by his mother and well educated. He is now a popular clergyman in England. — Cork Ex-

#### A Protestant Plea for "Retreats."

The Churchman (Protestant Episcopal) can hardly be called a "High Church" organ. The evidences, therefore, which one meets with in its pages, of the steadily increasing influence of Catholic feeling and methods on the mass of the people whom it

represents, is the more significant. In the issue before us, it urges spiritual retreats for the laity, before

again. We quote:—
"The month of September is in the lives of most people, a time of new beginnings, of starting afresh. It marks the end of 'the holidays,' for grown folk as well as for children, and the return to the routine of tasks in the school, the shop and the parish. This makes these early autumn days pecu-In the course of years Master John liarly suitable for the seasons of devo-came home from college after having tion now commonly known as 'Retreats.' Several such opportunities of medievalism and dirt."

This view of "the lion in the path"
will be endorsed by all who have had association with their Protestant fellow-citizens. The thing to do is not to The would pass his old school service. The would pass his old school are the mitting that the mitting that the mitting that the mitting that the warm of religious feeling and the matter of regret that so few people that the warm of religious feeling and the metal prayer for different the much religious feeling and classes of persons are announced for the next three weeks. It seems a matter of regret that so few people that the mitting that avail themselves of these opportunities, that more do not at least make trial of them. To go aside for a few days into an atmosphere of self-surrender and of humble recollection of God's presence to recall the past and own its sins and short-comings, to forecast the future, and to ask for help to meet its trials and face its dangers, all this has proved of quite incalculable blessing to hose who have obeyed the summons to come apart,' and could hardly fail to be of equal good to others if they would heed it. As a matter of fact, retreats father attired in his usual garb, giving are rarely crowded, and generally only half of those who promise to come succeed in doing so.'

# Timely Advice.

The coming winter is likely to be signalized by as much distress among the poor as there was last year. Many persons will suffer because they cannot find employment, but the greater number on account of intemperance and lack of thrift. The lesson taught by the hard times and the great strike may have to be repeated before it is profited by. The number of saloons is nowhere diminished, and extravagance in dress is still the besetting sin of women who work for their living. In the nearest city to Notre Dame there are no fewer than eighty-five saloons to the population of less than twenty-five thousand; and one of the dry goods merchants was heard to say that were it not for the shop girls and mechanics' wives he might forego his annual trip to New York to secure the latest fashions. Wealthier people are simpler in their tastes than the poorer class. The wellto-do have begun to set a good example, at least in regard to dress. It is to be hoped that it will soon become fashionable to live simply-Ave Maria.

A Railway Manager Says: "In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsions, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

#### DIGESTION AND PIETY.

Evil Effects of Chronic Derangement of the Liver on the Religious Facul-

There is a very intimate and power ful reciprocal influence between the body and the mind. Meus sana in corpore sano - a sound mind in a sound body-it is an old adage which expresses the true, normal condition

But how rarely it is realized in experience. The multitude of insane people is almost countless. By insane people we mean not merely those who are shut up in asylums and mad houses, but the multitude who are of unsound mind, outside. Insanity means unsoundness of mind, and of the meantime had got married to the that class, as experience abundantly proves, the number is incalculable, and we believe, as a general rule, that unsoundness of mind is the result of derangement of the physical system.

This derangement may be produced by over-anxiety of mind, or it may be the result of disease or some radi cal defect of the constitution. Anxiety hands, drove on the horse at a quick of mind goes to the stomach and protrot. John cast a despairing look at duces indigestion; indigestion reacts upon the mind and increases the anxiety, resulting in a morbid condition of greater or less virulence ac cording to circumstances. But we are persuaded that the most prolific cause of physical as well as mental derangement is excessive indulgence of the appetites and passions.

All this has a direct and importan bearing upon the spiritual life and religious experience. Undoubtedly, thing as spiritual joy and happiness in

religion. Grant, if you please, that there is danger of mistaking emotion, mere animal feeling, for true religious feeling and that the danger needs to be guarded against, especially in emotional natures, still it is true that spiritual joy is a legitimate object of pursuit, and one is more likely to exwords I spoke of my father on that night—you remember. Oh, would to God that I got back these two years of my life again! Pray to God for me, my dearest mother. You were my dearest mother. You were my fact and my late, friend and halfy and and my late, friend and halfy late the first and my late. good digestion than a poor dyspeptic, suffering, perhaps, the consequences of irregularity of habits or over indul-

The poet, no doubt, sang truly:

"Strange that a harp of a thousand strings Should keep in tune so long." We may add, strange, especially, when we consider the terrible strain which is put upon the great majority of harps to throw them out of tune. One thing is certain, when the harp is in tune it produces most exquisite music, cheering, consoling and inspiring, and to the truly religious mind it adds immensely to its happi-

We must not be understood, now, as holding that spiritual joy is incompatible with a deranged condition of the system, as in cases of sickness or a life-long malady resulting from some organic or even functional disease. True spiritual joy comes from the Spirit of God, and God bestows it when the hard work of the world begins and how He will. We know that many saints have experienced intense spiritual joy in the midst of great pain and suffering. Indeed, Christian martyrs furnish striking instances of an elevation of spiritual joy that seemed to render them insensible to the flames that were consuming their

But we are speaking now of the great majority of ordinary Christians, and we say that at least one promi-nent reason why so many complain of the want of religious feeling and fervor is that the bodies are not in a too often this condition is the result, as we have said, of excessive indulgence

of the appetites and passions. Such indulgence, as all experience proves, disturbes the normal action of he functions of life, blunts the nervous sensibility, acts directly on the brain impairing its powers, obscuring it perceptions, producing melancholia, which leads to gloomy and despairing views of life-sometimes ending in suicide. In religiously inclined per sons the effect is to blunt the con science, obscure the line between right and wrong, truth and error, and even leads one to despair of salvation Hence wise spiritual directors—physic ians of the soul as well as physicians of the body-are in the habit as pre scribing for such persons attention to their physical health; a careful re-gime of diet—bodily exercise and plenty of fresh air.

We do not wish to be understood now as holding that all religious descondency results from abuse of the function of the body. Aridity-spirit ual dryness — may be, and often i caused by worldliness, deriliction o duty, indulged in some secret sin, the best cure for which is a good confession, accompanied and followed by purpose of amendment. But ordinarily, as functional derangement of the system leads to depression of spirits and consequently to discourage ment, moroseness — what in popular language is called the "blues" —so healthy, normal condition produces joy, elevation of feeling, and it is wonderful what a change such a condision causes in one's views of life, of the world, of everything around one, and how much easier it is to be pious to take a cheerful view of life, to be more lenient to the faults others-in short, to love God and one's neighbor,

and, as we say, enjoy our religion. There is such a thing as joy in the Holy Ghost independent of all adventi tious circumstances, but we fear it is comparatively rare, though it should Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

ous development-the unison of the harp-strings of the "meus sana in corpore sano," and when that joy is sanctified by a religious motive and the accompanying influence of the good Spirit of God it is the very perfection of happiness in this world. The soul goes out spontaneously in thankfulnes and praise to its God and Saviour whose transcendent perfections become more and more attractive till the high est joys of earth sink into absolute in significance and it experiences that peace which passeth understanding and which the world can neither give

nor take away. What a blessed consummation! what a precious boon! Well may we be willing to make the sacrifices, to practice self denial and self-discipline, in order to gain such an inestimable blessing!—Sacred Heart Review.

#### O'CONNELL'S ELOQUENCE.

The following description of O'Connell as an orator is by one of America's greatest orators, Wendell Phillips: "Broadly considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equaled in

modern times, certainly not in English speech. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph, of Roanoke, the Virginian's slaveholder. who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he exclaimed, "This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak the English tongue in my day?" I think he was right. remember the solemnity of Webster, feeling—emotion—has a great deal to the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of do with religion. There is such a Choate, the iron logic of Calhoun, the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss: it has been my fortune to sit at the feet of the great speakers of the English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but I think all of them together neve surpassed, and none of them ever equalled, O'Connell.
"Nature intended him for our De-

mosthenes. Never, since the great Greek, has she sent forth any one so lavishly gifted for his work as a tribune of the people. In the first place he had a magnificent presence, pressive in bearing, massive like that of Jupiter. His presence filled the eye. A small O'Connell would hardly have been an O'Connell at all. These physical advantages are half the battle.
"He had a voice that covered the gamut. I heard him once say, 'I send my voice across the Atlantic, career ing like the thunderstorm against the breeze to tell the slaveholder of the Carolinas that God's thunderbolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking.' You seem to hear the tones coming back to London from the Rocky Mountains. Then, with the slightest possible Irish brogue, he would tell a story and Exeter Hall shook with laughter. The next moment tears in his voice like a Scotch song, five thousand men wept. His marvelous voice, its almost incredible power and sweetness, charmed millions.

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and nature are driven from the body.

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I was in bed for three weeks; during that

# time I had leeches applied and derived no benefit. Sceing Hood's Sarsaparilla advertised in the papers I decided to try a bottle. I found Sarsaparılla

oottle that I decided to try another, and since aking the second bottle I feel as well as ever did in my life." GEO. MERRETT, Toronto, Ont Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient, yet

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