bing: "How will I ever stand here by myself and think I'll maybe never hear your voice or see your face again

Roger's face grew white and there was such a pain in his voice when he tried to soothe her that, with an effort, she grew calm and soon was able to speak quietly of his proposition. When they parted it was decided that Roger would go to America, and Nora prom ised to bear his departure and his absence cheerfully for his sake.

But "man proposes." The scourge of cholera raged through the land at the time, but little more than the rumor of it had reached that remote Roger's preparations were completed, and the last week had come, at the end of which he was to sail. Alas at the end of the week he had seen his love stricken down by the plague, had stayed with her when all others fled. Even her father (her mother was dead) had turned from her in fear; but Roger never left her. He sat alone by her side when she died until a coffin was brought and he placed her in it. Then with some helo he managed to get her buried. Almost heart-broken he kissed the sod that covered her clay, while the sea sung her requiem, and to his ears it sang evermore.

That was ten years ago. He car-ried out his intention of going to America, and now, urged by his sister, and for her sake he had come back His brother had been married three years ago to Peggy Brady, and since then the old house had scarcely been a home to father and Mary, and no por tion had been given to her or to

For the old man nothing on earth mattered now. In a little room in the farmhouse he lay "in the last dread act of dying." The moonlight which act of dying." The moonlight which shone on Roger's lonely figure pacing the sands, shone, too, on the old home stead and through the window of the father's room. Scarcely hindred by the faint light of a candle, it showed the poor, gray head tossing restlessly from side to side and the withered hands feebly clutching the bedclothes.

Mary was kneeling by the bedside alone, her lips murmuring the rosary and the beads slipping through her

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In the kitchen, sitting around the hearth, where a turf fire was burning, were a man and two women. man, Matty Hogan, was a laborer, and the woman, Judy Walsh, a dairy woman, and Mrs. Braan, "a knowl-edgeable person," who acted as sick nurse in the neighborhood. There is not much sorrow in any of their hearts, for life had not been made easy for them here, but that awe which death inspires made them speak in whispers. had discussed very freely the affairs of the dying man, and much concerning the affairs of many others had been dealt with also. But sud denly the talking ceased, for on their ears broke the loud, long wail of a woman weeping. They listened, the two women grasping each other's whilst the voice seemed to go round the house, then move away and

die in the distance.

"Glory be to God! What was that?" cried Matty.

"Sure, ye know well what it is, "The master is of an old stock, and she always follows the old families. Did you her before, Mrs. Braan?" Did you never hear of

"Ayeh! I did," said Mr. Braan. "Last year when I was nursing Mr. y (the Lord be merciful to him! I heard her. And it isn't I alone, but her own niece heard her as well. Miss Kathleen was sitting up that night, for the master was very bad entirely, muttering and raving. We were sitting by the fire, and I saw she didn't want to be speaking for she handled her beads, and in the quietness I dozed off to sleep. I don't know how long it was till Miss Kath leen woke me, holding me by the wrists and shaking me; her face was as white as a sheet. 'Listen Braan,' says she, 'Listen!' 'Listen! Mrs. there up and down the avenue was a woman's wailing and crying, the most mournful you ever heard. 'Don't you knew what it is, Miss? says I. 'Oh, no,' says she. 'How could I?' 'Tis the Banshee, miss,' says I; 'she always follows the old families.' 'I have heard of that,' says she, 'but I never believed it. It is strange, very believed it. It is strange, very strange!' And she looked into the fire as if she were dreaming. The master died the next day."

"Did you ever hear her before,

Matty?" asked Judy.
"No, then. I thought I did once when old Billy Ryan next to us was dying. I heard great crying at the top of the road and I went out, thinking I'd see something. But it was only Moll Casey achoning for her little girl that's in America." "Why, then, I heard her," said

"Why, then, I heard her," said Judy Welsh. "Twas one year I was dairy maid for Mr. Roe, and I used to do odd jobs about the kitchen. The nurse they had was very old; for I believe she was the child's maid to Mrs. Roe herself when she was small. The poor old woman was very bad, but sure she was no loss, and it was time for her to go; but the eldest little girl, Miss Annie was in an awful state because her nurse was sick. One evening the mistress brought the child by the hand into the kitchen, and says she, making a sign to me, 'Here, Judy; will you take Miss Annie with you and see the cows milked?' 'To be sure I will, ma'am,' says I. And off we went. The dear little creature! she was as good as gold, stroking the nose of one cow and patting the neck of another, and laughing and seeing the mill frothing in the cans. I was bringing

'Did you hear that, Judy?' said she. 'I did, miss,' says I. 'Did you see who it was?' says she. 'I saw no one Miss,' says I. 'Neither did I,' says Miss,' says I. 'Neither did I,' says the child. 'And the woman must have been very near us.' Miss Annie is a grown young lady now,' continued 'and a short time ago I heard herself and her brothers talking about the Banshee. The young men were laughing and saying 'What nonsense!'
'You needn't sneer,' says Miss Aunie,

for I actually heard her.' in a little room off the Meanwhile citchen, another whispering conversa tion was being held between Ned Power and his wife. She was a tall woman with a dark, handsome face. and as the people in the kitchen would "a stormy look" in her eyes. Their little child crept about the floor at their feet. The woman whispered

vehemently.
"Where'll we get money to give them? As well as if I swore it, a penny of my fortune that's lying in the bank won't be touched. What were you thinking of to let the old man make a will at all?"

"Sure, how could I help it, and he to bring the attorney along with the priest?"

"It's not the first ill turn Roger Power has done me," said the woman bitterly. "But I'll have revenge of him yet! What brought him back And as for from America at all? Mary, she could live on here, doing many a turn for her bit and sup.' "I have an idea 'tis she brought him

home. I overheard them talking and from what I could gather Mary wants to be a nun.' Nun or no nun, they'll never

handle a penny of my money

"I don't see how you could help it," plied the man. "They could sell replied the man. out the place to get it."

She clenched her teeth and almos hissed the words, "They never will." The latch of the back door was lifted and a footstep passed into the little room where the dying man lay.

"That's him," the woman went on 'I hate the very sound of his step or voice. I hate his white face and his eyes that look at you without seeing

She was hushed here by a quick cry from Mary. "Come! come! My father is

dying!"

They hurried to the death-bed, fol-lowed by the servants from the kitchen. A lighted candle had been placed in the old man's hand, his breath was fluttering and his mouth was twitching painfully. They knelt around the bed and Mary read the Litany for the Dying. Scarcely was she finished when there was a deep, shuddering breath, and then the awful white still-

"Eternal rest grant to him, Lord!" prayed the watchers: "and let perpetual light shine upon him!

By daybreak the corpse was "laid out." White sheets, kept for the purpose, were spread on the bed and hung around it, and on it the body vas stretched, robed in a long brown habit. Candles were burning at the head and foot of the bed, and not for one moment was the room left without a living occupant-as if the spirit still hovered near, and was conscious and desirous of companionship. Though the father's love had been lavished on the eldest son, it was Roger and Mary who hung around his remains most constantly, their love making "the clay of which he was formed " sacred and dear to them. Ned came and went, his wife also came and went, as did the other inmates of the house, and no one thought of retiring to rest. During the following day the inhabit auts for miles around came to old Ned Power's wake, and by nightfall the house was crowded.

Somewhere near the small hours Roger persuaded Mary to take some rest, for she was nearly worn out. On her had chiefly fallen the task of providing refreshments for those attending the wake. This consisted of frequent draughts of tea which at that time was distributed with lavish hospitality.

Mary was up again at the dawning and she in turn urged Roger to lie down for a few hours. He declared he did not need rest, but seeing her anxious and wishing to spare her he complied. He slipped softly away to the little room beyond the kitchen, which he had shared with his brother since his return, the women having occupied another sleeping place, as space was limited. When he opened the door he was surprised to see a faint light burning in the room. Yet it was gloomy, for at first he did not see the figure of a woman till the slam of a bastily dropped lid drew his eyes to the corner where his trunk was placed. In an instant he had snatched a paper from the woman's hand, caught her firmly by the shoulders and put her outside the door, which he then closed. There was a moment's pause, then shriek, a fall-and a crowd gathered around the prostrate form of his sister

"What has happened?" cried one.
"She is dead!" shouted another.
Her husband implored her to speak, but a moan was the only response he

They lifted her and carried her to the parior, and Roger, listening won-dered what really had happened. There was clamor and talk for awhile, then comparative quiet, and he threw himself on the bed, dressed as he was, and soon fell asleep. How long he slept he could not tell but he was ing," said the doctor, "saying that awakened by the heavy tramp of men coming into the room, and he opened his eyes to see two policemen by his milking bawn when the sorrowful cries of a woman seemed to pass us and go on to the house. The child stopped.

Mary's heart leape left her face.

"Is he sick, sir?"

you take him! Leave him to put his "He was ill," rep

father in the clay !" But what avail a woman's tears when the law was to be maintained? In half an hour Roger was handcuffed, and taken between the police to the nearest station, and that night he was lodged in the county jail and charged with having assaulted his sister-in-law and causing the death of her unborn child.

II.

Before Roger left the house on the morning of his arrest he contrived to give Mary the key of his trunk, telling her to guard the latter well, for his will, which was in her favor, was in it. was this Mrs. Power had tried to take away, believing it to be the old man's will. She did not know that Roger had placed that document in the hands of the solicitor who drew it up.

Old Ned Power was buried in graveyard near the sea. The mourners almost filled it, but the one who, with Mary, would have sorrowed most, was enduring the weary hours in

prison. His trial came on a few weeks later, and after a lengthened hearing of the case a verdict of "guilty" was re-turned. Needless now to inquire into the ways and means by which such a know that Roger was actually found guilty and sentenced to two years' im-Yet in the course of a prisonment. nonth or so Mrs. Ned Power gave birth to a living, healthy child.

Mary had grieved unceasingly for her brother. She knew that however Peggy was hurt, it might have hap-pened accidently, for Roger would not willingly injure a woman under what ever provocation. But when she knew that he was imprisoned on a false charge, then added to her grief was the burning desire to right the wrong that had been done to him. Alas! in one moment a wrong may be done which cannot be undone in years, and for months Mary vainly sought the release of her brother.

She had no influential friends, she was ignorant of the surest way to gain a hearing, and it seemed so little to this or that, that her brother was suffering wrongfully. At last she got the order for his release, and eagerly she prepared to go to the town where the prison was, to meet him when he

There was much they would have to decide together, and, of course, it was impossible that he could come back to the old homestead. Mary had got the money bequeathed to her by her father; and Roger's portion was in the solicitor's hands, where, for safe keeping she had also placed his will.

She did not know the hour Roger would be released; he might be at the terminus to meet her, or waiting in the hotel where she had written to him they would stay for a time, or she might have to go to the prison and wait till the appointed hour

She slept only fitfully the night be-fore, hearing the clock strike every hour, and at daybreak she arose, for she had to walk a few miles to the nearest railway station. She had neither asked nor been profered a con Silently she quitted the vevance. house after having taken a bit of bread and a drink of milk, and she walked in the sad gray light of that morning, hearing, most of the way, the solemn surging of the sea which was mist-covered and gray, like every-thing else around her - like her thoughts of the future. Though Roger was free, their time of parting was near, and sad indeed would she have been but for one bright spot in the dreary outlook. That was a little convent, where she would work and forget the past, and where was that haven of rest, the chapel with the signal light constantly burning before the altar.

Mary was the only passenger from the little station by that early train, and she had a carriage to herself. She looked at the rapidly changing landscape as the train sped along, but without seeing it, for her thoughts were busy planning all she would do for Roger during the time she would be with him. When she reached the terminus she looked eagerly out, and scanned the faces of those on the platform, but he was not there. She gathered her belongings, took a cab and was driven to a quiet hotel, where she intended to stay. Here, on making inquiries, she was told that Roger had not arrived. So she took breakfast, of which she was much in need, and set out to walk to the prison. Arriving there, she had the difficulties which usually attend in gaining an entrance to an officially guarded place and making her errand known. She seemed to have been kept an unreasonable time and to have answered many unreasonable questions, when she found herself in the presence of an elderly gentleman with keen, kindly eyes and gentle voice. He was one of the doctors attending the prison.

You traveled from home to-day? "I did, sir," said Mary. "I started

at daybreak this morning."
"Ah, that explains why you did not

get my telegram."
"What, sir?" said Mary, rising anxiously, though she only dimly comprehended his meaning. She had heard of "the telegraph," but regarded it in somewhat the same way as she did charms and fairy spells. never known the thrill or the shock which so many have experienced on the receipt of one of those yellow enveloped missels.

your brother could not meet you to-

day.

Mary's heart leaped and the color

"He was ill," replied the doctor,

"and I wished to spare you the jour-

She looked at him with sorrowful, questioning eyes.

"Can't I see him, sir? "Yes but wait a little. He was quite well when you saw him last, I suppose

"I don't know, sir. He was downcast and unhappy, 'twould be hard to say he was well. Her lips quivered and she cast her

eyes on the ground.
"I am afraid he is very bad, doe-

The doctor was silent, and, looking she found his eyes fixed on her full of sympathy and concern. Ah, I know it is very bad! You

may tell me the worst, sir : I am used to suffering.

What is the worst you can imag ine." he asked, very gravely.
"Oh, my God! my God!" she gasped "he is dead."

She sank to the floor, where she swayed to and fro, wringing her hands convulsively, but she shed no tears. In after days she blessed the good

doctor for his great kindness and sympathy, but as scarcely realized it. at the time she it. When she felt equal to it, they took her to the "deadverdict was arrived at; enough to house," and, at her request, let her enter it alone

She walked timidly over to where the body lay, rigid and still, under a white sheet. How dreadful it was to her, his lying there alone, not even the light of a caudle shining near him. With trembling hand she drew the sheet from his face, then started and shrank back — changed! Oh, so changed! His hair had grown quite gray and fell thinly over the promient brow. The eyes under the closed ids lay like balls in deep sockets The cheeks were sunken and the mouth drawn, yet the whole face wore a look of vatience and profound peace. Only or a moment she hung back, then her love awoke with an infinite pity and yearning, and a long, loud cry of guish broke the silence of the stil chamber. She kissed his cold brow nd his pallid lips, and she laid her head on his breast in a very agony of

"Asthore! asthore!" she cried. "that never gave one of us the black ook or the cold word: 'tis your mother's tears that would be worthy fall on you this day, and not the like

of mine

That night Mary Power walked almost blindly through the strange streets of the strange town, seeing nothing but that dead face, hearing nothing but the question, "Why, oh, why?" which rang through her brain till her head throbbed painfully. In the morning she would return the way she had come to-day, and would bear back with her all that remained of him.

The doctor had sent the telegrams and she knew that friends and rela tives would meet her at the little sta-tion, and they would take him and lay him beside his father and mother and near his love, in the old church-yard near the sea. But meanwhile she could not rest, and through her Why. thoughts rang the question, oh, why?'

Unconsciously she was borne along

by a stream of people moving in one direction, and she reached a church where a mission was being held. Mechanically she entered with the crowd and knelt or sat as the others Though Roger was did, but scarcely seeing or hearing what was going on. A priest in a white surplice knelt before the altar and recited the rosary, and the names of "Our Father," "Jesus" and "Mary" feel most soothingly on her Yet still she saw her dead ear. brother's face and heard the question, "Why?" Scarcely was the Rosary ended when a black-robed priest stepped softly into the sanctuary, knelt reverently before the altar for a moment, and then noiselessly ascended the pulpit. He stood silently for a few seconds, gazing earnestly down on the sea of faces upturned to him. The dark eyes of his thin, white face glowed with fervor, and his slender hand grasped nervously, perhaps carelessly, the crucifix in his belt; then, lifting his biretta, he gave out his text in a clear, penetrating voice: 'All whom He loveth He chastiseth, and He scourgeth every son whom He receiveth' Mary was startled, and, as the sermon proceeded, she listened intently; but before it was ended tender tears were stealing down her cheeks. She saw the dead face still, but there was a halo around it, and her question was answered.—Irish Monthly.

Unity of Faith.

London, March 24, 1895. - The interview between Viscount Halifax, President of the English Church Union, and the Pope, yesterday, is regarded in Roman Catholic circles here as of really great importance and significant of the enormous strides the Catho lic Church has made recently in England. In a recent cable letter the World correspondent noted the number of the English clergy who have taken orders in the Roman Church during the last two years. The mere fact of Lord Halifax's visit would have aroused a storm in the English Church a few years ago, but it hardly excites comment in to-day's newspapers. The Church Union has in its mem

bership 3,000 of the Anglican clergy and thirty Bishops. Lord Halifax is reported as asking the Pope to send 'a tender and gracious message to the Anglicans in the forthcoming encyclical." On what ground and and with what purpose is not explained.

Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are get a bottle of Holloway's Corn Cure. It has never been known to fail.

Honest Toil.

That man should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow is a divine com-mand. We are placed in this world for a purpose, and in order to achieve that purpose we must "put our hand the plow,"-we must share of the labor that devolves upon us. Aside from the consolation which ever accompanies honest toil, it brings with it the inestimable blessing of vig orous health and the prospect of a good

print : Geron, a venerable patriarch of four score, sat at the door of his rural dwelling, enjoying the serenity of an autumn al morning. His eye rested some-times on the blue mountains in the dis His eye rested tance, from whose summit the mis ascended like the smoke from the altar of sacrifice, and at others on his bloom ing great-grand children who were

old age. Here is a little story in

sporting around him. Then came a youth from the city to the old man, and was surprised at his blithe and robust age, and his vigor-ous look. And the stranger confessed to the old man his astonishment that he should possess such strength and spirits, and asked him how this came

to pass. Geron rose and conducted the stranger into the orchard, and showed him the lofty and noble trees full of goodly fruit, the sight of which re joiced the heart.

Then said the old man : "Art thou surprised, too, that I am now enjoying the fruit of these trees? Behold, my son, these trees I planted in my youth. Here hast thou the secret of my serene and fruitful old age.'

The young man gave an ascenting nod: for he understood the words of the venerable patriarch, and treasured them up in his heart.

Would that every youth would take to heart the beautiful moral contained in this story, viz., that honest toil is the source of many blessings.

Fred Douglas in Ireland.

Dr. Geo. W. Pepper of Cleveland, O. publishes a number of incidents in the life of the late Frederick Douglas Among them is the following: 'The first time I met Mr. Douglas

was in Ireland in 1847. He had met with enthusastic receptions in London throughout England, and had arrived in Cork. He was met at the landing by distinguished citizens, and rode away in a carriage seated between the Lord Mayor of Cork and Father Mathew the great Roman Catholic apostle of temperance. He was dined City Council and was accorded especial marks of attention by the most promi nent people of Cork. Going to Dublin, he went to call upon Daniel O'Connell who was the first Roman Catholic Lord Mayor that city had had for more than three hundred years. Mr. Douglas had a letter of introduction from the Hon. Charles Sumner, but when O'Con nell's servant announced that there was a colored man at the door, the great Irishman rushed to the door, and clasping Douglas in a warm embrace, said: 'Fred Douglas, the American slave, needs no letter of introduction

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ther reason except to save your soul The Catholic religion is a religion of self denial—of abstinence from meat on Fridays, of fasting in Lent, of guard of the eyes and the tongue, of control of the lower passions, of the steady practice of virtue. It is not for Sundays exclusively, but for every day of the seven. It is a hard religion to live by, but an easy religion to die by, because it takes away from death its terror, it gives peace, grace and h to the soul, and it gives its faithful children a moral certainty of immortal life. - Catholic Telegraph.

A Life Saved.—Mr. James Bryson, Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by the physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC OIL, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on his advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half bottle cured me; I certainly believed it saved mylife. I twas with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good." power of any remedy to do me any good.

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The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was almost useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, &c., &c., fo-day there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is, very good. P. SARVIE, Catholic Priest.

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