

at Aurelia did not aid Geoffrey. "Yet a good sort of a

plied Mary, "good... but if he were not... could think anything... know that sort of... mentation to Aure-... to be won, it will be... than a duke's coro-

Geoffrey: "Swing-... now, Mary, put on... I can't call it a... go out and look... like to see the mill."

OF CHARITY.

ROSE TAYLOR. devoted to the bloody... the North and South... own in New England... by the name of Wil-... interests and fortune... nually a comfortable... employment to hun-... inhabitants of the

Charles Wilbern con-... two daughters and... principle he was a... herishing the severe... fathers, and each Sun-... an attentive work-... meeting-house of his... direction of Pro-... like his ancestors... religion, married a... one professing a be-... to his own. The... brought up according... the mother, while the... steps of the father... daughter, Maud, a... disagreeable young... thing in name only;... bore her mother and... roring her displeasure... her from forsaking... which she had been... a, the younger girl... good qualities in... was deficient. She... and practiced it... was a hard life. A... led her heart at the... r brothers and sister... was offered to the... for the conversion of... was the sole comfort... other, who depended... ed upon the young... o of her house-... of complaint tell-... thing was a burden... to the gentle girl... ed the home and took... the grief of the se-... se. They were pros-... e Angela fell the per-... the last sad duties... voice strangely white... devoid of color, and a... with a grief too deep... tears, she closed the... r again would look... her, smoothed the... ed the waxen brow... ed the lifeless hands... around the slender... nown knelt by the coffin... head upon the cold... son of her mother... forth she would serve... us life.

er twenty-first birth-... g year, and it was... that she spoke of her... sister. The blow de-... speech for some mo-... recovered from out-... of abuse, ridicule... next became aware... meditated, his fury... ed every obstacle was... t length, exasperated... e, he summoned her... nd, after telling her... r said, and I have... you the opportunity... rforming your duties... heretofore, or leave... r. Choose!"

few moments: then... a heavenly balm as... Divine Saviour came... "Whosoever loveth... more than Me is not... she quietly replied... ing eyes to his face:... have chosen. I shall... life. Henceforth I... e."

tricks of politicians. The real or bogus onslaught of the A. P. A. on Major McKinley reminds the New York Sun of the sharp device whereby a candidate for another office once got himself elected. Here is the story:—

Aprons of this circular it is interesting to recall how the Honorable, and at that time ever wicked, Gibbs once elected himself State Senator. The situation in the old Ninth Ward, where Gibbs was running, was desperate for Gibbs. Something had to be done. Then Gibbs thought of a masterpiece. Election morning before the voters were up men went through the district with arms full of circulars. These circulars read something like this:—

"Down with Gibbs, the friend of the Roman Catholics! Gibbs has done more for the Roman Catholics than any man who ever sat at Albany. It is the duty of every patriotic American citizen to work and vote against him. A vote against Gibbs is a vote against the Pope. Arise, citizens, and bury him."

"The Protestant Association of the Ninth Ward." Dozens of these circulars were left at every tenement house in the district, and at every house where it was known there was a Catholic. The wicked one's friends fumed and heaped curses on the people who had made such a dastardly attack. Gibbs himself said it was a despicable piece of work on the part of his enemies, but he coyly admitted that they told the truth in the circular, and he was proud of it. Gibbs was elected by an over-whelming majority. The sturdy men of the Ninth, especially the Catholics, went to the polls, and a \$1,000,000, wouldn't have induced them to vote against Gibbs. Is Major McKinley playing the "wicked" game also?—Boston Pilot.

time reached the Sisters of Charity at Emmitsburg, her destination.

When the war between the North and South was declared, volunteers came from every part of the country to participate in the bloody struggle.

Charles Wilbern was appointed Captain of the company from his district, and served gallantly under the flag of the Union. It was during this fearful crisis in our country's history that the Church sent forth her noble bands of women Sisters of Charity and Mercy to relieve the sufferers, to console the dying. On every battle field these fearless heroines gathered, oblivious of the dangers surrounding them and unappalled at the scenes of carnage before them.

It was July 3, 1863, on the immortal field of Gettysburg. Upon the ground men of both armies were strewn like leaves. The day was intensely hot, the sun hung like a great copper globe in the heavens, sending down its burning rays upon the dead and dying, who lay stretched side by side, brothers in death, if enemies in life.

Like angels the Sisters passed from soldier to soldier. Little cared they to what side the suffering men belonged; their task it was to give relief in the name of the Almighty Father. A young Sister had just finished binding up the wounds of an aged Confederate and consigned him to the ambulance when her steps were arrested by piteous groans coming from the direction of a clump of thick, high bushes. Hurriedly she parted the branches and knelt beside a dying soldier whose uniform identified him as belonging to the Federal forces, the straps upon his shoulder marking him as an officer. The face was covered with a rough beard of a few days growth, and his hand rested upon his breast, from which issued a stream of blood. It was the work of a moment for the dexterous hands of the Sister to staunch the blood and apply restoratives to the parched lips. This imparted a little strength and the dying man opened his eyes, murmuring weakly:

"Thank you, Sister." At the sound of his voice, so familiar, a death like pallor overspread the face of the Religious; she gazed into the eyes, over which the film of death was rapidly gathering; on the face, changed and ashen from the approaching dissolution, and with a cry, she lifted his head, and, kissing the lips, said:

"Father! father! will you not forgive my Angela?" It was in truth Captain Wilbern, who was held in the embrace of his daughter Angela, now Sister Angela. At first the poor man was unable to utter a word; then he said:

"O Angela, my darling child! That you may see I do indeed forgive you, let me die a Catholic."

Quickly she arose; no priest was near, and she knew no time could be lost, for her father was mortally wounded, was dying. He had never been baptized, of this she was certain. She took from the satchel she carried a flask of baptismal water, and in a few words she prepared him for the reception of the sacrament. As the sacred water flowed upon the aged brow, and her quivering voice pronounced the words: "I baptize thee, in the name of the Father, and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost," the head fell heavily against her breast and Charles Wilbern was dead.

A few natural tears forced themselves from the Sister's eyes and fell over the stiffening face, but the grateful heart sent up glad thanksgiving to the good God who had granted to her a petition so often asked with tears. She knew her father's soul was safe; and thus, even on earth, did Sister Angela reap the sweet fruits of her heroic self-sacrifice.—Catholic Columbian.

A PRIEST-POET—REV. DOMINIC BRENNAN, C. P.

An Admirer's Friend's Analysis of His Work.

Catholic Union and Times. If the possession of a nature attuned to everything high and noble indicates a literary faculty, then the Passionist, Father Dominic Brennan, has essentially the first requisites of poetic genius, but beyond that he is gifted with the talent of beautiful expression. Long-fellow once said that all men are poets, the difference being only in that some are capable of clothing their thoughts in language. Father Dominic has both qualities that comprise the charm of a poetic nature—a fine and delicate appreciation coupled with an eloquence of tongue and pen. Better than this even in the promise of his future, is the fact that back of them is his manly and splendid character, fulfilling the dictum of Alexander Pope that a great poet presupposes a great man.

That the literary promise of Father Dominic is rich with possibility is proven by the work he has already done. One of the best of the poems he has written is that entitled, "Erin's Martyrs," through the inspiring phrases of which we catch the minor chord, the faint echo of wailing for a lost history that renders so pathetic the history of our land. Indeed, Father Dominic's verse is never so beautiful as when he pays tribute to the glories and the deservings of the land from which his forefathers sprang. There is no need to dwell upon the merits of the following verses; their beauty speaks for itself:

ERIN'S MARTYRS. The martyred dead of Ireland Have hallowed every shrine. Where Celtic blood and Celtic dust, Drunk with the patriot's sacred blood, Proclaim her deeds sublime. Not by the tyrant's throne alone Have Erin's martyrs bled. Where Tyranny's yore priestess stood, Drunk with the patriot's sacred blood, With which her lips are red. Where'er Oppression's arm was raised, There Celt was seen to fall. On soil where Moslem tyranny reigns, On Europe's blood-curdious plains, They died at Freedom's call. Their bones have bleached on Africa's sands In far Australian wild; And here where Freedom rules alone On battlefields the Celt is known Her dauntless, noble child. And as his life blood ebbs away Upon some alien shore, He still has thought of the land Crushed, helpless, beneath the tyrant's hand— Is it to rise no more?

No! As Judah's seer of old Saw Israel's bones arise, So Heaven's breath shall spirit give An Erin's martyred soul shall live 'Neath Freedom's deathless skies!

In the realm of spiritual poetry Father Dominic has done some exquisite work. There are few poems on the subject of Good Friday more beautiful in thought and expression than that which here follows. It carries with it the very essence of the sorrow and the sacrifice typified in the memory of that day. Here is the utterance of one who understands the heartaches of humanity:

GOOD FRIDAY. On the Tree in anguish dying, Hear us, Lord, in anguish crying: Spare us on this day of sorrow, Or despair we ere the morrow! Miserere, Jesu Mi!

Miserere, hear our moaning; Miserere, hear our groaning; Miserere, Jesu Mi!

By Thy thorn-crowned head and bleeding; By Thy gory wounds, mute pleading; By Thy transfixed heart and riven; By Thy blood, lavishly given; Miserere, Jesu Mi!

By Thy crowning and Thy scourging, By grief's torrent round Thee surging, By Thy cry for pity calling, Save us from sin's doom appalling; Miserere, Jesu Mi!

Miserere, Jesu sive us, Sinners, In Thy life blood, lave us, Miserere, Dominus!

Not to every one is given the faculty to say words that can console the grief of those whose loved ones have been called by death. Yet if anything could add a balm to wounded hearts, it would be the tenderness of such as a poem as this:

IN MEMORIAM. Hath dropped a lily thou didst love? Weep not; it bloometh still above. Weep not; its pure bath grows more white Beneath God's own celestial light.

Mayhap it was too pure for earth; God called it hence to crown his worth. Where no more fading, no more gloom Hath place; but one eternal bloom.

Such passing is not death, but life; It leatheth hence from sin and strife. The Christ hath called her; 'tis not loss, 'Tis one more lily 'neath the cross.

It bloometh now, where spate nor stain, Nor sought of gloom shall come again. When thou shalt claim it as thine own, It shall to heavenly grace have grown.

Then raise thine eyes; 'mid grief depart; Be Christ's conqueror to thy heart. He points to endless life on high; They truly live who Christlike die!

When through our land the Irish tongue was heard in festive lays. When, sung our hearts of Freedom's joys, of Faith, of Love most true. When all from tongue to peasant spake the language of Bora.

When priests and people prayed to God in accents He had taught; Before the "sireless Saxon" tongue to Erin's shores was brought. When "Fad" and "Fad" from Tara's height, it was through Celtic dew He who had noble chieftains' hearts to love their Maker so.

It was the Celtic accents sweet that rose when Padrig prayed For Erin's faith, that faith divine—that bell nor earth has awayed. For vainly men and demons league to quench that vital spark! High up above the head of blood-red safe that "Glories Ark," That Ark of Erin's faith divine, in misery and woe Doth proud withstand each hellish storm—each hated tyrant's blow!

In narrative verse he has a very happy style, as is shown in the graceful flow of his poem entitled "The Drunkard's Christmas." One can see the crowding Christmas throngs in the picture drawn in this first verse:

'Twas Christmas Eve. Fast fell the snow Like crystal gems from the shroud of night; The streets were filled with joyous throngs. The shops abate with cheering light, When up above the head of lottering step A wretched drunkard made his way; He sought to shun the joyous scene, Where all was mirth and fashion gay.

In his religious poems there breathes a spirit of simplicity and devotion which gives to them a beauty that in itself is inspiration. One stanza from "St. Catherine, Martyr," will illustrate the truth of this criticism:

The Virgin bowed her head in prayer, 'I thank Thee, Lord, that I may share The sufferings of the bitter cross That pass'd thy head for me; And by my death in turn display Thy glorious crown of thorns; The prior of these woes he had given.

Some of the best verses he has written have been his translations under the general title, "Hymns of the Church." It is a pity that they cannot here be quoted in extenso. The first stanza of the "Prayer in the Garden" suggests the noble tones of Milton's "Hymn of the Nativity":

Mark how the Word eternal, comes from the Father's throne, Burning with deepest love man to redeem, For the first Adam's sin, with its fell brood of death, Fain would Love's victim be, priceless, supreme.

There is a sweet, old-fashioned beauty in this verse from the "Crown of Thorns":

Go forth, O Son of David's race! Go forth, O Son of David's race! Mark Salem's chaste virgins of the King; Mark Salem's chaste virgins of the King; Mark Salem's chaste virgins of the King; Mark Salem's chaste virgins of the King.

Some noble lines and powerful ideas are found in this poem of the "Restoration":

RESURRECTION. Mighty cradle! Mighty tomb! Mother earth, Thy breast, Men and with no language but a cry, Wrought their glory, wrought their doom!

Clasp thou fondly what is holy, Clasp thou fondly what is holy, Clasp thou fondly what is holy, Clasp thou fondly what is holy.

They have rendered, Spirit unto Him returneth, Who hath given, Life for life, untrammelled, yearneth, Striving, longing, striving ever With a ceaseless strong endeavor, Till the trumpet's sound shall bid them Where in deathless life abiding Spirit of earth's chains shall bid them.

"Seed of Glory! Seed of Sorrow!" Mother earth, In thy breast, Sin and worth, Rot and rest, Side by side till the dread morrow, Endure and with no language but a cry, Endless these thy noblest fame!

If ever a man unconsciously wrote a description of his own character or crystallized in words the primal impulse of his own being, Father Dominic has done so in this poem entitled "Life's Motto":

LIFE'S MOTTO. I built within my heart a throne, And asked me, who should rule thereon? Then came from out life's busy mart, Full passion ruled there, lord supreme, Led by the hand of a mad dream, Nay, said I, higher lord or none, Shall fill all the heart's all hallowed throne. Then spake out from my soul a voice: "Gaze but within and learn thy choice. All men share in Christ's brotherhood. Thy aim should be to seek thy good. Then place as lord upon thy throne Thy brother's joy before thine own."

The extracts I have given are only a suggestion of the many and charming thoughts which this gifted priest has contributed to current literature. They are the beautiful expression of a mind and soul more beautiful than they. Father Dominic is himself the best of all his poems.

The Darks and his Three Wishes. The following anecdote told in the New York Sun, by C. C. Page, M. D., well illustrates the contentment prevalent in the South before the war:

Jack was once asked by his young master to make three wishes. He was told to take plenty of time and think well before he spoke.

After deliberating several minutes, he said: "Well, Marse Joe, I want a pair of boots." "Jack," said his master, "when you consider all the number of good things in this world, can't you think of something better? Try again. Be careful." "Well, Marse Joe, I always want to have a plenty of fat meat." "Now, Jack, you have only one more wish. Can't you think of something better than a pair of boots and fat meat?" After thinking awhile, he gave it up, saying: "Marse Joe, if I had a pair of boots and a plenty of fat meat, I don't want nuthin' mo'."

CONFESSION—AN INSTINCTIVE DESIRE.

There never has been a time since the revolt of the sixteenth century in which an instinctive longing for peace through confession has not manifested itself in the literatures of Christian nations. Absolution may or may not be the object sought by non-Catholics in this desire of confession on the part of the evil doer, or the sorrow stricken child of humanity. Absolution in its position in the Catholic system is only apprehended and appreciated by those who have been educated in Catholicity, but with confession it is wholly different. The very idea of unburdening the human soul to one who is possessed of human sympathy seems to live among all classes of people irrespective of their religious belief. At one or another period in the lives of men this instinctive desire for spiritual or mental relief becomes so dominant that its hehests must be listened to or their possessor driven into profound melancholia near of kin to dementia.

Those best versed in medical science recognize the fact that man is his own sternest informer, his own sharpest detector. Physical and mental law have an interdependency of interests with moral law, and the violations of the latter show themselves in unerring manifestations of mind and body. Occasions wrought out its individual detective system culminating in the doctrine of Nemesis or irony of fate, which under the old covenant the reign of law proclaimed in unmistakable words the evidences of sin, which no power could secrete: "Be sure your sin will find you out" (scilicet quoniam peccatum vestrum apprehendet vos). Looked at from every point of view—Pagan, Jewish, and Christian—man's environment demands confession, which is the price of ease of conscience. It is an instinctive desire of the soul as that of self-preservation. So imperative are its demands, in many cases, that it becomes the refuge of despair, and the preventive of a suicide. God's laws govern the whole universe, and when they are violated in any of its orders, whether of the nature or of grace, the instinctive principle of detection voluntary or involuntary, asserts its power in the individual soul of man. He cries out in the agony of remorse when sin has done its work. How admirably does the poet of "In Memoriam" picture, with a few strokes of his pen, the utter helplessness of man!

"But what am I? An infant in the night; An infant crying for the light, And with no language but a cry."

Poets, novelists and philosophers, who have attempted to sound the depths of man's moral being, long ago discovered confession as a remedial agency in the wants of the soul. Literature abounds in examples in which confession is the recognized principle bringing its own sweet reward. Taking two books, popular in the best sense, which are as much read as when they were first produced, we find notable instances of cases whose counterparts are not uncommon occurrences in the parochial life of the Catholic clergy. All readers of Light Literature are familiar with "Tom Brown at Oxford," whose author has member the subtle tentations at "The Choughs," which became a regular haunt of the Saint Ambrose crew, under the guidance of Tom Brown. Gradually does it dawn on the attention of the readers why the young hero is particularly fascinated at "The Choughs." The struggle then waged for supremacy of right or wrong in the soul of a young man presents all the elements of dramatic interest awaiting results. No Catholic can pass the pages recording the temptation but he feels instinctively the supreme blessing and safeguard of confession. No argument is essential for the demonstration of its security in the preservation of the souls of the young. The simple recital of the episode suffices for that.

Further on in the career of Tom Brown we reach the end of the freshman's year, and the author, feeling the need of some way of deliverance for wrong done by the young in their wild university days, falls back on a quotation from a sermon delivered by the late Dr. Stanley. Strange as it may appear the power of this passage consists in its admission of the instinctive need of confession. "And, if turning to the younger part of my hearers," says the preacher, "I may still more directly apply this general lesson to them. Is there no one who, in some shape or other, does not feel the bondage of which I have been speaking? He has something on his conscience; he has something on his mind, extravagance, sin, debt, falsehood. Every morning in the first few minutes after waking, it is the first thought that occurs to him; he drives it away in the day; he drives it off by recklessness, which only binds it more and more closely round him. Is there any one who has ever felt this grievous burden? What is deliverance? It is to tell the truth to his friend, to his parent, to any one, whosoever it be, from whom he is concealing that which he ought to make known. One word of open, frank disclosure—one resolution to act sincerely and honestly by himself and others—one ray of truth let into that dark corner will indeed set the whole man free."

This passage, in its unrecurrent thought, discovers the instinctive want of the soul, and in its own partial way suggests relief through means thoroughly Protestant.

Among the characters drawn by Hawthorne, none seems more unique in its way than that of Hilda in "The Marble Faun." Burdened with a

secret which was wearing her heart out, Hilda sought, like many other grief-stricken souls, for counsel and sympathy in the confessional. Absolution she did not crave, because hers was not a Catholic spirit, and, it is needless to add, she was not entitled to it save through the instrumentalities by which the Church grants it. The priest consoling her, however, craves greater joy for both, for Hawthorne makes him say—"will you not reward him with great joy; one of the last joys that he may know on earth, and a fit one to take with him into the better world? In a word, will you not allow him to bring you, as a stray lamb, into the true fold? You have experienced some little taste of the relief and comfort which the Church keeps abundantly in store for all its faithful children. Come home, dear child, poor wanderer, who has caught a glimpse of the heavenly light—come home, and be at rest."

Confession, then, instead of being the great hardship which some may make themselves believe, is the complete answering to the longings of the soul. Its want is recognized in one form or another, by a large class of non-Catholics, and in proof of this we need but study more closely the literature of the times. For, after all, what is literature but the expression of the life of the people? The investigation of the instinctive desires of human nature in their relations to Catholicity is both fascinating and instructive. We have presented only one phase of the question in connection with confession.—Catholic Review.

Latin in a Cobbler's Shop. He was strictly business and did not mean to be taken in on any sort of a gold brick scheme, sugar coated though the proposition was with flattery. The story is told by the Detroit Free Press:

"You understand Latin, of course?" he began as he entered a cobbler's shop on an uptown street the other afternoon. "Vhell!" queried the cobbler as he brushed at the heel of a shoe and glanced out of the window.

"I'm a bit rusty on my Latin and want a little assistance. One does grow rusty, you know, unless he has daily use of a language. You know what 'magnam bonam' is, of course?"

"You want some shoes fixed?" asked the cobbler, but without much interest in the query.

"Not to-day, my friend. While my shoes may seem to require repairs, I wear 'em this way for the sake of ventilation. Are you upon 'aors omnibus cmmunus'?"

"Mebbe you like a pair of shoes to measure?"

"I may get new shoes later on in the season, and if so will remember your location. Just at present I am bothered with my Latin. If I should say to you, 'Nemo solis sapit,' what would be your reply?"

"Do you haf some peensness to-day?" asked the coddler as he threw down the shoe.

"Not business in the technical sense of the word, but business in the general sense. Let me say to you, 'Omnia cum Deo Vhell?'"

"Does that strike a sympathetic chord in your heart, or must I exclaim, 'Volo non catol'?"

"Do you like somethings to-day?" asked the cobbler, as he paused in his work to look up.

"Certainly, I do. I want to ask you in Latin for ten cents to help me along."

"I speak some English."

"Then I ask you in English. Will you give a fellow-man ten cents?"

"I gif nobody ten cents."

"Neither in Latin nor English?"

"No, sir! You petter go out!"

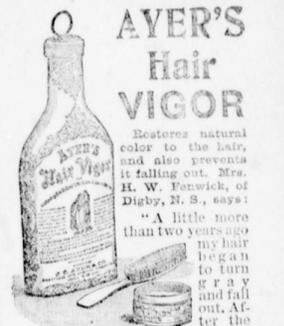
"Then it's ne quid nimis, is it?"

"She vhas."

"And you won't homo homini lupus?"

"No, sir!"

"Then I suppose I'll have to hic finis fandi and take my E pluribus unum. Sorry we can't meet on a mutual plan, but no great harm done, and out I go. Farewell, O cobbler, and may you long continue to cob!"



Ayer's Hair Vigor restores natural color to the hair, and also prevents it falling out. Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, of Digby, N. S., says: "A little more than two years ago my hair began to turn gray and fall out. After the use of one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor my hair was restored to its original color and ceased falling out. An occasional application has since kept the hair in good condition."—Mrs. H. W. Fenwick, Digby, N. S.

I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for three years, and it has restored my hair, which was fast becoming gray, back to its natural color. H. W. HASELHOFF, Paterson, N. J.

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scrofula

Any doctor will tell you that Professor Hare, of Jefferson Medical College, Philadelphia, is one of the highest authorities in the world on the action of drugs. In his last work, speaking of the treatment of scrofula, he says:

"It is hardly necessary to state that cod-liver oil is the best remedy of all. The oil should be given in emulsion, so prepared as to be palatable."

He also says that the hypophosphites should be combined with the oil. Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is precisely such a preparation.