Longings.

O, give me the flush of the rosy morn, And the flash of the sun on the sea; and the blush of the haws on the black of the

thorn, And a run in the sun o'er the the countryside

dun, With a horse speeding on like a ball from a

And a ience to leap over that others would

O, give me the sweep of a light cance
On the deep of an opal lagoon,
And the light aloft in the welkin blue;
And the whirl and the swirl of the waters of

pearl,
And the silvery laugh of a light-hearted girl,
And the lilt of the lark, or the music mad

And for fame I'll not give a doubloon!

And I'll laugh at the rich in my glee!

r your happiness I am o give my life. There vexed; I did not mean at ; I shall never do it in't pain or annoy you orld; but that was just l you see how it never head to guess about

ew how he got back to afternoon. He had say what he had said; a might understand it l. She would probably the him blundering and short, like himself., his heart felt lighter en itself that relief in the autumn evening m sitting alone, he re-h a bright gaiety un-

nner. y, old girl," he said, her to him," "have

ng to tell me, since I ing," said Mary.

s that?' been thinking it over. ot go to Manitoba ; for y, I could not now go

Geoffrey, "I perceive,

it conclusion was come

en-yard this morning.

Perhaps Julian will e will talk it over with

een gits Back in the

en the green gits back in

s out and stays, pull on with a good tight

your barefoot days; vork and you want to not, wife agrees up the garden lot— gits back in the trees— least of my idees , you know, gits back in

gits back in the trees, and

'again, azy "go-as you-please" i roun'in : d's all bald where the hay-

such scenes as these, the green gits back in the

tail feathers o' winter time ad gone, ws and begins to climb, tarts out on a-gittin' down on his knees—a loaferin' roun' rits back in the trees—un' as I—do—please—you know, gits back in the

ry Became a Total Ab-

can Catholic Quarterly

ticle written by Richard

etroit, entitled "Freder

ong the Ottawas." Mr

the late Bishop Baraga

ress of his missionary

Baraga found his work

d by the prevalent evil He had to overcome of the Indian for whis-

nim to a life of sobriety

ing to wean him from

ent drunkenness pre-

e unconverted Ottawas.

the terrible experience rain the Grand River

he had extended his

angelizing the Ottawas

n the papers referred skey dealers and others

missionary's influence

is, instigated a drunken

cople of his nation one k his cabin. He had

arned of their coming

barred the doors and

tunately they were too

would have been mur-

urs this drunken mob

cabin. Their yells

s death by fire. Word,

ent to the acting United

of the riot, and he came

he rioters. All during

evil brought upon this

buse of liquor, he came

n to offer himself as an

re, in that cabin, but

assailants, he solemnly ain from intoxicating

the whole course of his

pledge faithfully to the But many a time, with exhaustion, when

s nauseated by unpala-

n shivering in his wet

ly frozen during Lake

rs he sadly needed a

nind: he may have been

he night scene in his

rand River would recur

d he offered the priva-

emer whenever experi-

ope. — Mr. A. Nickerson, writes: "Last winter I had left me with a severe pain by back and hip that used to er I tried to climb a fence, don't two months, (when I DR. THOMAS' ECLECTRIC oth internally and externicevening, for three days, at which time I was completely

roar Bishop Baraga re

enees in prayer.

He expected every He expected every he bark roof ablaze and

and vicinity.

an entrance.

E REASON

stainer.

bstainer

ristianity.

z, and the breeze in the old dogwood, s back in the trees

WHITCOMB RILEY.

CONTINUED.

O, give me the breeze of the Berkshire Hills, And the lees with their stubble of fogge, And the rush and the roar of the thunderous And the fume and the boom like the tumult of Of the furious flood through the foaming

rounds, And enrages him out on the glade!

flume,
And the sweep and the leap through the shine
and gloom,
And the rave of the waves on the bog!

O, give me to ramble a summer's day Through brake and bramble, o'er field and fell, My heart beating time to the music of May And my steps as free as the wind on the lar And my steps as free as the wind on the lead As the bee in the bush, and the bird in the

tree,
For this is the life, without trouble or dree,
That a gipsy like me loves so well!

—J E. Johnstone, in Boston College Stylus.

A BLOODY PAGE OF HISTORY. Story of the Execution of Mary, Queen of Scots.

The story of the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, or, as it is told again just now by the Hon. Mrs. Maxwell Scott in a volume entitled "The Tragedy of Fotheringay" (London; A. and G. Black), loses none of its intensity by reason of its further removal, day by day, from the present. T. P. O'Connor reviews the book at length in the current number of his Weekly Sun.

In the story as related by Mrs. Scott

the reader is reminded that in the day of that tragedy there was no such thing as merciful swiftness. Then, as now, in some of the old countries, there was the slow drag of red tapeism in every detail. Here, for instance, is the matter of notification of her sentence of death. The messengers called, and Her Majesty informed them that she was in bed, but if the matter were pressing she asked for a little time to make herself presentable. The reply was that the occasion was of no con-Finally she received them sequence. in her chair at the foot of her bed, and in the most formal way she was then and there informed of the result of her trial, and the sentence of death was Of this she had been previously informed by the queen, but it was necessary to subject her to a certain conventionality which hedges royalty even when it issues its mandate of

Mary's first request was for a priest of her own religion. The Dean of Peterborough was offered, but Mary refused his ministrations. The Commissioners, carrying out the wishes of Elizabeth, insisted, but Mary refused, and asked that no one should take any more trouble to persuade her. Then with a complacency which has no par-with a complacency which has no par-discovery advanced with great dignity. allel, she asked when she was to die. Shrewsbury replied in faltering tones, To morrow morning at 8 o'clock. The scene following this announcement

is dramatically put by Mrs. Scott:
"The servants of Her Majesty, with tears and cries, declared that the time was too short for her to put her affairs in order. It was impossible that the night could be long enough; she was leaving her servants destitute of all have pity on them, saying it appeared by the terms of their commission they had power to have the execution when they wished, and praying them to de-

without undressing. Then, a little

'It presently occurred to the Queen that a handkerchief would be required to bandage her eyes. She told one of her women to bring her a very fine and beautiful one edged with gold embroidery, and carefully put it aside for the occasion.

ominous sounds of hammering. But her beauty more apparent than ever, they did not disturb the doomed a bright color in her face," she made a At 6 o'clock she called her servants and reminded them that she had only two hours to live.

with unusual care and magnificence, as solation. Mary refused to hear him. in preparation for some great and He insisted, and she turned her back solemn occasion. Her robes—the only ones she had reserved of former splendors-were such as were then worn by queens-dowager. The skirt and bodice of black satin were worn over a petticoat of russet brown velvet, while the long regal mantle, also of black satin, embroidered with gold and trimmed with fur, had long hanging sleeves and a train. The queen's head-dress was of white crape, from which fell a long veil of the same delicate material edged with lace. Round her neck she wore a chain of scented beads with a cross, and at her waist a golden

When the hour of 8 o'clock struck, Mary was in her avatory saying her prayers. There was a knock at the door, but no response. It was repeated

and the door opened. The sheriff entered. Mary, arrounded by her household, was at prayer. For a moment the sheriff respected her devotion, and then said: "Madam, the Lords have sent me to you. To which Mary replied: "Yes, let us go." Bourgoing, who supported her, asked if she wished him to give her the ivory crucifix from the altar. A sad smile faltered from her lips as she answered: "You have given me great pleasure by reminding me. It was my intention."
And she took the cross in her hands, kissed it, and then gave it to Annibal Stuart, her valet de chambre, to carry before her. Then, preceded by the sheriff, the procession went forward. Bourgoing, with a delicacy of feeling which must ever command respect, told O, give me a day 'mong the firs and pines, With the play of the sun and the shade, And a shot at the moose with his towering her that neither he nor any of her other attendants should dare offer her tines,
As he bounds from the hounds through the their arm to deliver her to the execuglimmering grounds,
And the wood with the bark and the bellow
resounds,
As he battles for life with the foe that surtioner, but that they would follow her to assist her last breath. "You are right," said Mary to the sheriff. "My servants do not wish to lead me to death. I cannot walk without help; let me be assisted. Then two soldier came and supported her, and the procession moved on.

> The servants of Mary asked to accompany her to the execution, and this request caused a tumult, angry resistance and tears, but the doomed woman said never a word, nor did she seem to notice it.

When the queen met Kent and Shrewsberry on the landing below the great staircase she asked that her servants be admitted to the execution that they might testify that she had died in the Catholic faith. There was a wrangle over this request, but it was at last agreed that Jane Kennedy and Curle should be present.

"The procession now moved on and entered the hall, the sheriff and his escort leading the way, followed by Paulet, Drury, Beale, and the two Earls. The queen followed, attended by Bourgoing and her other servants, Melville will give you more than its value in carrying her train. The great hall of money.' But Bull seized it roughly, carrying her train. The great hall of the castle was hung entirely with black. At the upper end of the Apartment near the large Gothic fireplace, 'in which was a great fire,' stood the scaffold, which was raised about two feet from the ground, and measured about twelve feet square. It was covered with black serge, as were the stool and cushion prepared for the queen, and surrounded on three sides by a balustrade, made low enough to allow the spectators to see all that passed. At the fourth side, toward the end of the hall, the scaffold was approached by two steps. The block, made of oak and covered also with black, was placed near the chimney piece. By it stood the executioner and nis assistants, both wearing black masks. The executioner bore a large axe mounted with a short handle, i' like those with which they cut wood. In front of the block chairs were placed for my Lords Kent and Shrewsbury. Two other chairs, placed higher up the room, outside the balustrade, await-ed Paulet and Drury. Round the scaffold was stationed a guard of halberdiers, the men of Huntington.
Among the three hundred spectators who alone were permitted to enter the hall might be observed Lord Montague, his eldest son and Robert Tyrell. A large crowd surrounded the castle, kept in order by a troop of horsemen which had arrived the preceding night. The queen had now reached the threshold of the hall. When she perceived the

shall give you, and the most agreeable service you have ever rendered me.' Mary seated herself on the stool with her usual grace. She made the sign of the cross, then she asked for her They begged the Lords to chaplain in order that she might receive from him his last blessing. This was denied. The commission for the execution was read. The musicians in the yard without played an air commonly played at the execution of witches. If this cruelty was known by fer it for some few hours."

Mary wrote her will, which kept her until 2 o'clock, and then lay down Mary nothing in her face indicated it. Her thoughts could not have been on worldly affairs. At the conclusion of the reading of the sentence those pre-sent cried out: "God save the Queen." This was not noticed by Queen." This was not held the cross Mary. She made the sign of the cross Mary. Said to her: "Madame Shrewsbury said to her: "Madame, you hear what we are commanded to with closed eyes and hands crossed on her breast. Without was heard the breast. Without was heard the breast of harmonic of ha

Arrived at the scaffold, Mary, unable

to ascend the steps without assistance,

accepted Paulet's arm, saying gently

"Thanks for your courtesy, Sir Amyas; this will be the last trouble I

speech. It was a reassertion of her adhesion to the Catholic faith. The Dean of Peterborough, Dr Then, rising, she dressed herself Fletcher, advanced and offered her conupon him. The dean again insisted, and Shrewsbury bade him be silent. A strange scene of discussion between

Mary and Kent took place: Shrewsbury now proposed that as the ueen would not listen to the Dean's exhortation they should all pray for her in common. "I thank you, my lib with all who use them. All druggists.

with you because we are not of the same religion. Pray if you wish. I will pray also." Fletcher now commenced to pray in English that God would grant repentance to Mary; that he would bless Queen Elizabeth in granting her a long life, victory over her enemies, and the triumph of the Protestant religion. This prayer was repeated in chorus by the assembly.

Meanwhile the Queen prayed aloud in Meanwhile the Queen prayed aloud in Exterminator. Children like it. lords," said Mary, "but I cannot pray with you because we are not of the

Latin, repeating some of the penitential Psalms, the "Miserere," In te Domine-speravi," "Qui habitat in adintorio, "etc.

The contrast makes a strange picture, and must forever remain one of the most melancholy in history. When the dean had finished Mary continued to pray aloud. She prayed for the triumph of her faith, for the Pope and pastors of the Church, hoping that God would pardon all, as she had done. She even prayed that it would please God to give Elizabeth His blessing, so that she might worship Him in the

truth. She rose and reseated herself. To a request to say more she replied that there was nothing more to say. Then, without notification, she rose and pre-

pared herself for death.
"The executioner, his face hidden by a black mask, advanced to remove her dress, but the queen gently moved him aside with her hand, saying smilingly: 'Let me do this; I under-stand this business better than you do; I never had such a groom of the cham-ber.' She took out the pins of her head dress and, calling Jane Kennedy and Elizabeth Curle, who were praying at the foot of the scaffold, she began, with their assistance, to disrobe, bserving that she was not accustomed to doing so before so many. The poor women, unable to restrain their emotion, wept bitterly and uttered heartrending cries, "and crossed heartrending cries, "and cre themselves, praying in Latin," their mistress placed her finger on their mouths and chid them tenderly. 'Do not weep any more,' said she, 'I am very happy to go from this world. You should rejoice to see me die for such a good quarrel; are you not ashamed to cry? If you weep any more I shall send you away.

"The queen then took from her neck the gold cross, wishing to give it to Jane Kennedy. 'My friend,' she said to the executioner, 'you cannot make use of this; leave it to this lady; she saying: 'It is my right,' and put it

Mary laid aside her mantle and veil, her collar and pourpoint, and remained in her brown velvet skirt and black satin bodice, with long sleeves. Then she kissed her servants and bade them farewell. Mary raised her head and stretched her neck, thinking she was to be beheaded with a sword, according to the privilege granted in France to royal persons. The executioners, seeing her mistake, assisted her to rise and conducted her to the block. made her lie flat, with her head on the low block, only a few inches high. The executioner raised his exe, but stopped on a sign. The queen had placed her hand under her chin. It was removed. The queen continued to pray. "In manus tuas Domine com-mendo," were her last words. The executioner struck. The aim was

ill-assured, and only wounded the queen, but she neither moved nor made a sound. At the third blow the spirit of Mary passed away to its eternal reward

The final horrors are thus given by

Mrs. Maxwell Scott: "As soon as the queen was dead the executioner forthwith took the head, and, raising it and showing it to the people, he said, according to the custom: 'God save the queen.' To these words the people answered: 'Amen.' 'Yes,' said the Earl of Kent,

with a loud voice and with great forscaffold she elevated the crucifix, which she carried above her head, and, undismayed by the terrible scene be fore her advanced with great dignity. The Dean of Peterborough spoke to the same effect. The gates of the castle were kept closed so that no one could pass out until a messenger had been dispatched first to the court - and this was about I o'clock of the same daywith a letter and the certificate of the execution. When Kent and Shrewsbury had left the scaffold, 'every man being commanded out of the hall except the sheriff and his men, she was carried by them up into a great chamber, lying ready for the surgeon to embalm her." But before this was done the executioner placed the head on a dish and showed it from the window to the crowd assembled in the court yard. This he did three times. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon the body was stripped, embalmed and placed in a coffin, after having been wrapped in a waxed winding sheet.'

> plete at times, is thus given:
> "The Queen of Scotland had a little dog with her upon the scaffold, who was sitting there during the whole time, keeping very quiet and never stirring from her side, but as soon as the head was stricken off and placed upon the seat he began to bestir himself and cry out; afterwards he took up a position between the body and the head, which he kept until someone came and removed him, and this had to be done by violence.

A touching incident, one of those

trival things that make a story com-

The Time for Building

Up the system is at this season. The cold weather has made unusual drains upon the vital forces. The blood has become impoverished and impure, and all the functions of the body suffer in consequence. Hood's Sarsaparillia is the great builder, because it is the One True Blood Purifier and nerve tonic.

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THE HEROISM OF A SLAVE.

How He Saved the Burning St. Mich-

St. Michael's Church, in Charleston, S. C., is one of the venerable landmarks in American history. Many glorious memories cluster around this ancient edifice, which have been made the theme of story and of song. Stanton, the foremost poet in the South to day, in one of his lyrics, "St. Michael's Bells," sings of

"The solemn star crowned tower, with the rlittering cross of gold:
The tower that overlooks the sea, whose shining boson swells.
To the ringing and the singing of sweet St.
Michael's bells.

The sunshine of many peaceful years have fallen upon and tipped its cross with golden flame. Storms and fire, and shot and shell, have made it the object of their fury, and have sought to destroy the ancient pile; but it still stands a venerable monument of the past, in serene old age, unharmed by the passing years which touch but to adorn it. Still the sweet music of its chimes floats over the city, calling the people to worship; still its slender spire serves as a welcome beacon to sailors far out at sea, homeward bound; still it is the last object which their eyes behold as, outward bound, the lights fade in the distance, and the good ship glides deeper into the swelling bosom of the Atlantic.

There is an incident in the history of "old St. Michael's" which, doubtless, the oldest inhabitant of the city may remember to have heard in childhood. The story, as here related, writes Charles W. Hubner in the Providence Visitor, came from the lips of a venerable lady who said that she was a wit ness of the scene described. A great fire broke out, raging with

such fury that at one time it seemed as if the entire city were doomed to destruction, and people stood helples in the streets watching with weeping eyes the utter ruin of their homes The mayor and council and other city officials were in session, devising means for checking the course of the conflagration, and to adopt measures for the shelter and care of the helpless Presently the news came to them that St. Michael's was in danger, as the flames were approaching it. Already great showers of sparks were falling upon its roof, and burning brands were dashed against the steeple. upon the roof, with difficulty, managed to remove the fiery missiles from the places upon which they fell, and they could also reach and dislodge thos that dropped upon the lower part of the steeple. But the great danger to be apprehended was that some fragment of burning shingle, soaring high into the air out of the surrounding sea of fire and whirled by the fierce gale, would strike the spire and lodging there, far above the reach of the men below, set it on fire, threatening not only the destruction of the church, but endangering other portions of the city which had still been spared. Nor did the anxious spectators have long to wait for the dreaded catastrophe.

A flaming brand, whirling high through the air, struck the spire and lodged near the top of it. Thousands watched the smoking, sparkling spot with anxious eyes, hoping that the burning fragment would drop or be blown away before the blase could catch the surrounding woodwork. But this hope was in vain. The burning shingle clung to the place as if the hand of some invisible demon were hand of some invisible demon were holding it there until its fatal work had been done.

was the world would be in danger, but he regretted the change from the times when English Bishops had not to busy

ing brighter every moment. It was evident that unless some human hand could pluck it down the spire and the church would be doomed. Helplessly the vast throng stood below, looking the impending ruin. No man in that multitude had the bravery, the heroic would not have opposed it with might up and watching the slow progress of daring, the utter fearlessness of death necessary for an attempt to scale the dizzy height and save the venerable building. The mayor, in the name of the city, offered a reward to any one who would undertake the desperate feat, and attempt to dislodge the ominspeck of flame flickering in the eddying currents of wind at the summit of the steeple; but no one responded. Suddenly a man appeared in the bel-

fry, leaning over the railing and look-ing up, apparently measuring with his eyes the distance of the almost perpendicular ascent between himself and the spot of flame far above him. Presently he was seen to mount the railing, and stretch out his arms to grasp some slight projections on the steeple. A shout that seemed to shake the air like the roar of a storm arose from the mui titude in the streets. Then followed a silence as solemn and as deep as the silence of the grave, as the vast crowd, with bated breath and straining eyes, watched the man's progress. carefully, steadily, the brave fellow crept up the slender spire, catching hold of slight projections, invisible to the people below, but which he was able to grasp, and which offered around the conflagration raged, walls tot swept away, yet, for the time, these calamities were unheeded, as the people stood transfixed watching the solitary figure creeping through swirls of sparks and clouds of blinding smoke toward the cross of St. Michael's, a hundred feet above them.

At last the man reached his goal the flaming brand was in reach. Holding himself by one hand, with the other he seized the burning mass. Hurling it far from him, it fell, hissing into the street. St. Michael's spire was saved !

A thrill of exultant joy swept through the hearts of the multitude, ready to

burst forth in a roar of applause, but, as if by one impulse, the crowd re-strained itself, for the man who had performed the heroic deed was still in peril, as he clung to the slim spire within a few feet of the golden ball that surmounts it.

Slowly, carefully, steadily, the man -who at that altitude seemed to be but a moving speck-began his ever more dangerous descent. Breathlessly the spectators watched him. Finally his feet touched the railing moment he stood upon it, and then dis appeared within the belfry. Then the pent-up feelings of the people burst forth in a mighty shout. Ten thou-sand throats repeated the jubilant clamor again and again, and the crowd swaved to and fro, anxious to learn the name of the daring man, and to see the hero who had saved St. Michael's. No one had the slightest idea of who is was. They could not tell whether he was white or black in the lurid light of the conflagration, as, through smoke, he climbed the spire. A the church door the surging crowd headed by the Mayor, waited for the man's appearance. In a few minutes he stepped out. He proved to be a young negro, the valued slave of one of the most prominent families of Charleston. Smiling, yet humbly, he received the plaudits of the citizens, and the warm praise and congratula-tions of the Mayor and other city officials. Shortly after he was given his freedom, and, until the time of his death, was treated with the distinction due to him for his heroic conduct in saving St. Michael's Church, and prob-

HOW THE REUNION MOVEMENT WORKS AT OXFORD.

ably the entire city, from destruction.

The Abbe and the Students Say the Apostles' Creed Together.

La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre has just been published. It is edited by Father Ragey, a Marist, who has peen honored by a letter from His Eminence Cardinal Vaughan. The book contains many interesting episodes, and is published by Lecoffre of Paris. Among the curious incidents which bear on the current history of the times is one showing the influence of the re union movement at Oxford, and the respect and veneration shown to the letter of the Holy Father on the same subject. The incident referred to relates that

on May 26 last some forty students members of the Association for the Re union of Christendom, met at Chris Church College to discuss the letter of His Holiness Leo XIII. This date was purposely chosen because it was the feast of St. Augustine of Canterbury, the apostle sent to convert England by Pope Gregory the Great. The "order of the day " was that a report on the Pope's letter was to be presented by the student whose guest the member were, and this gentleman was Mr. D. N. Campbell, grandson of the Duke o The Abbe Klein, the distin-Argyll. guished professor of the Catholic Un versity of Paris, happened to be in Ox ford at the time, and he was present by Mr. Campbell's invitation at the gathering. In his report Mr. Campbell spoke in laudatory terms of the sentiments of Leo XIII., and did not dis-guise his desire that "the sad work of Henry VIII." should be undone. Lord Fitzharris said he was afraid, if that was the case, that some of the family The tiny spot increased in size, slowly but surely, kindling and grow-daughters. The Abba Klein spoke at considerable length, and suggested T that they should say the Apostles' Creed together. The suggestion was The suggestion was adopted, among its supporters being an Anglican clergyman, who de-clared: "There is not one here who, clared: would not have opposed it with might and main." Such a reunion is, at

least, a hopeful sign of the times. Who Envies the Travellers.

Who Envies the Travellers.

The commercial traveller is always expected to be something of "a gay dog" with a ready smile for old jokes and bright new stories to give in return. Yet there is much that is wearing in a life filled with long drives through rain or sleet, dreary waits for trains, sleeping in cold rooms and other hardships. One of these "gay dogs" has found the secret of being always ready for any weather by getting a Fibre Chamois lined ulster. On windy or rainy drives it protects him perfectly from the cold and wet; for walking on milder days it is too light to be a burden; when sleeping in cold room he throws it over him, enjoying its comforting warmth—in fact he finds it invaluable.

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of consumptions of decay thrive rapidly there.

of consumptions of decay thrive rapidly there.

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