

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost.

THE ROOT OF ALL SIN.

"He that exalteth himself shall be humbled, and he that humbly himself shall be exalted." (St. Luke, xiv. 11.)

There is a place in the Atlantic Ocean which sailors call the "Devil's Hole." Contrary currents hurl their torrents upon each other there, causing such commotion in the waters that navigation is always difficult. If you ever passed over it when the weather was good, you wondered why the sea was so rough and the ship rocked so much. If you asked one of the seamen for an explanation of this strange phenomenon, he answered you: "This is the Devil's Hole; the currents meet here."

In the voyage of life, my dear brethren, there is a "Devil's Hole" in our track. It is the abyss of pride. Like the whirlpool, it is very much hidden; the appearances are all fair, and this makes the danger all the greater. You are, when swayed by pride, unconscious of the condition of your soul. You feel disturbed and blinded as to its cause. Envy and hatred rise up in your heart, but you do not see their hideousness, because, forsooth, your self-conceit or self-will has been offended by those who are wiser and better than you, and this galls you. You can't have your own way, and you are sad. You want to rule, and because you cannot you fancy yourself wronged. The whole difficulty is simply this: You have too good an opinion of yourself. Now, when you come to look seriously into your own heart, are you not forced to acknowledge this? Is not this the root of the whole evil? When you begin to understand and realize this, and try to conquer self-esteem, you become tranquil and find peace. Your passion subsides.

St. Bernard says that in order to cure pride we should reflect upon three questions: "First, What was I before I was created? Absolute nothingness. And in what state did I come into the world? It was as a poor, helpless infant that would have perished but for the care of others. 'I was conceived in iniquity, and have I not committed countless actual sins?' What consideration can teach humility better than this? Ah, yes! if we would escape from the 'Devil's Hole,' the abyss of pride, we must constantly be mindful of our own nothingness.

Secondly, St. Bernard asks again: "What am I now? I am one subject to a thousand ills. My soul inhabits a tenement of clay which may be dissolved in a moment. I am surrounded by temptations on every side. I am in danger of losing God's grace at any time. What reason have I for trusting in myself? What cause for self-exaltation? There is, instead, reason for constant fear and trembling. I am such a weak vessel that only Divine Omnipotence can prevent me from sailing to my destruction."

Thirdly, "What shall I be?" continues St. Bernard. "I shall be, perhaps, before I am aware of it, in eternity. The earth will soon claim my body, which was formed from its slime. And my soul, whither will it go? Before the divine Judge, who will demand an account of every idle word. These three considerations, What was I? What am I? Where shall I be? most clearly teach us the necessity of humility.

But we have besides these reflections on our own misery, the example of our Divine Saviour to teach us humility. He came down upon the earth to cure men of pride. The world was filled with it. Greatness, men had come to believe, was in the palace of the Caesars, but the stable of Bethlehem proves the contrary. The form of a servant was what the God-Man took—not that of the ruler. Instead of honor He had ignominy, and with the most humiliating of all the punishments which the world could inflict—crucifixion—He suffered death to remove that curse of pride.

The saints have made it the chief object of their lives to imitate and share in the humiliations of Jesus Christ. His blessed Mother stood at the foot of the cross and suffered crucifixion of soul. St. John, who understood better than the other apostles the divinity of Jesus, witnessed with sorrow, faith and love His humiliating death. There is a tradition that St. Peter once started to leave Rome, but not far from the city's gate he met our Lord going towards the city. The apostle asked the Lord where He was going. "I am going to Rome to be crucified again," said Jesus. St. Peter cried out, "No, you shall not," and went back to die himself for his Master. To-day in Rome one sees a sanctuary which has been erected to mark the place of this apparition, and you have only to look from this spot to the dome of St. Peter's church to understand the fruit of the humility of the prince of the apostles. The lives of all the faithful in the Church point to this virtue as a straight way to heaven.

One advantage of taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood is that you need not infringe upon your hours of labor nor deny yourself any food that agrees with you. In a word, you are not compelled to starve or loaf, while taking it. These are recommendations worth considering.

If you have no hesitation in saying that Dr. J. D. Kallag's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever introduced for dysentery, diarrhoea, cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc., it promptly gives relief and never fails to effect a positive cure. Mothers should never be without a bottle when their children are teething.

Great bottles are continually going on in the human system. Hood's Sarsaparilla drives out disease and restores health.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Fill be there.

When my feet have grown too weary Further on to press their way, And my spirit waits the bidding To be severed from its clay, I shall need some hand to guide me O'er the dark and silent tide! Will you meet me there, my little one, When I reach the river side?

Will you leave your home of glory In the mansion bright above, And an angel's wings come near me, By the mother whom you love, Thro' the dark and silent valley Shall I find you by my side? Will you come to meet me, darling? Will you be my angel guide?

Yes, I know you'll come to meet me When I pass from life away; You will come, my child, to greet me In eternity's bright day! Oh, earth! I had no other To share my grief or joy; So, you won't forget your mother, My own darling angel boy!

—JOHN T. MOSSHANE.

Edwin Norton's Integrity. "Edwin, here is a ticket good for seventy-five miles," said Mr. Baird, as he set his valise down in the depot at Chillicothe one stormy day last winter. "I paid \$2.25 honest money for it, and that careless conductor never turned his head in my direction as he hurried through the train. You travel over this line every time you go to spend the holidays; make use of this on your next trip. It is as good as when I first bought it."

Edwin Norton held the bit of cardboard between his thumb and fingers while Mr. Baird spoke; and then deliberately tearing it in two, walked to the fire and held the pieces over the flames until they were consumed.

"There!" he said, "that temptation is done with. With the ticket in my pocket and money scarce in my purse I might have ventured to use it."

"As I told you, it is bought with honest money, and it was no fault of mine that it was left in my possession. The company would not have been any wiser if you had used it."

"Nor much the poorer, either; but you see I would be the loser, Mr. Baird. I would not lose my own self-respect and peace of conscience for twenty times the amount," Edwin replied, earnestly.

"It is an unfortunate thing to have a tender conscience in connection with so much pride and poverty," Mr. Baird muttered, as he watched the boy shudder his head and start up the street.

Yet a few weeks later when one of his clerks proved dishonest, Edwin Norton was surprised to receive the offer of the situation.

"A boy who scorns to cheat a railroad company will make an employee that can be trusted," the merchant said to himself; but to his neighbors he explained that he wished to assist a poor boy who was nobly striving to support an old mother and an invalid sister.

Do you ever wonder how these common little public servants are made? Some one has taken the pains to find out, and tell us about the interesting process. After reading about them we shall feel like treating them with great respect.

In printing, steel-plates are used, on which two hundred stamps are engraved. Two men are kept at work covering them with colored inks, and passing them to a man and girl, who are equally busy at printing them with large hand presses. Three of these little squads are employed all the time, although ten presses can be put into use in case of necessity.

After the small sheet of paper on which the two hundred stamps are engraved is dry enough, they are sent into another room, and gummed. The gum used for this purpose is a peculiar composition made of the powder of potatoes and other vegetables, mixed with water which is better than any other material—gum arabic, for instance, which cracks the paper badly.

This paper is also of a peculiar texture, somewhat similar to that of bank-notes. After having again been dried—this time on little racks that are fanned by steam power for about an hour—they are put between sheets of paste board and pressed in hydraulic presses capable of applying a weight of two thousand tons.

The next thing is to cut the sheet into halves—each sheet, of course when cut, contains one hundred stamps. They are then passed to two other squads, who, in as many operations, perforate the sheets between the stamps. Next, they are pressed once more, and then packed and labelled and stored away in another room, preparatory to being put into mail-bags for despatching to fill orders.

If a single stamp is torn, or in any way mutilated, the whole sheet of one hundred is burned. Five hundred thousand are burned every week from this cause. For the past twenty years not a single sheet has been lost, such care has been taken in counting them. During the process of manufacturing, the sheets are counted eleven times.—The Angelus.

Saved by a Picture.

One hot day in July, 1860, a herdsman was driving a lot of cattle to a new ranch near Helena, Texas. It was hot, and he drove part of the way at night. In passing another herd, the cattle became mixed. The next day about noon a dozen or so Texas rangers overtook the herdsman and demanded their cattle, which they said were stolen. They were a rough lot of men with long hair, slouch hats and covered all over with belts, pistols and bowie knives. The herdsman was alarmed. It was before the day of law

and court houses in that region, and he knew that he had better shoot five men than kill a mule worth \$5. He felt the responsibility, and offered to explain, but they told him to cut his story short. He offered to turn over the cattle not his own; but they laughed at that, and said they generally took the whole herd and hung the thief; to serve as a warning to others in like cases.

They consulted apart a few moments, and said: "We've made up our minds to give you ten minutes to explain yourself; so you can begin." The poor fellow was completely overcome. He looked at the men, turned pale, and commenced. "How many of you men have wives?" "Four or five nodded." "How many have children?" They nodded again. "Then you will know what I mean, and I'll talk to you. I never stole any cattle. I came here three years ago. I am from New Hampshire; I failed there in the panic of '57. I have been saving; I have paid part of my debts; here are the receipts, and he unfolded a lot of them. My friends live East, for I go from place to place; and have no home here. I have lived on hard fare. I have slept out on the ground. I am a hard-working customer, but this is a hard country; these clothes are rough, but I am honest. Days seem like months to me, and months like years. I expect to sell out and go home in November for Thanksgiving. You know, married men, if it was not for those letters from home (here he pulled out his wife's letters) I should give up; but I must get out of debt and live some way, men. I can't say no more, but if you must kill me for what I'm innocent of, send these home. Here are the receipts, my wife's letters. Here's my little girl's picture—God bless her! (and he kissed it tenderly). Now, men, send these home—and can't you send half what the cattle come to? My family will need it much more when I am gone."

"Hold up, now! stop right there," said a rough ranger. "Not another word. I say, fellows, such men don't steal! You can go free. Give us your hand, old boy! That picture and them letters did the business. But you're lucky, mind you."

"I'll do better un than that," said a rough ranger with a bowie knife in his hand. "I say, boys, let's buy his cattle and let him go home now."

They did; and when the money was counted the herdsman was too weak to stand. The sudden change unnerved him completely. An hour later he left on horseback for a near stage route; and when he left, the rangers shook hands with him, cheered, and looked happy.

With the change in the name of the community the Brothers of the Church became the Fathers of St. Benedict and took the life vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Father Hugh, the abbot, and his fellow-members of the order now wear the full habit of the Benedictines, black, with sandals on their feet and shaven or tonsured heads, as did the monks of old. They never are permitted to appear in secular attire, even when they leave their monastery, and their peculiar dress makes them conspicuous when they go on errands of mercy among the towns and villages in their immediate neighborhood.

The structure into which the monks will move early next month will be an unpretentious building, costing only \$100, for the order is poor and can afford nothing better. This will have to suffice for the winter at least, but it is hoped that part of a stone chapel can be built soon to take the place of the small oratory to be used at first. In time, it is believed, suitable buildings will be constructed of a character to make it possible for the community to do more for those outside it than can be done at present.

The Community of St. Benedict is a begging order, having no resources of its own and being wholly dependent upon the gifts of those interested in the revival of monastic life in the Anglo-American branch of the Church. Reports have been spread that the community is possessed of ample means, and these have done great detriment to its progress and work. It is thought that these reports arose from the fact that a conspicuous church woman presented to the community \$500 when the removal to Fallington was made in the spring. Father Hugh, the founder and abbot of the order, was formerly Russell Whitcomb, a young business man in Boston, and gave up a successful career in the world for a life of devotion to the Church. He and his associates belong to what is known as the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church.

How to Save Boys. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish the demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more influence over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

BEST FOR WASH DAY USE SURPRISE SOAP BEST FOR EVERY DAY

EPISCOPAL MONKS.

The Protestant Community of St. Benedict and its Work.

Since last May the monks of the Protestant Episcopal Order of the Community of St. Benedict have conducted a summer home for orphaned and crippled children in the little village of Fallington, Pa., a few miles from Trenton, while considering the question of a permanent home. There the members of the community, which began its life in New York city last September as the Community of the Brothers of the Church, having been instituted by Bishop Potter in St. Chrysostom's chapel, at Seventh avenue and West Thirty-ninth street, have occupied a house, rent free, for their philanthropic work. They have found it impossible, however, to make suitable factory arrangements for a permanent home there and soon will move to Jericho Mountain, at Pinesville, Pa., some fifteen miles distant, where they have obtained land. On this land the community will erect a temporary building of wood, at small expense, hoping later to build a suitable structure of stone.

This location in the Pennsylvania mountains is especially adapted to the revival of monastic life in the Episcopal Church, as it offers almost complete seclusion and yet can be reached easily.

When the Community of the Brothers of the Church took possession of its priory on West Thirty-fifth street, near Ninth avenue, New York, Brother Hugh, the prior of the community, and his associates donned a semi-monastic garb which they wore within doors and during their ministrations in the tenements of the neighborhood. Their life was also so ascetic as to cause comment on the part of those cognizant of the vows they had taken. These vows bound them to religious life for only a few years, provided they wished to sever the bonds eventually.

With the change in the name of the community the Brothers of the Church became the Fathers of St. Benedict and took the life vows of poverty, chastity and obedience. Father Hugh, the abbot, and his fellow-members of the order now wear the full habit of the Benedictines, black, with sandals on their feet and shaven or tonsured heads, as did the monks of old. They never are permitted to appear in secular attire, even when they leave their monastery, and their peculiar dress makes them conspicuous when they go on errands of mercy among the towns and villages in their immediate neighborhood.

The structure into which the monks will move early next month will be an unpretentious building, costing only \$100, for the order is poor and can afford nothing better. This will have to suffice for the winter at least, but it is hoped that part of a stone chapel can be built soon to take the place of the small oratory to be used at first. In time, it is believed, suitable buildings will be constructed of a character to make it possible for the community to do more for those outside it than can be done at present.

The Community of St. Benedict is a begging order, having no resources of its own and being wholly dependent upon the gifts of those interested in the revival of monastic life in the Anglo-American branch of the Church. Reports have been spread that the community is possessed of ample means, and these have done great detriment to its progress and work. It is thought that these reports arose from the fact that a conspicuous church woman presented to the community \$500 when the removal to Fallington was made in the spring. Father Hugh, the founder and abbot of the order, was formerly Russell Whitcomb, a young business man in Boston, and gave up a successful career in the world for a life of devotion to the Church. He and his associates belong to what is known as the Catholic party in the Episcopal Church.

How to Save Boys. Open your blinds by day and light bright fires at night. Illuminate your rooms. Hang pictures upon your walls. Put books and newspapers upon your tables. Have music and entertaining games. Banish the demons of dullness and apathy, and bring in mirth and good cheer. Invent occupations for your sons. Stimulate their ambitions in worthy directions. While you make home their delight, fill them with higher purposes than mere pleasure. Whether they shall pass boyhood and enter upon manhood with refined tastes and noble ambitions depends on you. With exertion and right means a mother may have more influence over the destiny of her boys than any other influence whatever.

Parents buy Mother Graves' Worm Expeller because they know it is a safe medicine for their children and an effectual expeller of worms.

VERY LIBERAL OFFERS. An Opportunity to Possess a beautiful Family Bible at a Small Outlay. THE HOLY BIBLE (WITHOUT CLASP) Containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulgate. Diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. The Old Testament, first published by the English College at Douay, A. D. 1609. The New Testament, by the English College at Rheims, A. D. 1822. Revised and corrected according to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with annotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elegant steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This Bible will prove not only useful in every Catholic household, but an ornament as well. The size is 12x10x4 inches, weighs 12 1/2 pounds, and is beautifully bound. For SEVEN DOLLARS (cash to accompany order) we will send the Bible by express to any part of the Dominion, charges for carriage prepaid, and besides will give credit for one year's subscription of THE CATHOLIC RECORD. The Bible and the Record for a year for Seven Dollars. Subscribers who live where there is no express office can have book forwarded to the one nearest their residence. Please note that if, on examination, anyone is dissatisfied with the purchase, the book may be returned at our expense, and the money will be refunded. Bibles similar to these have for years been sold by agents for ten dollars each.

THE HOLY BIBLE. A SMALLER EDITION. Translated from the Latin Vulgate. Neatly bound in cloth. Size 10x7x2, and weighs 3 pounds 6 ounces. This book will be sent to any address on same conditions as the larger edition, for Four Dollars, and a year's credit given on subscription to THE CATHOLIC RECORD. It is always better to send remittances by money order, but when cash is sent the letter should in every case be registered. Address THOMAS COFFEY, Catholic Record Office, London, Ont.

RHEUMATISM CONQUERED. A Great Advance in Medical Science.—A Discovery Which This Painful Disease Cannot Resist.—Mr. B. Blasdel, of Paris, Ont., Relates His Experience With the Cure. Paris, Ont., Review. Rheumatism has long baffled the medical profession. Medicine for external and internal use has been produced, plasters tried, electricity experimented with, hot and cold baths and a thousand other things tried, but without avail. Rheumatism still held the fort, making the life of its victims one of misery and pain. The first real step toward conquering rheumatism was made when the preparation known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People was discovered, and since that time thousands have testified to their wonderful efficacy in this, as well as in other troubles, the origin of which may be traced to the blood. Among those who speak in the highest terms of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Mr. Blasdel, of this town, who is known not only to all our citizens but to residents of this section, and he is as highly esteemed as he is widely known. To the editor of the Review Mr. Blasdel recently said: "I have reason to speak in terms of the warmest praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they not only saved me a big doctor's bill but have restored me to health, which was impaired by rheumatism and neuralgia. These troubles were, I think, the after effects of an attack of measles. After the latter trouble had disappeared I felt an awful pain in my head, neck, and down my back. I tried a number of remedies, but without effect. I was then advised by Mrs. Horning, of Copetown, who had been cured of paralysis by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, to give them a trial. I followed her advice, and after using a box or two I began to feel much better, and with their continued use I constantly improved in health, and am now feeling better than I have done before in ten years. I am satisfied that but for the timely use of Pink Pills I would to-day have been a physical wreck, living a life of constant pain, and I cannot speak too highly of their curative powers, or recommend them too strongly to other sufferers. I cheerfully give permission to publish my statement in the hope that some other sufferer may read and profit by it." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the root of the disease, driving it from the system and restoring the patient to health and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheumatism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles, etc., these pills are superior to all other treatment. They restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Men broken down by overwork, worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent by mail post paid, at 50c a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

Testing His Honesty. Your druggist is honest if when you ask him for a bottle of Scott's Emulsion he gives you just what you ask for. He knows this is the best food in which to take Cod Liver Oil.

The Best Pills.—Mr. Wm Vandervoort, Sydney Crossing, Ont., writes: "We have been using Parmentier's Pills, and find them by far the best pills we ever used." For delicate and debilitated constitutions these Pills act like a charm. Taken in small doses, the effect is both a tonic and a stimulant, mildly exciting the secretions of the body, giving tone and vigor.

DISTRESSING DISEASES OF THE SKIN Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by CUTICURA. SPEEDY CURE TREATMENT.—Warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle applications of CUTICURA OINTMENT, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT (the new blood purifier) Sold throughout the world. British depot: F. NEWBERRY & SONS, 1, KING STREET, LONDON. EXPORTS: DRUG & CHEM. CO., Sole Props., Boston, U. S. A.

O. LABELLE, MERCHANT TAILOR. 372 Richmond Street. Good Business suits from \$15 upward. The best goods and careful workmanship. LOVE & DIGNAN, BARRISTERS, ETC., 415 Taitou Street, London. Private funds to loan.

A GREAT MEDICINE. Cod-liver Oil is useful beyond any praise it has ever won, and yet few are willing or can take it in its natural state. Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is not offensive; it is almost palatable.

Children like it. It is Cod-liver Oil made more effectual, and combined with the Hypophosphites its strengthening and flesh-forming powers are largely increased.

Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute! Scott & Bowne, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.



BASED LUNGS. CURED BY TAKING AYER'S Cherry Pectoral.

ected a severe cold, which settled in the lungs, and I did what is often done, neglected it. I then consulted a doctor, who found, on examining me, that my heart was very weak, and the medicines he gave me did not do any good, and I determined to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. After taking a few bottles, my trouble was relieved, and I finished the bottle I was cured. Wm. Waterman, Orangeville, Ont.

Cherry Pectoral. At Awards at World's Fair. Cures Croup, Indigestion, Whooping Cough, etc.

WATERMAN'S FRIEND. KING POWDER.

OBJECTS OF THE—New York Catholic Agency.

of this Agency is to supply at the lowest possible prices, any kind of goods manufactured in the United States. The advantages and conveniences of this many, a few of which are: situated in the heart of the whole of the metropolis, and has complete facilities for the leading manufacturers and importers as enable it to purchase goods at the lowest wholesale rates, their profits or commissions from the manufacturers, and hence, the extra commissions are charged to the purchaser instead of to them, and giving the best of both worlds. The actual prices charged. would a patron want several different articles, as many separate trade goods, the writing of only one letter will insure the prompt and correct delivery of such orders. Besides, they will express or freight charge. persons outside of New York, who may desire to address of houses selling articles, can get such goods all the same. The Agency will send your orders to any of our agents, and Religious Institutions, and we will be glad to send you a copy of our Circular, containing a list of our agents, and we will be glad to send you a copy of our Circular, containing a list of our agents, and we will be glad to send you a copy of our Circular, containing a list of our agents.

MAS D. EGAN, Agency, 41 Barclay St. New York. NEW YORK.

CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE. DUNN'S SALT SALINE.

HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS. THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY. REFRESHING.

PREPARED BY DR. W. HAWKES, J. G. GIBSON, Chemists, Works GUYDON ENGLAND.



Brewery Co. of Toronto, Ltd.

SPECIALITIES: English and Bavarian Hopped Ales, Beer and Stout.

Agents of world-wide reputation. J. W. HAWKES, J. G. GIBSON, Chemists, Works GUYDON ENGLAND.

OST & HOLMES, ARCHITECTS. Rooms 28 and 29, Manning House, 100, Queen Street West, Toronto. Also in the Gerrie Block, Whiteley, Ont. A. W. HOLMES, ARCHITECT.

An authentic copy of the Ritual of the P. P. A. will be sent to any address on receipt of 10c. in stamps. By dozen, \$1.00. By fifty, \$4.00. Address THOMAS COFFEY, The Catholic Record, London, Ont.

RY THAT MOST DELICIOUS TEA & COFFEE.

SOLD ONLY BY Messrs Wilson & Co., 15 Richmond Street, London. Telephone 654.

ORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT.

BEST GIRDADY & CO. Alter Wine a Specialty. Wine is extensively used and endorsed by the Clergy, and on careful comparison favorably with the best in the world. For more information address: R. GIRDADY & CO., Sandwich, Ont.