

BER 19, 1895.

JIM.

Sketch.

little village in the far away from the busy world; there were simple people, in their daily labor and in the midst of the immediate. They had very much to do with the outer world, but they had not much less in mind from it.

There were six of worship: far, be-atholice, Protestant and churches, there were and Unitarian meeting-able to satisfy him of these creeds, had on of his own. He found the Lord, and a meeting house, and sons had a of disciples. Yet, in, there were two old every Sunday of their of two long Irish miles to not being able to suit of all the religions in ge. It certainly could the desire of exercise them to go so far, for very much beyond the alk for pleasure.

From the village and a rose-covered cot- nne of its own, two sisters, named byrne. They were inhabitants of the ad lived in this little great many years. were buried in the by, and here also two and finally their en laid to rest; and only representatives mly—they and their

brought up altogether. He was a fine, clever e pride and joy of their e finished his schooling e for him to think e trade, they appen- e leading village car- e time he did very e thought a great deal e. But at the end of e began to get restless; e of the quiet, uneventful e longed to see some- e, and at last one day, e, no one knew where, e his aunts had heard

ere heartbroken at his e they always believed e. At first the kindly e drop with the off- e. "Any word from e answer was always e at last they gave up

month passed by until a e and still the old women e home; they kept his e him, just as he had left e belongings were care- e every day; nothing was e just as though he had e day and was return- e evening.

er came. Three years e since he left. Anne's e with the tears she shed e prayed for his safe re- e day Katy found the few e to walk to reach the e and more difficult e and were both grow- e and feeble, and they be- e that they would not e boy come home.

side side of the street e old woman, Mary e of the village. Most e spent in the church, e front of the Blessed Vir- e her prayers were con- e most efficacious. So one e d Katy she was going e ask her to pray for the e return of their boy. e bonnet and long black e over the street and e door of Mary's house. e bade her enter, and e door, she found the old e over the fire.

ing a chair beside. e then, I've been e the first day I've been e in my clothes since Sun- e ever heard a word of it, e come in to see you," e sympathetically. e Father McConville e day, and says he e from Rosary on Sun-

"Did he say that now, Mary?" Anne asked incredulously. "Sure, I was thinking you were looking greatly failed this last twelvemonth."

"Oh, sure, he's always making fun with me, and says he: 'Mary, what will you leave me when you die?' And the other day, as he was going out of the door, he turned round again, and says he, 'Well, Mary, when you do die, it's the fine corpse you'll make.'"

Mary announced this with a little touch of pride in her voice, and then she continued:

"But with all that, he's a good man, so he is, and he gave me the wee lamp over yonder, to keep burning before the statue of St. Joseph."

Anne duly admired the lamp and the statue, and then asked Mary if she would like her to make her a cup of tea.

"Indeed, I would like a wee drop of tea, Anne. You'll find the kettle behind the wee creepsle yonder, and the tea is in that box before you."

Anne found all the necessary articles, and, having made the old woman comfortable, with her teapot in front of her, she prepared to go.

"And now, Mary," she said, slipping a few pence into her hand, "I want you to pray for me, Jim, that he'll come back to us soon, before we're dead and gone."

"I will, Anne, I will; and have you never heard no word of him yet?"

"Never a line since he left," said Anne, the tears standing in her eyes.

"I'll pray for him, Anne, so I will, for he was a nice boy, and I'm real sorry for you."

It was just a week later that Anne and Katy started down the sunny street for their daily visit to the church.

Very slowly Katy walked, clinging to Anne's arm, and when they reached the shady porch, she stopped for a minute to rest. Then they passed on into the silent church. There was no one there except Mary Fagan, who was once again in her accustomed place, in front of the Blessed Virgin's altar, praying fervently with her beads in her hand.

She said the fifteen decades of the Rosary every day of her life, and she was now "just giving it a last turn," as she expressed it herself.

The two old sisters knelt down in front of the high altar, and prayed earnestly for their boy, with just as much hope and faith as they had when he left them three years ago. Then after a few minutes they rose and left the church, Mary Fagan still remaining, wrapt in her devotions.

As they got outside the church door, Katy heaved a sigh.

"I doubt it's not many more times I'll be going down there, Anne," she said. "It'll not be long before I'm carried there in my coffin. I'm nearly spent." And Anne could not deny it, as she glanced at the bent, feeble form beside her.

"Maybe you'll get stronger," she said cheerfully, as she pushed open the garden gate and helped her sister up the little path.

To their surprise, they found the house door half open, for they always carefully closed it when they went out.

"Why, Katy, there must be some one within," Anne exclaimed as she hurried into the house, but she stopped amazed on the threshold of the kitchen.

Seated by the fire, crouched close up to it, though it was a warm summer's evening, was a tall, thin man, with a long moustache.

He turned his head as Anne entered, then rose to his feet, and the next minute both the sisters had rushed into his arms.

It was Jim, come home at last.

"Oh, man alive, where have you been, and what have you been doing to you? You're into your coffin," she just looked at him in consternation, when at length they released him from their embraces and were able to see how thin and worn he was.

"So I am, just fit for it," Jim answered with a grin smile, as he sank back into his chair again. "I've come home to die."

Anne, being alarmed at his evident weakness, hurried off to get him some food; and then in the deepening twilight he told them his story of failure and disappointment—no uncommon one, indeed; of how he worked his way out to America, full of expectation and confident of success. At first he got some odd jobs to do, and then he was taken on at a lively stable, but he did pretty well for a time, but he got tired of it and gave it up, and so he went on from one thing to another, never doing any good, until at last his health broke down, and he had struggled home, weary and disappointed, to die.

Later on he went to bed in his own little room, which had always been kept ready for him, and he never got up again.

The old aunts nursed him day and night, but they could not save him. His constitution had been completely undermined, and he was sinking rapidly. Father McConville came to see him every day, and it was a great comfort to the poor old sisters that their boy was surrounded by all the helps that the Church could give him.

It was another lovely evening, about 6 o'clock, the little children, their still playing in the dusty street, their voices calling to each other breaking in on the stillness. A few men were standing idly at the cool evening air, after their hard day's work. Two of them stood where the old sisters lived. Father McConville had just gone in. Anne had thought that Jim was getting very weak, and sent one of the little boys who were playing about the street to ask the priest to come up.

"I doubt he'll not last long," one of the men remarked, nodding his head towards the little upstairs room where Jim lay dying. "He's greatly failed. I never saw anyone go so fast, and he a great strong young fellow when he went away."

"It would be as well he went soon," replied the other; "he'll do no good."

The Northerners are not a demonstrative race; they feel sorry for their neighbors when they are in trouble, but it is not in their nature to express their sympathy.

The two men stood silently watching the little window for a few minutes, and just as the Angelus bell was beginning to peal, a withered hand went up to the window and drew down the blind.

"May God have mercy on his soul!" they exclaimed together as they stood with uncovered heads, for then they knew that Jim was dead. — L. M. W. in Irish Monthly.

GRAND CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

A Project That Bids Fair to Solve the Social Question.

Less than three years ago there was founded, in the back room of a small store on a side street in Toulon, a charitable project which bids fair to do more towards bringing about the solution of the social problem in France than all the congresses and conferences that have been held, and all the books and articles that have been written with that end in view. It is rapidly assuming the proportions of an international economic movement, of the first magnitude, writes Charles Robinson in the *North American Review* for September.

This charity, which has become an object of once of the astonishment and admiration of all Europe, is named "St. Anthony's Bread," after St. Anthony of Padua, and it is by the voluntary contributions of his clients that it is maintained.

"St. Anthony's Bread" comprises not only food, but also clothing and medical attendance—everything, in fact, necessary for the relief of the poor in general, and of the sick and afflicted poor in particular; for its directors wisely hold that with this class one should always "make the good God visible." They ascertain the names of the laborers in the various parishes who are out of employment, and help them to procure work, quite irrespective of their religious belief, or want of religious belief. Orphans are sent to school, the aged, the blind, the deaf and dumb are all placed in special establishments; letters are written for those who are themselves unable to write, and advice procured from either doctor or lawyer when needed. While the deserving poor are thus sought out and all their wants supplied, professional beggars are tracked and exposed.

The promoters of this charity, however, do not labor merely to solve the social problem, important though that work undoubtedly is. The corporeal necessities of the poor are relieved through the medium of "St. Anthony's Bread" only on the understanding that their spiritual duties are not neglected. The conditions imposed upon the workmen in this regard are of the lightest possible character. For example, one of the publications issued under the auspices of "St. Anthony's Bread" consists wholly of light literature, except for one brief paragraph of religious matter at the end of the last page. "We must give them the *feuilleton* or they would not read the instruction," it is explained. In friendly conferences, held at stated intervals, the same *clémente* is taught the lesson of mutual help and sympathy.

The writer recently had an opportunity of witnessing the practical working of this charitable project in the "toughest" quarters of Paris, and has also discussed its various phases with Frenchmen of every shade of belief, all of whom with the nation's benefactors. Indeed, it will be surprising if "St. Anthony's Bread" does not result in the complete regeneration of the French working classes—and if these, why not of the working classes of all Europe and beyond? For the scope of "St. Anthony's Bread" is no longer confined to France. As, at the start, it spread from town to town throughout France, so it is now spreading from country to country throughout the world. It is interesting to learn that this great work is to be introduced into the United States during the coming winter. The result will be watched with interest.

As is well known, the literature of the social question is immense, and is growing rapidly every day. Herr Strammhammer, in his *Bibliographie des Socialismus*, enumerates some five thousand works more or less immediately dealing with it, and the catalogue is by no means complete. Words! There were storms on this same subject long before the French Revolution. Theories are very well: we may commend Mr. George and quote passages from Albertus Magnus down to Leo Taxis, but in this century, mere theorizing never brought about any reform. Action is the true policy and no steps that could be taken in this direction are more thoroughly practical than those adopted by the founders of "St. Anthony's Bread."

"St. Anthony's Bread" is based upon the divine principle of charity. And such Christian charities as this, which has for its aim the care of the poor without distinction as to race or creed, not only provide a sovereign balm for all the carping cares of the unfortunate, but have also the happy effect of eliminating acrimony from the minds of men.

PROTESTANTS AND THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

The fact that a Methodist minister delivers a sermon that is certainly a panegyric of the Blessed Virgin is an encouraging sign. It shows that by degrees prejudice is giving way to an appreciation of the beauties of Catholic devotion. A few weeks ago the Rev. A. I. Colman, pastor of the Sarah D. Cooper Memorial Church, Philadelphia, took for his text: "Blessed art thou among women." So remarkable was what he had to say, coming from a Protestant minister, that we shall quote liberally from the report of the sermon we find in the *Philadelphia Ledger*. He said:

"We call your attention to the honored Mother of Our Lord, believing this subject has not sufficiently engaged the attention of the Protestant Church. The extravagance of divines on the one hand, and their general silence on the other, leaves too little said in honor of her whom all nations should call blessed. This human instrument, by which God gave His Son to the world, should be honored. Her name should live in our memory and dwell upon our lips as do the names of the prophets and apostles. She was a distinguished favorite of Heaven, as some have rendered the angel's salutation."

"She was distinguished for her humility. In her song of praise she said: 'He hath regarded the low estate of his handmaid.' Her humility deepens while divine favors increase. While we should avoid an idolatrous worship of her, we ought not to pass by unnoticed a character so lovely as hers. Heaven bestowed on her more than princely honors. Hers was a superior kind, well stored with a knowledge of the Holy Scriptures. In her song of praise we see her knowledge of fall and redemption through the promised seed of the woman. She reviews the past and celebrates the praise of God for His marvelous work and as one of God's double-sighted seers looks to the future and rejoices in what He would yet do for His Church. Those who are honored of God in His work are distinguished for their knowledge of His word and faith in His power."

We are sorry to note that this clergyman is not wholly free from the ignorance of Catholic doctrine that characterizes so many of his fellows. He speaks of avoiding an "idolatrous worship" of the Mother of God, and as Protestants claim that only Catholics are guilty of this, it is evident Mr. Colman intended his remark as a rap at us. He is wholly wrong, however, for Catholics do not pay an "idolatrous worship" to the Blessed Virgin. She is never put by us on an equality with God. We venerate her and honor her as the Mother of God, but we do not regard her as greater than God. What Mr. Colman had to say on this point was, we hope, not prompted by bigotry. No doubt, when he learned he was in error he will not do us this injustice again. Other parts of his sermon were as follows:

"The Virgin Mary—I do not hesitate to call her the Blessed Virgin, for an angel gave her the title—was distinguished for her faith. Zacharias saw the apparent contradiction between science and revelation, and doubted. Not so with the Jewish maiden, when she heard the more mysterious announcement. 'Thou shalt bring forth a son, and shall call His name Jesus.' Her question, 'Whereby shall I know this?' was, doubtless, inspired, as the Lord's Immaculate Conception. Among all examples of faith, none equals that of the mother of the Son of God. As she was only human, she did not always understand her Divine Son, but when she did not she had His saying in her heart."

"Her obedience to the Divine will should be imitated by all who love the Lord and would be co-laborers in saving a world of sinners. When the angel told her how the Divine purpose would be accomplished, she replied, 'Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it done unto me according to Thy word.' Such a spirit if manifested by all who are called of God into different departments of His work, would almost convert the nations of the earth in a day. How many doubts might have prevented compliance with God's will, but she obeys without dispute. No one ever left more in God's hands to be used than she. Our obedience may form a link in a chain of circumstances whose wide sweep will save multitudes of sinners, and our disobedience cause as many to be lost."

"The fact that Mary belonged to the humbler walks of life gives greater glory to the Son. Oh! The wondrous redeeming love! Christ assumed our nature, was born of a woman under the law to redeem them that were under the law. The Virgin is honored, and a world is redeemed. This is good news for all people. If by woman man received the fruit of which he ate and died, by woman he receives a Saviour on whom he may look and live. 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world.'"

It gives us great pleasure to be able to reproduce such a sermon by a Protestant minister. If there were many other non-Catholic clergymen who might hope that before long devotion to the Blessed Mother of God would become general among Protestants. There would be a step that would bring Catholics and Protestants closer together. — Catholic News.

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

WHAT AN OLD WAR HORSE SAYS.

The great Paulist preacher whose name and sermons are well known all over this great country writes the following letter to his nephew, Mr. H. R. Eagle, and we wish every citizen read the book, "Plain Facts," etc., and we are sure much of ignorance and misunderstanding would be replaced by the truth:

Paulist Convent, New York City, Sept. 8, 1895.

My Dear Mr. Eagle—Chicago, Ill.:

Nothing could have pleased me more than your purpose to give a wide distribution to Father Searle's book, "Plain Facts for Fair Minds." I share the universal opinion that it is exceedingly well calculated to meet the actual difficulties in the minds of well-meaning non-Catholics, but what gives me a nearer interest is that Father Searle was led to write the book by the publication of the questions placed in the Question-box at my non-Catholic missions. He informed me that these so revealed the minds of our separated brethren and so reminded him of his own difficulties before his conversion that he determined to attempt to meet them. The result is the addition to our missionary literature of a most useful book.

You know that at our missions the Question-box serves the Protestant audience by bringing out the lecturer and serves the lecturer by bringing out the audience; it reveals in detail what Protestants want to know, what they need to know. It also evidences the honesty of our Protestant neighbors by the frankness with which they take it for granted that we are the most superstitious, most priest-ridden people imaginable. This fills Catholics with chagrin. It very naturally distresses intelligent Catholics that they are thought to be indescribably stupid, grovelling imbeciles in religion.

Father Searle therefore undertook to give a corrective to these preposterous delusions. Himself a convert of many years, of sympathetic disposition, a priest of learning and discretion, well known as a distinguished scientist, his downright denial of accusations, his lucid exposition of actual Catholic doctrine and practice, will carry conviction, and it is wonderful how, in this little volume of three hundred and sixty pages, he has condensed the entire religion of Christ in doctrine and in practice, and has done it without the excessive brevity of a mere manual of the essentials of our faith.

The merit is, to my mind, the foremost of many praises due the author for the literary success of his undertaking. There is no book in the Catholic literature just like this. It is unique, as being totally free from controversy and yet a powerful persuasive force. It proves that an honest man who tells what he knows with directness and simplicity is the ideal witness.

Father Searle gains his point by giving competent testimony to Catholicity, doing it because he loves the faith and sympathizes with those who do not possess it.

Given a man of undoubted truthfulness, a cause that is right, and it is the accent of sincere affection that wins the day. Deep love of truth, real affection for one's auditors, here are the orator's or the author's main reliance for success. Father Searle has a full share of them.

Once known to honest minds, the Church credits herself; and clearness of statement is no more necessary in making the Church known than is kindness in the manner of doing so. Of course, many influences combine in making converts and not the least are those which none but God can control, working in the secret hearts of men, in their thoughts and consciences.

Prayer is therefore the great convert-maker, but He uses such external means as this book to enlighten thought and to spur consciences on ward to the final step.

This book sheds from its pages a personal kindness which is a magnetic medium for its earnest protest and its clear doctrinal statement. The only irritation Father Searle shows is that which must flatter the good-natured reader—pain at not possessing the friendly regard of the reader himself.

Imagine how glad I was, therefore, when I learned that the outcome of all our conferences, as to how you could help the Catholic missionary cause, was your purpose to place "Plain Facts" before the public at cost price.

I think that men of my vocation and of my practical experience will be exonerated from vanity when we say that we know what kind of a book makes converts. I emphatically affirm that "Plain Facts for Fair Minds" is a book that wins. Most faithfully yours,

WALTER ELLIOT.

What Infidels Will do.

The lengths to which the Masonic lodges of Portugal go in order to injure the Church are illustrated by an incident related in a Lisbon journal. It appears that men dressed as priests were sent out from the lodges to steal or feign to steal—small children, and a fantastic story was circulated to the effect that the Jesuits killed the children to make a sort of human oil.

The populace, strange to say, at first believed the report, and there were several severe outbreaks against the Jesuits in Lisbon. Later, however, the trick was discovered, and the hatred of the mob turned against the enemies of religion. The individual criminals can not be discovered, but Masonry has received a severe setback through the failure of the stupid trick.

—Ave Maria.

DON'T CURSE.

The mother of Otto Leuth, the boy who was hanged at the Ohio Penitentiary for murdering a little girl in Cleveland, has sent a letter to Governor Campbell in which she says: "I have on the grave of my child sworn to curse you as long as I live and I shall keep this oath." In the same letter she curses all the officers of justice who brought her son to the gallows—she curses them and their descendants, and adds: "May his shadow haunt you to the hour of your death! May all the tortures plague you which I have suffered all this time. This is my wish."

The poor woman is not to be held to a strict account for her imprecations, because she is almost beside herself for the execution of her son.

But her condition ought to be a warning to other mothers, who let their sons grow up without restraint. They do not correct the first beginnings of evil dispositions. They do not check the passions. They do not insist on the observance of the golden rule. They permit their boys to give way to anger, to gluttony, to sloth; they suffer them to strike their brothers and sisters; they allow them to stay out late at night; they let them associate with bad companions; they set them the bad example of drinking intoxicating liquors; they see them neglect the sacraments and do nothing to get them back into their duty—yet, wretch, they expect that the young men will turn out well; and when they go to the bad, the mothers, and often the fathers, put the blame at any door but the right one. And if their sons commit a crime, they do as Mrs. Leuth has done—they curse the officers of justice who bring the offender to punishment.

If they must curse some one, let those derelict parents curse themselves, because they are responsible for the crimes their sons commit. They are in great measure to blame for the shame and suffering they themselves endure.

But, better than cursing themselves, let them bring up their children in the fear of God; keep them innocent and pure; train their consciences; give them supernatural motives for their daily actions; make them Christians in action as well as in belief. Then they can bless themselves and their sons.

Don't curse; for it is said that curses, like chickens, come home to roost. —Catholic Columbian.

Who Does the Cap Fit?

In too many comfortable homes the young ladies have nothing to do after leaving school except to kill time pleasantly and to hunt for a husband. The idea that their life should be useful, that their circumstances impose any duties upon them, that they should be in some way worth their salt, never seems to trouble them. They exist to enjoy themselves—to eat the bread of idleness, to dress their bodies in finery, to sing, to dance, to play the piano, to go to the theatre, to spend the summer out of town and to flirt. They have no useful employment, no ambition to make the best of themselves, no adequate conception of the reason for their existence, no will to cultivate their high faculties, no thought of making the world better and happier for their existence in it—no desire except to drift along in luxury until they become the heroine of Prince Fortunatus' search for a wife. Life with them is a pastime. Who is to blame for their worthlessness—their parents or their teachers? —Catholic Review.

A Graduate of Toronto University says: "My children have been treated with Scott's Emulsion from their earliest years. Our physician first recommended it and now whenever a child takes cold my wife immediately resorts to this remedy, which always effects a cure."

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Terrible Condition.

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