some bit of pleasantry. ek the next day, and in-uch time had been lost, d start that evening. ded to mention my susing Mr. Bernot, to my

e bustle of such hurried had no opportunity. re partaking of a hasty ing some parcels in the at, I asked Hugh for a cord, and Mr. Berno wing me how to open it in the handle. It was any knife I had ever having such peculiar and I continued to look d used it, till Mr. Bernot

nughingly: u usen't to be so chary ers see that wonderful the matter with it now? n committing a murder

y and I thought some-rom my grasp, at which

ad bent his head to his ut I was looking at Mr.
saw him grow so pale
he was going to faint.
ich surprised to speak, ould recover myself he g me the knife again, ry for his rudeness, and there was an interesting it which made it a very et in his eyes. My son asked:

asked:
nen? You did not speak
being connected with
dlege fellows used to adcuction.'

ot made some laughing 't distinctly remember aving finished their reted up to hasten preparir departure. I rememevents just as they that particular time be d was uneasy about Mr. ept thinking about his mother, and worrying ought to do, for her sake. ng man if he was in

t there was not a single and the two seemed so o full of spirits that I aps it was as well to have dampening Hugh with

re gone eight months, letters always said that h enjoying everything to

nothing of this murder, et home, when my son is ery little of the outside nters. And when Hugh ad told me of the pleasant and how much good the ned to do Mr. Bernot, and Bernot had been, I was ad not spoken to my son. in looking over Hugh's nd some old newspapers ed away-it was not e anything of the kind, ed what important news ontain, especially as they papers dated about eight re. I opened them and its of the investigation of murder. I had never evert, but I had heard Mr. ently speak of her as his when I read about her norgue, her identification red man as one who had to the family, her trial, saw Mr. Bernot's name, emed to stand still; and paleness when Hugh ret the knife, and Mr. Ber

urned from the city after y commission, all rushed I tried to think but I was so numb with horror; ny son hoarding those emed to me that he must friend was guilty.
e papers back, and that
Hugh how I had read

told him then for the first y former suspicions and ording the young man. nlike me to have suspicone, and least of all, of friends; that he could Hubert Bernot being an

noble, young fellow, and to get into any such feared; that his mysterion with the murder case the fact that in former nurdered man had been nown to the Bernot family, (Hugh) had simply pre papers, because the whole

not been very much anving his name brought in before the public; and nat his cousin should have ted to such a painful orlegal examination, he anand 'no,' and 'I don't the same breath, and in r, hurried manner, that I much perplexed and

en I asked my son if Mr.

aw that, and he asked me to banish the whole matmind - that in any event business of mine l not speak of it again I olp thinking about it. Hugh was home about two

became necessary for us to in order to have a final out my property, and we little over eight months r our return "-

ed abruptly, as if that part memory. after your return," said

thingly, and as if his voice

would be obliged to stay in order to give his evidence in the case, and then I was brought somewhere here "—— she put her hand to her forehead, as if trying to remember — "and with worrying about Hugh. " and I fell sick

'After that somebody instructed me what to do, and I was brought here to what to do, and I was brought here to testify against this poor young man. I didn't want to do it—I hope he won't take it unkindly of me, but I had to— I had to."

She broke down into piteous sobbing, and even the ladies who had employed the early part of the morning in slandering Margaret, applied their gossamer handkerchiefs to their eyes

in apparent sympathy.

Bertoni seemed to regard that evi dence as sufficient, for he smiled slightly, and leaned back with a selfsatisfied air, while Plowden waited for the old lady's emotion to subside.

Plowden's countenance wore no hope ful look, nor did his manner evince even the usual energy with which he was wont to begin his cross examination.

He knew that he could gain nothing for the defense from that witness; that he could not weaken her testimony at any point-a testimony which ere long would tell fearfully against the ac-cused. He could only verify his suspicions of the subtle, underhand way in which Bertoni must have worked to obtain this cyldence. When the old lady had dried her

tears with a substantial handkerchie which she took from the bag, and when she had been made to comprehend that she was not yet free to des cend from the witness-stand, Plowden began his apparently useless questions. He gave them a drift which set the witness talking of herself and her feel. ings upon the present trying occasion and after one or two adreit turns he drew from her the whole story of how she came to be in her present position. She told it in her simple, natural way, becoming so absorbed in the recital as to appear to be conscious alone of Piowden's presence.

While my son was home after his tour with Mr. Bernot, a strange, elderly gentleman came to our house one afternoon, inquiring for Hugh, and when Hugh saw him they were a long time talking together. I wondered what the conversation was about, but my son did not want to tell me, but he said to me, that if the strange gentleman, who had given his name as Mr. Walter Conyer, should speak to me about Hubert Bernot I was not to tell himthat Mr. Bernot had executed any commission for me in the city. I was to say nothing more than Mr. Bernot

was a very good young man.
"But Mr. Conyer, often as he called,
never alluded to Mr. Bernot in my presence. When we had taken passage for England, almost the first person we met on board the steamer, the morning that we sailed, was Mr. Conver, and I was surprised to find

that he was going abroad also. ' My son did not seem to like it, and he said to me impatiently that I did wrong to tell Mr. Conyer the particulars about the time of our sailing; but I had only mentioned it in conversation a week or two before, and he told us when we met on board that it was a sudden case of pressing business which

was taking him to England.
"I asked my son what was the matter - what cause of dislike had he to Mr. Conyer? but he only answered: 'Oh! nothing in particular; and it's

a parcel of hes any "I begged him to tell me what he meant, but he grew angry at my persistency, saying it was no matter for a woman any how, and I desisted, seeing his reluctance to tell me.

"He kept aloof from Mr. Conyer, but Mr. Conyer did not appear to mind that. He used to come up in his pleas hands clasped tightly before her and ant, gentlemanly way, and say such kind things about my son that my heart warmed to him."
"When we arrived in England we

found there would be a great deal of trouble and expense that we had not calculated on, and Hugh was almost in get? despair ; but Mr. Conyer behaved very cleverly. Somehow, he seemed to know almost before he asked me, where our difficulties lay, and he seemed to and he hastened to her side, exclaiming: "Hilda, my dearest, what is it?" troduced Hugh to some of them, and straightway my son's anxiety appeared to lessen, and his cheerful spirits to return.

'I heard him answer one day, when Mr. Conyer had been trying to impress on him the advantages which would be gained if he, my son, would follow a certain course.

"'I am afraid by my coldness in the past, I have wronged you, Mr. Con-yer; if so, my friendship in the future shall atone.

'And they shook hands and went out together. I was very glad, for I you ill?" she answered, resting "No, oh no!" she answered, resting "No, oh no!" thought Mr. Conyer was a good friend and when Mr. Conyer dropped in upon me the next day, and found me alone, I could not refrain from opening my heart to him, and telling him how grateful I was for his kindness, and

ing him, you would make me the happlest man in existence. This son was
a college mate of your own noble boy, and again the storm of a college mate of your own noble boy, and again the storm of a you know him also — Hubert grief broke forth.

Bernot. He is secretly charged with "Hilda, my dear, my dear," said "He matter into court first."

"Then he does not endorse your tude that she would make her "Then he does not endorse your with God, cost what it might branch of the Roman stem?" asked branch of the Roman stem?" asked Mrs. King quietly. Bernot. He is secretly charged with

regard; she said I bore her malice because of my rejection, but if I can save her son, that act will show her that I not only bear no malice, but that the love which I once proffered her has burned as brightly through tions, but who refused to return my her feet.

"Those were his very words, I can not help remembering them distinctly, for I was so struck I couldn't answer him but he went on without seeming

TO BE CONTINUED

## BY WAY OF THE CROSS.

"Hilda, my dear, do you know where I found Tot?" asked the Rev. Edgar King, entering his wife's room with a very small and dirty specimen of humanity perched upon his shoul-

Mrs. King looked up from her book "I am sure I cannot have no doubt."

"Playing on the edge of the landslide between here and Major Wood's bungalow, with a baby monkey that she must have coaxed down from a "Good gracious!" ejaculated Mrs.

King, turning pale. The spot her husband had mentioned was one of the most dangerous of the narrow hill oaths with which the Cherat abounded. Was Beila not with her?"

"No, the child was alone. I think you had better send that woman away and get somebody else. I suspect she is addicted to optum and is probably at the present moment lying asleep some where." As he spoke, Mr. King swung his little daughter to the ground and began to wipe her grimy hands with his handkerchief, a proceeding that his wife put a summary stop to, by picking the baby up and leaving the room in search of the delinquent

The result of this incident was the discharge of Beila, and the installation in her place of a young native girl of seventeen, who came to Mrs. King with the best of references from former employers. "What is your name?" asked the

minister's wife when the bargain was concluded. "Agnes, memsahib," was the unex-

pected reply.
"Agnes!" in a tone of surprise. "How did you come by that pretty

name? "The holy Sisters gave it to me when I was baptized, memsahib."

Mrs. King's delicate brows contracted and a slight flush rose in her pale cheeks. "You are then a Christian and a—a Catholic?" she asked, tapping her fingers restlessly on the table

beside which she was sitting. "How did you happen to meet with

the Sisters, and where?"
"My father was a peon for the convent at Kusawli, and when he became a Christian I became one also, and then I was servant at the convent for

a little while." Mrs King seemed scarcely to have heard the answer to her last question, for she remained silently gazing out of the window at the distant sun lit hills with eyes in which there was a world of sad yearning. A slight movement on the part of the native girl at length aroused her and she turned her face the had been very patient, very gentle aroused her and she turned her face toward her again, and said in a weary tone: "Very well, Agnes, that will do. You may come to-morrow."

The girl made a salaam and withdrew. When she was gone Mrs. King rose to her feet and began to pace the room with nervous, hurried steps, her

her face pale and drawn as with pain.

God help me," she whispered to herself at last, coming to a halt and brushing the hair back from her forehead with hot, trembling hands. "Am I never to have peace? never to for-

At that moment the door opened and her husband entered. His quick glance at once took in her agitation ing: "Hilda, my dearest, what is it?"

It seemed for a hardly perceptible instant as if she would have shrunk from the arm that he put around her,

but the feeling of repulsion, if such it were, passed before he noticed it, and she laid her head against his shoulder and burst into a passion of weeping. He waited until the violence of outburst had exhausted itself, and then led her to a chair and sat down beside

her, still keeping her hand in a firm clasp. "Now, darling, tell me what has gone wrong," he said soothingly. Are

her head wearily against the back of her chair and brushing away the tears

as they welled up.

"But I am so unhappy, Edgar, so very unhappy. I do not think I shall ever know peace of soul again."

had the required effect, she resumed:

"We learned of Mr. Bernot's confession and arrest, and my son left me to visit him.

"He telegraphed to me that he would be obliged to stay in order to save in mother's sake—his mother who was would be obliged to stay in order to save in mother in the crime of murder, and I have reason in the crime of micrority who think we cannot adopt the beautics of the Roman form of worship without adopting the crime of worship without adopting the crime of murder and the crime of micrority who think we cannot alopt the stiff-necked minority who think we cannot alopt the stiff-necked min of the Catholic Church to another in ating her claim to be considered the

> her has burned as brightly through those years as when I first laid it at but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, but I cannot. Faith, instinct, fancy, consequence to you of my return to yet, explained satisfactorily to himself, the faith of my girlhood.'

> > from the subject.
> > "The new ayah I have engaged

for 'Tot' is a Catholic, and in our conversation to day she mentioned the nuns at Kusawli. It was like a dagger thrust in my heart. You know I was educated at Kusawli convent.

"I am not likely to forget that I owe the best of wives to the training of with a smile. "I am sure I cannot lowe the best of wives to the training of say. In mischief as usual, though, I the good nuns," was the gallant answer. "Come now, dearest, dry up those tears and try to believe with me, those tears and try to believe with me, that though Rome does not recognize us just yet, she will do so some day, and in the meantime you have not ceased to belong to the Church of Christ. Run away now and put on your habit and we will go for a ride. The fresh air will soon blow these megrims away

Slowly and sadly Mrs. King sought her room and dressed herself for a ride. She could and did dry her tears in obedience to her husband's request, but it was beyond his power or hers to bid the pangs of outraged conscience cease. Day and night she was tor-mented by the recollection of what she had done, and, to add to the desolation of her heart, she felt that every tear she had shed over her own apostasy was a drop of water upon the flame of the undisciplined passion which had led her to her unhappy marriage. Disguise it from herself as she would, she could not help feeling that the auguish she had brought upon herself for his sake was gradually out surely sapping her love for her husband.

Sometimes she would look forward shudderingly to the time when he would become hateful to her and she to him, and then she would fly from her own thoughts and plunge into church affairs with such feverish energy that he was frequently de-ceived into thinking she had at last become converted to his views, a state of beautitude from which he was invariably recalled by discovering that she had slipped away, sometimes on Sunday evenings, to the little Catholic chapel up on the hill near by-visits rom which she returned in greater depression of spirits than ever.

Although Mr. King did not know it, Although Mr. King did not know it, it became whispered about amongst the little Catholic congregation that the "minister's lady" was, or ought to be, a Catholic. More than one worshiper at the "chapel" had seen and recognized the black figure down and recognized the black figure down near the door, and perhaps surmissed the cause of the tears that her dark veil did not always bide. To these erratic visits, though he did not approve of them, the minister did not openly object, hoping that time and his own deep affection would gradually draw his wife's thoughts and sympathies with her during the four married life, and though of late he had begun to despair of ever bringing her to see things from his point view, his manner so far had suffered no alteration. His forbearance, how-

ever, was a matter of time, and she knew it. Meanwhile, the new ayah was win ning golden opinions from the house hold on account of her diligence, cheer fulness, and unceasing attentiveness to her duties. However unostentation ous a practical Catholic may be, he or she must necessarily attract attention by the exact performance of religious duties, and so it happened that the nurse's daily life became another source of self-reproach to her unhappy mistress. Once Mr. King confided to his wife his intention of invit ing Agnes to consider the claims of the Anglican Church as opposed-under the British flag-to those of Rome; but she begged of him so carnestly not t disturb the mind of the simple native girl that he reluctantly abandoned the idea. At last a serious blow fell upon Mr. King and gave him something else to think about. The Bishop of Putito think about. The Bishop of Puti-pore died, and his successor, on his first pastoral visit to Cherat, animadverted very forcibly against what he termed the Rev. Edgar's fondness for "ecclesiastical millinery." His Lord-ship's leanings were in a decidedly Low Church direction, and the tone in which he thought proper to censure the minister's introduction of candles, service, made that gentleman's checks to the open air and safety.

branch of the Roman stem?" asked she inquired for her husband,

engagement and went away to keep it, call it what you will, warns me I more exercised in mind by his wife's have done wrong, and while I feel it remark than he would have cared to I cannot be happy. Yet I have not the own. She had indeed touched upon a courage to turn back, and face the point which he had by no means, as and he would not have relished being

"What particular circumstance led these sad thoughts to day?" asked When he was gone his wife went to to these sad thoughts to-day?" asked When he was gone his wife went to Mr. King, trying to lead her indirectly the nursery to pay a visit to her beved Tot, and found her sound asleep with the native girl fanning her. The ot upon which she was lying was blaced in an angle between two winws, and above it hung a beautiful resentation of the Mater Dolorosa Mrs. King entered the room she v the young nurse gazing affection at the picture with an expre n of reverent sorrow on her dark

> Do you like that picture, Agnes, ething impelled her mistress to It is beautiful, memsahib," an-

> ered the girl simply. You have great devotion to the

sesced Virgin, I suppose?"
"Indeed, I could not help it, memhib. The Holy Mother loved us so
uch and suffered so much for us." Mrs. King put her hand to her throat with a quick gesture and turned to bok out of the window. She could not ear the look of serene devotion on the ive girl's face. Then a sudden bulse moved her, and she turned k again and said in a low hurried o: "Ask the Holy Mother to take

e of my little Tot, Agnes." I do, memsahib, every night and

orning."
The nurse's answer was brought to abrupt end by the sound of a disant muffled rumble that seemed to ext moment the bungalow was viotly shaken to and fro, its timbers eaking ominously, and the plaster lling in showers in every direction "Great Heaven, it is an earthexclaimed Mrs. King, making frantic rush for her child. gnes, come! we have not an instant

Before she could lift Tot off the bed here was another violent shock and he was precipitated to the floor, while the whole house rocked fearfully and a great crack opened in the wall from

foor to ceiling.
"Merciful God, save my child!" exlaimed the terrified mother, struggl ng to her feet, unconscious that her

orehead was cut and bleeding.
"Mother of Sorrow, save us!" ejaculated Agnes, trying to assist her mis "Pray, memsahib! pray to the

Holy Mother But Mrs. King was groping for her child, scarce able to see for the blood that trickled down her face from the wound she had received and the nurse's words fell upon heedless ears. To add to their horror, the daylight was being gradually blotted out to give place to a dim, grey twilight, and the subter-ranean thunder rolled its muffled roars incessantly. It seemed to the two women that the end of the world had

Then suddenly, the solid earth gave a sickening heave and receded again; there was a crack, a shower of mortar, bricks, and Mrs. King, vood and looking wildly about her saw Agnes sink to the floor, crushed by a heavy beam from the ceiling; the walls or every side cracked, bulged and closed in around her, and then all was dark ness and oblivion.

Two hours afterwards a hundred willing hands were busy about the ruins of the minister's house; burrowing down into the debris and removing it cautiously, less haply, the intombed inmates might not yet be dead. The native girl, Agnes, was the first to be discovered, but though she still

breathed, the doctor who was in at tendance shook his head doubtfully after he had examined her. She was laid on a stretcher and carried away to the hospital and then the work was resumed with renewed energy. A few minutes later one of the searchers came upon a pile of broken

and twisted beams whose splintered ends rested upon a baby's cot. Pitiful hands lifted the great masses of timber away and brought to light strange thing. Lying face downward across the brass rail that surrounded the cot, was the picture of the Mater Dolorosa, and beneath it slumbered un hurt Baby Tot, one little rosy fist curled up under her cheek, the other clasped tight around her doll. More than one pair of eyes unac customed to tears were moistened at

the sight and rough hands grew acolytes, incense, crucifixes and other strangely gentle as they lifted the "Romish frippery" into the Church soft baby from the cot and carried it now I wished I could do him some service."

"He put his hand to his breast and bowed his head in such a way that for an instant I thought he was crying."

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"He put his hand to his breast and safety. Then tingle, especially as his admonition contained a veiled threat of "suspendent the contained a veiled threat of "suspendent the beams from crashing upon." "The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, injured, and the application of a few and when he looked up he seemed so sad my heart ached for him."

"Mrs. Murburd, he said, 'fi it would but grow old," she said hopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever thopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever two help me save the son of a dearly loved friend of mine from a doom that is surely approaching him, you would make me the happiest man in existence. This son was piest man in existence. This son was a college mate of your own noble boy.

"If it would but grow old," she said to hopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever thopelessly. "But it is ever new, ever to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Method list meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, injured, and the application of a few restoratives soon brought her to her to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Method list meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Method list meeting-house if he had his way. But he is not going to get it. I'd bring the matter into court first."

"The idea!" exclaimed Mr. King, indignantly, when relating the affair to his wife. "He would reduce the church to the appearance of a Method church to his wife. "He mould reduce the church to his wife. "The hous nobody knew where he was. This,

"Unfortunately, no. He is one of however, caused her very little unof shelter were made to her on every hand, and she decided at last to take refuge in the home of the doctor, until

her husband should return. Good Mrs. McAllister received her with open arms and fussed about her heart's content. The warmhearted woman had no children of her own, and it was a sight to see her bustling around little Tot and feeding her with dainties that would, under any other circumstances, have called forth a protest from Tot's mother. Although not badly hurt, Mrs. King's head throbbed violently from the cut she had received, and the doctor bound it up for her and made her lie down shutting out the evening sunlight with his own hands and bidding his wife to see to it that nobody was allowed to disturb her.

About an hour afterward, while Dr McAllister was solacing himself with a mild form of brandy and soda he was interrupted by the entrance of one the officers of his regiment, who firs ooked about him cautiously, and ther

said: "I am the bearer of awful news McAllister - how you are going to break it to Mrs. King I don't know Poor King has been found dead on the ower Rajat Road. Crushed to death by a landslide, poor chap. It mus have been the earthquake that did it.

An inarticulate sound behind them made both men turn with a start Mrs. King was standing in the door-way looking at them with frozen, horror stricken eyes and a face so ghastly that they could not shake of the remembrance for weeks afterward For an instant both were paralyzed then they made a simultaneous move ment in her direction, but before they could reach her, she had relaxed her grasp of the curtain and fallen, face downward, on the floor.

All that night tender he ministered to the stricken woman a sne lay like a staute on her bed, her stony, unwinking eyes staring up at the ceiling. At first they thought her un-conscious, and the doctor would have forced a cordial between her rigid lips, but she put away his hand, and then he knew better. No tears, no merciful unconsciousness, came to relieve the awful strain that night or the next day. Fearing for her reason, Dr. McAllister forced opiates and sleeping draughts down her throat in spite her dumb resistance, but he might have spared himself the trouble; they had no more effect upou her than s much water would have had. What fearful visions floated through her mind during that awful time none knew but herself.

At the end of the second day the verstrained brain gave way, and for three weeks she was a raving maniac, vatched night and day lest she should do herself an injury.

Then youth and a good constitution

triumphed and the drifted back to health again; but the luxuriant beauty she had so prized was gone, never to return. The luxuriant chestnut tresses of which her husband had been so proud had been cut off. The lovely sea shell color had given place to a dull pallor, and the deep blue eyes that had sparkled with wit and merriment were now sad and lustreless. It was only the wreck of the brilliant, beautiful Mrs. King that went to visit the hospital where the faithful Agnes was progressing slowly towards recovery, but a recovery which the doctors said only meant life long lameness.—Little

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