

OCTOBER 1, 1908

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Eighteenth Sunday After Pentecost. SIN A GREATER EVIL THAN SICKNESS.

"Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." (Matt. 9, 2.)

Whenever our Lord appears before us in the gospel, we see Him surrounded by the sick and suffering. All acknowledge Him as their Saviour and Helper, all place their confidence in Him, and no one leaves Him without consolation, and assistance. To day, however, we meet Him healing a sickness such as is not elsewhere recorded in the life of our Lord. He is requested to restore the health of one sick with palsy, and the Saviour, who as God, sees the heart, speaks of an interior sickness, a sickness of the soul. "Be of good heart, son, thy sins are forgiven thee." From this, we should learn that sin is a greater evil than any bodily ailment, and that we should therefore be much more anxious to be delivered from it, than for the restoration of bodily health.

And, truly, dear Christians, sickness, pains, poverty, sufferings may indeed afflict the body, but according to faith's teaching, they are not evils, but rather tokens of divine love and a mark of predestination. But sin, and sin alone, renders us unhappy for time and eternity. It deprives us of our greatest treasure, and causes the most appalling afflictions that could befall us. Sin robs us of the love and friendship of God, and with it of the hope of eternal happiness. It robs us of all the merits we may have acquired; it makes us slaves of Satan and hell; it places our soul in the bonds of spiritual death. Bodily sufferings embitter life only for a short time, but sin prepares a woe which will last forever. The sufferings of this life only torture the body and cause death, which is the inevitable doom of man, but sin inflicts wounds on the soul, which cause its eternal death, from which there is no deliverance. Yes, sin inflicts so great an injury that the entire world, with all it contains, cannot compensate for it. "What doth it profit a man," says Jesus, "if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. 16, 26.) For if a man loses his soul "what exchange shall he give for it?"

This is a truth well known to all; for how often have we not heard it in sermons and Christian doctrine, but do we act according to it? Do we properly estimate the precious treasure of our soul? Do we preserve this valuable gift, as it merits? Are we more concerned about our soul, its welfare, its salvation, than we are for the things of this world? Oh, that we might joyfully respond to these questions in the affirmative. But alas! for how many would not this be a detestable lie! Who can enumerate the deluded, the indifferent, those who, indeed, have great anxiety for their body and temporal, but who treat their poor, immortal soul, as Cain did his brother Abel, murder it—yes, murder it by a life of sin, lead it to the devil, to be destroyed by him, deliver it to eternal perdition!

If the body is threatened by the least danger how great is not the anxiety to preserve it? If the slightest indisposition befalls them, there is no end of lamentation: then no remedies are too costly, no operations too painful, to restore the health of the body. But if the soul is indisposed, yea, mortally wounded, how little is done for its restoration! Days, weeks, and months pass, before the remedy is sought in the sacrament of penance. The slightest effort is too burdensome to save the soul from eternal perdition. The precious gift of time is not appreciated, it is passed in enmity with God, without acquiring merits for Heaven. They calmly look into the abyss of hell, on whose brink they stand and into which they may momentarily plunge, since, imperceptibly, the night of death approaches, preventing their doing aught to redeem the past.

On one occasion, when Agelundus, the king of the Longobards, accompanied by his armor bearers, was walking on the shore of lake Comer, he saw at no great distance several children merrily playing in a boat. Coming nearer, he perceived with horror that the vessel was nearly sinking. "Children," he cried, "you are lost, if you do not immediately take hold of my lance, so I can draw you to the shore." Only one obeyed the royal summons, the others suffered the penalty of their disobedience by drowning. Joyfully the king, enclosed in his arms the child that was saved, had him educated in his palace, where eventually he succeeded him to the throne under the name of Lamassio.

Dear beloved Christians, like those children in the skiff, we also sail in frail vessels on the sea of life. At any moment our tiny life boat may be shattered in death, and woe to us if we are not prepared; if we appear before God without sanctifying grace, we shall be buried in the flames of hell. On the shore stands Jesus as a merciful king and reaches out to us the saving lance in the sacrament of penance, to draw poor sinners, as children of God, to that happy shore where awaits them the inheritance of eternal life. Oh, let us seize this holy lance of salvation, and permit ourselves by a worthy confession, to be drawn by Jesus from the abyss of our misery to swell that glorious legion of children of God and heirs of heaven. "To sin is human," says St. Bernard, "but to remain in sin, is satanic," in malice. This makes us like unto devils: it places us in the greatest danger of becoming the companions of demons in the fiery ocean of eternal hell. But let us glorify God's mercy by true penance and a speedy return after our fall, for St. Chrysostom, the holy doctor of the Church,

promises us "not only to find grace, but the wounds inflicted by sin will be transformed into brilliant stars, which will glitter in our Heavenly crown for all eternity." Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Castle-Building Boys.

I love the youth of spirit high Who dreams of coming glory, Who means with heroes true to vie And live a noble story; Who, void of fears, finds manhood's years Teotardly advancing, And longs for fame in life's great game That Hope paints so enticing.

I love the boy who sees himself In fancy's magic mirror, Uprated 'bove thought of sordid pelf, A knight to whom is dearer True worth of soul than fortune's scroll. Integrity than fashion— A man of might who loves the right, Nor knows the way of passion.

But best I love the manly lad Who never lets his longing For future fame make havoc sad With tasks about him thronging; Whose brave heart now seeks only how To do each present duty, And earns the while his Father's smile— Life's truest fame and beauty.

—Father Cheerheart in Ave Maria.

He Was a Gentleman.

A few days ago I was passing through a pretty, shady street, where some boys were playing at base ball. Among their number was a little lame fellow, seemingly about twelve years old—a pale, sickly looking child, supported on two crutches, and who evidently found much difficulty in walking, even with such assistance.

The lame boy wished to join the game, for he did not seem to see how much his infirmity would be in his own way, and how much it would hinder the progress of such an active sport as base ball.

His companions, very good naturedly, tried to persuade him to stand at one side and let another take his place; and I was glad to notice that none of them hinted that he would be in the way, but that they all objected for fear he would hurt himself.

"Why, Jimmy!" said one at last, "you can't run, you know."

"Oh, hush!" said another—the tallest in the party: "never mind, I'll run for him," and he took his place by Jimmy's side, prepared to act. "If you were like him," he said, aside to the other boys, "you wouldn't want to be told of it all the time."

As I passed on I thought to myself that there was a true gentleman.—Ex.

Mary, the Queen of October.

(From the Child.)

The Church opens the summer season by dedicating this month to the Virgin of virgins, and by calling her by the sweetest of all names. Virgin potent, Virgin faithful, and so many other names. The spring is hers and is made hers by the display made in her honor by the children, the nuns and the Churches all over the world, and she is pleased with such honors, and to show her gratitude, as it were, toward children and reward their child like simplicity, she has vouchsafed to appear to children whenever she left her glorious throne to come down on earth to call upon men.

Now, is it not fit to close the season in the same worthy manner in which it was commenced, by dedicating to her honor the month of October? Yes, certainly, and we all rejoice in this, and children above all will try during this month to offer her their thoughts and actions during the school season, so that the one who is called the Queen of the Clergy may assist them in learning the holy doctrines concerning her.

Nothing is more amiable than the tender, sweet devotion of children to the Blessed Virgin Mary. There is no effort demanded on the part of the child to induce him to love his mother, and the name of mother addressed to Mary the mother of God reaches home—that is to say, penetrates the heart of the heavenly queen when uttered by an innocent child.

There is hardly a thing that brings about sweeter memories of the days of youth spent in Europe under the shadow of the mantle of the one called "Tower of David." During college days the boys, and in like manner the girls in their convents, were led often during the summer days to visit some of the rustic chapels on the roadside and here to kneel down and pray to the Virgin mild represented so vividly to them in some sacred shrine devoted to her.

There, in some secluded spot, under the sturdy, ivy-grown oak of a luxuriant valley, is placed a little statue that people passing by salute and venerate. In other places the Virgin Mother is made the protectress and guardian of a cool spring, the water of which is so refreshing to the traveler passing by, while he recites devoutly a prayer at the foot of the little statue.

Other times a whole band of children would enter a chapel dedicated to her, and there intone a "Magnificat" or an "Ave Maria Stella" in her honor. The recitation of prayers at such shrines, made aloud by a number of young men, is very edifying, and one after witnessing such touching scenes, must say something divine exhales in those places and the finger of God is there.

Our Duty.

Duty is often an ugly word—"a bugbear to the youthful mind." We are so apt to fancy that duties are unfairly allotted; that others are burdened more lightly than we are. As a matter of fact no one is free from duty save those who are not worthy to bear responsibility—the infant, the idiot, the imbecile. The more duty we have, the more complimentary to our strength of character.

"What do you call 'duties'?" was asked of a young complainant.

"The things I don't want to do," he answered, smartly enough.

"Well, why don't you make of them things that you want to do?" persisted his interrogator.

"I'd get little thanks!" he retorted.

The matter of "thanks" has much to do with aversion to duty. We all like to be recompensed for our efforts, especially when we do more than is required of us. Conscientious performance of duty always brings its own recompense. Our reward may be invisible for a time, "but soon or late the Father makes His perfect recompense to all." It is sure to come, as soon as we can think with Fielding:

When I'm not thanked at all, I'm thanked enough; I've done my duty and I've done no more.

To exceed requirement is the highest exception of duty, and this alone transforms duty into pleasure.

No task is too mean, too common for us when duty demands that we must do it. A story going the rounds tells of an ambitious girl who found herself occupied day after day with disagreeable household tasks. As the future seemed to shut down hopelessly around these homely duties, the girl grew complaining and bitter. One day her father, who was the village doctor, said to her: "Do you see those vials? They are cheap, worthless things in themselves, but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in another a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials themselves, but for what they carry. So with our duties, insignificant and worthless in themselves, but the patience or anger or high-thinking or bitterness which we put in them, that is the important thing, the immortal thing."

A similar parable is found in the old legend of an artist who sought for a piece of sandalwood out of which to carve a Madonna. At last he was about to give up in despair, leaving the vision of his life unrealized, when in a dream he was bidden to shape the figure from a block of oakwood which was destined for the fire. Obeying the command, he produced from a log of common firewood a masterpiece. "In like manner," says the exchange to whom we are indebted for the version, "people wait for great and brilliant opportunities for doing the good things, the beautiful things of which they dream, while through all the plain, common days the very opportunities they require for such deeds lie close to them, in the simplest and most familiar passing events and in the homeliest circumstances."

Of what is a great picture made? Of canvas and colors—common field flax, common earthy pigments applied with an insignificant little brush of hairs. Yet because the painter makes the best use of his materials his picture becomes a masterpiece. So it is with our daily tasks. Common duties nobly accomplished make up the masterpiece of life. The person without duties is apt to have a jelly fish character. The very effort of doing one's duty unflinchingly and cheerfully makes one acquire the "good self"—self reliance and self respect. No duty comes to us to be done unless God so wills it. Father Faber quaintly says: "Every hour comes with some little fagot of God's will fastened at its back." Duty should be done for its own sake, for the sake of the doer and for the sake of Him who never gives us more than we can bear.—Catholic Standard and Times.

THE CROSS.

It almost seems as if God had marked the cross on the things that we see around us on purpose that we should never be able to forget it. You cannot see a bird fly in the air but with his wings he makes the sign of the cross, teaching us thereby that if we also seek to rise above this world it can only be by means of the same holy sign. You cannot see a tree but its side branches and trunk present the same figure, reminding us of that tree to which our dear Lord was nailed and the glorious fruit which it has brought forth throughout the earth. You cannot see a ship but the cross is set forth by its mast and yards, showing us by what means we may hope to pass the waves of this troublesome world. Flowers have the cross painted on their leaves; sunset skies, in their clouds, and in the Southern Hemisphere there is a beautiful constellation which bears its name.

GREAT LITERARY FIND.

Folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei" and Others Works.

London, August 22.—C. Norris Matthews, the librarian of Bristol, has made a most interesting discovery. Among a great number of brown paper parcels in the lumber room of the library he has found a grand folio of St. Augustine's "De Civitate Dei," printed in Basle in 1479; Peter Martyr's "De Orbe Novo Decades," containing the earliest printed data of Cabot's voyages, and another work, with notes supposedly made by the hand of Chatterton.

Besides these Mr. Matthews discovered some interesting manuscripts on the subjects of mediæval surgery and numerous other valuable works.

THINK about your health. Do not allow scrofula taints to develop in your blood. Take Hood's Sarsaparilla now and keep yourself well.

Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup stands at the head of the list for all diseases of the throat and lungs. It acts like magic in breaking up a cold. A cough is soon subdued, tightness of the chest is relieved, even the worst case of consumption is relieved, while in recent cases it may be said never to fail. It is a medicine prepared from the active principles or virtues of several medicinal herbs, and can be depended upon for all pulmonary complaints.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Be Patient While We May.

The hands are such dear hands— They are so full; they turn at our demands So often; they reach out With trills scarcely thought about So many times; they do So many things for me, for you— If their fond wills mistake We may well bend, not break.

They are such fond, frail lips That speak to us; pray, if love strips Them of discretion many times, Or if they speak very slow or quick, such crimes We may pass by; for we may see Days not far off when these small words may be Held not as slow or quick or out of place, but dear. Because the lips are no more here.

They are such dear, familiar feet that go Along the path with ours—feet fast or slow, And trying to keep pace—if they mistake Or tread upon some flower that we would take Upon our breast, or bruise some reed, Or crush poor Hope until it bleeds. We may be mute.

Not turning quickly to impute Grave fault, for they and we Have such a little way to go—can be Together such a little while along the way— We will be patient while we may.

So many little faults we find We see them, for not blind Is love; we see them, but if you and I Perhaps remember them some by and by They will not be.

Faults then—grave faults—to you and me, But just odd ways—mistakes, or even less— Remembrances to bless; Faults that—grave faults—yes, hours— We see so differently in suns and showers; Mistaken words to night May be cherished by to-morrow's light. We may be patient, for we know There's such a little way to go.

—New York Observer

You Need More General Exercise

To quicken the circulation, To purify the blood, To clear the brain, To improve digestion, To remove that "tired feeling," To secure symmetry, To square those shoulders, To increase lung capacity, To give you better muscular control, more grace, agility, etc., To give you a better temper and make you a more successful man.

Heroes and Heroines of Every Day Life

This article from the clever paper called Vogue, makes so many excellent points that are deserving of consideration by young men who are making their first studies of the great problems of life, that it is here copied for their benefit:

"One deplorable effect of the cancerous literature of the Ibsen, Zola and other realistic schools of writing is that by unduly emphasizing the baser qualities of the race it develops in the reader a suspicious contempt for humanity. The sensational press, which exploits the sins and follies of what is, in reality, but a very small class in any civilized community, also fosters a sentiment of scorn for humanity and a suspicion that even the apparently upright are in fact sinners masquerading as saints.

"Whether one accepts the theological or the scientific theory of man's creation and his development, viewed from either standpoint, it must be conceded that he has been hard beset by foes without in his efforts to attain ethical heights. Weighted down by inherited instincts, by environment, by ignorance, slowly and stumbly he has climbed upward, striving ever to attain an ever-developing ideal. Against fearful odds he has reached out after goodness, and although some there who are secretly criminal, the masses of men, in civilized communities at least, are not violators of the Commandments.

"An agnostic who as becomes a believer in evolution, regards man's shortcomings charitably, asked a priest of the Roman Catholic Church whether or not from the intimate knowledge of humanity he had gathered in the race. The ecclesiastic answered, 'I respect it.' That is the testimony of one to whom the folly, the pettiness, the meanness and the sins of humanity are laid bare as they are to God Himself. The priest knows also what the Ibsens and the daily press reporters do not—the repentance, the strivings to do right, the temptations overcome.

Man's virtues are accepted as matters of course, the world stupidly refusing to recognize the heroism, the fidelity and the patience that are to be met with on every hand. For example, there is that most commonplace of social factors—the man who supports his family. That is taken as a matter of course, a clear case of duty. But duty frequently goes most uncomfortably against the grain, especially when it depletes one's purse, and man is not a saint. When young he married because he loved. In the enthusiasm of love's ecstasy he regarded supporting the adored one as a small price to pay for the joy of appropriating her. On his return to sanity he found himself committed to earning a livelihood for a woman for life, and as most of the world is poor, the average man must curtail his bachelor comforts and dispense with little luxuries in order to meet this new condition. The man—many millions of them—goes on, year after year, fulfilling his contract, the exactions of which he did not realize in the days when he went a wooing.

"Occasionally—very occasionally—he deserts his post when mouths to be fed multiply, but usually he manfully takes up the burden and sacrifices health and years on the altar of the family and shuts himself away from most of the relaxations and pleasures of life. He is not a god nor a saint, but just an every-day man, heir to various

infirmities, who lives up to onerous obligations. Not a spectacularly heroic figure, perhaps, but a hero for all that.

"It is with the woman as with the man. In all the homes throughout the land she moves, much enduring and unselfish. The romantic twin-soul dreams have long ago been translated into the daily trials and anxieties of family life. However young or however inexperienced she may have been as a bride, as duties presented themselves she rose to the occasion and to the best of her ability she has striven to fulfil the obligations she so heedlessly assumed.

"Only her duty! To be sure, it is her duty to care for husband and children and house, but the duty is oftentimes hard, very hard, and the woman is, after all, but a faulty human being. If in despair she flung off her load in the manner of Nora in Ibsen's Doll House, it ought not to occasion surprise. But she is not a shirk. In millions of homes, on desolate prairies, in disease breeding tenements, she bravely fulfills her pledge. Is there anywhere a more heroic figure than that of the poor widow, without proper training in any pursuit, who brings up her family of little ones to be self respecting maidens and youths?—at what awful cost of suffering and sacrifice God alone knows.

"Ah! Not even Joan of Arc was more heroic.

"If people only worked one-half as industriously to discover their neighbors' virtues as they do to ferret out their sins, the community would be speedily resolved into a society of mutual admirers."

A Sign of a Disordered Liver.

"A greasy nose is as sure a sign of a disordered liver," explained a physician to a reporter, "as anything that I know outside of real sickness, and by studying this as a barometer much trouble can be averted. In these days when a full outfit of medical granules for liver troubles can be secured for 10 cents at any drug store, there is but little excuse for it except in rare cases, when 10 cents worth of medicine won't do the work, and here a physician is necessary. I was much amused at reading in a New York paper recently an article written by one of these modern beautifiers of a preparation that was said to be a sure remedy for a greasy nose. It went on to tell how much rose leaves, how much vinegar, spirits of wine and a half dozen other things should be used in a preparation to wash the nose, and after advising that some liver medicine should be used in connection therewith. Now, I can assure you that the liver medicine would effect the cure without the rose leaves and the other stuff, and, indeed, in spite of it. I don't mean to say that one of those swollen, three times enlarged and fiery red proboscis can be reduced with a little liver medicine, but what is known as greasy nose will be removed by it."

Another Hero.

Here's a hero who is worthy to rank right along with the best of them. Leo Bridgewater is with a Missouri regiment at Chickamauga. His mother died recently, leaving three small children in destitute circumstances. Bridge-water was in the army and could not be discharged, so he took up a collection and bought a tub and soap and irons, and started a laundry. His comrades heard of the reason and patronized him, so that he has been enabled to send home money to feed and clothe the children.

The West Kind of Failures.

Many a man has succeeded in his business or profession, but failed as a man; many a man has become eminent as a lawyer or merchant but has been a tyrant in his home, and faithless in his friendships; many a man has reached the top round in his occupation, but is still on the bottom round in his character.

Pays Big Dividends.

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FRIENDS PREVAILED

A Nervous Toronto Woman Walked the Floor During the Night for Hours at a Time—She Makes a Statement.

TORONTO, ONT.—"I was troubled with nervousness. It was impossible for me to keep still and if the spells came over me during the night I had to get up and walk the floor for hours at a time. My blood was very poor and I was subject to bilious attacks. My feet would swell and I was not able to do my own household work. I treated with two of the best physicians here but only received relief for a time. I became discouraged. One day a friend called and advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. I laughed at the advice but I was prevailed upon and procured one bottle. Before I used it all I began to feel better. I took several bottles and also several boxes of Hood's Pills. Now I can eat and drink heartily and sleep soundly. Hood's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me and also strengthened me so that I now do all my own work. I cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all sufferers from nervousness, weakness or general debility." MRS. H. F. PARM, Degraas Street.

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My niece's little baby boy had Eczema all over his face, so that he needed constant watching, and he scratched the sores constantly. Mornings his face, hands and clothes would be stained with blood. She never could take him out, his face was so full of sores. She had medical treatment, and tried using the CUTICURA REMEDIES. The sores left his face and hands entirely cured, and now his face is smooth and rosy.

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