THE KING'S RANSOM.

True Story of the Sacrifice Made by a Faithful Heart.

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Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning, and the joyful notes were re-echoed in each listening heart, for the long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come. Like the allembracing smile of God, was poured the mellow sunlight over the chill old English town, making a golden frame for the ever-varying scenes its narrow streets presented; while the shrill chirp of the robin and twitter of the chirp of the robin and twitter of the sparrow—why dwelling there having light wings to carry them to open fields and leafy solitudes no man knoweth—were Nature's expressions of her great heart rapture. Beyond the city where she dwelt, her thousand choirs sent forth long drawn out notes of gladness, her stately hills bedecked themselves in verdant mantles, crocus broidered, and her vales smiled through violets' eyes joy at their awakening. To the dwellers in the city her rapture is but waking echoes of music heard in dreams; but Easter's voice is still the same. Here it speaks by thrill of bird and flowers bloc oming ; there by silvery

notes sent out from lofty steeples. From almost every point within sound of the alleluias falling from its many pillared belfrey came flocks of worshippers to old St. Mary's shrine there to offer fealty to their Risen King: Fashion, Wealth, and Power, side by ide with Misery, Pain and Woe, passed up the marble steps and through the fretted doorway, nor said the lordling to the slave: "Stand thou aside!" to the slave : for in His court all men are equals. The light from the hundred tapers was for all; the rich perfume of flowers. mingling with the pungent odor of swinging censers, was for all; and for all were the songs borne downward on

the organ's pealing. Where the humblest of these prayed. far back under the gallery's rounded floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien preclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith en lightened eyes told of a soul made rich

in the spiritual blessings trials bring. Ten years had passed since she, then a slip of a peasant girl, whose laughing voice was as sweet as the whistle of a blackbird, whose blue eyes were as clear as the sky over hanging her, had left her father's cot on an Irish hillside, within sound of the sea's continua calling, to face the over-crowded English city in search of a fortune to lift her loved ones from the poverty into which they had fallen. They had been long years of terrible repression and endless toil. She had found the road from the start harsh and painful to feet accustomed to springy, dew-soaked mountain grass, the work strange to fingers used to mending fishing-nets or gathering in the drip ping sea-weed. She had eaten of the bread of the stranger and had found it more bitter than Dead Sea fruit. She had sunk her plummet into the world's heart to quickly find a bottom of cruel exacting selfishness. She had trusted friendship and had been betrayed; she had given her love and it had been slighted. In the unsuspecting innocence of her heart she had confided in and soreness of spirit that if there is

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humanity only to learn in bitterness no height it cannots cale, there is, alas no depth so vile to which it cannot descend. The world had taught her its lesson well and the knowledge thereby gleaned had shown her-had the unquestioning faith of Ireland's children ever deserted her—the futility and de-ing lusion of all hopes centered on the fleeting things of earth. But now the years of toil were over and she was going home! The next sun to rise for her would be across the purple-tinted hills of Ireland : the next

words to greet her hungry ears would be the caed mille faithe of her people. The price of her freedom lay in yellow gold in her pocket. True, she had given in exchange her youth and health. True, the ring had gone from the voice, the light from the eyes, and the simplicity and trust she had brought with her lay buried in the cold English town. But even this remembrance could not dampen her joy as over her mind surged the thought of that home-going. She would again the moist grass beneath her feet, hear the melody poured from the wild thrush's throat, and look on the ocean's gray and melancholy waste." the fisher girl's heart had longed for the sea! How often had she waked in the hush of the early morn with its calling in her ears! Now she could answer its summons. She was at last

going back to it and to her people.

It is no wonder that as she knelt on the cold tiling that Easter morning, the great joy in her heart, reproducing it elf on the pale, thin face, that still re tained signs of its former comeliness, made more than one of her companions ook at her in surprised scrutiny. tried to banish all distracting thoughts, out when her eyes would rest on the distant altar, an exquisite poem wrought out in marble by some artist centuries agone, a picture of the simple vooden shrine before which her child ish lips had whispered their earliest prayer would come before her mind and instead of the great mingling of wealth and poverty, she would see the scattered groups of fisher-folk with reverently bowed heads as over them the aged priest pronounced the words of benediction

With the sudden recalling from a musing mood by the remembrance of where she was, she slightly turned her head; and in doing so her eyes fell on the face of a man near her whose expression, as baffling as it was fascinatng, held her captive. His gaze was ixed on the officiating priest with an intensity that was startling. She

quailed before it. With an effort she removed her eyes, and, crossing her self devoutly, re-common and self devoutly, re-commenced her rosary. In vain she strove to keep her eyes from wandering to the man, and when she looked again she saw that the intensity in his gaze had deep ened, the expression on his face had ne more pronounced : It was like

hatred fanned to maniacal rage. "He is a madman!" she thought, instinctively pushing from him into the crowd at her other side. It yielded slightly and she felt more secure. A hundred thoughts concerning him passed her mind without fashioning selves into anything definite;

but he was unconscious of her gaze.

The tinkling of a bell aroused her, and, rising with the crowd, she passed down the isle to the sanctuary railing. Never wholly divested of the namele fear calling for the vigilant watch the face of the man had inspired, her heart became calmer, her thoughts grew prayful, as she knelt to make that sub line act of faith and receive the sacramental Lord into her soul. Then sh turned from the altar, but stopped short and all but shricked out her horror at the act she beheld. She saw man take from his mouth the Sacred Host he had but a moment before received from the hands of the priest, and fold it In a handkerchief, which he placed carefully in his pocket. He darted through the crowd

Had the dread abode of the eternally lost opened under her feet the loyal Catholic heart of the woman could not have been more appalled. All the evil she had ever seen or heard of seemed shaped suddenly into that one She knew him now, an emissary of the Satan worshippers, and she knew the purpose of the awful theft. She forced a way through the dense crowd, time to see him, as she left the church, turn a distant corner. After him she flew possessed of but one thought, to rescue the Sacred Host from his sacrilegious hands. But the race was long and her feet seemed leaden-One wild prayer after another went up from her quickly throbbing heart that she might over take him before he should pass into any of the wicked haunts toward which the street led. Gradually she gained

on him and was beside him.
"You wretched man!" she cried, as catching the quick fall of her feet

on the stones, he glanced around.
"What do you mean, my good woman?" he asked, the evil eyes looking down on her flushed face with a "I saw you," she cried, between

gasps of breath, "stealing the Sacred 'Did you?" he sneered. "And

what are you going to do about it?"
"You must give It to me!" sl "You must! You must! You must !"

A mocking laugh rang out on the soft air as he turned away. Despair crept into her heart, for she knew she powerless to move him. Again she called to God; and it was then she thought of her preciously hoarded Wait!" she cried. "Will you

give it to me for money?" Not for the little you may have. he sneered, looking at the poorly clad

figure.
"I can give more than you think," 'How much ?"

She named half the amount in her pocket, but he shook his head and

'Wait!" she sobbed. "I have more," and she held out to him the savings of the ten long years. He looked at the pile of yellow gold, then at the white, wrung face of the pleading woman.

"This is all you have?"

'Yes!' "You have worked all your life to amass it ?"

"For ten years." "And yet you offer it to me for this ost? Why woman, I can steal another, as many as I want, before the day is over !"

I cannot prevent that. But give me this One and take my money. He looked at her again, hesitated, and then unbuttoned his coat and

handed her the handkerchief.
"You fool!" he said, taking her gold and turning on his heel with a mocking laugh.

Possessed of the Sacred Host, the woman fell on her knees in gratitude and adoration, then she rose and retraced her steps until she reached the rectory. To the hastily summoned priest she told her story.
"But what what will you do now?

he asked of her later.
"I will go back to work, Father," she said, without a quiver in her voice; and so she did, working as faithfully and uncomplainingly as of yore in the home of the stranger. But think you the great sacrifice made by that loyal heart yielded her no rich reward? From that time, a peace, passing all understanding, made a dwelling place in her soul. As the years wore on the hoard again began to grow, grow rapidly, and when I listened to this story, I was standing by her side as she sat on the steps of her childhood's home, her dim, blue eyes resting on the long, lonely reach of beach, toward which crept the rest less, foam-capped, whispering sea. — Beatrice Bancroft in Catholic Colum-

Spring is full of terrors to all whose constitution is not able to resist the

James Whitcomb Riley to Crouch. That is an exquisite bit of verse James Whitcomb Riley has addressed to the com-poser of "Kathleen Mavoureen." Here it

Kathleen Mavoureen, the song is still ringing,
As fresh and as clear as the trill of the bird,
n world-weary hearts it is sobbing and sing-

ing,
In pathos too sweet for the tenderest word. Oh, have we forgotten the one who first

And have we forgotten his rapturous art? Our meed to the master whose genius bequeathed it? Oh, why art thou silent, thou voice of my

Kathleen Mayourneen, thy lover still ling-The long night is waning—the stars pale and few. and few.

Thy sad serenader, with tremulous fingers,

Is bound with his tears as the lily with

The old harpstrings quaver, the old voice is shaking, In sighs and in sobs moans the yearning refrain, The old vision dims and the old heart is breaking— Kathleen Mavoureen, inspire us again!

"AVE MARIS STELLA."

sewfoundland Fishermen go Down in the Sea Singing the Hymn They Learned in Childhood.

A writer in Macmillan's Magazine gives an interesting description of picturesque St. Malo. He says: It s autumn, and already the Newfoundland fishing boats are coming back, one by one. There is a saying here one by one. There is a saying here that it is "The wind of St. Francois that brings home the Terreneuvas, and surely on Oct. 4, the fete of St. Francois d'Assissi, there is a fair, strong wind blowing from the west. In many of the villages round St. Malo, and inland, where one can no longer catch sight of the sea, there will be those who turn their faces west ward to greet the wind that has filled the returning sails; in many cottages the good wife will look to her cider and tell herself it must be ready against the gars comes home. Perhap the gars is indeed a boy, as the word signifies; perhaps, also, he is a gray haired man; but to the good wife who waits for him at home he is always the gars. And she brings out the great armchair from the corner, where it has stood unused all the long summer, and sets it by the fire; it is empty still, but she fills it for the present

with hope. Outside the sun shines broadly golden and the trees wave in the wind: one hears the thud of falling apples, and the ground beneath variously yellow or green or red with them; in the yard there is a scented shining heap of fruit, and the cidermill is at work. Everywhere there is the rich, strong smell of apples in the air: it is autumn, and the Terreneuvas

are coming home.

Describing a beautiful religious custom of the place the writer says: Slowly the procession moves on till it reaches an altar built up against the ramparts of St. Malo, a mass of rocks, a boat dashing up against them, the foot draped with long grass-like sea-weed, and on the rock the Virgin standing with hands outstretched, as if in greeting. The boat is filled with tiny boys, dressed like the others in white and blue as sailors; and as the crowd presses up, and the procession passes along slowly, the boys in the poat kneel, and, lifting their hands toward the Virgin, they begin to sing

Ave, Maris Stella, Dei Mater Alma! The sun shines brilliantly on the white veils of the girls, on the banners, the statuettes, on the tall crucifix; it shines on the upturned faces of the crowd, on the rocks and the boat, on the white Virgin and the little children that kneel and sing to her. And beyond it shines on the sea, so blue to day, so infinitely calm.

There was a schooner came home lately bringing with it some men from goelette wretcked in a storm off the Newfoundland banks. They had been picked up half dead floating on spars and they said that in the storm, them selves beyond hope, they had seen another boat sink near them. She had gone down with her crew kneeling on her deck and singing: "Ave, Maris her deck and singing: "Ave, Stella! Hail, Star of the Sea!" The name of her was not known. Only she was lost, she and her crew that sang as these children were singing now, and who, perhaps long ago when they were little lads, had themselves been chosen to sing and kneel in the boat dashing upon the mimic rocks at the Feast of the Rosary. She was lost, she and her crew. These are the Terreneuvas, or Newfoundland fisher-

men, who do not come home. Catholics as Citizens.

Regarding the Catholic layman in civic life, let it be said that no power on earth can turn him from what is right. Laymen should know well their religion, for only through intelligence can men become Christians. Study well the interests of Church and State you must be the first in all good works and you must not confine yourself to Catholic organizations. Unite with everybody that you can unite with on the platform of good morals and good citizenship. You need in this great opportunity only intelligence, good will and energy. If the ten millions of Catholics in the United States were If the ten millions worthy of their name what an impression they would make. When God gives you talent use it in every possi-ble way. If you can write, exert your influence through the press for sudden changes of temperature and everything that is good. If you can other insalubrities of the season. To speak, speak for truth and virtue, and other insalubrities of the season. To put the system in condition to overcome these evils, nothing is so effective as Aver's Sassanailly. The condition to the system in condition to overcome these evils, nothing is so effective as Aver's Sassanailly. The condition is so that the system is good. If you can speak, speak for truth and virtue, and if you have the ability to be leaders, create and execute good work for the ive as Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Take it interests of your fellow-man.—Arch-bishop Ireland.

ST. JOHN'S ELOQUENCE The Sublimity of the Writings of the

Inspired Evangelist.

The art nearest to nature, the art we learn first, is the art of speaking. it, few attain excellence, because few worship an art so commonplace, and art must be wooed and worshipped in order to be won. St. John is conspicuous among writers for his eloquence, because he obeys always the canons of the highest art. To convince and persuade being the aim of eloquence, the orator has these ends always in view, and pleasing speech is but a means to this end. Speech is pleasing if it conveys truth to the mind, waking lofty feelings in the heart, filling fancy with bright images and spreading a pleasant glow over the features of him who speaks, as well as to him who listens. "I had the pleasure of meeting your brother. What a charming man he is -I found him the soul of kindness, and I do hope that we are going to be good friends." Such words in a sister's ear are honey, but they lack convincing power simply because conviction is not their aim.

St John aims always to carry convic tion, not merely to please and to charm. Besides, much that is called eloquence is intended to excite heated feelings to produce some passing effect. The divine writer desires to rouse no heat. and the effect he aims to accomplish is lifelong. Therefore his eloquence is not that of the torrent, but the brook not the ocean in storm, but the lake stirred by the breeze. There is the same mass, the same color, the movement differs—the movement is that of great knocking at the door of conscience, not of human persuasion kindling a passing glow of enthusiasm. "If thou knewest the gift of God and who is that saith to thee, 'give me to drink;' thou wouldst have asked of Him, and He vouldst have given thee living water.' The fires of divine love are as well compared to cooling waters as to glow-

ing flames. uence does not consist in abundance language, wealth of illustration, depth of learning. Eloquence, like all fine arts, acts on us by suggestion. Eloquent is the speaker whose touch is magnetic, swift, soft, captivating, clear, commanding — eloquent is he who says more by a look, a smile, a novement of the hand, than by periods involved and studied.

"They have no wine," said Our Lady to her Son. These four words convinced and persuaded God Himself to modify from eternity the plan of the opening scene of the world's redemption. "They have no wine." Woman never ask directly for what she wants or for what others desire to obtain through her. She never goes straight at the mark. Her arm vas not made for straight throwing but for rounded movement. "They have no wine." Behold the confusion beginning to reign. See the bride-groom's deep blush. Watch the steward's deferential but constrained attitude. Notice that Our Lady is the first to perceive it. How well He understands all that He does not say How well He 'What is that to us; my hour is no yet come." What else passed, what smiles, looks of entreaty, what rememberance of past promise, what re-minder that if His hour had not come, she is still His mother! What force in the mother's urgent glance! What filial reverence in the submissive smile of God! What volumes of controversy, room for heretical ravings, wide spaces for sound sanctity wrapped in the golden silence of St. John's

speech! Fancy Our Lady telling him the story. His attitude to her precisely parents must realize their obligation that which her Son once held. What proud humility in the maiden mother's of their offspring. This work must be consciousness of queening it over the universe and its Maker. A proud humility in which there is no shadow without instruction is better than inof imperfection. What graceful yield ing of creature to Creator in her turning to the servants and saying: of the parents will be communicated to the children. If the parents are care-

it." All commands from Him, as well as favors, flow through her, and the the children, without a very special quiet stream of St. John's eloquence a grace, will be like them. deep pool, transparent, inviting, reflecting mossy banks and azure a pool wherein the weary soul bathes and is cleansed from the stain of despondency and the mortification of failure. In the spiritual life whatever happens at the feast there is no such thing as a failing supply at the banquet while her watchful eye is on the board and the servants are attentive to her behests. How nature and grace combine in the steward's prompt how ready she was to chase the cloud wins a world by her eloquence. Divine St. John! favor of favors to know this from thee, and to know that thou wert

lelicate Christian courtesy.

A wedding scene contains more condensed emotion than any other scene in human life. The awful nature of the sacrifice, the vastness of it, the uncertainty hanging round the married pair, the possibilities of weal or woe, the birth then and there of a family, its links of gold and steel, its meetings and partings, its revelations of good and kind feeling, all lend it a solemnity ill concealed by its festive dressing. But a lady will see and permit to be seen only the bright and joyous side of all this. She will thrust the

rounded with omens of ill owing to the corruption and dissoluteness of men, the fickleness and lightmindedness of women. The priest who ties the knot trembles like an aspen leaf and hides behind the doctrine that bride and groom themselves are ministers of the sacrament, and he but the solemn wit ness. No wonder, then, we need Our Lady's cloak, no wonder her presence must be invoked to bend the heavens nearer to the earth, no wonder at her bidding her Son stretches the arm of omnipotence first and foremost over the hearth, lighting its first fire with sparks of holy love and blessing the huge vases that stand by the door, till they blush into fountains of joy that may not be exhausted, while Mary remains at the banquet and

Jesus is still at her side.

The glowing eloquence of this simple passage rebukes the recreant Christian, whosoever he be, that dis honors his Lord and Saviour, by lessen ing the least privilege of her who is at once our Comrade's best inspiration and our own. The Mother of God is our Mother; the sky above, her mantle; its clouds of white, the face our Lady chooses to wear; lakes are mirrors that remind us of her serene face; and flowers, the poetry scattered by angel hands upon her pathway. Woman gave us our being, our God, our religion; woman is our joy our pride, our solace, our en-couragement. When we are false to her or drag her from her shrine, then only does Eden close and the flaming sword sink deep into our cor-rupted hearts. John, the virgin, eaches the chivalrous admiration born of unbounded confidence. Mary excited the admiration, inspired the fidence, and the eloquent description of the scene in which this confidence was born prepares the soul for that other clos sing scene of the drama, wherein they were wedded in woe as now in joy; where the pain of parting capped the climax of ecstatic sorrow as the joy of the supernatural cup had capped the climax of unitive joy in the consummation of the wedding feast. Soaring eagle, bright spirit of sunny flight, above all clouds and mists serene, graceful, swift, commanding; when Cicero and Demosthenes are forgotten, Webster and Patrick Henry are fragmentary relics of antiquated lore, you sunny simplicity in heralding Mary' matchless magnificence will place first among the world's orators. - Rev T. E. Sherman in Sacred Heart Messen

ger. THE FAMILY A SCHOOL FOR

HEAVEN. The family is the divinely appointed school instituted by Providence for the express purpose of training up candi dates for heaven. The school is the world, and the present life is the time of discipline: therefore, the interests of time are not to be overlooked. The means of living—if possible a comfortable living—must be provided. But he alone lives according to the design of Providence, and for his own highest and best interest, who lives for God, for heaven, for eternity. The home should be the sweetest, the most lovely and attractive place in the world-in fact, it should be a little heaven upon eartha place where domestic peace and har ony reign, where virtue is engaged, vice banished, and all the members of the family seek not their own happi ness but each the happiness of all the rest. How shall this happy state of things be brought about?

The family is a school of discipline and instruction. The parents are the teachers, the children the pupils. There are mutual obligations and mutual duties. In the first place, the struction without example; but both should go together. The ruling spirit of the parents will be communicated to less, worldly, indifferent Christians,

What a different state of society there would be, what a different aspect the Church would present, if all parents did their duty! It is a sad thought that so many vicious young people of both sexes received their first inclination to evil in the home, which should have been to them a school of virtue. The eachers to whose care Almighty God committed them proved recreant to their duty. They failed to realize their responsibility. Not only did they not instruct them, but they failed to set grace combine in the stewards prompt recourse to the bridegroom and his quick admission of proffered help and quick admission of proffered help and them a good example, says the Sacred Heart Review. Their whole conduct conduct were derived from this world, from the sky, how womanly, how not from those higher, holier consider tender, how graceful! "Hail full of ations which pertain to the life to come ations which pertain to the life to come grace," cries the reader, and Mary Their thoughts were groveling on the earth. What shall we eat, what shall we drink and wherewith shall we be clothed — these were present to see, to feel, to thrill and to the ideas that occupied their chief prolong the sweet tradition of most time and attention, to the neglect of

the more important concerns of etern ity. Their discipline, instead of being firm and at the same time mild and gentle, was fitful, capricious unreasonable, oftentimes cruel and heartless. What could be expected from such treatment if not that the children imitate the example of the parents and become impatient, passionate, resent-ful and cruel? We feel that it can not be too often urged upon parents never to punish their children in a passion. The lesson of self-denial and self-restrain in exercising discipline with calmness and even with compasgood into prominence and hide all the sion under provoking circumstances evil. In our day weddings are sur-

The duty of instruction requires that the parent should not only send his children to the day school, the Sunday school and avail himself for their sake of such means of instruction as the pastor of the parish provides, but also that he should instruct them at home, and especially that he should take pains to provide them with suitable reading; and by suitable reading we mean not the fashionable novels-the pernicious literature of the day which hey are only too certain to get unless better is furnished them-but good Catholic books and such non-Catholic ones as are unexceptionable. Every family should, of course, take at least one Catholic paper, and, if able, a

Catholic magazine besides. Special pains should be taken to inerest children and to furnish them with innocent amusements, so that they may not be tempted to seek those which are demoralizing or of a doubtful char

acter. Above all should unwearied efforts be made to keep children faithful to their religious duties. For this purpose religion should be presented to them not as a mere duty which in time becomes irksome, but as something beautiful, attractive and lovely—as an immense privilege and blessing Habits formed in early childhood are apt to be lasting; and, good habits, when properly encouraged will grow with their growth and be strengthened with their strength. Blessed, indeed, is the family where the spirit of religion reigns supreme, where the hearts of parents and children are united in peace and harmony, all intent upon making each other happy and seeking so to live in this world that they may finally constitute a family in heaven no wanderer lost from the little fold.

The Reunion Movement. La Crise Religieuse en Angleterre

has just been published; it is edited by Father Ragey, a Marist, who has been honored by a letter from His Emi nence Cardinal Vaughan. The book contains many interesting episodes and is published by Lecoffre of Paris Among the curious incidents which bear on the current history of the times is one showing the influence of the reunion movement at Oxford, and the respect and veneration shown to the letter of the Holy Father on the same subject. The incident referred to relates that on May 26 last some orty students, members of the Association for the Reunion of Christendom, met at Christ Church College to liscuss the letter of His Holiness Leo XIII. This date was purposely chosen because it was the feast of St. Augus tine of Canterbury, the Apostle sent convert England by Pope Gregory the Great. The "order of the day" was hat a report on the Pope's letter was to be presented by the student whose guest the members were, and this gentleman was Mr. D. N. Campbell, grand son of the Duke of Argyll. The Abbe Klein, the distinguished professor of the Catholic University of Paris, hap pened to be in Oxford at the time, and was present by Mr. Campbell's invitation at the gathering. In his re port, Mr. Campbell spoke in laudatory terms of the sentiments of Leo XIII. and did not disguise his desire that the sad work of Henry VIII," should be undone. Lord Fitzharris said he was afraid, if that was the case, that some of the family property would be in danger, but he regretted the change from the times when English bishops had not to busy themselves with the marriage of their daughters. The Abbe Klein spoke at considerable length, and suggested that they should say the Apostles' Creed together. The suggestion was adopted, among its supporters being an Anglican clergy-man, who declared: "There is not one here who, if he had lived at the 'Reformation' would not have opposed it with might and main." Such a re union is, at least, a hopeful sign of the imes.

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