AILEY MOORE

PALE OF THE TIMES SHOWING BOY EVICTIONS, MURDER AND SUCE-JUSTICE ADMINISTERED IN IRE LAND TOGETHER WITH MANY STIRRING INCIDENTS IN OTHER

BY RICHARD B. C'SRIEN, D. D. DEAN OF NEWC

CHAPTER XVIII

OLD NICK BORAN AGAIN Old Mr. Moore became sensibly better after his arrival in Limerick The air of Limerick is balmy, and there is a cheery, cleanly look about the streets, houses, and quays, that operates favorably upon all hearts and heads. The city is not so large that one feels himself lost as soon as he passes the barriers, and it is not so small as to contract the feelings of the inhabitants into those of mere villagers; in fact, Limerick is alto gether a pretty place, and many tasteful folk prefer it—men, women, lace, glories, bacon, tobacco, and all,
—to any city in the sister kingdom.

sister lived.

Many beautiful villas crown the sweet slopes by the Shannon's banks on the Clare side of the river. They are,-that is, the villas-are of every possible shape and size, and they are every direction. The Doric stands in sober gravity on one spot and the Corinthian shines in its gracefulness upon another; the Gothic, or "Elizabethan," like an old lady in ruffles and spectacles, vindicates the claims of the sixteenth century; and the plain convenient dwelling of modern times shows that the utilitarian spirit of the age can find a place even among abodes of relaxation and indulgence. In a word, everything is as it should beand looking along the circling and serpentine ways—and walking amid "sweet briary fences" and flower-gardens, and looking down upon the lordly river, rolling onward to the sunset, and viewing the homes and seekers of pleasure all around—a dreamer might imagine that the ages by the Shannon side shared its im mortality, and still retained ever

Mrs. Benn had one of the cottage on the banks of the Shannon, and Mr. Moore, senior, had a charming look-out therefrom. And then Mrs. Benn had so many old recollections to indulge, and therefore so many to awaken in her brother, and they being, every one of them, of the spring time of existence, fresher and fonde as years wither up all things besides and as Mr. Moore had a kind human heart, and all things soft and homely were there treasured, it came to happe that the old gentleman lived in his boyhood and young manhood again, and enjoyed the scenes which memory happily preserved. And thus Mr. Moore, although of the present, h could be made to comprehend little and would enjoy nothing, was vivid and accurate of the time of the

Mrs. Benn's cottage is a Gothic one, and Mr. Moore has an easy chair in the "oriel window," and Alley is already sitting at a round table in the middle of the apartment, Mrs. Benn being vis a vis. The aunt and niece really like one another, and, in truth, there is no merit in the affection of either, for Mrs. Benn is an admirable woman, and the reader ed not be informed of the claims

of the gentle Ailey.

Eddy has finished whatever small work has been allotted to him, and he is looking out from the skylight, and viewing the ships borne onwards to the sea. Poor Eddy is thinking of Gran,"-the bronzed old beggarlived near the sea also; and he re-members how she used to look at him when she sat knitting by the him when she sat knitting by the old hearth; and often, when she said her prayers upon her old beads; and he thinks of how many a time she kissed him in his little bed of straw, when she thought he was asleep, and the tears flow down the poor boy's cheeks, and he thinks he should not begged him to go, and she laid her two hands on his head, and she blessed him, and she said she would go "live among the neighbors that never refused a bit to any one," and she would "pray for Eddy and for Miss Ailey, and not forgetting hand-some Master Gerald," and she, poor Biddy Browne, would "see them all

What a noble character the one hearth! love the old parents! love the young little brood of brother sisters! Let the heart glow with delicious ardor when you see those around you smile in homes, dear, dear joy! Every look of light and word of kindliness will enrich you with flowers of home's holy affection, and around you will flourish a garden of love! Riches! there you have what riches can never buy, and what money is gathered to purchase. Power!—you have in home love what power can never command, and what ambition vainly laments, after slaying it.

Love is power and riches and dig-nity altogether; and we may have it at the expense of only opening our hearts, for it knocks at the door, and

- it is the child of innocence - que t'importe
- Le riche et le puissant! Un souffle les emporte, La force la plus forte,
- C'est un cœur innocent !' "What are riches to thee?
- Why care you for power?
 A breath may destroy them,
 They are things of an hour! A might like to God's But to one thing is given,

A heart that is pure Is the right hand of heaven.'

What a wrong road many a wise

nan travels in his search for hap-piness! "The kingdom of heaven s within you!" A servant coming up the walk,"
I Mrs. Benn, "and bearing a let said Mrs, Benn,

Immediately a knock is heard at

Very well," said Eddy Browne, in reply to some remark of the mes

The people in the parlor heard no more; but in a few minutes Gerald Moore came down stairs. Gerald was in his room when the messenger came with the letter. He looked (we mean Gerald) a little puzzled though not excited, and he held the letter in his hand. Ailey Moore Aunt Benn raised her spectacles up among her nice, shining, crispy brown curls, and looked out from

very mild blue eyes.

"News, Gerald?" said Mrs. Benn
"Why, yes, replied the young man
smiling. "I think Ailey has another smiling.

Aunt Benn looked knowingly a Ailey, and Ailey slightly blushed— very slightly, however, for Ailey knew her brother too well to believe that anything serious would be s lightly introduced.

And my beau?' Ailey asked, with a smile.

"Old Mr. Boran has come to town to see me—and only to see me; I don't think he cares to see me unless for Ailey's sake." answered Gerald, laughing.
"Ailey can't go!" cried Mr

Moore, who, very unusually him, caught some notion of the import of Gerald's words.

"Where papa!" Alley asked, ris ing rapidly, and approaching him with hands outstretched; the poor child was delighted to see an apfather. The tears came down old daughter throwing his arms round kissed him. Again she Where, papa, shan't I go!

You, Ailey," replied the old atleman. "You?" he said, laughgentleman. ing through the tears, "Oh, no fear of you going—no fear of that—no fear," he repeated, "no fear you'll

Where, sir ?"

He put his mouth to her ear.

To Vinegar Hill," he whispered "Ailey, agra—there's no fair play! We've lost the land, only those that sold their souls for it; and we are all turned into herds and ploughmen, and they beat us; and—Mary," he said, calling out to Aunt Benn, ne! Ailey is pale," he and there is Gerald—that's bowchill !" he said proudly, and the old father's eyes sparkled.

'I am going out, father : good-"Have a look at Moorfield, Gerald," said the old man.

Yes sir.' "And look to Ailey's own little

And tell Jim and Bid, and Jim and

och; tell all the servants and neighbors we are going home mediately."

And see, Gerald ?" - " Mary, what was I saying? Oh, yes! Gerald agra, be good to the poor servants! They work, poor souls and they keep us up. Don't they, Ger-

Without waiting for an answer, old Mr. Moore went on :

'Tis a great wonder entirely that son? and they often so much better than ourselves. But I was always fond of the servants, wasn't I, Mary, when I was a boy? and I recollect you, Mary, you were like Ailey—
your little Ailey there, and . . .
ochone where was I, Mary? Ah! I
sometimes think my memory is

failing me; but——"

Gerald waited to hear no more. There was the mind-wreck of a rude storm of injustice. With many sons as full of feeling as Gerald Moore, and not so full of religion, it is wonderful that we have so little ven

geance in Ireland. Gerald walked rapidly, and in spite of his preoccupation, conjec-tured from time to time what could be old Nick Boran's business. He did not believe it to be a re-opening of the marriage scheme, and hardly any other affair could be supposed to bring the old miser from home. He had scarcely ever dreamed of travelling so far, and independently of the trouble, the expense, to old Boran, would appear a greater mountain than one of the Alps or the

Pyrenees.
"Good morning, Mr. Gerald
Moore?" said a voice just behind
our friend Gerald.

Gerald turned round, and saw Mr Boran himself.

"We are bound for the same place, I believe, Mr. Gerald; you are up to time, as you always have been; you are so—"he continued; and he gave Gerald his

hand. " How do you do, Mr. Boran?" "Oh, yeh; how would I do, an old codger like me? Come along Mr. Gerald. I made a long journey -I mean a long journey for me-t

see you."

Few words passed between them till they arrived at the hotel—Moore's Hotel.

They were shown into a mea apartment, comfortable, and of mod-erate dimensions. Old Mr. Boran laid his hat and his stick on the table, and wiped his forehead with his pocket handkerchief.

Gerald held his hat in his hand, Let us sit down, Mr. Gerald ; I'm old. There !"

After a considerable pause, old Boran said : "You had some fine pictures Moorfield, Mr. Gerald."

"I bought them," said the old man, looking furtively at young Well, sir, I hope they'll prove

worth your money."
"I paid £150 for a small picture of the Blessed Virgin Mary."
"Why I heard an Englishman

bought it for £50." "So he did; just so; and he had £100 profit off old Nick Boran—what very few men ever heard before." You must have liked it very

So I did. I liked it very much bought it for one I liked, because he liked it. Gerald looked at Mr. Nick Boran

senior, rather doubtingly, we sup-"Oh yes, by course—by course, that's it. I'm Nick Boran, the

niser The character of the old man's face changed for a moment. The features relaxed, and the eye softened.

"Mr. Gerald Moore"—and the old man went over and shut the door losely to. "Mr. Moore," he said what are you going to do now?—

Gerald looked a little surprised, a well he might, considering the questioner. However, he was too well ored to manifest any temper.

"Why, Mr. Boran, all my plans have not yet been matured. I cannot exactly inform you." Oh, no, of course - 'tis none of my business,-just so. I'm curious

ad inquisitive—and I'm an old, good-

for-nothing grub - and I'm not to Really, Mr. Boran, I do not, and

did not mean—"
"Gerald!" said old Mr. Boran Gerald!" he said; and this time he looked the young man full, quite full, into the face. "Gerald, I was full, into the face. at your christening—and at Ailey's and see, young man, your mother knew me well—better than any one has known me, since she went into

Oh! well, sir-" Stay now-one minute-stay. only want to say, don't judge old Nick Boran too hardly, or you won't be your mother's son. Where are you going, and what do you want to do?—that's the question."

Well, sir, I've a prospect of em ployment in Paris.

There was a little hesitation; but finally Gerald thought it best to reply. "I hope to be engaged in draw

ing."
It was decidedly mauvaise honte that suppressed the word "patterns;' for Gerald had been in treaty on this subject as a temporary expedient. Yis-I see, I see," he repeated, as

And Ailey's mind is made up against that boy?'

Entirely. "Ah, yes-just so, just so. And," he added, after a pause, "your father and Ailey still remain in this place?"

" And where is the money ?- just

where is the money?"
"Oh, Providence will take care of hem; and we have saved a little?" And what is there for youfor you, until you gather yourself round? Very little will do."

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed Gerald, laughing. 'Why £100 would empt me to travel and try my for-

One hundred pounds!" muttered

"One hundred pounds!" muttered old Nick Boran. There was again a pause of a few moments.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gerald," said the old man, "let me pass you for a minute,—just so. I won't keep you long—just a minute."

And old Nick Boran opened the door of the apartment, and went down stairs. Evidently there was some.

stairs. Evidently there was some-thing odd in the old gentleman's questions and manner—odder than anything Gerald had ever seen—and as evidently the meditated some-thing very unusual to him—what thing? what was it? He was going to give him the Madonna? or to offer him the £100? Nonsense! Old Nick Boran to offer any one a £100! But would Gerald-accept it if he did? He thought he might—he might take it as a loan; he could do so much with it; work on at his darling pursuit; produce something grand; make a

man?' thought Gerald Moore. A quarter of an hour had already passed since he left the room.

Again the imagination became busy -busier from viewing a landscape which hung on the wall before his eves, and the merits and demerits of which he was almost unconsciously

scanning.

Half an hour had passed, and Gerald rose impatiently to ring, when a knock came, and a servant followed Letter for you, sir.'

"The old gentleman in the large inside car, called away suddenly, sir." " Yes, yes." The servant retired.

Gerald opened and read-" Mr. Gerald Moore.

"Dear Sir—Before I met you to-day, I had placed £500 to your credit at the Royal Bank of Ireland. Inclosed is receipt for same. It is a part of a larger sum, to be paid in due time, by yours sincerely,
NICH. BOBAN, Senior."

Here was something very wonder-ul! Old Nick Boran had sent him £500! The old man had made it ab solutely his, and spoke of himself like a debtor. What could it mean? Again he read the letter, and again—but there was the fact still in black and white. On the back of the letter was written, he saw,

" Providence will mind them,"

and he remembered that he had made use of these words when speaking to old Boran about the prospects of his father and Ailey; but no examination could discover more

Full of thought, and a little ar the hotel. He made direct for the beautiful bridge (absurdly called Wellesley Bridge.) He walked rapid-ly, passed down Brunswick street, and gained the docks, where he was obliged to remain, to wait the pass ing up of a large vessel. His eye passed to the opposite side, where a crowd was delayed by the same obstacle which stayed himself; and near a lamp-post—leaning, in fact against the lamp-post—was a mar whose shape and face were not to be forgotten.

Shaun a Dherk was waiting for Gerald on the bridge.

Gerald was not easily moved by

any one or by any circumstance, but here felt a strong resolution necessary to keep him tranquil. Decided ly the most wonderful man of hi class, or perhaps of his time, stood near him, waited for him evidently and this man seemed mysteriously to influence his destiny. Shaun a Dherk was in his holiday

ear ; but Gerald would have known Shaun a Dherk on a throne had h

As soon as the bridge was closed Gerald walked rapidly across it, and as rapidly approached the lamp post. He was just about to stretch out his hand ardently, when Shaun turned round and walked on—on towards the Cratloe Road. Gerald under stood him, and followed.

Shaun a Dherk soon arrived at sequestered spot, and waited. He looked pale, much thinner, and more thoughtful than usual.

'My ever dear friend," cried Ger how can I thank you! How happy I feel at last to see you! must come over and see my sister

"I have seen them." answered Shaun, in an accent which made Gerald's blood tingle. It was Irish beyond all doubt, but not the accent

Gerald looked his wonder. "I am the whip of justice," said Shaun a Dherk, "and my mission has not yet been fulfilled. Oh, no Hush!" he said, in the same low "the arm of Providence de fends the daughter of St. Senanus and His mercy is in her father's soul. Hush! I have seen your father and -Stay, don't stop me," he continued Gerald about to speak; have no time to wait. I came only money you received to day from old

Nick Boran—it is your own."
"You are a wonderful man!" "A sinner! a sinner! But oh the whip of justice on the back of knaves!

But. Shaun, you are not-" Pshaw! Mr. Moore, I am Shaw a Dherk; and I have met one honest man at least, in old Nick Boran. I am the whip of justice! God bless you, and God protect the 'Lily o' the Valley.' Slawn lath!" In a moment the strange fierce man

had disappeared. Gerald soon arrived at Mrs. Benn's, Gerald found every one in great ecstasy, and the old man clapped his hands; even the gentle Ailey uttered a cry of joy as he entered the door, and then stood looking at him, to glean some intelligence, as it would

seem, or to discover if he knew any-thing of the occurrences which had taken place in his absence.
"Well!" Gerald said, "well!" "Who has been here?" asked

Ailey.
"Shaun a Dherk," Gerald an-Ah! you have seen him," she

replied. Yes. " Noble Shaun !" "Noble indeed! But what has

Shaun been saying and doing at Benn-Then you do not know?" said

Ailey. "No."

"Come then !"

Gerald was led by his sister to the small "hall," where Eddy Browne looked radiant with smiles, and literally danced with exultation: thence the little group proceeded upstairs to what was called "Gerald's room." The door opened at the touch of Ailey; and as it swung wide there appeared right opposite, wreathed round with evergreens and sweet winter flowers, and, glowing with lights and loveliness, Gerald's favorite picture of Mary. The painter's and the Christian's heart beat strong. ly and fast-the companion of many a labor, and the ideal of many dream, Raphael's sweet vision, was his own again. Gerald went down upon his two knees, and Ailey knelt eside him, a few feet behind little Eddy was prostrate, whilst the brother and sister cried, "Hail, Holy Queen, Mother of Mercy !"

TO BE CONTINUED

Woman owes much to Mary; but man's debt to her is still greater, the Madonna has humanized his heart, purified his life, refined his char-acter.—Archbishop Keane.

THROUGH MARY

A TRUE STORY By Rev Richard W. Alexande

In a charming home, small yet re fined, lived a young girl with her two brothers, all non-Catholics Both men were matured, each with a business of his own, and were in the city all day. They returned to their suburban home for dinner, after which they would smoke a cigar, and chat with their sister, whom both loved devotedly; sometimes return-ing to the city for an hour at the theatre, or a concert; sometimes reading in their cozy library or der at home. They were very happy in their pleasant surroundings, not ing very much about religion, but leading good, moral lives. Church-going did not trouble them. The girl was devoted to her brothers, and strove in every way to make the home pleasant.

They had lived thus for a long

time, none of them being inclined towards a married life, when suddenly a cloud broke over the little circle. The brothers quarreled. Hot words lowed, and at last, estrangement.

Finally there was a sort of truce patched up. They returned to the home for the sake of their heartbroken sister, but refused to speak to Every night they met at dinner studiously civil, but acting as if they were strangers; never exchanging a word. One always left when dinner was over, either going to his room, or leaving the house. The other brother chatted with his sister as if no one else lived there. They sternly refused to hear each other's name mentioned; and, while in all else most affectionate to their sister, in this they were unbending. She loved them both tenderly, and their estrangement was a sorrow that began to eat deeply into the happiness of her hitherto unclouded

Months passed by. All efforts to reconcile the brothers resulted in a more deeply rooted animosity, and a threat to leave the house forever if the matter was mentioned again.

Three years had passed, and no change took place. Katherine—this was the girl's name—had exhausted every invention of love she could bring forward, but all in vain. liam and James had not spoken. wall of ice had formed between them and they passed each other like strangers. No one dared to comstrangers. ment upon the matter to them, and Katherine grew coldly silent when any mutual friend ventured to re-mark that, where both brothers used

formerly to accompany her from time to time, only one was seen with The two men saw that Katherine. her life for their comfort, was grow ing pale and sad, although she every effort to be cheerful. The hour they dined together she tried to make as pleasant as possible. But the icy silence, the unnatural restraint, could not be ignored; and the single meal of the day, at which they met, and which used to be so pleasant, was now shadowed by a

cloud, heavy and sorrowful. The could not conquer their pride-and noreover they would not.

Hiding her sorrow in her own heart, Katherine often would walk or ride to the city. One day, in the nonth of May, she passed a Catholic Church, the doors of which stood in vitingly open. Hesitating she entered; and then stood at the end to the thing moved, as when the of the church. She saw dimly a powerful attraction of the sun moves shrine decorated with flowers and the ipanimate earth. The other is lights and, rising above them, a tall caused by something internal or instatue of white marble, representing trinsic, as when the human body is the slender figure of a woman with arms extended. The face was pure and gentle, and even at that distance Katherine imagined something was attracting her, drawing her, impelling her forward. A lady passed her and noticing that she was a stranger smiled. Catherine said in a whis

"Will you tell me what that status means—the one with the flowers and

lights about it ?" The lady instinctively knew she was not a Catholic, and whispered :
"It is a statue of our Lady, the Blessed Virgin, Mother of God. May-time, the month in which our dear Mother is especially honored. She never fails to grant the petitions of those in sorrow or trouble, who promised to honor her Son."

"But," said Katherine, "I am not

Catholic : I could not worship the Virgin, much less a graven image.'

"And do you, for one moment think," said the lady, "that we Catholics worship an image, or wor-ship the 'Virgin,' as you call her? We worship only the Lord, Who is her Son, and Who loved her and honored her all through His life on earth. Do you find fault with the Lord for honoring His Mother? Do you not love your own mother?"

Katherine thought of a little

Katherine thought of a little mound in a distant cemetery, and a great sob rose in her heart. 'Is that the way you think?" she d. "You don't worship the Virsaid. gin, or her image?"
"Never!" said the lady. "We

love her; we go to her to tell her our troubles, that she may ask her Son to grant our petition; but we worship God alone. "I wonder," said Katherine, think-ing half aloud, "if she would ask

her Son to grant my petition when am not a Catholic." am not a Catholic."
"Try!" said the lady. "Ask her, and see for yourself if she is not the mother of the whole world!" And, so saying, she went down the aisle, leaving Katherine alone in the nearly deserted church.

Katherine stood looking at the distant shrine—at the white figure with its outstretched arms—and a

with its outstretched arms—and a great faith sprang up in her soul.
"If you will reconcile my brothers, dear Mother of God," she murmured, "I will publicly visit your about honoring you!"
Was it a freak of imagination Or was it a stray sunbeam that flitted across the marble face, and gave it the glow of a smile?

Katherine's heart beat almost aloud. She turned and left the Church, but with a strangely peace ful and hopeful feeling. She went towards home, her soul full of the beautiful vision in that silent Church she went about her duties, prepared a bountiful dinner, and dressed care

that something was in the air, some

thing sppernatural, with the statue of the White Mother in the center. his sister as usual, noticing her bright eyes and high color. In a few noments William entered. Without moment's pause James advanced to William, both hands extended william stared, uttered not a word then came forward and laid his hands in his brother's. They looked into each other's eyes for a long

minute. Then James spoke. "William, it is three years since we have spoken; are we the happier for this estrangement?"
"No, James," was the choked an

swer that strong men give in deep emotion. "We will end it!" emotion. "We will end it!"

And with a warm, long hearty
handclasp, the brothers were recon-

ciled. Katherine burst into tears. "Oh! thanks be to the Mother of God!" she cried. "She has granted my prayer, and I will keep my word!"

And she did. The happy trio sat

down to the happiest meal they ever tasted. And after it was over the brothers, arm in arm, went out together. Katherine immediately visited the

shrine of our Lady. She soon obtained the gift of Faith, and she is now a fervent Catholic. Her daily prayer to our sweet Lady is for the conversion of her two beloved brothers. Can we doubt that her petition will be granted?

THE SECOND

BEATITUDE SERMON DELIVERED AT THE

ADVENT CONFERENCE IN THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY, DUB-LIN. BY VERY REV. THOMAS N. BURKE, O. P.

Blessed are the meek of heart, for they shall posess the land." This is the next feature of the

Christian character brought out by our divine Lord. The Christian must be only a man of faith, living for divine pupposes, influenced by supernatural motives, grasping at the invisible beneath the forms of things that appear; but he must also be imbued with the virtue of meekness. Remember, gentlemen, that Christianity means perfection, the very perfection of man, of human nature in all its natural properties and powers, and, far beyond this, the perfection of human nature in all the supernatural gifts of divine grace. Life, according to St. Thomas Aquinas is spontaneous motion. There are two kinds of motion, one produced by something external or extrinsic moved by the living soul of principle or motion within it. This St. Thommotion. If you reflect on the definition you will find it comprehensive and pertinent, for surely our idea of life is motion of some kind, and we naturally look upon perfect stillness as death. Now, all motion bears in its very essence the idea of a start ing point, to be reached, and of an effort to pass from one to the other. Now, the Catholic Church teaches us that God is the starting-point of man, that God is the point to be attained by him, and that our Lord Jesus Christ, God made Man, in this way, the form, the model, the means, to conduct him to his end. "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end:" He says, and elsewhere, "I am the way, the truth, and the life;" for, says the apostle, "there is but one God, and one Mediator between God and man, the Man Jesus Christ." The life thus proposed to us clearly involves all supernatural perfection of grace, for in "Christ abode all the fullness of the divinity corporally." But by an eternal law, that which is perfect in the highest order involves all the perfec the lower: therefore, in seeking to be made comformable to the image of the Son of God, we come by all that is most perfect in the order of nature and thus "godliness is profitable to all things, having promise of the life

of man. First, then, what is meek WHAT IT MEEKNESS ? Meekness is the virtue or power

that now is, and of that which is to

tue of meekness conduces to the natural and supernatural perfection

come.

Let us see how far the vir

by which the passion of anger is so moderated and restrained as not to rise within us except when necessary and in the measure which is neces and in the measure which is neces-sary. It is then, as you perceive, an exercise of power in the reason of man over the inferior appetites and powers of the soul. Man, as you know, is made up of body and soul,



Beautiful Rosary



00000000000

ach, we will give you one of these beautifu

attely designed Rosary is made from our best quality of face-ted cut amethyst color beads, with strong lock link attachments, and dainty crecifix. Our regular price for this Roreaders of the Catholic Record' we are offering a special discount of 25 p.c. and will send one postpaid upon receipt of 75c. Or if you will act as our repre-

Our Pictures are all reproductions of Famous Paintings and sell regularly in Art Stores at 50 cents each, so that at our wholesale price of 15 cents, you can sell the entire lot in an hour. Order today. When pictures are sold, remit us the amount of your sales \$1.80, and your Rosary will be sent you by return mail. Address:

COLONIAL ART CO., Desk R2., Toronto, Ont. Send for Free Book giving full par-ticulars of TRENCH'S REMEDY, the world-famous cure for Epilepsy and Fits—Simple home treat-**FITS** ment. 25 years' success. Testimonials from all parts of the

St. John's, Newfoundland H. J. BROWNRIGG

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED

world; over 1,000 in one year

IMPORTER OF Seeds, Fruit, Provisions, and Groceries

FOR ROUGH SKIN, SORE LIPS, OR CHAPPED HANDS Campana's Italian Balm is soothing, healing and pleasant. Send 4 cents for sample—27 years on the market. E. G. WEST & CO., 80 GEORGE ST., TORONTO.



CATHOLIC **Home Annual** 1914

CONTENTS List of Feast and Fast Days

A Guide Book for Catholics

Gospels, Daily Calendar Sunshine and Shadow By Rose Martin

Memorial Church of the Holy Land

By a Franciscan Father A Bunch of Red Roses By Marion Ames Taggart

Councils of the Church By Rev. J. Wilhelm, D.D.

Faith Triumphant By Hamilton Bogart Dox St. Louis, King of France

By Mary E. Mannix The Attack By Jerome Harte

Price 25c. Postpaid

YOU NEED ONE

Catholic Record LONDON, CANADA