

APRIL 1, 1899.

FIVE-MINUTES' SERMON.

Easter Sunday.

EASTER JOYS.

"He is risen. He is not here." (Mark 16, 6.) A few days ago there were millions of Christians in intense weeping, and praying before the holy sepulchre. The terrible thought was in the minds of all, that the Son of God died on the cross, died as a Victim for our sins! But to-day the whole scene is changed; all Christendom is filled with joy and happiness; and in every land is heard the oft-repeated Alleluia. The poor rejoice, and the rich exult. In all tongues and climes hymns of praise and thanksgiving ascend to the throne of God.

Why this joy? What signifies this festivity? What is this that fills the heart and mind of old and young, great and small, with such rejoicing? It is the announcement of the angel at the grave: "Christ is risen, He is not here." This announcement contains the most joyful and consoling truth that was ever given to man; it proclaims the triumph of our holy religion, insures us the completion of the great work of redemption, it gives us the divine assurance of our own future resurrection.

Verily, it announces to us the triumph of our holy religion; for our Lord in rising to-day as glorious Victor from the grave, has verified the promise so often given to friend and foe and so solemnly proclaimed to the world that He is the Redeemer Son of God, the Saviour and Etemal Son of God, the Incarnate Son of God, who has said in life: "Destroy this temple (that is, my Body) and in three days I will raise it up." (John 2, 19.) And He has not only said, but also accomplished it by recalling to-day to a glorious life that body which had been so ignominiously put to death. He is, therefore, in truth, the new Jonas, as He has designated Himself, who for three days was rested in the bowels of the earth, and who, to-day, has gone forth from the jaws of death to a new, eternal and glorified existence. O Infallible, remain silent. He is a seal of the Omnipotent God will not suffice you give, at least, honor to truth and acknowledge: I am determined not to believe. But we, filled with gratitude, will exclaim, with the apostle St. Paul: "I know whom I have believed" (2 Tim. 1, 12); and say with St. Peter: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we have believed and have known that Thou art the Christ the Son of God." (John 6, 68.)

The announcement of the angel at the sepulchre assures us not only of the triumph of our holy religion, but also of the completion of the great work of our redemption, and of the certainty of our own future resurrection. For by the omnipotent act of His resurrection, our Saviour has solemnly proved Himself to be the Etemal Son of God, thus giving us the consoling and incontestible certainty that He has cancelled our guilt, broken the sceptre of sin, annihilated the reign of Satan, opened Heaven, conquered death, recovered the treasures of lost graces, hence, in triumphal song, we can exclaim with the apostle St. Paul: "O death, where is thy sting? (1 Cor. 15, 55.)"

But even more than this! the divine Victor has also sealed and ratified the certainty of our own future resurrection—the consoling certainty that also for us the Good Friday of death will be followed by the glorious Easter Day of resurrection. For Christ's resurrection is only the prototype and the effectual cause of our own resurrection: His divine word warrants us that we will one day hear the trumpet of the angel and that we will arise from the dust of corruption to an eternally happy and glorified life.

Behold, therefore, dearly beloved Christians, what the resurrection of Our Lord signifies for us and our holy religion. It is, as it were, the heart's pulsation of our faith, the vivifying soul of the work of our redemption, the seal of the divine truth of our own resurrection. Without Easter, Good Friday would be ineffectual; without the "Alleluia," the Lord is risen, the dying word of the crucified Saviour, "it is consummated" would have no meaning. It is only the announcement of the angel at the sepulchre, that gives the work of Jesus its atoning sanction, its redeeming power.

And hence, let us exultingly join in the festivity of the Church; let us, with heart filled with gratitude, bring our homage to the divine Victor and offer Him eternal love and fidelity; let us also prove our grateful love, according to the admonition of St. Paul, by rising with Christ from sin. And, by a holy life dedicated to God, seek only that which is above where Christ reigns at the right hand of His Father. Then, indeed, the Easter joy of to-day will be for us a permanent one, and our Alleluia here on earth will be changed into an eternal Alleluia in Heaven. Amen.

As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity those old fees scrofula and consumption, must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Story of a Kite.

"There she is! And ain't she a beauty? Just look at her! You bet she'll go sailing through the air as proud as the American eagle."

As Tommy Jupp said this he stepped back and pushed up his hat with a grimy fist that left a little dark mark on his forehead; then he rammed his hands into the pockets of his knickerbockers and stood contemplating a large kite, which he had dragged out of a hiding-place in the barn.

"Gee-whiz! she's a stunner, Tommy, sure enough!" exclaimed Jimmy Esrell, one of his chums.

The half a dozen other boys who surrounded him were all loud in their praises.

"Who made it for you?" asked one of them.

"My brother Ben," was the reply.

Tommy felt that at that moment that there were great advantages in having a big brother, even if the latter did order a fellow round at times, and leave the household errands entirely to him.

The kite was indeed a splendid one, being as large as a boy of his size could manage, and made of strong brown paper. The center was adorned with the figure of a bird with outspread wings, daubed on with blue paint. Outside this was pasted a border of pink tissue-paper; and around the edge were little blue "curlycues" as if the paint brush had danced the "Highland Fling" all over it.

And, then, the tail! Tommy and his chums are the only persons who could describe that tail so as to do it justice, it was so handsome, with its blue and white streamers. The string was an unusually strong one, and there was plenty of it.

Tommy Jupp felt that he was a very lucky fellow, as, shouldering his treasure, he ran off, followed by the rest of the boys. They had good kites too, although none equalled Tommy's; and they were going to fly them from the top of Flagstaff Hill.

It was great fun. One after another the kites went up; the wind caught them, whisked them about merrily, then bore them off in grand style. Each keeping tight hold of his string, the boys followed across the fields and over stone-walls; and Tommy's kite always flew highest and took the lead.

On they went, through the meadow, to the upland. Now they came to another hill. The breeze was certainly glorious. The kites whirled and curved beautifully; then suddenly Tommy's started off wildly. Tommy had to run as fast as his legs could carry him. The kite led him along by the cliff.

"Look out for the quarry!" shouted the boys, seeing his danger.

But, alas! Tommy did not hear. His thoughts were all upon the kite. He forgot the great gauge in the side of the hill,—the stone quarry, which was the principal source of wealth to the town. A moment more and his horrified companions and the workmen below saw him step backward over the brink of the precipice. With a groan, Jimmy Esrell threw himself on the ground and buried his face in the grass, overpowered by the scene; but the other boys stood gazing, as if fascinated by terror. Suddenly a cry from them caused him to look up again.

A strange thing had happened. Tommy had not fallen over the cliff; he was still hanging in the air, buoyed up by the great kite. His weight must presently drag it down, however.

"Hold on, boy! If you only hold on to the string you'll be all right," shouted one of the laborers, with quick presence of mind. Poor Tommy was nearly dead with fright, but the encouraging tones of the man's voice revived him. The string of the kite was tied around his wrist; he could not have got it off if he tried. Moreover, as it was the only thing to hold on to, when he felt the ground receding from under his feet he had grasped it, and still clung to it desperately; although the muscles of his hands were cruelly strained. Beneath him were the jagged sides of the quarry. Except for that chery call, most likely he would have lost his senses and been dashed against the rocks. As it was, he kicked off wildly and managed to keep clear of them.

All this occurred in almost less time than it takes to tell of the incident. The great kite, acting like the parachute of a balloon, broke the boy's fall; so that he was picked up by the workmen only slightly injured.

Poor Tommy! His wrists were sprained, though; and every bone of his body ached as if out of joint. But what a shout of gladness went up from the workers and the boys, who came running round the hill!

"The Lord be praised! There seems to be a special Providence for small boys," said the man who had cried out to him.

When Tommy was able to collect his wits enough to think, he felt very thankful to God for his escape. Somehow, he didn't care to fly a kite any more that season.—Ave Maria.

How Hester Got Help.

The unwelcome echoes of the "last bell" were slowly dying away, and all the boys and girls of F— were taking their places in the little village school-house for the daily routine of studies. Scarcely had the last one been seated when every head was bowed, each pair of hands clasped, while their lips droned in singsong fashion "Our Father" and "Hail Mary." Then the bell on the teacher's desk sounded, and what a transformation! The little praying figures were metamorphosed into roguish lads and lassies. Some marched to the front of the room for recitation, while others drew out slates and spellers from the desk preparatory for study. Soon the voices of the little students, like the buzz of many bees, were heard through the room, with an occasional interpolation of a giggle or the noise of a pencil.

"Jennie, did you get all your examples?" queried Lily Brown, the most frolicsome girl in the school, to her neighbor across the aisle.

"I got all but the eighth, and I just couldn't get that. I worked a long time on it, and it would not come out right."

"So did I," replied Lily; "and all that I have asked say the same thing. I think it is mean that Miss Powers will not let us get help. But, Jennie, do you know that I believe some in this class do get help, and will not tell?" And Lily looked very wise as she said this.

"I bet I know who you mean," said Jennie; and she glanced at a poorly clad little girl who was diligently studying. "Now, ask her, just for fun, if she got the eighth."

Lily instantly obeyed, and pulled Hester Mathews' long braid.

"Say, Hester, did you get that awful eighth example?"

Hester nodded her head and turned to her book—a big hint to Lily not to disturb her; but Lily would not take it.

"Did you get it all by yourself?"

"Yes—I mean no; but—" stammered Hester.

"Oh, I thought so!" interrupted Lily exultantly. And before Hester could give an explanation Lily had told Jennie of her terrible sin. Jennie told the boy behind her, and by recess time nearly all the class had been informed that Hester had been guilty of a penal offence.

At the sound of the recess bell the books were dropped in the twinkling of an eye; and the pupils, in all the exuberance of youth, bounded out to play. Some jumped the rope, others chose "hide-and-seek" for their ten minutes' recreation; while the boys played ball and "leap-frog."

One sad little figure stood apart from the others. Her faded calico dress, bare feet, and wan little face made a sombre contrast to the laughing, playing crowd. It was poor little Hester. To-day her heart was heavy with grief, because the girls looked upon her with contemptuous glances, and they did not even ask her to join them in their games.

The ten minutes were soon finished, and the bell summoned all to return to study. It was now the arithmetic hour. As they all went to take their places, many inquiring glances were cast on Hester. Would she tell a fib, or would she acknowledge her guilt?

The teacher began at the foot of the class to look at the slates. She took the first one. "All correct but the eighth," she said, and passed to the next. It was the same with that one and all the others until she came to Hester. Everyone waited in anxious expectancy.

"At last," exclaimed the teacher, "here is one who has all correct, and I am very proud of her. You could all have gotten them had you only worked more diligently. Instead of that, most of you spent the morning in whispering, especially Lily Brown—"

But before Miss Powers could continue Lily arose, with the fire of anger in her eyes, and said:

"Miss Powers, Hester got help,—she told me so." Then she sat down again her face flaming with excitement.

Poor Hester's face suffused with blushes at the teacher's look of surprise. Miss Powers was perfection and kindness itself in her sight, and this was the first time she had ever looked at her in such a way.

"Hester, I am astonished to hear this. Did you copy or were you just helped through the difficult parts?"

The little tear-stained culprit rose to her feet.

"Please, ma'am," she sobbed, "arithmetic always has been so very difficult for me that before I begin to work at it I always say a prayer to help me. Last night I worked and worked on the eighth, but couldn't get it; so I asked God to help me, and I saw my mistake right away. This is why I didn't know what to say when Lily asked me if I got help."

There was breathless silence in the room, and every eye was fixed on Hester. Miss Powers beckoned her to come up to the desk; and, while stroking her hair, spoke some words which quickly brought comfort. Then turning to the others she chided them for their unkindness, and told them never to forget the good lesson they had learned that day. After school all flocked round Hester to do her honor. It was an ovation, and all were very happy over it. After that Hester was looked upon as a heroine and became the favorite of the school. But her popularity didn't spoil her; she was always the same simple, good-natured little girl that they first knew and did not appreciate.—Mary Stamford in Ave Maria.

A Legend of St. Gregory.

In his early years St. Gregory the Great was a monk in St. Andrew's Monastery at Rome; though afterward he became Pope, and sent St. Augustine to preach to the Saxons at Canterbury. When he was at St. Andrew's a beggar came one day to the gate, and was relieved; but he came again and again till all the monk's means were exhausted. At last Gregory ordered the silver porringer which his mother Sylvia had given to him to be handed to the mendicant.

When Gregory became Pope he used to entertain daily at supper twelve poor men. Once he was surprised to notice that there were thirteen seated at the table. He called to the steward

and said he had given orders that there should be twelve only. The steward looked and counted them over, and said: "Holy Father, there are surely twelve only." Gregory said nothing more, but at the end of the meal he asked the thirteenth and unbidden guest: "Who art thou?" The reply was: "I am the poor man whom thou didst formerly relieve, and my name is the Wonderful. Through me thou shalt obtain whatever thou shalt ask of Almighty God." Then Gregory knew that he had entertained an angel, or, as some say, Our Lord Himself.

The legend is often represented in pictures—Christ sitting as a pilgrim with the other guests—Ave Maria.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Good humor is rightly reckoned a most valuable aid to happy home life. Many homes and lives are dull because they are allowed to become too deeply impressed with a sense of the cares and responsibilities of life to recognize its mirthful side. Into such a household, good but dull, the advent of a witty, humorous friend is like sun shine on a cloudy day. While it is oppressive to hear persons always striving to say witty or funny things, it is comfortable, seeing what a brightener a little fun is, to make an effort to have some at home. It is well to turn off an important question sometimes, and regard it from a humorous point of view, instead of becoming irritated over it. Some children have a peculiar faculty for giving a humorous turn to things when reproved. It does just as well sometimes to laugh things off as to scold them over. Laughter is better than tears. Try to have a little more of it at home.

Proper Place for the Cycling Escort

The question as to which side of a lady her escort should ride has been much discussed. As the rule of the road in this country is to turn to the right, the escort's proper place is at the lady's left, in which position he is always interposed between her and any passing wheel or vehicle; then, again, the gentleman has his right hand free to assist his companion.

Massed Class Work.

There is no kind of massed class work that will bring into action all the important muscles of the body, and make the heart and lungs act vigorously, as well as the gymnasium dumb-bell drill, done heartily, with or without bells. It is the whole-wheat bread and butter of hygienic body-building work. It is for all, young and old, fat or lean, women or men.

It should be taken in quantities suiting the physical and nervous needs of the individual taking it. Never be guided in the amount of work you take by your classmate in the drill. When you feel a little tired or winded stop working till you feel all right, then go to work again. This may not look well from the gallery, but what do you care? Work in this manner and everwork or competition will never shorten the days of your life. Don't let a day pass till you have practiced some part of this drill for ten minutes or so. This drill has stood the test of over twenty years, and is more popular to-day than ever in many of the colleges and athletic clubs of our land. If you have never tried it, join some gymnasium where it is taught. Give it a half-dozen trials, first five, then ten minutes each. The more you take it the better you will like it. So say those who have practiced it from two to fifteen years or more.

The Timidity of Orators.

A writer in the Fortnightly Review asks whether artists and especially orators, are peculiarly liable to the sensation of pain and to fear. He thinks that they are, and attributes it to an unusually sensitive organization. Peel, he says, owed his death to being unable to bear an operation which a less sensitive man might have borne. An eminent operator described Bishop Wilberforce as "a bundle of nerves," and as the most sensitive patient he had ever known.

Orators, as a rule, show painful anxiety about their own speeches, and toilsome uneasiness seems a condition of their success. A junior counsel once congratulated Sir William Follet on his perfect composure in prospect of a great case. Sir William merely asked his friend to feel his hand, which was wet with anxiety.

The late Lord Derby said that his principal speeches cost him two sleepless nights—one in which he was thinking what to say, and the other in which he was lamenting what he might have said better. Cicero, according to Plutarch, "not only wanted courage in arms, but in his speaking also; he began timidly, and, in many cases, he scarcely left off trembling and shaking even when he got thoroughly into the current and substance of his speech."

How to be Erect.

- 1. Make it a rule to keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar.
2. Roll the shoulders backward and downward.
3. Try to squeeze the shoulder blades together many times a day.
4. Stand erect at short intervals during the day—"head up, chin in, chest out, shoulders back."
5. Walk or stand with the hands clasped behind the head and the elbows wide apart.
6. Walk about, or even run up-stairs, with from ten to forty pounds on the top of the head.
7. Try to look at the top of your high cut vest or your necktie.
8. Practice the arm movements of

breast stroke swimming while standing or walking.

9. Hold the arms behind the back.

10. Carry a case or umbrella behind the small of the back or behind the neck.

11. Put the hands on the hips, with elbows back and fingers forward.

12. Walk with the thumbs in the arm-holes of the vest.

13. When walking swing the arms and shoulders strongly backward.

14. Stand now and then during the day with all the posterior parts of the body, so far as possible, touching a vertical wall.

15. Look upward as you walk on the sunny side of the street.

Honesty as a Foundation.

We use the word honesty too exclusively in a commercial sense; we do not recognize its ethical relation. We fail to see that our thoughts must be supervised if we would realize the true ideal of the word. For thorough honesty involves a dispassionate, impersonal relation maintained toward every activity and interest in which judgment should control emotion and prejudice. Honesty demands the impartial attitude; it compels a trinity of relationships: Each man becomes complainant, defendant and judge; and his decision and his attitude after his decision mark the degree of his honesty. Honesty implies the compulsion of the will to work in harmony with a decision taken when all sides have been brought to the bar of justice unbiased by prejudice. How much of the friction of life would disappear, how much nerve energy would be conserved, if each of us held that mastery of self which would compel us to obey the highest in us. A victory which involves a violation of our sense of right is a violation of life's principle, and can never bring success. For success, whether we realize it or not, is secured only as it is built on righteousness. Pettiness, self-seeking, arbitrariness, undue ambition with self as the object, never bring success. Self abnegation is not only the law of life, but the only law whose operations makes it possible for honesty to work on character with absolute freedom from selfish elements. The mental vision is clear and strong only as honesty is the keynote of character; and on this clearness of vision depends the whole relation of man to himself, his home, and his neighbor. His relation as a citizen, as a worker for men and among men, depends wholly on his ability to deal impartially, impersonally, with every question which depends on his decision, his vote, or his influence.

Out-Door Exercise.

Indoor athletics are but a poor substitute, at best, for outdoor exercise, and most gladly do we leave the substitute to enjoy the genuine article. Prepared with ball and bat, with football, tennis court and lacrosse rack, away we go to the ozone-filled air of the boundless gymnasium; or with tents and traps, to spend a few weeks in the woods, sleeping on pine boughs, fishing for trout, or roaming over the hills in search of flesh and fowl; or "away on our 'bike' like a flash of light," to enjoy the perfume of the fields and hear the song of the birds. Then, oh! how ravenous appetites we have, and how well we sleep at night! Why, it is just living, when life with all its cares seems to be lost in the enjoyment which should be ours at this season of the year. It is the return to natural outdoor life which clears the brain, puts glitter in the eye, vitality in the system, and firmness in the step. There is an old saying which runs something like this: When men dwell in houses of reeds, their hearts are as oak, but when they dwell in houses of oak, their hearts are as reeds." So, when we exercise, the life physical labor in the open air, the life giving properties in the atmosphere furnish many of the needed qualities for building up an oak-like body; while if the same kind of exercise is done indoors, where the sunlight and fresh air cannot have the same free access, it will be like the oak-like, but the reed like body.

The moral is: Never take indoor physical work when you have the time and opportunity to take it out of doors.

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We are sometimes fearful while exercising and sweating freely in the open air that we might catch cold; but such will not be the case if we are careful after the exercise is over. Cover the body with an extra coat and go directly to bathe, take a good rub down, and put on dry clothes. Standing around to cool off, or lying down on the grass to rest, etc., are what give colds and bring on dangerous pneumonia and rheumatic affections.

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