So to the mill he went; and if it were reverent to make such speculations, we should be disposed to guess we should be disposed sweet some of those strong, sweet some they had been so angels, of whom they had lately conversing, went with him, and kept company with him that day, as he fought with the bitterness of his own heart, and conquered. They were surely there, helping him to drive dur away the falsehoods which self-love kept whispering, and to bear the dreary discomfort of his feelings; and when he came back at the close of the day, it was with a heart at peace with

himself, and with all the world beside. When Mary paid him her usual visit before dinner, she found him looking pale and tired, indeed, but the cloud "What has been the was gone. "What has been matter, with you, old fellow?" Mamma would have it it was said. a cold ; Gertrude said it was temper ; and it looked to me very like a fi the dumps.'

Geoffrey drew his sister to him, and kissed her. "Gertrude was right," he said; "something happened which put me out. The devil, I suppose, was seeking something to devour, and he tried to lay hold of my heart ; but I think I've been even with him.

Mary looked at him affectionately His gray eyes were weary and faded, but there was, or she fancied there was, a look on his face she had never seen there before: the beauty of the soul was streaming through the clinks of its rough mortal covering. "Dear old Geff," she thought to herself, "to think of my having been enjoying myself while he was suffering! How selfish I have been, and how generous

And Mary was not far wrong, for few things are more selfish than some kinds of happiness, and none more ennobling than a battle with one's own

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BOGUS BANSHEE.

er'

BY M. E. HENRY RUFFIN.

"But, Miss Eily, acushla, its nothing at all ye know about the Banshee. Sure she's never crossed the sea to Ameriky yet; and your country is too new, so it is, for her. It's only in the old country and for the old, old families, she do be coming, when death is near. No, no, jewel, it's nothing at all,

at all, ye know about the Banshee. "But, Katie," I pleaded, my childish curiosity aroused, "if we haven't any Banshee in America, how can I ever know about her unless you tell me? "See that, now!" Katie laughed the

low, sweet laugh of the Irish peasantry. "It's a story ye do be wanting." Well, jewel, bring up the creepystool, while I peel the praties and I'll tell you what know of the Banshee.

Ah me! how that sweet spring day in the wide low kitchen of Lord Talbott's cottage in pretty sea-girt Malahide comes back to me now. I was a little Irish American, born in the South, and carried back to the old land, when my parents refugeed from the war. The village was a heavenly sort of place for an imaginative child-the rolling surf of blue Dublin Bay, the snow-white strand, the breezy, heathercovered hills that at times dipped down to the restless tide, it was all full of joy to me. Back of the cottage, was a garden of sweet marjories and mignon ette, with little holly-bushes marking out the paths. In one corner was a cluster of lilacs, tall enough to form a summer house. In another, one of flowery elders, and still another of plum No happier child ever played and dreamed in prettier palaces than I white, and purple and red. As I sat in the kitchen with Katie Molloy, the cook, I could reach out my hand, from the low-window and pick the mignonette and cowslips. How sweet the kitchen always seemed, so cool and clean, too. Katie herself was good to look at ; and, child as I was, I had an eye for the beautiful; and found it gratified in the picture of this young

deep blue, jet-fringed eyes, her red lips just parted to show her white teeth and thick shining black hair. I was Katie's pet, and the creepystool in the kitchen my favorite place. I knew all about Katie's affairs—her invalid brother, her bustling mother and most of all about Teddy. How I would clap my hands and shout when I caught sight of Teddy O'Driscoll, down on the beach! I would whip up my donkey, and when Teddy would hear me coming he would run out of the water where he was drawing the seine and lead my donkey, away far into the bay. What a delightful fear it was,

peasant girl, with rose-clear face, her

when the water would come up so far I would have to tuck my little feet under me; and sit like a Turk on the broad saddle. But I felt so safe with Teddy, the strong, brave fisher boy, with his merry blue eyes and curling black hair. I always knew that when he got away out in the water, Teddy would ask me, easy like, as if he didn't want the fishes to hear-"Miss Eily, jewel, and how is Katie the day Just as I knew that when I went home and went to the kitchen to ask Katie to untie my hood, she would take a long time to do it, and her eyes would look soft and bright while she said. "And did you ree Teddy, to day, my

"And ye never heard of the Banshee before? To be sure, to be sure. The country is too new entirely." was deeply mortified at my native land and ashamed of its youth. Miss Eily, when any of the quality is near to death or any of the real old stock, an old woman comes and cries and sings, it's the Banshee, and she follows all the good old stock, to let

iewel?'

them know when any of them are go ing to die."
"What does she sing, Katie? Did

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you ever hear her?" "Not me, acushla, but my granny has heard her. She sings a soft kind dead of the night. of a sing, like the druneen song, ye

druneen song, acushla."

Ilistened intently. "They say when any of the Talbott's are going to die, the Banshee sits on the high castle wall, but for others, she comes under the window or walks around the garden. liked this kind of a Banshee better, she seemed more approachable, than the mystic lady on the high castle wall. though I suppose this one chose her position to suit the social standing of the Talbots, the lords of the manor and landlady of the village.

"I wish I could hear the Banshee Katie. I would just sit up all night to

Would ye mind that, now? Katie looked at me anxiously. "But Miss Eily, ye musn't crave to see her or hear her, for then she'll come and som one will be after dying.

'The Banshee wouldn't follow Teddy out to sea, when he goes with the men in the big boat and tell them when would be going to drown, would she, Katie?"

The roses fled out of Katie's cheeks. Her blue eyes looked misty and dark. I had touched on a haunting dread of the sea, that claimed her heart, for Teddy's sake. She laid down the knife and the peeled potatoes, saying softly

Teddy will be leaving thesea, please God! after this trip. He's saved up a tiddy little bit of money, and myself has a penny or two. We'll be called on Easter and married in a day or two. We'll get the little farm on the Sword's road, and with the barley and the prat ies there will be no need of the fish ing, but this trip is to be a long one. He'il be gone till Easter Ask the Holy Mother to bring him back safe.

'Why Easter is only ten days off. O, Katie! are you going to be married in church? I will ask Lord Talbott for some flowers for the altar, and you shall have every one in mamma's garden. I just know she will let me

"It's the kind little lady ve are, Miss Eily; but ye will mind the bit of a prayer to the Holy Mother for Teddy. The next day Teddy left on the long trip. I could watch them from the parlor window, straight down the sloping street to the bay, as they trimmed the sails and made ready to start. I ran to my mother's room and told her I must take Katie to the strand to tell Teddy good-bye. My mother smiled as she gave her consent, and away I went with the pretty, young girl, my hood blown back, my red cloak flying in the March air. So little was said at the parting, and yet I knew Teddy was not laughing out of his blue eyes any more, and when the last hand-clasp had been given and we turned up the street, I felt a hot tear drop on the hand

The days wore on, the sweet spring days. I was busy all the time, now running with handfuls of hawthorn and elder flowers, to put on the altar of Everybody was the village church. full of Easter preparations. would go down the broad Dublin Road, and near Lord Talbot's Lodge, I had a treasure house under the hawthorn hedge, where I had found a wealth of cowslips and buttercups. At home, I sat nearly all the time at Katie's side on my creepystool. When she moved back and forth in the routine of her work a soft sigh would sometimes sound from her red lips. Then very earnestly I would ask, "How far off do the poor girl." think Teddy is now. Katie? Is he almost to America?"

"The Holy Virgin, forbid, my jewel! Why, its ever and ever so far to America!

Sometimes when the lengthening days gave her an extra hour or two, Katie and I would walk down to the beach. She would shade her eyes and look over the water and I would ask, Which side is Teddy now?"

"Sorry bit of me knows, Miss Eily, darling.

"If we could move the Hill of Howth," I suggested, one day, "we could see clean over to America."

What, my jewel !" Move Ireland's Never a move on it at all, at

When we did not go ouf Katie would sit in the kitchen and bring out a piece of sewing, and dream of her own little home, down on the Sword's Road. Ah me! across the years from my own childhood, to the faces of my own children, I can still vividly dren, I can still vividly see, pretty Malahide and its sea-washed hills, our little cottage, and there in the flower-

girded kitchen, sweet Katie Molloy as she waited for her wedding day.

How it stormed that night! Spy Wednesday it was, and Katie said old Judas was groaning in the wind. We had talked of Teddy and his return on Saturday night; how Katie would go to the altar at early Mass; how I would go to the High Mass, and hear Katie's banns called; how they would be married the Thursday after Easter, and I was to be the only bridesmaid. As Katie was tucking me into my trundle-bed, she asked me for the usua

bit of a prayer for Teddy." Will you tell me some more about the Banshee, if I say one more 'Hail

Hush, my jewel! The mother will be scolding me for telling you such

But just tell me this, Katie; when does the Banshee come?"

'In the night sometimes, and sometimes in the morning, just before the

pleasingly dreadful Banshee. "Are you sure she comes in the morning, Katie?" A Banshee, just at the dawn of the day, did not seem so terrifying as one in the

"Hush! hush! acushla. The very baby to sleep by. Just a little idea even to tell ye of the creature at Sure, ye musn't think of her when ye are going to sleep! You will be after dreaming of the Banshee. Now be quiet, my jewel, and let me sing ye to sleep.

"Sing me that song that Nora Wren sings to her baby!" Nora was young widow with an only child.

"Sure its the sad sort of a song ye want, Miss Eily. Nora Drew indeed! What has the likes of ye doing, listening to poor Nora and her druneen song. Its-worse than a keening, so it is.

I think I had slept a little, when the storm woke me, and I lay in my little bed listening to the wind. I thought of the Banshee. I thought of Teddy O'Driscoll, away out in the stormy sea. I thought of Nora Drew's sad lullaby. The hours passed on until nearly day. Then what spirit possessed me I never could tell, but I rose, and, creeping down stairs, went out of doors into the garden. I stopped under Katie's window, standing in the bed of mignonette. Then I sang. Any passer by, in the faint light, could behold a small childish form, white-robed, with floating, flaxen hair. Any listener could hear, in an hair. Any listener could near, it unusually high voice, the notes of a "keening" cry, the druneen song of the riders to her fatherless babe. No singer of renown ever so thrilled an audience, as did that wailing child, that March morning, while the spring sunlight leaped up on the hills of Malahide, the frowning face of Howth, the silver waters of Dublin Bay. Her listeners woke from pleasant slumber and woke to terror. The Banshee was woke to terror. The Banshee was abroad in the land. On none fell such terror as on Katie Molloy. The Ban shee was just under her window. What could it mean, after the wild night, and Teddy O'Driscoll on the cruel sea, except that death had come to him So Katie listened to that wailing cry, sick at heart and sobbing out her sor-row to the Holy Mother. The thrilling singer crept back upstairs to her room, went to bed and slept a quiet hour or more. She had played Banshee to an intensely interested audience: and. small as she was, she was artist enough to feel that her efforts were appreci-

ated. In vain did my kind-hearted mother try to comfort Katie, the days after the Banshee's visit.

"It might have been a warning for me as well as for you, Katie.' "No, no, ma'am. It's my Teddy soul calling to me, out of the sea, my own blue-eyed lad. days the banns would be called. ma'am, how have I the heart for the holy Easter, and how can I bear to see the pipers and the dancing, when I thought my Teddy would be there?" Here she would cover her face and

With the unconscious cruelty of childhood, I never dreamed that I could lessen Katie's sorrow, although her grief was a genuine distress to me Our talks in the kitchen were very sober now. Katie had laid aside her wedding preparations. All the village knew that Katie Molloy had heard the Banshee the night of the big storm and that Teddy O'Driscoll was out at sea. So they almost treated her as a widow. I was sorry about Teddy, too. No more nice rides in the water, no more help in hunting mussels. My mother was kind and thoughtful in every way, feeling deeply sorry for

Holy Saturday came. The older mem bers of the family had all prepared for approaching the altar. Poor Katie was preparing to carry her sad heart to the Great Comforter. Once or twice I had been on the verge of telling how I had played Banshee, but the dread that had fallen on the household, at the mention of her name, frightened me from confessing that I had imper-

sonated the dread visitor. "Eily," said my mother, "how do t your night dress so full of Just see here, Katie, the whole mud? hem of this gown is muddy and grassstains on it, too. You must not play out of doors with your night-dress Katie was gathering up the child." clothes for the Monday wash.

"Miss Eily wouldn't do that ma'am, I'm sure. She's the little lady, so she

"But here is the mud anyhow Katie. Mother was a little out of "Where did you have this patience. gown, Eily?

I stood with flushed face and down cast eyes. "I just wore it in the garden once, the morning I played

"Played what?" my mother asked. "I played Banshee," I said, nearly sobbing in my humiliation. Katie Molloy caught my hands, kneeling down before me. "Miss

Eily, acushla, my wee little jewel, tell your own Katie when ye played Ban-"Day before yesterday. Just after the big storm. I came down at the peep of day and I sang Nora Drew's

druneen song. And you knew I did it right, because you all thought it was he sure-enough Banshee." But Katie could not answer. was kissing my hands and sobbing quietly. My mother looked at me so sternly that I too began to weep.

Katie caught me in her arms.

"No, no! my jewel. Be easy now.
It's just the little fright ye gave me. God bless her little heart! Playing Banshee indeed! Holy Mother defend least peep of day."

I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. I sat up in bed. The wind was howling. ing. I was frightened, half by the reckless sort. It's little ye mind the accomplishment as it would seem. The it is only fit and proper that we, mem-

make Katie feel so badly after all her

kindness to you?"
"Whist! whist! ma'am. Never a word to my jewel, now. It's the happy girl she's made me the day." "Well, if you are so forgiving, Katie, I can say nothing, for you were the one to suffer most, from Eily's per-

formance. And I think we will go down to tea.' 'Yes ma'am. Come with me, Miss Eily. Sure it's the nice I'll butter for your tea."

The twilight was falling softly. As strong step sounded on the gravelled walk, then on the porch and a modest door. In a moment, a cry from her brought me to her side, and there, lasping her to his heart, was happy

So together they went to confession that night and to the altar next day. And at High Mass, I sat very still and serious while the gentle, old priest read out the banus of marriage for Katie Molloy and Teddy O'Driscoll, giving the names of their parents and places of abode, just as if everybody didn't know ny Katie and my Teddy. So, after all Katie danced on the green Easter Monday. The pipers and the fiddlers played, and I looked on and indulged n hard boiled eggs and hot potatoes and butter, to the almost utter ruin of my American digestion.

On Thursday, the week after the Banshee's visit, Katie and Teddie were married. I was bridesmaid, and, after the wedding, I was tucked into the jaunting-car and driven down to the little house where they were to live. ome of the wedding guests brought me back, fast asleep, a few hours later. And until the day that the good ship sailed for the shores of America, I was looked upon with a sort of fear, as the daring little American who was bold enough to play Banshee. But in spite of my tempting the mystic lady, left Katie happy and prosperous, with Teddy, blue-eyed and merry, in the with little cottage down by the road, that leads from pretty Malanide to the of Swords, the former capital city of Ireland.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED

General Intention for April. THE CATHOLIC PRESS,

Messenger of the Sacred Heart. Leo XIII. told us a few years ago in one of his immortal Encyclicals that 'among the many means apt to defend religion, there is none more so than the public press." And quite recently, the same illustrious Pontiff, speaking to the Italian preacher Locchi, said: "Write articles, Father, They will bring more fruits than sermons ; for where the preacher's words cannot reach, there the printed words do reach, and people read them who

never hear a sermon. It is a truism that the influence the public press wields in the world for good or evil is enormous.

The Pontiff feels that the Catholic Church should find her profit in this power, and this is the reason he asks all friends of the Sacred Heart, during the month of April, to make the Catho lic Press the object of their special intention in prayer.

Looked at from a merely utilitarian standpoint, the press is a power in the land. Material progress, in all its phases, has no greater champion. Not to speak of the arts and sciences, which have received an extraordinary development under its fostering influence, agriculture, commerce, industry under various forms, have found in the press a powerful aid. In illustration, we have only to cite the case of our country. In the development of able logic. He should add too all this Canada's resources, the press has done admirable service. And it is only fair to contribute the Messenger's mite to the praise already lavished on those Knights of the Pen, who have struggled, year in and year out, to colonize our vast uninhabited regions, or who have endeavored to create centres of human activity in places already settled. There are few of us who will fail to recognize in the press an important factor in the development of a nation's material interests; and were the press to be crushed out, a most potent means cease to exist.

If the role of the press were restricted to the material welfare of a nation, the of the press and the Catholic interests task of guiding it would be easy. But it is in the channel of public opinion and religious thought that the press calls for more serious treatment. Men cease to think for themselves when they find everything cut and dried in their daily paper; and herein lies the danger of a vicious press. As long as it remained a simple chronicle of passing events, there was little reason to be over · critical of its shortcomings : but since it has assumed the role which, in the beginning of its power, did not belong to it, that of directing public opinion; and since this role belongs to it now by right of prescription, there is no use trying to wrench it from its grasp. It is the part of prudence to accept the situation as an accomplished fact, and employ our energies to direct the work of the press into the proper channel.

This is a task that is not so easy of

storm, half by the thought of the Banshee or the good little people or utter lack of responsibility there is in anything." the modern secular press; the craving "But, Eily, how did you ever think after sensations; the subserviency of of such a thing? What possessed you principles to the exigencies of this or to frighten us all so badly? And to that political party; the absence of that political party; the absence of religious convictions, make the task of direction a peculiarly arduous one.

While admitting theoretically the power of the modern secular press for good, we cannot but deplore state of degradation to which it has fallen. The fault does not lied primarily with the readers, but rather with the class of men who, without mandate, have assumed the control of Sure it's the nice potato bread utter for your tea." the press. What may be expected from men who are imbued with insance prejudices from childhood ;-who have I waited for tea in the dining room, I been taught and firmly believe that the amused myself placing a bunch of daffodils on the table. Katie lit the wax | Christ and his satellites? What may candles and drew the curtains. A we expect from men who sell their personal convictions to the highest bid ders, as is so frequently the case in the rap on the knocker. Katie went to the so-called political press? And to touch another chord, what may we expec from writers whose intentions may be good enough, perhaps, but whose whose knowledge is nothing more than by a sound philosophy? It is men of this stamp who fill the ranks of modern journalism, and can the spouse of Christ reasonably expect fair treatment a their hands?

"By their fruits ye shall know them." The secular press has, with a welfare of the Catholic press. few rare exceptions, ceased to have any claim to respectability. It has become a panderer to vice, a purveyor of sensationalism. Crime in all its hideous forms is spread out before the public in its columns, corrupting thereby the innocence of youth and lowering the whole moral tone of nations.

And even in the few rare newspapers and periodicals where virtue continues to be respected, there is nothing to be of the modern press is superficiality: it is this fact that again makes it fair game for criticism. The time we lose over the modern "daily" to gratify our curiosity is simply appalling. Goethe felt this keenly even in his time. "All this," said he, "does not concern me in the least. One is neither the better nor the worse for knowing what the day brings forth. It will suffice to reflect a moment to feel the truth of this remark.

Add to superficiality the ignorance secular journalists affect of things religious. Religion is the bond of union between here and hereafter, and as such it cannot be ignored by those who assume the task of forming public opinion. The spirit of higher criticism and the independence of the press—they tell us—place them under the obligation of keeping themselves untrammelled by sectarianism. They must, consequently, eliminate anything that might run counter to the prejudices of their readers. But this is only half the reason. The modern secular newspaper is essentially a commercial enterprise. Journalists do not paint their prose to enlighten or move; they aim at augmenting their circulation. How well, and believe they will cure me. I would not be without them for any money.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you. and the independence of the pressthey aim at augmenting their circulation; their dividends feel the effects.

In the midst of this chaotic state, what is the duty of the Catholic press? The role of the Catholic writer or ournalist is, first and foremost, to work or the glory of God and the widening of His Kingdom among men; to defend and aid the Church in the accomplishment of her divine mission. Herein the duty of the Catholic writer is

But to fill this programme, the Cathvation. Without requiring him to be a paragon of sanctity, he should be a submissive child of the Roman Catholic Church: without asking him to be amenable to the ecstasies of poetic rapture, he should be familiar with the intricacies of theological and philosophical studies; the knotty questions in controversy-historical and otherwise -should have no secret for him. He should have at ready call an inexorthe refinement the classics alone can give, to enable him to cope with acomplished infidel and sectarian writers in giving literary form to the production of his pen. In fact, the qualifica-tions required are so many and so varied that one dares ask, how many Catholic writers are there in our land ssessing them? Let us bear in mind that Catholic

journalists are made, not born. And the process of making them nowadays slow, and attended with many disadvantages. Here is a suggestion of civilization and advancement would If the Church sanctions schools to train minds for the liberal professions and teaching, why not also have a School of Journalism? In view of the power at stake, the reasons for such an establishment are obvious. Newspapers and other periodicals coming into the family circle frequently, are silent preachers in black and

white, inculcating principles and proffering examples that have a positive influence on the character of their readers. How important, then, that that influence should be salutary, that the moral and doctrinal tone be irreproachable. Put in the wake of error a man trained to Catholic journalism, and the victory is ours. The examples of the Catholic press in France and Germany, and the careers of many brilliant Catholic newspaper men who are fighting and teaching in our own tongue throughout the world, prove the assertion.

In the meantime, while waiting for the age of specially trained journalists.

bers of the League of the Sacred Heart, should second the desires of the Holy Father and implore the Divine Heart ource of knowledge and love and zeal, to inspire to greater deeds those Catholic writers who are giving their ime and talents to the spreading of Catholic truth.

Of late years, there has been marked revival in Catholic literary work. Our writers are increasing in number and merit. Works of fact and distinctively Catholic, are multiplying under their pens. iantly edited newspapers and reviews are issuing from Catholic publishing houses. All this goes to show that the Catholic intellect is active. Let the prayers of our millions of associates help to keep Catholic writers in the path of truth for the welfare of many

One of the happiest omens here in Canada, at the present time, is the vigor shown in the establishment of oranches of the Catholic Truth Society The movement is one in the right direction, and readers of our Messenge should take a more than passing in terest in the work. Canada is an admirable field for the labor of society, and the success of the paren stem in England will be duplicated here if the same earnest endeavor i brought to bear upon the work.

But the Catholic writer is not th only element to be considered in the press has a duty to perform toward the public, Catholics have also their towards the press. They should support the Catholic press, and give their heart co-operation to those men who fear n to show their colors in defence of Cath olic truth. Catholic readers mus banish the shameless, scandal-giving sheet from the fireside; they must dis countenance sensational, enervating journalism; despise political partizan ship, and help generously the pres gained by keeping in tow of events as that is organized to struggle for their they appear in their pages. The sin interests and those of the Church of God.

O Jesus! through the most pure Heart of Mary, I offer Thee all the prayers, work and sufferings of this day, for all the intentions of Thy Divine Heart, in union with the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in reparation of all sins, and for all requests presented through the Apostleship of Prayer, in particular for the welfare of the Cathoc press, that it may grow in influence and strength, and thus be better able to cultivate and advance the interests of God and souls. Amen.

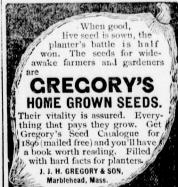
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