ave described was closed it too, as ter to her boorish, proaching him with notorious Elizabeth sinned very deeply ve of him, and this she ever wrote, endelivered except in "then she locked it cabinet, where, of ably was this letter when all was still ending sobs Florence there was no more s, and a very little after the clock had eard the queen pass bed-chamber, and

ng day she was de-small-pox; think, I previous night had the other ladies of d much what steps yould take (of course she said nothing o pecting the queen's the previous night). her duty; she was a couch; neverthe-essage to her sister allow her the happin her. She would, he condition she was

The message was

ajesty, and the mes-with word that "the

an answer the next

l.

nat Mary was worse,

fter such a watch as

y message was re-nciliation could have ave we not seen all s heart was almost eling except for her ven to him she left a

next day that Florother ladies in the ber: the queen was to unconsciousness, harding, who under-o all the concern of e, forced herself into hamber; the dying one word "Thanks. was, indeed, all she

terrible ervsipelas the queen's face, and ncle settled immedired his camp bed to be namber of his dying ained with her nigh

e communication that with calmness, said ote her mind on many g," and spoke of the he would find in her led giving herself or e tenderness a final have caused to them e rebuking letter she w nights since in her

g the Sacrament, she solemnly to die. She time, but said her soul d by it and that noth but prayer. Once or o speak to the king, through with it. For lay silent, then when andered very wildly ations led those who to believe that there till upon her mind.

thing to tell the Archme alone with him. and the room being red, Tennison awaited patience, the expected

ring, "she had fancied er Jacobite physician n nurse upon her, and king behind a screen. n the time of the queen

said that the queen's

she had any scruples father, and they made course with Tennison. vine took upon his own s which, in those weak, ents might weigh upon remain a secret until

solemn hour between ing, the spirit of the h, without one word of r remorse with regard ather, either to ask his to express sorrow for

n was yet lingering in

the palace when the lorence and her hand ly of the proscribed ne of these, the tidings o James, who though he imself in mourning for t himself up in his refused all visits. His it on finding that one g him the slightest exrow at the misery she eans of causing him. honor of that primate, nad been Mary's chap-, we may add, that he at the queen's death-him with not acting up as primate, in failing queen to repent on her her sins towards her ling him in very strong ne horror Tennison had m of some circumstances onduct at the time of the rming that they would r salvation, without inimplete repentance.

Three times had the king swooned when word was brought him that the queen was no more. He persisted in queen was no more. He persisted in remaining at Kensington, and as no one dared intrude on his grief, Florence was at a loss how to convey to him the letter of the queen ; chance, how-

ever, threw her in his way. The queen's funeral had taken place, and she was beginning seriously to think of addressing herself to the Princess Anne, when, wandering down one of the galleries of the palace, she met the king advancing toward her; to retreat was impossible. He would have passed her by, for his head was bent downwards, and he seemed lost in

Her step, however, aroused him, and he seemed about to pass on, when, as if a sudden idea struck him, he paused. I will speak of you to the Princess Anne," he said, and was walking on, when summoning courage by the thoughtfulness he had expressed, she knelt down, and gracefully presented to him the dead queen's letter. A flush akin to anger, it might be, passed like a momentary shadow across his coun-tenance; and in somewhat harsh tones,

'You may go." She scarcely understood his meaning, and rising, and turning as to leave the gallery, looked enquiringly in his face

You may go," he repeated ; "go from here; go where you will, with your maid; read, and go quickly." Her eyes fell on the few lines the dying queen had written, and which, passing on without further word or omment, the king left in her hand They ran thus:

"In remembrance of my maid of honor, Florence O'Neill, having saved my life during the fire at Whitehall and also of her submission to our will respecting the overtures of marriage from the Count Von Arnheim, I beg that you will allow her to leave the palace, with her maid, whenever she pleases to go, wheresoever she shall see fit; and as she has now turned her twenty-first year, that she may have the full and entire management of her late uncle's property, as well as of the Irish estates inherited from her aunt, Catherine O'Neill. MARIE R. Catherine O'Neill.

Florence was alone in the gallery, and, for two or three minutes after reading the paper, remained in the position in which William of Orange had left her. Joy is near akin to grief in her manifestations, and her tears fell abundantly over the paper as she proceeded to her own chamber, her mind busily weaving a thousand delightful images by the way.

When she reached her rooms she

her appearance she was seated with that small piece of paper open on the table, her hands clasped, and an expression of joy on her countenance.
"Grace," she said, "I am going

"To France, madam," said the astonished woman, and her eyes fell on the open letter of the queen.
"I have permission of the king.

A voice from the grave which he dared has she sent forth any one so lavishly not refuse, has spoken to him. You gifted for his work as a tribute of the may read if you wish," and, with a something of reverence, she put the dead queen's letter in her attendant's Von must make your election, Grace, and make it quickly.'

vate apartment, and you may be quite sure that for some little time she felt like one in a dream, dazed, bewildered. Should she go straight to St. Germains? Oh, no; she should act upon a hint the Queen Mary Beatrice had given her. She should seek out King Louis, and beg him to redeem his word; because you will please to remember that when she met the king at Marly, more than four years since, he had told her he would grant any boon she at any time wished to ask of him.

I shall not say what boon she meant

"I shall go to Paris, and then enquire where King Louis holds his court. If I can get speech of Madame de Main-tenon I will, because the king will refuse her no favor she asks of him, though he has already passed his word to me to grant whatever boon I solicit. shall then go to St. Germains. How surprised they will all be to see me again; and he to whom I have been so long betrothed, what will he say when I give him the message I am sure to take him from King Louis."

Do not blame her, too, that when her soliloquy was ended, her tears fell to the memory of Queen Mary. How little did she think that the queen, on that morning her hand had traced those lines, was thinking how she should at least remedy one wrong. She had decided on speaking to her husband, as least remedy one wrong. She had decided on speaking to her husband, as it were from the grave. Thus she secured to Florence her property, as well as her freedom. Probably when she begged her so earnestly to give the king the paper the day after her death, the thought may have occurred death, the thought may have occurred may be remediated to be so coming back to London From the took would ask to London From the took would ask to London From the took would ask to London From the content of the con to her that permission would be refused,

There was not small surprise evinced by the ladies of the court at the departure of Florence; but with persons of greater importance, even as with Mary herself, she speedily passed out of the minds of those arms. minds of those amongst whom she had

Half fearing to put herself in the way of the king, and yet not liking to leave the palace without craving an audience, she begged one of the ladies in attendance on the Princess Anne to ask if she might have an interview with him. The king's boorish and uncouth message was worthy of himself:

"Tell her I do not want to see her. TO BE CONTINUED.

My Little Wild White Rose.

"It was peeping through the bramble
That little wild white rose,
Where the hawthorne hedge was planted,
My garden to inclose
All beyond was fern and heather;
All within was sun and shelter.
And the wealth of beauty's store;
But I did not heed the fragrance
Of floweret or of tree.
For my eyes were on that rosebud,
And it grew too high for me.

"In vain I strove to reach it
Through the tangled mass of green—
It only smiled and nodded
Behind its thorny screen:
Yet, thro' that summer morning
I lingered near the spot.
Oh, why do things seein sweeter
If we possess them not?
My garden buds were blooming,
But all that I could see
Was that little mocking white rose,
Hanging just too high for me.

"So, in life's wider garden.
There are buds of promise, too,
Beyond our reach to gather.
But not beyond our view;
And, like the little charmer
That tempted me astray.
They steal out half the brightness
Of many a summer's day.
Oh, hearts that fall with longing
For some forbidden tree,
Look up, and learn a lesson
From my white rose and me.

"Tis wiser far to number
The blessings at my feet
Than ever to be sighing
For just one bud more sweet.
My sunbeams and my shadows
Fall from a pierced hand;
I can surely trust H1s wisdom
Since His heart I understand,
nd maybe in the morning.
When His blessed face I see,
He will tell me why my white rose
Grew just too high for me."

HIS ELOQUENCE NEVER EQUALLED.

Tribute of Wendell Phillips to Daniel O'Connell, the Great Irishman.

Broadly considered, O'Connell's eloquence has never been equalled in modern times, certainly not in Eng-lish speech, once said Wendell Phillips, America's greatest orator. Do you think I am partial? I will vouch John Randolph of Roanoke, the Virginian slave-holder, who hated an Irishman almost as much as he hated a Yankee, himself an orator of no mean level. Hearing O'Connell, he ex-claimed: This is the man, these are the lips, the most eloquent that speak the English tongue in my day!" I think he was right. I remember the solemnity of Webster, the grace of Everett, the rhetoric of Choate; immediately summoned Grace. When that imperturbable hand maiden made the iron logic of Calhoun; I have melted beneath the magnetism of Sergeant S. Prentiss, of Mississippi, who wielded a power few men ever had; it has been my fortune to sit a "Grace," she said, "I am going the feet of the great speakers of the to France. Will you accompany me thinker?"

English tongue on the other side of the ocean; but I think all of them to gether never surpassed and none of them ever equalled O'Connell.

Nature intended him for our Demos thenes. Never, since the great Greek, ace, and make it quickly."
the majesty of his proportions. To be sure he had not Webster's craggy face Grace. "I love the queen better just now than I ever loved her in her lifetime. When shall we go?"

"Pack up my clothes and books at once, Grace; let us go as speedily as possible."

"O'Connell at all. These physical ad-

Then Florence withdrew to her pri- vantages are half the battle. I remember Russell Lowell telling us that Mr. Webster came home from Washington at the time the Whig party thought of dissolution and went lown to Faneuil Hall to protest. Drawing himself up to his loftiest proportion, his brow clothed with thunder, before listening thousands, he said: "Well, gentlemen, I am a Whig, a Massachusetts Whig, a Fanueil Hall Whig, a revoluntionary Whig, a constitutional Whig; if you break the Whig party where am I togo?" And, says Lowell, "We held our breath, to ask, but her thoughts might be thus construed into words.

Says Lowen, We held do of sath, thinking where we could go. If he had been 5 foot 3 we should have said who cares where you go?" So it was with O'Connell. There was something majestic in his presence before he spoke, and he added to it what Web-ster had not, but what Clay might have lent—grace. Lithe as a boy at seventy, every attitude a picture, every gesture a trace, he was still all nature, nothing but nature seemed to speak all

over him. over him.

Hehada voicethat covered the gamut.

I heard him once say: "I send my voice across the Atlantic, careering like the thunder storm against the breeze, to tell the slave-holder of the Carolinas that God's thunder-bolts are hot and to remind the bondman that the dawn of his redemption is already breaking." You seem to hear the tones coming back to London from the power and sweetness, charmed mil-

PILGRIMAGE TO YORK.

under the auspices of the Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, in honor of St.

London Universe, June 16. The annual pilgrimage to York,

William, Archbishop of York, and the York martyrs, took place on the 8th Representatives of the Guild were present from various parts of survived for centuries; there was Yorkshire, as well as from London, once a city that called itself eternal; Preston, and other places. The proceedings began with High Mass in Wilfrid's church, the celebrant being the Very Rev. Provost Dawson. The Rev. Arthur Whelan was the preacher. There was a crowded congregation. The musical portion of the service Do not hours, weeks, months, years was under the direction of Herr witness, like the mottos on the sundials, Oberhoffer. The Mass sung was com-Oberhoffer. The Mass sung was composed by Father Witt in honor of St. preacher, after alluding to the storms and trials through which the Catholic only surety, hope and peace. In Church had passed in times long ago, said the last great storm was in the sixteenth century, when England attacked her dearest mother. That which surpasseth all knowledge, be was a period which must ever remain in English hearts and to all who spoke to England, to York! Faith will pass the English tongue the most tender into vision, hope will be lost in posses the most pathetic, and the most unfortunate in all our national history. the people of this country never gave up the faith willingly; they were positively robbed of it. But was there no chance that the Catholic the minster. Wreaths were placed on faith, which had been the prerogative the spot where the remains of the and the property of England for a thousand years, would return to this land? Had they any hopes that England would be converted? By conversion he did not mean anything sudden. It must be attained by the co-operation of all true Catholics.

WAY

of the conversion of England. The first of these obstacles was the widespread infidelity which now was to be found in this land. It was not merely amongst educated men, not only in our but ranked amongst men and women in the lower social scale, who fre quently had not two thoughts which they could logically unite together. This state of affairs had come about through the "Reformation." Another obstacle in the way of the conversion of England was indifferentism. It was merely an effect of infidelity, and was either theological, practical, or what he might term physical. But LET THEM LOOK AT THE OTHER SIDE

and here he would say that the Church beyond the territory which was his as of England had so far, according to its power and influence, maintained Christianity in the land, and had acted as a breakwater against the inroads of infidelity. English character was essentially Christian. A hope that the aim of which he was speaking would e ultimately attained was that the people of England were weary of the dull and monotonous thing, the whited sepulchre called Protestantism. They were yearning for something which would suit their noble characters Another hope, he said, better. the Ritualism which existed. He be-lieved it to be the school for the training of English Catholics. Continuing, the rev. preacher said: I will now speak of some positive signs of a national return to faith. One is the growth and success of the Church in these latter days. On all sides, in every sphere of thought and action, the Church is becoming an increasing power. We are represented in literature, in art, in politics, on the bench, in commerce, and positions of trust and influence. Were Milner, or Challoner, or some other old warrior to rise from their tombs and survey the Church as in England to-day they would rejoice to see a strong, active living Church, energizing through the length of the land. They would see a noble hierarchy deserving the reverence and veneration of the people-a mighty race of men, whose broad statesmanship tells us of the imperial mould in which they have been cast. They would see and count by hundreds church and chapel, convent and school, asylums for the sick, the aged, and the poor. They would see and rejoice in the great Guild of Our Lady of Ransom, with its forty-five thousand strong, under the generalship of one who has caught the enthusiasm of the old spirit. Such would be the picture which would present itself to their gaze.

WHAT A WONDERFUL CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE

by the power of the Most High! And if I were to seek what has been one of the services of this growth I must look to the zeal and enthusiasm of the Irish race as the food of our strength Heaven has set its seal upon the fruits of St. Patrick's apostolate. They have forsaken with sorrow their native land, with its green hills and crumbling ruins; but they are true to the piety of their fathers. Where a son of Ireland dwells an altar to God is built. May their faith ever remain fervent with the strength of the eagle, with the freshness of its early beauty, without a trace of weakness or decay! where is our surest hope? O glorious martyrs of York, intercede for your native land! May your blood be sweetly avenged! O God of justice, listen to the cries of the tice, listen to the cries of the martyrs of England; rain down upon blood for years, may be thoroughly expelled by giving Hood's Sarsaparilla a trial.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

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Minard's Liziment Cures Distemper, 3

inherit a great name its burden oppresses them, and the recollection of a glorious past is vain unless it brings with it a deeper and keener sense of responsibility. Our faith is our vic-

tory over space and time.
ALL ELSE PASSES AWAY. The mighty monuments in Egypt, in Assyria, in India, in China have they have passed away, and their ruins, like the fragments of a shipwreck, witness to the power of change.
What is history but a record of its vicissitudes. What is political science but the recognition of its conquests.

THE STROKES OF THAT MIGHTY WING Francis Xavier, and the Offertory was Jubilate by Abinger. Selecting his text from St. John x 16, the rev. lessly, but the touch is marking us sion, but the peace of God will survive when a stone is not left upon a stone England went from the faith, but not of yonder minister, when the hills all the brethren. He would say that have passed away and the ages of time

it is recorded, the martyrs were tried, after which luncheon was partaken of in It must be attained by the co-operation of all true Catholics.

THERE WERE MANY OBSTACLES IN THE Blossom street, where a hand of Margaret Clitheroe, who suffered mar tyrdom, was venerated. A procession was then formed, and the pilgrims marched to Tyburn, where a short ser vice was held, Canon Goldie giving some account of the martyrs. cathedral cities and universities, not turning Benediction was given at the confined to the higher walks of life, Church of the English Martyrs, Blossom street.

THE POPE AND AMERICA.

Some Statements Which Will Startle

Maurice Francis Egan contributes an interesting article on "The Pope and Temporal Power in America" the North American Review. Among other things he says:

No Pope claims temporal sovereignty temporal ruler. No Pope claims infallibility in directing the matters o every day life. No Pope, unless by among them in the capacity of their make a moral issue out of a merely political one. No word of his could orce American Catholic soldiers to hrow down their arms in a cause which they believed to be just

Bishop Doane declared that the "pronounced principles of the Roman Church give the Church a right to control the political actions of its mem bers," implying that the conscience of the Pope, when he considers secular conditions, must over ride the con-sciences of all Catholics. This is a monstrous doctrine, and it seems im-possible that Bishop Doane should seriously assert it, in the face of his tory and in the faces of his American

Catholic fellow-citizens.

There is no reason that Rome should love the Public school system; no reason that she should concern herself about it, but savay reason that she should concern herself with Diarrhoea, Camps, and Colic and about it; but every reason that she should be anxious that her children should learn the truth of Christianity and the rules of Christian morality. With out these "universal education" mus be a failure from the point of view of thoughtful Christians. As a body, Catholics are not in opposition to the Public-school system. Rome has not asked them to interfere with the rights of their neighbors; and when Rome does it will be time enough to raise a "war cry." If Catholics were in the majority in this country they would probably use their share of the school taxes to support their own schools, if they could. It would be a question of the ballot, as it is a question of the ballot now. After all, this school question is a local political question.

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those who have tested it.

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SOME people laugh to show their pretty.

THE BOY FOET.

A Beautiful Word Picture of the Life

Annie Murphy of the Ursuline Con vent, Enghien, Belgium, writes:
The May month—the sweet, sweet
May month! Thousands of wild flowers whisper it to each other, and their breath is fragrant. The birds sing it tenderly in their love lays to the blushing roses; and the brooklet murmurs it softly—oh so softly, as she glides along by the cot under the hill. The gentle brooklet knows that cot of old. Every year when the May month comes the two friends have a long long, chat. But to-day the little cot looks sad; for in one of its rooms a young boy, fair as May itself, is dying. roses and forget me-nots droop their heads and weep; they loved the bright youth, for he loved all things beautiful and the brooklet, flowing on through many a green lane, tells her tale of woo

to the flowerets. Sometimes, too, the tall trees bend down to listen, and a

sigh escapes their great hearts. proud, wilfui sunbeam alone doubts the brooklet's story, and steals in through

the cottage windows to ascertain the truth Alas! it is too true. A mother watches at the bedside of her dying son -a tired heart struggles against death. The young life is ebbing away, and that heart-broken mother begs for strength to the Virgin opposite the sufferer's bed. Ah, thou, who has seen thine own Son die, inspire that mother's heart with some of thy sweet calm, murmur mercy and love to him now—his soul is e'en on the brink of the boundless sea. consolation to her now-the dark blue eyes close, the heart of her son is stilled. But a few years hence he was rich in health and joy. No word kind as his, no sympathy sweeter, no laugh merrier till feeling in his soul music known to

the poet alone, wild dreams agitated his being. Yes, the world should hear that melody! His own hills and the cottage home would ring with glory of his name! Dreamer, dreamer, how delusive are thy visions!

London! strong, noble workers have braved thy coldness and thy scorn till the goal of honor was won. Many a great heart is struggling, struggling received its death-wound from thy hands!

The youth poured forth the harmony of his soul; the crowd passed on indifferent. And he tried again. The strains were purer, richer than before but they found no echo in those hearts Still the boy poet hoped and sang til the music grew discordant with despair Now the crowd laughed and cried

He wandered back to the mother who was waiting, ever waiting, for her son. But the heart that had beaten so exult ingly was broken-the music of the noble soul was too sublime for earth

The curious little sunbeams, stealing in once more through the windows linger lovingly among the curls of his golden hair. A feeling of peace comes ver the weary mother's heart. knows that beyond the clouds the harmony of her boy's soul is understood by the angels.

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Hood's Saria Cures not bear the slightest touch. When I had taken one bottle of this medicine, the soreness had gone, and before I had finished the second the bunches had entirely disappeared?

bunches had entirely disappeared." BLANCHE
ATWOOD, Sangerville, Maine.
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