

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

JESUS OUR HEAVENLY MODEL OF MEAKNESS.

"I have not a devil, but I honor My Father," (John 8, 49.)

Can human depravity go farther than we have seen in the example of the Pharisees in the gospel of today? The innocent Saviour is told to His face that He has a devil. So great an insult is offered to Him, the All-holy Son of God, who could ask His greatest enemies: "Which of you can convince me of sin?" and they had to remain silent. And yet, what answers our Lord to such a blasphemy? Does He call the lightning from Heaven, on His calculators? Does He command the earth to open and swallow them? Had our Lord acted thus, would He not, as God, have had the power and the right to do so? But no, the Sacred Heart of Jesus knows no revenge. It breathes only love, meekness and pardon, and this love opens His lips to utter these touching words: "I have not a devil, but I honor My Father." Verily, He who can speak and act thus, and with such self denial, pardon the greatest insults, could indeed say in the sermon on the Mount: "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." (Matt. 11, 29.)

How do we act, when insulted, reviled and contemned? Are we, like Jesus, immediately prepared to forgive? Have we, for our enemies, only words of love and reconciliation? Ah, could this be said of all Christians! But, how often is not the contrary the case! We call ourselves disciples of Christ and have solemnly promised to be faithful, and yet, at the least insult, our proud soul blazes forth like the fire of the forge, when acted upon by the bellows, and the tongue is ready to retaliate with still greater invectives. But, sad to say, are there not degenerate Christians for whom it needs but an inconsiderate word or a harmless joke to transform them into furious animals, so that they break forth in curses and maledictions against the offenders of their dignity, and for weeks and months they nourish the deep hatred in their heart, seeking to injure them by calumny, injustice and malice of every description.

O, revengeful Christian! must you not blush for shame when you consider the meekness of Him Whom you call your Redeemer? Are you, poor sinner, greater than the son of God, the three holy? You curse, your Saviour blesses, you wish to annihilate your enemy, and Jesus preserves and bestows benefits on him! What can you expect from God in life and in death, when, by revenge, you trample under foot the divine precept of loving your enemies, that most important and inviolable commandment, which obliges you, under pain of eternal damnation? Behold, then, you deprive yourself of the grace, the love and heir-ship of God, you transform your heart into a detestable abode of Satan. Then, each of your prayers becomes an abomination before the Lord, every confession, every Communion a sacrilege. You have, in one word, no longer a claim on God and Heaven, since, by your deeds, you make an irrevocable choice of the flames of hell.

Oh! be, therefore, warned by the words of the wise man: "He that seeketh to revenge himself, shall find vengeance from the Lord, and He will surely keep his sins in remembrance. Forgive thy neighbor if he hath hurt thee; and then shall thy sins be forgiven to thee when thou prayest. One man keepeth anger against another, and doth he seek to be healed by God? He hath no mercy on a man like himself, and doth he entreat for his own sins? He that is but flesh, nourishes anger, and doth he ask forgiveness of God? Who shall obtain pardon for his sins? Remember thy last things, and let envy cease. Remember the fear of God, and be not angry with thy neighbor." (Ecclesi. 28, 1-9.) Behold, these are the words of God! Oh, let them not only be heard, but let them touch the heart. Forgive the insult with your whole heart, forget what has happened, for the love of our Lord Jesus Christ. Pray often for your enemies, salute them friendly, do good to them whenever an occasion is presented, and the angels in Heaven will rejoice over your repentance and conversion.

Fortify yourself also for the future with the armor of holy meekness, and whenever you are insulted, should you be tempted to take revenge, take immediate recourse to prayer, struggle, exert yourself, look at your crucifix and pray with heart and mouth: "For the love of you, O Jesus, I will forgive with my whole heart. Though my brother be unworthy of forgiveness, yet, for your sake, I will pardon him. Do you also forgive me my sins! Amen."

A NOTABLE CONVERT.

Hon. Walter McHenry, son of Judge W. H. McHenry, of Des Moines, Iowa, has been received into the Catholic Church. The McHenrys are a family distinguished for their mental endowments. They can trace their ancestors back to the famous Patrick Henry, of Revolutionary fame. Walter McHenry, who last week entered the true fold of Christ, is a young man in the prime of life and a rising star in the legal profession. His conversion is noticeable from the fact that all his early associations and youthful companions were trained in a school hostile to the faith of the Apostles.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Childhood.

"Johnnie," said his papa one day, "try to think where you left my spectacle-case." "Please, Pa, I haven't learned to think yet," replied the child. Many little folk now-a-days learn to think too soon, either because their parents are anxious that they should be paragons of knowledge at ten or because the canker worm of want has gnawed into their very cores and ripened their reason before its time. The result is that what should have been the most charming time in their lives is a void in their memory, and when wearied by the cares and trials of life they may not refresh themselves with the remembrance of happy childhood days when they believed in Santa Claus, and thought that all the world was good.

"How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood!" And why? Because they are associated with the happiest days of our lives. When we visit the old home we are stirred by emotions inexpressible in words. When we look upon the quaint old fireplace where long years ago the ash logs crackled merrily while in circle round with sisters and brothers we listened in childish wonder to some fairy tale, the tears glisten in our eyes. And why this emotion? Because those scenes awaken the recollection of the many blissful innocent hours that we spent beneath that roof. With unwilling step we leave endearing scenes to view the old school-house. At a lingering gait we tread the well known path that long summers ago, barefoot boys, we followed at a hasty pace. We loiter by the winding brook where in company with our youthful playmates we used to stretch ourselves on the grassy bank and watch the waters ripple in the sunlight. The place is very dear to us; for here we formed our first friendships, which perhaps proved more enduring than any of later years.

No matter how much Fortune may favor a man he always looks back upon his childhood as the happiest time in his existence. The great Napoleon when at the height of his fame was asked what day he considered the happiest in his life. All expected that he would name the date of Austerlitz or Mergo. But he answered, "The day I made my first Communion; for I was then an innocent child."

Few men preserve during life the innocence of childhood. It is then that the soul, free from all attachment to the world, communes freely with God. Happy the child that early learns to love Jesus and Mary and reverence things sacred. Even years of sin will not entirely efface those first good impressions. Every beginning is important, and the beginning of life is three important, for

"A pebble in the streamlet scant His turned the course of many a river A dewdrop on the baby plant May warp the giant oak forever."

F. O. S.

WANTED—A SCORE OF TIPTOP HYMNS.

When the representatives of the Y. M. C. A. recently met in Memphis they had several rousing rallies at which they sang with resonant enthusiasm some of the many fine hymns that Protestants have. When the delegates to the C. Y. M. N. U. lately met in annual convention they did not sing at all, they are not used to choral singing, and they have not a full repertoire of beautiful hymns known to all of them from which to make three or four appropriate selections.

Many Catholic hymn books are published bulky with pages on pages of words and music. But of hymns in the vernacular, mighty few are of any account. If "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" and "I am my Love's and He is Mine," be put to one side, where are the hymns that, possessing poetical diction, sane sentiment and exquisite melody, are worthy to rank with them?

Have we no poets and composers who will write us a score of fine hymns lovely in language and harmonious in tune?

Even if we had a thousand and one gems of sacred song, Catholic young men, for lack of training and practice, would not sing them. Yet congregational singing is a powerful influence and a magnetic attraction for young and old; with none is it more delightful than with young men.

Give us the hymns and give us vocal music lessons in all our schools for boys. Then sometime in the next century the national conventions of the C. Y. M. N. U., the Knights of Columbus, the Y. M. I. the Foresters, and the Knights of St. John, will be stirred and thrilled and roused to a high pitch of enthusiasm by the singing of half a dozen noble canticles, giving expression to their highest aspirations and their fondest love.—Catholic Columbian.

There are many who want me to tell them of methods and systems and secret ways of becoming perfect; and I can only tell them that the sole secret is a hearty love of God, and the only way of attaining that love is by loving. You learn to speak by speaking, to study by studying, to run by running, to work by working; and just so you learn to love God and man by loving. All those who think to learn in any other way deceive themselves.—St. Francis de Sales.

The Spring Months Are most likely to find your blood impure and lacking in the red corpuscles which enable it to carry nourishment to the nerves and other organs. Therefore you feel weak, tired and listless, and are troubled with spring humors. Relief is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla which purifies, enriches and vitalizes the blood.

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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

God bless the cheerful person—man, woman, or child, old or young, illiterate or educated, handsome or homely, exclaims some one. Over and above every social trait stands cheerfulness! What sun is to nature, what God is to the stricken heart which knows how to lean on Him, are cheerful persons, in the house or by the wayside. They go unobtrusively, unconsciously about their silent mission, brightening up society with the happiness beaming from their faces. We love to sit beside them; we love to see the sparkle of their eyes, to hear the tone of their voice. Little children find them out, oh, so quickly, amid the densest crowd, and passing by the knitted brow, compressed lips, glide near, and laying a confident little hand on their knee, lift their clear eyes to those loving faces. To all of which we give a fervent Amen.

To Labor is a Duty. "Six days shalt thou work" is as much of a command as "the seventh thou shalt rest." A life of idleness is a life wasted.

Don't Pick it to Pieces. You say you thought the sermon very good when you heard it, but when you came to take it to pieces you were surprised how little there was in it! How foolish, then, to take it to pieces! Take a steam engine to pieces, and how little there is in it! Take your own face to pieces, and your mother will be ashamed of it. Take a rainbow to pieces, and see how much remains to be admired! We must judge by the effect of the whole, and not by pieces and sections.

Drugs and Stimulants or Exercise. Beautiful spring is coming on with its sunshiny sky, showers, balmy air, mud, malaria, and tired feeling. Instead of drugs to dose the sordid body or stimulants to goad the system to spasmodic efforts, the better thing is to force one's self to the gymnasium and to make the body work until perspiration comes, then a shower-bath and a rub down. Drugs and stimulants are only to be used in emergencies. A live body, quickened, strengthened, sustained by proper foods, not gorged, blood serated by plenty of oxygen drawn in deep breaths. Every organ vital with quickened life. The pores of the body opened in perspiration and cleansed by running water will laugh at disease, and death will stand aside until fall age.

To Master the Wheel. This is the season for beginners in cycling, and here are some good suggestions from an instructor who is regarded as one of the best in the metropolis: 1. Grasp the handle bars lightly and do not stiffen the muscles of the arms or shoulders. 2. Turn the wheel gently in the direction in which you feel you are falling; never jerk it. 3. Do not be afraid to bear down on the pedals; the faster you go the more easily you will find it to control your wheel. 4. Always look ahead, or rather toward the point to which you wish to go; if you look down you are almost sure to get "rattled," and if you fix a terror-stricken gaze on any object you wish to avoid you are almost sure to run it down.

To Those Who Write for the Press. It would be a great favor to editors and printers, should those who write for the press observe the following rules. They are reasonable, and likely to gain general editorial approval: Write with black ink on white paper, wide ruled. Make the pages small. Note size preferred by the printer. Leave the second page of each leaf blank. Give to the written page an ample margin all around. Number the papers in the order of their succession. Write in a plain, bold hand, with less respect to beauty. Use no abbreviations which are not to appear in print. Punctuate the manuscript as it should be printed. For italics, underscore one line; for small capitals two; capitals three. Never interline without the caret to show its place. Take special pains with every letter in review every word, to be sure that none are illegible. Put directions to the printer at the head of the first page. Never write a private letter to the editor on the printer's copy, but always on a separate sheet. Never roll up your manuscript. Fold it flat and with as few doublings as possible.

What makes a Gentleman. In all questions of manners a young man should always remember that, while politeness is a good trait to acquire, courtesy is infinitely better. Politeness is manners, but courtesy is heart. Mingling in good society can give us that veneer which the world calls a polish of manners, and true politeness is not to be made little of nor scoffed at. Politeness is a fine art, but is an art pure and simple, even at its best. Infinitely better is the cultivation of that courtesy or refinement which enters into the feelings of others and holds them sacred. What we want our young men to have is courtesy of manner not regulated by social code or professional censor. It is idle to say that courtesy is a relic of old-fashioned days and is no longer looked for. It is as much the current coin of good society as it ever was. More than

any other element or grace in our lives, it is instantly felt and recognized, and has an unfailing influence. It calls for respect as nothing else does. Courtesy of manner and courtesy of speech are the gifts a young man should cultivate.—Edward W. Bok.

To Do And Not To Do. Keep good company or none. Never be idle. If your hands cannot be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured except by your own acts. If anyone speaks evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortunes excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed, think over what you have been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquility of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, through fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out again. Never borrow if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of anyone. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent if you would be happy. Save when you are young and spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

The Piety of a Great General. The celebrated Marshal Pelissier, one of the bravest and most successful generals that France can boast of, was as good a Catholic as he was a soldier. Sometimes, when it happened that no one was at hand to serve Mass, the Marshal himself would step forward and humbly take the acolyte's place. This he often did, and with such humble simplicity and piety that it edified many and made others ashamed of their moral cowardice.—Ave Maria.

CHILDREN AND PRAYER. How Parents Should Teach Their Little Ones to Pray Aright. Most children are apt to perform the duty of prayer in a careless, superficial manner which is owing to their natural giddiness and inattention to everything serious. Wherefore it is the duty of parents to teach them how to pray. They should instill into them a high idea of this essential duty and show the necessity of it from our total dependence on God as to the goods both of this life and the next. For example, let them often say to their children: "We must never forget to pray to Almighty God, because He is the giver of all good gifts. It is He alone who can supply us with all things necessary both for soul and body." At other times: "We can never arrive at the eternal happiness of heaven unless God help us by His grace. Now He will help us by His grace if we ask it by humble and fervent prayer."

Let them often admonish their children of their duty when going to prayer as follows: "Remember you are now going to speak to God Himself, the sovereign Lord of Heaven and earth. See that you do it with great reverence, modesty and attention. In order to impress on the minds of children a due sense of the presence and majesty of God they must first say their prayers aloud, in a mild, humble and moderate tone, upon their knees and with downcast eyes and their hands joined, and they should never be allowed to huddle over their prayers as is often the case, nor to look about here and there while saying them. After prayer, say to them occasionally: "Did you think on Almighty God? Was your heart raised up to Him, to adore Him, to praise Him and to beg His blessings? Without attention your prayers, instead of pleasing God, will only offend Him." Parents should, as much as possible, hear their children say their prayers morning and night, and in hearing them should not be employed about the business of the house. If they cannot themselves perform this duty, they ought to intrust it to such servants only as are truly pious and who will see that the children perform it in a proper manner. It cannot be expected that children should be duly impressed with the importance of this duty if allowed to perform it in a careless manner, or if they see their parents equally indifferent about so essential a point.

Don't Wait for the Sick Room. The experience of physicians and the public proves that taking Scott's Emulsion produces an immediate increase in flesh; it is therefore of the highest value in Wasting Diseases and Consumption. The Brightest Flowers must fade, but young lives endangered by severe coughs and colds may be preserved by DR. THOMAS' ELECTRIC OIL. Croup, whooping cough, bronchitis, in short all affections of the throat and lungs, are relieved by this sterling preparation, which also remedies rheumatic pains, sores, bruises, piles, kidney difficulty, and is most economic.

THE DEVIL'S TEN COMMANDMENTS.

- From the Christian Advocate. 1. Live to thyself. Mind thine own things. This is the first and great commandment, on which all the rest hang and to which they serve and is the same as be thine own God. 2. Let thy will be thy law. Thou art thine own, thy tongue is thine own, thy time is thine own, thy estate is thine own; mayst thou not do what thou wilt with thine own? 3. Make the best of the time present and of present things. Lose not a certainty for uncertainties. Who knows what may be hereafter? Eat and drink, for to-morrow thou diest. Be merry while thou mayst, spend while thou hast it; make hay while the sun shines. 4. Stand fast in the liberties of thy flesh. Come not into bondage. Be not a slave to a strict life when thou mayst use thine own liberty. 5. Continue in sin because grace hath abounded. Christ died for sinners; God is merciful. Why shouldst thou then fear to take thy course? 6. Do as others do. Go along with the multitude, fashion thyself to the times, be not singular. Why shouldst thou think thyself wiser than others? 7. Do no more religion than needs. Be not righteous overmuch. Be not over forward; a little faith, a little repentance will serve thy turn. 8. Do not trouble thyself about small offenses. Thoughts are free, words are but things of course. What man is there that lives and sins not? Why shouldst thou keep such ado about thy sins; are they not little ones? 9. Be not over hasty. If thou must repent, it is time enough yet; torment not thyself before thy time. When thou art old thou wilt have little else to do. Be not old while thou art young. 10. Trust God with thy soul rather than man with thy body. Choose inequity rather than affliction and self-denial. Venture no farther in matters of religion than thou mayst with safety.

A LITTLE FUN AT HOME.

Be not afraid of a little fun at home. Do not shut up your house lest the sun should fade your carpets; and your hearts, lest a laugh should shake down a few of the musty old cobwebs that are hanging there. If you want to ruin your sons, let them think that all mirth and social enjoyment must be left at the threshold, without, when they come home at night. When once a home is regarded as only a place to eat, drink, and sleep in, the work is begun that ends in the gambling houses and reckless degradation. Young people must have fun and relaxation; if they do not find it at their own hearstone they will seek it at less profitable places. Therefore, make the home delightful with all those little arts parents so well understand. Do not repress the buoyant spirits of your children. Half an hour of merriment within the doors of a home blots out the remembrance of many a care and annoyance during the day; and the best safeguard they can take with them in the world is the influence of a bright home.—Sacred Heart Review.

A HOUSE DIVIDED.

From the London Truth. Although people have long grown accustomed to the internecine warfare in the Church of England on questions of faith and ritual, it is still, I imagine, something of a novelty to find rival divines attempting to "prove their doctrine orthodox by apostolic blows and knocks" delivered at one another on successive Sundays from the same pulpit. This is the edifying spectacle that has lately been afforded to the congregation attending Durham Cathedral. A Sunday or so ago Archdeacon Watkins preached an impassioned sermon in vindication of prayers for the dead. He quoted many authorities in support of his views. On the following Sunday Canon Tristram with equal fervor proceeded to demolish all these authorities and to denounce prayers for the dead as a mischievous superstition. The Archdeacon listened from his stall and in due course he will, I suppose, deliver his rejoinder.

In a recent sermon Father Yorke, of San Francisco, said: "One of the first lessons of the war is that, in accordance with their usual habits, the political preachers are not standing by the truth when they are deliberately proclaiming from their pulpits that the United States is a Protestant nation, for out of some 75,000,000 people in that country not more than 20,000,000 go to church, and out of these 20,000,000 more than half are Catholics."

A man who is not in his place is like a dislocated bone; he suffers and he causes suffering.—Abbe Roux.

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Belief In Christ.

The Rev. John M. Fleming, O. S. A., of Lawrence, in a recent sermon, said: "You might as well expect a man to live and think whose head is severed from his body, or a dead rose bush to flourish and blossom, as religion or virtue, heroism or patriotism to endure without a firm belief in the divinity of Christ. A year or two ago a French Protestant of high literary attainments and vast erudition wrote a brief and a very commendable life of Cardinal Manning. In the closing words of his introductory, speaking of the meanderings of higher criticism, he says: 'It presents to us an impalpable, intangible Christ, a sort of twilight phantom fallen at the same time from his humanity, without historical reality in the past, without supernatural reality in the present, without sacramental reality in the sacraments. The cup that is offered to us is full of a deadly beverage. Let us reject this poison. Like the woman in the Gospel, rather than let Christ escape, perhaps it will be necessary for our generation to take hold of the hem of His garment; perhaps it will be necessary for it to follow in the footsteps of His disciples, even were it only to be touched by that shadow of Peter healing the sick of Jerusalem.'"

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