looked prettier and prettier. The

ARY 26, 1895.

he character of this

BETTY.

king my eyes. I have

k about that I even stop s over when I am lap-

r washing my face. In about lapping my

not. She used to talk

said that only untidy

face, too, so I am par

at. It is always Betty

bout when I sit on the

ed and so anxious that

or papa are sitting near m and say: Mee-aiow?"

not seem to understand i. Perhaps that is be-

grown up people and girl. But one day her

almost as 'if she were

a question. I was ask-y. I wanted to know coming back.

re she came from, but I here she is gone or why

usually told me things

tell me that. I never

me with her. I would y face and paws very

er have upset my milk

w where she came from

behind the white rose

began to bloom, and I

se to my mother in ou

porch that was around t was a nice porch, with

over it, and I had been

, but my mother

d take me away.

We were very com-

ple. She was afraid lest me and look at us.

was so pretty they would

to two or three of my

sisters before their eyes

and it had made my

us. She said the same

ppened before when she

lies quite as promising,

continually happened to

They said that people

in your losing children.

to me a great deal about

she felt rather less nerv-

eyes were opened because

ot seem to want you so your eyes were opened.

fewer disappearances in

the first nine days. But

he preferred that I should

te with people who looked

orch, and she was very could use my legs and get r the house, when any one

d said, "Pussy! pussy!"

ntimate even when they

ty pussy, poo' ittle kitty said it might end in

ery cautious indeed when

Betty. I did not intend

, but I was not so much

hould have have been if

been so very little and

ong before she went away

ne one day when we were

she came from behind the bush perhaps she was 4

ver forget that morning.

a beautiful morning. It early spring, and all the

d to be beginning to break

nd blossoms. There were

white flowers on the trees.

vas such a delicious smell

iffed a little. Birds were

d singing and every now

arting across the garden.

e coming out of the ground ere blooming in the garden

mong the grass, and it e natural to see a new kind

doom out on the rose bush,

o flowers on it then, because

vas too early. I was such a

en that I thought the little

g round the green bush was

But it was Betty, and she

g at me! She had such a a mouth and such pink soft

such large eyes, just like

f a pansy blossom. She had

ok frock and a tiny white h frills and a pretty white

like a frilled daisy, and the

nade the curly soft hair fall

er shoulder as she bent for

as the vines sway. "," I whispered, "what kind

is that? I never saw one

ed and began to be quite ear! ah, dear!" she said; flower at all; it is a person looking at you."

other!" I said, how can it be

when it is not half as high bush. And it is such pretty

a child-person," she said, ve heard they are sometimes of all—though I don't betake so many away at a.

o look again.'

am nearly 5 o'clock !"

together:

ist not get silly and flat

ooking at you whe

as a sort of epidemic.

away before.

I wanted to know

Sometimes

at the fire.

ion.'

upset the saucer.

ory by the Author of ord Fauntelroy." kitten-at least I was denly she gave a little jump, and down.

"Oh, there's the kitty," she said: once. That was more go. I am not a kitten little cat, and I have began to clap her hands and laugh. Ah." she said, and think a great deal hearth rug looking at

It is surely a little kitty."
"Oh, my goodness!" said my
mother. "Fts-fts ftss! Ffttss mother .

I could not help feeling as if it was rather rude of her, but she was so

frightened. But Betty did not seem to mind it at Down she went on her little knees in the grass, bending her head down to peep under the porch, until and her heap of curls lay on the but-

tercups and daisies.
"Oh, you dee' little kitty!" she said. pussy, pussy, puss! Kitty— Poo' 'ittle kitty. I won't hurt

She made a movement as if she were going to put out her dimpled hand to troke me, but a side window opened and I heard a voice call to her:
"Betty, Betty!" it said: "you

mustn't put your hand under there. The pussy is frightened and it makes joy.

My dear little Betty! I wish I could My dear little Betty! Don't try to stroke her, dearie." She turned her bright little face over

her shoulder. I won't hurt her, mamma," she "I surely, surely won't hurt She has such a pretty kitty. said. Come and look at it, mamma !"

"Ffttssss-ss!" said my mother.
"More coming! Grown-ups this "I don't believe they will hurt us,

I said. "The little one is such a pretty "You know nothing about it," said

my mother.
But they did not hurt us. They were as gentle as if they had been kittens themselves. The mother came and bent down by Betty's side and looked at us, too, but they did nothing which even frightened us. And they talked in quite soft voices.

"You see she is a wild little pussy, the mother said. "She must have been left behind by the people who just what she could steal-or perhaps catching birds. Poor little cat! And now she is frightened because evi dently some of her kittens have been stolen from her and she wants to pro-

But if I don't frighten her," said a big saucerful afterwards." Betty, "if I keep coming to see her and don't hurt her, and if I bring her some milk and some bits of meat won't did not like the Sunday doll, because she get used to me, and let her kitten she looked proud and as if she thought

"Poor pussy, puss, pussy, pretty cracked.

She said it in such a coaxing voice that I quite liked her, and then Betty began to coax, too, and she was so sweet and so like a kitten herself that I could scarcely help going a trifle nearer to her, and I found myself say. Mee-ow," quite softly in answer.

And from that time we saw her every day ever so many times. She seemed never tired of trying to make friends with us. The first thing in the bright mornings we used to hear her pretty child voice and see her pretty child saucers of delightful milk to us two or three times a day. And she always was so careful not to frighten us. She would just call us. "Pretty, pretty pussy; pretty kitty puss !" in a voice as soft as silk,

thought at first that she went back to the house when she set the saucer down; but after a few days, when we were beginning to be rather less afraid, we found out that she just hid behind the rose bush and peeped at us through the branches. I saw her pink cheeks and big soft pansy eyes one day, and I told my mother.

"Well, she is a well-behaved childperson," mother said. "I sometimes begin to think she does not mean any

I was sure of it. Before I had lapped three saucers of milk I had begun to love her a little.

A few days later she just put the saucer down near us and stepped softly away, but stood right by the rose bush without hiding behind it. And she said, "Pretty pussy-pussy!" so sweetly without moving towards us, that even my mother began to have confidence in her.

About that time I began to think it

would be nice to creep out from under the house and get to know her a little better. It looked so pleasant and sunshiny out on the grass, and she looked so sunshiny herself. I did like her voice so, and I did like a ball I used to see her playing with; and when she bent down to look under the porch and out and we would both run. should like to jump out and catch at them with my claws. There never and jumping in the grass and watchwas anything as pretty as Betty or buds were growing. Parkaged to be should like to jump out and catch at and jumping in the grass and watchher curls showing, I used to feel as if I

round the green of the rose bush and you a ball of string."

much.

There was a fence not far from the

and I began to shrink back.

Ah, how often I have wondered since why I did not know in a minute

So one mornin that it was Betty-just Betty! It under my porch and jumped on to the seemed so strange that I did not know top of that fence, and I was there it without being told. She came when she came again to peep and say, nearer and nearer and her cheeks "Pretty pussy." When she caught "Pretty pussy." When she caught of me she began to laugh and seemed to grow pinker and pinker, sight of me she began to laugh and and her eyes bigger and bigger. Sud-

"there's my kitty. It has come out its own self. Kitty-kitty; pretty, pretty

kitty! She ran to me and stood beneath me looking up with her eyes shining and her pink cheeks full of dimples. She could not reach me, but she was so happy because I had come out that she could scarcely stand still. She coaxed and called me pretty names, and stood on her tip toes stretching her short arm and dimpled hand to try to see if would let her touch me.

"I won't pull you down, pussy," she said, "I only want to stroke you. Oh, you pretty kitty !"

And I looked down at her and said 'mee-iou" gently, just to tell her that being outside instead of under the and plump, and she had such a lot of house, perhap perhaps I would play with her. I said, and I even put

one paw as if I was going to give her a pat, and she danced up and down for see her again. I cannot understand why she should go away when I loved her so much-and when everybody

oved her so much. Oh, how happy we were when I came down from the fence. I did it in three days. She brought some milk and coaxed me and then she put it on the grass close to the fence and moved away a few steps and looked at me with such a pretty imploring look in her pansy eyes that suddenly I made a little leap down and stood on the grass and began to lap the milk and even to purr! That was the begin-

ning. From that time we played to gether always. And oh, what a de-lightful playmate Betty was! And such a conversationalist! She was not a child who thought you must not talk to a kitten because it could not talk back. She had so many things to tell me and to show me. And she showed me everything and explained it all,

too. She had a playhouse in a box in lived here before we came and she has a nice grassy, shady place, and she been living all by herself and eating told me all about it and showed me her teacups and her dolls, and we had teaparties with bits of real cake and tiny cups with flowers on them. 'They don't hold much milk, kitty,"

she said; "but it's a dolls' tea party, so you must pretend, and I'll give you

out and play with me after a kittens were too young. The every-day doll was much nicer, though her "Perhaps she will," said the mother. hair was a little tufty and she was

How Betty did enjoy herself that ovely sunny afternoon we had the first tea party in the playhouse. How she laughed and talked and ran back wards and forwards to her mamma for the cups of milk and bits of cake. ran after her every time and she was as happy as a little bird.

"See how the kitty likes me now, mamma," she said. "Just watch; it runs every time I run. It isn't afraid of me the leastest bit. Isn't it a pretty

kitty ?" who danced about and played a great deal, and I was a kitten who liked to We ran about and played jump. We ran about and played with balls and we used to sit together in the swing. I did not like the swing very much at first, but I was so fond and then she would put the saucer of milk near us and go away behind the rose bush and let us drink in comfort cause she held me on her knee and talked. She had such a soft cosy lap and such soft arms that it was delight ful to be carried by her. She was very fond of carrying me about, and she liked me to lay my head on her shoulder, so that she could touch me with her cheek. My pretty little Betty,

she loved me so. She used to show me the flowers in the garden and tell me which ones were going to bloom and what color they would be. We were very much interested in all the flowers, but we cared most about the white rose bush It was so big and we were so little that we could sit under it together and we were always trying to count the little hard green buds, though they were so many that we never counted half of them. Betty could only count up to Betty."

ten, and all we could do was to keep counting ten over and over. "These little buds will grow so big more roses, and we will make a little with her in her little bed, but her house under here and have a tea

We were always going to look at

I don't know how many days we was anything as pretty as Betty or anything which looked as if it might be so nice to play with.

"I wish you would like me and come out and play, kitty," she used to say to me sometimes. "I do so like

Minard's Liniment for sale every-where.

In the house they would not answer than the rose bush to see how the buds were growing. Perhaps it was a buds were growing. Perhaps it was anything as pretty as Betty or anything which looked as if it might buds were growing. Perhaps it was anything which looked as if it might buds were growing. Perhaps it was anything which looked as if it might buds were growing. Perhaps it was anything were always busy and troubled. It did not seem like the same house. Nothing seemed the same. The garden was a different same house. The garden was a different same house. In the playhouse the Sunday garden walk towards the gate.

They were always busy and troubled. It did not seem like the same house. Nothing seemed the same. The garden was a different same house. In the playhouse the Sunday doll and the every-day doll sat and were going away. And first there

One afternoon we had the most beaulooked prettier and prettier. The pink frock and white frills began to show themselves a little more.

"Got behind me," said my mother, and I began to shrink back.

There was a fence not far from the house, and it had a sort of ledge on top, and it was a good deal higher than after the ball, we swung together. Betty's head—because she was so very little. She was quite a little thing—shook her curly hair so that I could So one morning I crept out from under my porch and jumped on to the top of that fence, and I was over we went to the rose bush

It was a splendid afternoon! After we had found the bud beginthick green grass and I lay comfortably on her soft lap and purred.
"We have jumped so much that I

am a little tired and I feel hot," she "Are you tired, kitty? Isn't it said. it be a beautiful place for a tea party when all the white roses are out? Perhaps there will be some out tomorrow. We'll come in the morning

Perhaps she was more tired than she knew. I don't think she meant to go to sleep but presently her head began to drop and her eyes to close and in a little while she sank down softly and

was quite gone.

I left her lap and crept up close to the breast of her little white frock and lay and purred and looked at her wasn't very much afraid now, and while she slept. I did so like to look that when I was a little more used to at her. She was so pretty and pink soft curls. They were crushed under her warm cheek and scattered on the grass. I played with them a little while she lay there, but I did it very I played with them a little quietly, so that I should not disturb

> She was lying under the white rose bush, still asleep, and I was curled up against her breast watching her, when her mamma came out with her papa

and they found us
"Oh, how pretty!" the mamma said.
"What a lovely little picture. Betty and her kitten asleep under the white rose bush, and just one rose watching over them. I wonder if Betty saw it before she dropped off. She has been looking at the buds every day to see if they were beginning to be roses.

"She looks like a rose herself, said her papa, "but it is a pink one. How

rosy she is." He picked her up in his arms and carried her into the house; she did not waken, and as I was not allowed to sleep with her I could not follow, so I stayed behind under the rose bush my-self a little longer before I went to bed. When I looked at the buds I saw that there were several with streaks of white showing through the green, and there were three that I was sure would be roses in the morning, and I knew how happy Betty would be and how she would laugh and dance when she saw them.

I often hear people saying to each other that they should like to understand the strange way I have of suddenly saying "Mee-iaou! mee-iaou!" as if I were It seems strange to me that crying. they don't know what it means. I al ways find myself saying it when remember that lovely afternoon when we played so happily and Betty fell asleep under the rose bush, and I thought how it leased she would be

when she came test in the morning.

I can't help test Everything was so different from atoms. I had thought It would be. Buse between came out in the morning. Ohe Britt oh dear! she never came out up und.

I got up earline. In was a beautift which I ful morning.
There was dew absentees and on the flowers, and thy rental is it sparkle so that it was lo These I fan to the beautiful to the sound the so of me the leastest bit. Isn't it a pretty kitty?"

I never left her when I could help it. She was such fun. She was a child she was such fun. She was such fun. She was such fun. She was a child she was such fun. She was a child she was such fun. She was a child she was such fun. She was such fun. She was a child she was such fun. She was

her to come. ald mean £25, was not even at breakfyo—which is jiwhere except in her lep them alive ed-room door was closerop. But the led, no body seemed an area any flotice of me.

Somehow something seemed to be the matter. The house was even quieter than usual, but I felt as if every one called her there, and told her about the not come out. But before I had really finished telling her my feelings were quite hurt by her papa. He came and poke to me in a way that was not

went away waving my tail. I counting ten over and over.

"These little buds will grow so big soon," she used to say, "that they will burst, and then there will be roses and want me! She wanted me to sleep

mamma would not let me.

But — ah! how could I believe it—she did not come out the next day, or the next, or even the next. It seemed as if I should go wild. People can ask questions, but a little cat is nothing to anybody unless to some one like Betty. She always understood my questions and answered

In the house they would not answer

time." The little face peeped farther round the green of the rose bush and you a ball of string." sober and sat by the fire thinking so that happy afternoon at the party. The Sunday doll sat bolt upright and carrying a beautiful white and silver every-day doll lopped over as if she had grieved her strength away because

Betty did not come.

I had made up mind at the first teaparty that I would never speak to the

"Oh dear!" I mee laoued. "Oh

And that heartless thing only sat up and stared at me and never answered, though the tears were stream-

ing down my nose.
What could a poor little cat do? I nice under the rose bush? And won't looked and looked everywhere, but I could not find her. I went round the the house and round the house and called in every room. But they only drove me out and said I made too much noise and never understood a word I

said. And the white rose bush-it seemed as if it would break my heart. will be more roses and more roses, Betty had said, and every morning it was coming true. I used to go and sit under it, and I had to count ten over and over and over, there were so many. It was such a great rose bush that it looked at last like a cloud of snow white bloom. And Betty had never

seen it. "Ah, Betty, Betty!" I used to cry, when I had counted so many tens that I was tired. "Oh, do come and see how beautiful it is and let us have our tea party. Oh, white rose bush, where is she?" They drove me out of the house so many times that I had no courage, but one morning the white rose bush was so splendid that I made one desperate effort. I went to the bed-room door and rubbed against it and called with all my strength

"Betty, if you are there, Betty, if you love me at all, oh speak to me and tell me what I have done. The white rose bush has tens and tens and tens of flowers upon it. It is like snow. Don't you care about it? Oh do come out and see. Betty, Betty, I am so lonely for you and I love you so !

And the door actually opened and her mamma stood there looking at me with great tears rolling down her cheeks. She bent dpwn and took me in her arms and stroked me.
"Perhaps she will know it," she

said in a low strange voice to some one in the room. She turned and carried me into the bed room and I saw that it was Betty's papa she had spoken to The next instant I sprang out of her arms on to the bed. Betty was theremy Betty!

It seemed as if I felt myself lose my senses. My Betty! I kissed her, and kissed her, and kissed her! I rubbed her little hands, her cheeks, her curls I kissed her and purred and cried.

"Betty," said her mamma, "Betty, don't you know your own darling, little kitty?"

Why did not she? Why did she not? Her cheeks were hot and red, her curls were spread out over the pillow, her pansy eyes did not seem to see me and her little head moved drearily to and

Her mamma took me in her arm again, and as she carried me out of the room her tears fell on me. She does not know you, kitty,

she said. "Poor kitty, you will have to go away."

I cannot understand it. I sit by the fire and think and think, but I cannot understand it. She went away after that and I never saw her again I have never felt like a kitten since

that time. I went and sat under the

of dew on them 1 the Evicts and called I ran back they to exil wanted to Betty as I patement to I wanted to Betty as I patement to I wanted to Betty as I patement to I wanted the word them until Betty came to see. But two or three days after, in see. But two or three days after, in the fresh part of the morning, when everything was loveliest, her mamma came out walking slowly, straight towards the bush. She stood still a few moments and looked at it and her tears fell so fast that they were like dew on the white roses as she bent over. She began to gather the prettiest buds and blossoms one by one. Her tears were falling all the time, so that I wondered was busy and in trouble. I kept ask-ing and asking where Betty was, but but she gathered until her arms and nobody would answer me. Once I dress were full—she gathered every went to her closed bed-room door and one! And when the bush was stripped of all but its green leaves I gave a white roses and asked her why she did little heart broken cry-because they were Betty's roses, and she had so loved them when they were only hard little buds, and she looked down and saw me and oh! her tears fell then,

kind.

"Go away, kitty," he said. "Don't make such a noise; you will disturb has gone — where — where there are

roses-always!" And she went slowly back to the house, with all my Betty's white roses heaped up in her arms. She never told me where my Betty had gone-no one did. And no more roses came out on the bush. I sat under it and watched, because I hoped it would bloom again.

I satthere for hours and hours, and at last, while I was waiting, I saw something strange. People had been going in and out of the house all morning. They kept coming and bringing flowers, and when they went away most of them had tears in their eyes. And in the afternoon there were more than there had been in the morning.

looked prouder than ever, as if she felt she was being neglected; but the They moved very slowly, and their They moved very slowly, and their heads were bent as they walked. the white and silver box was beautiful. It shone in the sun, and-oh, how my white roses were heaped upon and Sunday doll, but one day I was so wreathed around it. And I sat under lonely and helpless that I could not the stripped rose bush breaking my She had gone away, my little heart. Betty, and I did not know where, and ning to be a rose we sat down together under the rose bush. Betty sat on the Betty? Do you—do you?"

Do you—do you?"

Do you—do you?"

Do you—do you?" cause I thought there must be some thing which had belonged to her in the white and silver box under the roses and because she was gone they were

carrying that away, too.
Oh, my Betty, my Betty! And I am only a little cat, who sits by the fire and thinks, while nobody seems to care or understand how lonely and puzzled I am, and how I long for some kind person to explain. And I could not bear it, but that we loved each other so much that it comforts me to think of

it. And I loved her so much that when to myself over and over again what her mamma said to me, it almost makes me happy again—almost— not quite, because I'm so lonely. But if it is true, even a little cat who loved her yould be happy for her sake.

Betty has gone - where there are always roses. Betty has gone-where there are always roses. - Francis Hodson Burnett in the English Magazine.

Have High Ideals.

To see the good and beautiful and to have no strength to live it is only to be Moses on the mountain with the prom ised land at your feet and no power to enter. Would it be better not to have seen it? A thousand times no. We may never reach the mountain tops, shining crimson and purple or snow capped reflecting the sun's beams but gazing thereon we may cheat ourselves f many a weary mile. Our feet will kick against the sharp stones; the way will be dark and narrow, but we shall pay no heed. Even so if before our spiritual eyes shine ever the crimson and purple of martyrdom in God's service, the snowy summits of purity to which the saints attained we may stumble, we may even fall, we may fret at the narrow sordidness of our lives and the little progress we make, but we shall never, never, never, be content to lie down among the flowers, or in the mud, and forget that far off beautiful vision. Thank God for hav ing given you a high ideal; cherish it. and keep it ever before your eyes. He who has shown you the height to which a soul may attain will give you strength to reach it if you are faithful

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