A ***

because he is a Jew.

It was announced with a great flourish of trumpets, before the new trial of Dreyfus began, that it was one of the reasons why the clericals were opposed to revision, that a new trial would bring to light the existence of a plot against Dreyfus and the Jews in general, and that the chief conspirators would be found to be the Jesuits and the Catholic clergy.

Well, the trial has taken place, and where are these evidences of a clerical or Jesuit plot? Not a word which could be twisted into showing that any such a plot existed, was uttered by any one of the witnesses, though Christians, Jews and unbelievers, Catholics and Protestants were among those who gave evidence; and if such a plot were anywhere in existence outside the brains of the enemies of the Catholic Church, it would have been made manifest under the searching cross examinations of Messrs. Labori and Demange. A plot such as was imagined by the anti Catholic press would be too widespread to be concraled.

So far removed from the truth are all the assertions which have been made in order to make the Catholic Church responsible for the pretended persecution of Dreyfus, that every announcement which has been made by those journals to uphold their theory has been triumphantly refuted. An instance of this is the effort made by a correspondent of the London Times to make it appear that Cardinal Rampolia had expressed his gratification that Dreyfus was found guilty. That correspondent was himself afterward obliged to confess that the whole story was a fabrication.

There is, undoubtedly, a certain amount of hostility to the Jews in France; but there is scarcely a country in the world where some such hostility does not exist. That hostility is not based upon religion anywhere that we know of, and certainly not in France, where the clergy preach charity to our neighbors, whatever may be their religion or nationality. But, owing to business considerations, a certain amount of hostility to Jews exists likewise in Russia, Germany, England, and even in the United States.

It would be more like the truth to say that among the Protestants of Germany there exists a greater religious animosity against the Jews than among the true Catholics of France, for do we not know that the leader of the German anti-Semitic party is a Lutheran minister who took the trouble to come over to New York a couple of years ago in order to propagate his ideas among Americans, but was soon moved to return to his home abashed because of his utter failure to make the least impression on the people of the New World?

We may add here that an eminent French Jesuit, Pere du Lac, the

This language certainly does not betoken that there is a Jesuit or clerical conspiracy against the Jews in France In fact the fiasco of the Guerin episode, described in another column, proves that the leader of French anti-Semitism has scarcely a corporal's guard of followers of any religion in the capital of France.

McCARTHY'S CHARACTERIZA-TION OF FATHER MATHEW.

Justin McCarthy's characterization of Father Mathew is well worth read-

ing. 'Father Mathew," says this eminent Irish litterateur, who in his youth well knew the apostle of temperance, "had a sweetness of temper which nothing could embitter. He could be righteously angry, when occasion called for anger, but even his very rebukes appeared to be given for the sake of the offender and out of charity and love of the offender, and had nothing in them of the commonplace anger that come of mere temper or mere dis atisfaction. The charm of his manner was something not to be defined or to be described; it came from the boundless sweetness and charity of his nature. Nothing could exhaust his patience even with those who again and again proved, for the time, unfaithful to his teaching and were led away from the life of temperance which it was his chief object to inculcate. He would never give up a man as hopeless. So long as the man lived Father Mathew

Dreyfus, or that they persecute him families and friends had given them up as hopeless beyond recall. 'Da-spair of a man,' I have beard him say, and I can still see the sweet, quiet smile which accompanied the words; do you think I could despair of the grace of God ?'

THE PAPAL DELEGATE REACHES QUEBEC.

Met by Cabnet Ministers and Church Dignitaries.

Special to The Mail and Empire. Quebec, Oct. 1.—His Grace Mgr. Falconio, Apostolic Delegate to Canada from Pope Leo XIII, arrived by the Dominion line steamship Vancouver this afternoon. He was accompanied by two secretaries, boths like the Delegate himself, members of the Franciscan Order. One of his secretaries is Rev. Father Edward Fisher, of Padfield, and the other, Rav. Father Edenue, of Clavetta, France. The Papal Envoy was met at the boat by Mgr. Marois, Vicar General of Quebec Arch diocese ; Rev. Abbe S. H. Paquet, and Rev. Mr. Arsenault, Archbishop gin's secretary; and by Hon. R cott, Secretary of State ; Hon. Debell, Hon. C. Fitzpatrick, Solicitor-General; Hon. F. G. Marchand, Premier of Quebec; Hon. S. N. Parent, Mayor of Quebec; and W. M. Macpherson, agent of the Dominion line.

From the boat the party drove to the Basilica, where Archbishop Begin wel comed the Delegate, and where solemn Benediction was given.

BRIEF READ, DELEGATE'S ADDRESS After the Papal Brief establishing a permanent Apostolic Delegation in Can-ada and appointing Mgr. Falconio as Delegate had been read, the Delegate addressed the congregation in English, thanking them for the enthusiastic reception tendered him. In their welome he saw a mark of the faith of Quebec's citizens and their devotion to tne Holy Father. The Delegate then gave the congregation the Papal bless ing.

PROGRAMME OF THE ENVOY.

The Papal Envoy will remain here four or five days. To morrow morn-ing he will celebrate the Mass for the opening lectures at Laval University, and afterwards assist at the opening of the lectures. He will then proceed to Montreal, where he will spend about the same time, after which he will go to Otawa, where his headquarters will be situated, and from which point he will visit other parts of the country as necessity arises

Mgr. Falconio is fifty-seven years of age, but looks much younger. He is slightly below average height, and of good figure. He was made a Bishop in 1892, and shortly after was made Archbishop of Acarenza and Matera, from which See he was transferred to Canada as Apostolic Delegate.

A GREAT PRIEST DEAD.

A great convert-maker in so far as any man be so designated, was the late Father Robert Belaney. "He had an irresistible way of propounding the claims of the Catholic Church to heart and intellect," says the London Tablet; "so that few who came under his influence retained their prejudice against the Church unshaken." He was at Cambridge when the Oxford Movement was first felt, and he soon became known as the leader of the "Catholic" party at the sister university. Though born of a wealthy family, he died a pauper, so openhanded and openhearted was he to every summons of charity. Charity was natural to him, and he could not tolerate the lack of it in others. When pointedly on this subject:

"The persecution of Jews is against the spirit of our religion and of our nation. I preach and teach that Jews who are in good faith will go to heaven. The Church makes no war upon Jews. Neither Drumont nor Rochefort is a mouthpiece of Catholics. The two most violent anti-Semiles. Arthur Meyer, director of the Gaulois, and Pollonais, director of good source of the Gaulois, and Pollonais, director of good source of the Gaulois, and Pollonais, and he could not tolerate the lack of it in others. When once (while he was still an Anglican curate) his wealthy vicar subscribed £10 to a charitable purpose, Belaney at once subscribed £20 — "ten of which," he used to say, "were given in charity, the other ten out of spite." Father Belaney had a passion for the confessional, the most ardnown for the confessional, the most ardnown for the confessional, the most ardnown for the confessional in the could not tolerate the lack of it in others. When once (while he was still an Anglican curate) his wealthy vicar subscribed £10 to a charitable purpose, Belaney to once subscribed £20 — "ten of which," he used to say, "were given in charity, the other ten out of spite." Father Belaney had a passion for the confessional, the most ardnown for the confessional, the most ardnown for the could not tolerate the lack of it in others. When once (while he was still an Anglican curate) his wealthy vicar subscribed £20 — "ten of which," he used to say, "were given in charity, the other ten out of spite." e old age, was active almost to the May he rest in peace! — Ave last. Maria.

DOCTOR JOHNSON'S ANSWER.

David Garrick was showing the great Doctor Johnson his fine house at Hampton Court ; but the Doctor had no word of praise for either the gardens or the buildings or the beautiful furnishings.

"Why do you not say something?" asked the actor.
"There's only one thing to say, my

dear Davy," replied the Doctor, put-ting his arms around the other's shoulders, "I certainly admit that these things are grand, but they are the things which make a death-bed

MARRIAGE.

McGowan-Fagan.

McGowan-Fagan.

One of the leading young men of St. Lawrence parish, Hamilton, Mr. Patrick J. McGowan, was quietly married to Miss Mary Fagan, an esteemed young lady of the same chrich, on Thureday, the 28th uit. The bride was assisted by Miss Margaret Shaughnessy, and the groom by his brother. Archie F. The wedding-party on ertering the church were greeted to the sounds of inspiring music beautifully rendered by the organist, Miss Belle Marks. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father Hinchey. After Mass the happy couple, on leaving the church, received showers of rice and good wishes from a large number of friends. A goodly number of costly presents expressed the estseem in which they are held; particularly one from Branch 234, C. M. B. A., of which the groom is secretary, and also one from his fellow employees of the Thomson Furniture Co. The happy couple left on the T. H. and B. Railway for Detroit, Cleveland and Akron, Ohio.

MCMONAGLE-SAIDE.

long as the man lived Father Mathew believed it possible yet to reclaim him, and I have known many cases in which his unconquerable influence and patience did at last reclaim men whose

gown of blue cloth of the fashionable shade, with white satin trimmings, while the bridesmaid, her only sister, Miss Rose Saide, wore fawn, trimmed with pink satin. The bride groom was supported by his nephew, P. J. McMonagle. After the ceremony the bridal party drove to Mr. Saide's where, with the immediate relatives of the contracting parties the wedding breakfast was partaken of. Numerous appropriate and useful presents textified to the popularity of the bride, who will greatly missed, not only from home, but he large circle of friends. The happy could were driven to Forest in the after which they will return here for a few down and have gone on a trip to Detroit, after which they will return here for a few down and have with their future how here down and have with their friends of the said of the will be will be the will be will

(For the CATHOLIC REC EVENING AT LORETTO.

EVENING AT LORETTO.

A summer evening in August, the sun sinking to rest behind the vine-clad hills skirting the fair city of Florence, diffused a crimson glow over the rich, southern landscape. Its dying rays flashed upon the distant campagnas of yellow corn flooding them with golden light, and falling softly upon the great vineyards that stretched to the very foot of the sloping, olive covered hills, clothed with new glory the purple clusters of fruit that ripen so autickly under warm Italian skies. On the evening breeze was borne faint perfumes from groves of myrtle, lemon and orange, whose golden fruits, shining out from their green leaves glistened in the rays of the setting sun. The light in the West faded slowly, and soon the deeper hues of twilight changed all the landscape to a dark, dusky purple.

Tenderly the twilight shadows stole around the ivy-covered walls and ancient turrets of quaint old convent nestling on the green slopes of Fiesole, just outside the city. Within the courtyard all was slient, for it was the hour for evening prayer, and the good Sisters of Loretto were assembling in the little chapel to sing the Vesper hymn.

On the wide terrace facing the west, a group

evening prayer, and the good Sisters of Lorden were assembling in the little chapel to sing the Vesper hymn. On the wide terrace facing the west, a group of nons with the Mother Superior, paused for a moment on their way to the chapel, struck by the rare beauty of the scene before them. The moon had risen, and its mystic beams lay in great waves on everything, changing all they touched to purest silver. Below lay Florence, dim and shadowy in the pale glamor of the moonbeams. Fair beyond description, it seemed like a dream city with its glittering domes and minartes, its stately palaces and white villas, rich with memories of past grandeur, and towering above all the great Il Duomo, with its glided spire standing out sharply defined against the silver glory of the heavens. Here and there was the gleam of lights from the beautiful public parks, which at this hour would be thronged with gay pleasure seekers, and from which there floated up, now and again, the notes of distant music, sounding plaintive and sweet on the evening air.

From where the nuns stood the noise and

sounding plaintive and sweet on the evening air.

From where the nuns stood the noise and hum of the city could be heard faintly, and a look of content passed over the gentle face of the Mother Superior as she contrasted the tumult and confusion of the busy city below with the caim of their quiet convent home. There, temptation and danger and endless sirife held sway; here were peace and seclusion and freedom from the world's passions and vices.

sinite neid sway; here were because some and freedom from the world's passions and vices.

Looking down over the city, spread out before her in all its beauty and splender, with its countiess lights, its rushing throngs, its air of galety, the Mother Superior wondered, as she nad often done before, if vague regrets over troubled those under her charge for the life they had left behind them with its pleasures and allurements. She looked upon the rap discontent, not unhappiness, but a great peace such as the world cannot give, and which those only possess who have

"One hope, one end, all others sacrificed self-abneyation, love, humility.

With faces shining toward the bended head,
The wounded hands and patient feet of Christ."

Christ."

Christ."

Christ."

Christ."

They had renounced the world, and they gloried in their renunciation. Sacrificed, perhans, were life's fairest dreams and possibilities, but what a reward awaited them; for they had placed their hopes in those divine words of promise. "Rejoice, I am the Comforter. In a little while I shall call you to follow Me; and the secret of the world shall be made known to you, and your real life shall begin."

Such thoughts as these were still in the Mother's mind when, a few minutes later, the great bell in the tower chimed out the Vesper hour and, turning, she slowly led the way to the chapel.

hour and, turning, she slowly led the way to the chape!

It was the feast of the Assumption, and the flancel had been prettily decorated with masses of rare and exquisite dowers whose delicate aroma minging with the incense from the swinging censer, made the air heavy with fragrance. The quaint marble altar was affaine with soft coiored lights that shone in meliow radiance upon the uplifted faces of the nuns, and imparted to them a look of ineffable peace that was God-like in its purity and innocence.

The nale moonlight, penetrating the rich stained glass of the rich windows, fell softly about the room, lighting up with its pure rays the agonized face of the crucified Christ above the tabernacle, and straying gently from the gleaming statue of the Madonna in her little shrine to the black-loaded figures of the nuns, as they knelt, some with faces upturned in silent adoration, others with hands bowed low in touching humility.

Before the Madonna a girl was kneeling

silent adoration, others with hands bowed low in touching humility. Before the Madonna a girl was kneeling silent and motionless. The light from the candles shining down upon her revealed a face of great beauty that was but lightened by the severity of her dress, which, though plain and of heavy black material, was not that of the cloister. Her attitude was one of grief—of hopeless grief—as she knelt there with eyes fixed with a strange intensity on the far away as if seeking to divine the mystery of fate severity of her dress, which, though plain and of heavy black material, was not that of the cloister. Her attitude was not of grief—of hopeless grief—as she knelt there with eyes fixed with a strange intensity on the far away, as it scoking to wish the mystery of fate. The pale Southern face, crowned with a wealth of rich was a trouble too great to bear; while the was dark eyes that burned with an unnerly splendor, had a world of sorrow in their liquid depths. She might have been a marble image but for the convulsive quivering of the lips and the nervous clasping of the hands that told of intense suffering within.

The nuns cast many pitying glance supon the white face so full of infinite misery and anguish. A short time before she had excerienced a great loss in the death of one very dear to her, and she had come to the old convent, to seek under the kindly shelter of its walls, peace, and, if possible, forgefulness. Many were the prayers which the good Sisters offered for her sorrow. She was one of many who came to them from time to time in great trouble, to live out the first fresh outburst of grief away from the curious eyes of the world and they had evergone away strengthened and comforted.

Presently a soft strain of music broke the solemn stillness of the chapel as the choir of sweet-voiced nuns began to sing Werner's beautiful "Regina Coeli." The exquisite notes rose like a tender benediction over the dim aisles, now grand and thrilling as it swelled out in a food of harmony, now soft and low as it sank to a minor whisper:

"Ora pro nobis, ora pro nobis Deum;" then rising again in a burst of melody as the last alleluia rango out sweet and clear on the silence of the room. And now the music changed to lofter themes, as the grand canticle of the Magnificat pealed out in all its solemnity, with power and strength in its triumphant tones, and at length sinking to a low sweet cadence as the organ glided into the preluce of the magnetic of the propose of the magnetic of the normal to her of a case of the Madn

A TRIBUTE TO FATHER DOLLARD.

In the opening number of the new Irish Journal, the Irish People, edited by William Journal, the Irish People, edited by William O'Brien, appears a poem by Rev. Father Dol-lard, of Toronto. The Editor makes the follow-

ing reference to it:
"Rev. Father Dollard (Sliav-na-mon), who contributes the lines " The Cry of the Exiles ' to our opening number, is the best living repre-sentative of the lyric gift which gave its touch of sacred fire to the Young Ireland ballads." The following is the poem referred to:

The Cry of The Extles.

Hear ye the cry of The Extles.

Hear ye the cry of the exile from over the ocean waves.

Hear ye the cry from prairie and plain, the cry from a million graves.

From lands where shines the South'ron Cross, where mad Niagara raves.

Hark ye the cry from a thousand fields where'er was fought a fight
From Ramilies to Dendermond, Boston to was fought a light
From Ramilies to Dendermond, Boston to
Mary's Height,
Hear ye the cry of the exiled dead, their mandate is "Unite"

Hear ye the cry of the living, the exiles' cry that riuge
From where Missouri wanuers
Plata springs
From drear Australian Bushland where never
a warbier sings. at rings where Missouri wanders and far La

This is the cry of the Exites. "We've made our beds afar
Our bones shall lie 'neath alien sky across the
broad earth's bar
But our hearts are true to Ireland as pole to
the Boreal star."

Here is the cry of the Exile,-"Our souls are Her ranks all rent and broken, her chiefs that sundered be. Unite, let the banded people proclaim they shall be free."

Heed ye the voice of the exiles from Clear unto Malin Head Heed ye the voice of the living, heed ye the voice of the dead. He that not heeds is a traitor, look ye, his hands are red.

See while ye rant and squabble the Land's best life blood flows With anguished heart and broken the peasant best life blood nows
With anguished heart and broken the peasant
to exile goes
Bleeding and bound lies Erin, the scorn and jest
of her foes.

He is a traitor to Ireland who now shrinks back from the fight Deal him the doom he merits, true men, up in Dear him the door no your might,
Your might,
Cease in God's name to quarrel, Brothers be one—Unite?

Heed ye the voice of the Exiles, the cry of the quick and the dead.

He that not heeds is a traitor, look, and his hands are red

The blood of a murdered nation, the wrath of God on his head.

—J. B. Dollard, Sliav-na-mon.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD. THE GENERAL JUDGMENT.

Terrible the voice of the trumpet's call, Arise, oh man, and to judgment come! Arise ye saints, and ye sinners all Throw off the casket, cast off the pall, Arise, arise, and to judgment come!

In full-robed glory on the judgment seat Sits the Redeemer and Lord of all, Justice to earth's poor sons to mete,
The wicked to banish, the just to greet;
Arise, arise, at Gabriel's call!

Dark is the sun, and the trembling earth Rocks on its bed of fire, and weeps, While angels chant their songs of mirth As the trump announces eternity's birth And the sinner slowly to judgment creeps.

Come ye blessed, kneel at my right, Ever to adore your Lord and God; Humble thou wer't, receive the light, You've fought the demon, you've won th

You have the road of virtue trod." And to the left He cast His eyes, And the God of Heaven he dropped a tear. And the court of heavenly angels sighed, And the seraphs and heavenly cherubims

For those who knew no thought save fear.

Gaze at hades with its brimstone balm, Gaze then at the mansion you might have won;
Your fate it is grim, yet sinners be calm,
Your fate it is grim, yet sinners be calm,
But flee to the hell, to the hell of the damned,
The will of the Lord must be done.
G. J. McCormac.
St. George's, P. E. I., Sept. 23rd, 1893.

(For the CATHOLIC RECORD.) AVE MARIS STELLA.

When sailing on Life's stormy sea Be Thou my guiding Star; Oh! Star of help Still snining now On heaven s blue And studded brow, On heaven's blue
And studded brow,
Be Thou my light
Serenely bright.
In the skies so clear and far.

In the deep, dark night Thou shinest O! Mary blest Star of the See Guiding a soul Through treacherous ways, Over the foaming And furious waves, Toward the heavenly shore, Where storms are o'er, To a happy Eternity.

ST. MICHAEL'S BATTLE CRY.

FEAST, 29TH SEPTEMBER.

Heaven's bannered hosts march on, ablaze with light,
The flery chariots wheel and helm-plumes nod;
Hark to the cry, great Michael's word of might,
"Who is like to God."

The demons foul are hurled from loftiest height, To that abode where Justice wields her rod, They hear the cry in their headlong flight, "Who is like to God?"

Whose would shun for aye their woful plight. Must bear the shield of Faith, his feet wel shod, Must grasp his sword, and shout amid the

"Who is like to God?"

-S. M. F., Ballorat, in the Australasian Messen er of the Sacred Heart for September, 1899. (For the CATHOLIC RECORD.) "YOUR PLACE."

Just where you stand in the conflict, Just where you stand in the common.
There is your place:
Just where you think you are useless,
Hide not your face.
God placed you there for a purpose;
What e er it be;
Think He has chosen you for it.
Work loyally.

Gird on your armor, be faithful In toil or rest, Whiche'er it be—never doubting God's way is best. Out in the fight, or on picket, Stand firm and true.

This is the work which your Master gives you to do.

OBITUARY.

Presently the little aves of incense roll lights on the altard dent.

On the 30th of August last Miss Fortuna Syneck, daughter of Dr. Syneck, of Gracefield, Que, rendered her pure young soul into the child of the candes again the first of the MISS FORTUNA SYNECK, GRACEFIELD, QUE

ary, surmounted by a cross and wreath of immortelies, lovingly placed by ner young convent friends, were drated in mourning. There, also, was the priedeu which the deceased had occupied during her years in her convent home, draped in black, on which were placed her white chapel-veil and her prayer-book

prayer-book.

At the commencement of the Mass the pupils of the cnoir, of which the deceased was a leading member, rendered the psalm "De Profundis" in a torchingly solemn manner, and this was succeeded by other solemn chants. The Libera was finally sung and the Absolution was pronounced by the reverend celebrant. Requiescat in pace!

James Alebert Garceau, London,
There passed away to his eternal rest on
Thursday. September 28, James Albert Garceas, youngest child of Mr. and Mrs. Augustus
Garceau, of 672 Bathurst street, London, aged
eighteen years and two months. Never of a
robust constitution, ill-health gradually of
eveloped with age, until about six months ago
he was compelled to give up his studies and
took to his bed, suffering at times intensely
until death came to his release. Albert was
born in Guelph, Ont., and with his parents removed to this city about five years ago, during
which time, by his antability and gentleness, he
made hosts of friends among his companions
at Holy Angels school, one and all of whom
carnestly pray our Heavenly Father to grant
took place on Saturday morning, September 20,
to the cathedral, where High Mass of Requien
was celebrated, thence to St, Peter's cemetery,
where the interment was made. Bosides his
bereaved parents, two brothers, Augustus and
Joseph Garceau, of this city, and two sisters,
Mrs. Simpson and Mrs. Cherrio, of Guelph,
survive. May his soul rest in peace!

Miss Markey, London. JAMES ALBERT GARCEAU, LONDON.

Miss Markey, London.

On Wednesday, the 27th September, there died at the residence of her brother in law, Mr. Daniel Hennessy, South street, London, Miss B. Markey, after a painful illness of about two weeks' duration. The life of the decayed was truly one of patient and heroic self-was truly one of patient and heroic self-sacrifice; self-was completely forgotten in her zeal for the happiness and well-being of these with whom she came in contact. She was an earnest and painstaking helper in all church work and a zealous Promoter of the League of the Sacred Heart. In fact her one thought during life seemed to be of eternity—and derealm and peaceful death was the happy realization or her edifying life.

High Mass of Requiem was celebrated for the repose of her soul on Friday, the 29th, by Rev. Father L'Heureux, after which the funeral cortege proceeded to St. Peter's cemetry where the interment was made, with Father Ladouceur officiating at the grave. Miss Markey leaves to mourn her loss six six and two brothers.

The pull bearers were Messars. M. Bowers, P. Hyland, C. Binks, F. Demarais, F. Forristal and J. Leech the two latter nephews of the decased). May her soul rest in peace! MISS MARKEY, LONDON.

THE D. & L. EMULSION OF COD LIVER OIL may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of in grippe. Made by David & Law effects of la greence Co., Ltd.

NEW BOOKS.

Tom Playfair, by Francis J. Finn, S. J.... Percy Wynn, by Francis J. Finn, S. J.... Etheired Preston, by Francis J. Finn, How They Worked Their Way, by Maurice Francis Egan

Francis Egan.
The Brica Brac Dealer
Miss Erin, by M. E. Francis
Let No Man Put Asunder, by Josephine

Let No Man Put Asunce, by Marie
Pere Monnier's Ward, by Walter Lecky.
The College Boy, by Anthony Yorke.
Pickle and Pepper, by Ella Loraine Dorsel
A Woman of Fortune, by Christian Reid,
Connor D'Arcy's Struggles, by Mrs. W. M.
Bartholde. Connor D'Arcy's Struggles, by Mrs. W. B. Bertholds
Mr. Billy Buttons, by Walter Lecky,
Winneton, the Apache Kuight, edited by
Marion Ames Taggart
The Treasure of Nugget Mountain, by
Marlon Ames Taggart
The Bissylvania Post-Office, by Marlon

Ames Taggart.
An Heir of Dreams. by Sallie Margaret
O'Malley
A Summer at Woodville, by Anna T. Sad-J. Brunewe.... Tom's Luck-Pot by Mary T. Waggaman. By Brauscome River, by Marion Ames

By Branscome River, by Marion Ames Taggart Dion and the Sibyls, by Miles Gerald Keon The Monk's Pardon, by Raoni de Navesy, Linked Lives, by Lady Gerrude Douglas, The World Well Lost, by Esther Kobert-My Strange Friend, by Francis J. Finn

My Strange Friend, by Francis J. Finn S. J. Finn S. J. Finn S. J. Finn S. J. Finn Wrongfully Accused, by William Herchenbach The Lamp of the Sanctuary, by His Eminence Cardinal Wiseman.

A Round Table of the Representative American Catholic Novelits

The Romance of a Playwright, by Vie. Henri de Bornier.

The Circus Rider's Daughter, by Mary A. Mitchell

Fabiola, by Cardinal Wiseman Fabiola, Sisters, adapted by A. C. Tarke The Prodigal's Daughter, by Leila Hardin Bugg. Bugg.
Marcella Grace, by Rosa Mulholland....
Idols, by Haoul de Navery
Three Girls and Especially One, by Marion
Ames Taggart.
That Football Game, by Francis J. Finn,

S. J.
Claude Lightfoot, by Francis J. Finn, S. J.
Mostly Boys, by Francis J. Finn, S. J.
Harry Dee ty Francis J. Finn, S. J.
A Round Tabe of the Representative Irish
and English Catholic Novelists.

Sent to any address on receipt of price. Address. Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD

A LIBERAL OFFER.

Beautifully Illustrated Catholic Fam ily Bible and a Year's Subscription for 87 .

The Holy Bible containing the entire Canonical Scriptures, according to the Decree of the Council of Trent, translated from the Latin Vulvate: diligently compared with the Hebrew, Greek, and other editions in divers languages. The old Testament first published by the English College at Rheims, A. D., 1582. With useful notes by the English College at Rheims, A. D., 1582. With useful notes by the late Rev. Geo. Leo Haydock, from the original of Rev. F. C. Husenbeth, D. D., V. G. To which is added an Illustrated and Comprehensive Dictionary, based on the works of Calmet, Dixon, and other Catholic authors, and adapted to the English Version first published at Rheims and Douay, as revised by the Ven. Richard Chailoner. With a comprehensive history of the books of the Holy Catholic Bible and Life of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of Christ, from the New Testament Scriptures, and the best Traditions of the East, as accepted by the Greek and Latin Fathers, by Bernard O'Reilly, D. L. D. (Graduate of Laval University, Quebec). An Historical and Chronological Index, a table of the Epistles and Gospels for all the Sundays and Holy Days throughout the year, and other devotional and instructive matter beautifully illustrated throughout with numerous full sized steel plates and other appropriate engravings. This edition has a space for Marriage Certificates. Births, Deaths and other Memoranda, as well as for Family Portraits.

other Memoranda, as well as for Family Por-traits.

FOR THE SUM OF SEVEN DOLLARS WE should be pleased to express a copy of this beautiful book and prepay charges for carriage, as well as give one year's subscribton (old or new) to the CATHOLIC RECORD. It is a good book, well bound, gilt edges, weights about thirteen pounds, is about five inches thick, eleven inches long, twelve inches wide. Address, Thos Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD, London, Ontario.

BOARD WANTED BY AN OLD LADY IN PRIVATE FAMILY Centrally located, Address: 154 Maple St 1691 tf.

CANADIAN TEACHERS WANTED.

More vacancies than teachers. Positions guaranteed. Placed two hundred and sixty-three Canadian teachers in United States last term. Union Teachers' Agencies of America Washington, D. C. DO YOU KNOW THAT THE

PETERBORO BUSINESS COLLEGE is now considered one of the most reliable schools in Canada? Write for particulars.

Donovan & Henwood

BOOKBINDERS.

Account Book Manufacturers,

PRINTERS, ETC. 20 Market Street. BRANTFORD, Ont.

We make a specialty of Magazines, Periodleals and Music.

All our work guaranteed, and our customers can rely on prompt delivery of goods. We do not want the earth, You will find

our prices right. We have special facilities for this work, and give prompt attention to out-of-town

A trial order is solicited.

R. B. SMITH.

Huron's Greatest Millinery and Dry Goods Company. M lliners in charge :

Miss N. Donagh, Goderich, Miss H. Harrison, Daugannon, Miss M. Roberts, Seaforth.

Very special quotations will prevail on all ersonal or mail orders throughout the sea-THE R. B. SMITH DRY GOODS Co.,

Catholic Home Annual for 1900.

With Cover Printed in Colors. 64 Full Page and Other Illustrations

tories by the best writers, Historical and Biographical Sketches, Poems, Anecdotes, Astronomical Calculations, etc.

A FEAST OF GOOD THINGS.

Maurice F. Egan: "Joan Triumphant," Illustrated. A very pretty story; a blending of romance and religion. It is the old but ever new tale of the course of true love, whose tortuous path is finally made straight. tortuous path is finally made straight.

Sara Frainer Smith: "The Hour of
Peace." Illustrated. This story possesses
a mournful interest for our readers, since it is
one of the last stories of one of the ablest
Catholic writers, who died only a few months

ago.

M. E. Francis (Mrs. Francis Blundell): "In St. Patrick's Ward." A pathetic story of a poor old Irish woman.

Mine. Blanc: "The Nursling of the Countess." One of the most tender stories we have had the pleasure of reading. It is sweet, simple and touching.

Anna T. Saddlier: "Marie de l'Incarnation." Illustrated. A sketch of the foundress and first Superior of the Ursulines of Quebec.

Fleananc C. Donnelly: "Not Dead, But

Eleanor C. Donnelly: 'Not Dead, But Sleeping." A Poem. Illustrated.

Sieeping." A Poem. Hustrated.
Very Rev. F. Gfrardey, C.SS R.:
"Thoughts on the Fifth, Sixth, and Ninth
Commandments," Hustrated.
Rev. Ednund Hill, C. P.: "Per Mariam,"
Hustrated. A Poem in honor of our Blessed At the Barracks. Illustrated. A story of

Soldier and Martyr. A tale of the early Christians, with the flavor of "Fabiola." The Picturesque Costumes of the Cath-olic Cantons of Switzerland. Illus-trated. A delightful study of an interesting people, their manners, and their dress.

Our Lady in Egypt. A Legend. Some Notable Events of the Year. 1898-1599. Illustrated.

Ought to be in every Catholic hone. Single Copies, 25 Cents Each. \$2.00 per Dozen.

For sale by THOS. COFFEY,

CATHOLIC RECORD London, Ont.

LITTLE FOLKS' ANNUAL 1900.

Price Five Cents. Price Five Cents.

This beautiful and attractive little Annual for Our Boys and Girls has just appeared for 1900, and is even more charming than the previous numbers. The frontispiece is Bethlehem"—Jesus and His Biessed Mother in the stable surrounded by adoring choirs of angels. The Most Sacred Heart and the Saints of God" (illustrated): a delightful story from the pen of Sara Trainer Smith—the last one written by this gifted authores before her death in May last—entitled "Old Jack's Eldest Boy" (illustrated): "Jesus Subject to His Parents" (poem): "The Rose of the Vatican" (illustrated): "The Little Poil" (illustrated): Humorous paragraphs for the little folk, as well as a large number of illustrated games tricks and puzzles contribute to make this little book the best and cheapest we have ever read.

We have a few left of the Bys' and Girls' Annual of 1889. Both will be sent for 10c. Address Thos. Coffey, London, Out.

SCIATICA MENTHOL PLEURISY PLASTER STITCHES CRICKS THE BEST ANTI-RHEUMATIC NEURALGIA RHELINATISM EACH PLASTER IN ENAMELED PLASTER MADE TIN BOX PRICE 254ALSO INTYARD LAMEBACK ROLLS PRICE \$1.00 DAMS & LAWRENCE CO LTD

MANUFACTURERS MONTREAL GOOD BOOKS FOR SALE.

We should be pleased to supply any of the following books at prices given: The Christian Father, price, 35 cents (cloth): The Christian Mother (cloth), 35 cents; Thoughts on the Sacred Heart, by Archbishop Walsh (cloth), 40 cents; Catholic Belief (paper) 25 cents, cloth (strongly bound) 50 cents. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIC RECORD office, London, Ontario.

PLAIN FACTS FOR FAIR MINDS.

THIS HAS A LARGER SALE THAN any book of the kind now in the market. It is not a controversial work, but simply a statement of Catholic Doctrine. The author is Rev. George M. Searle. The price is exceedingly low, only lic. Free by mail to any ddress. The book contains 360 pages. Adiress Thos. Coffey, Catholic Record office, London, int.

INTARIO MUTUAL LIFE \$20,000,000

This Company holds its Reserve on the Actury 4 per cent. Tab.

IN FORCE Board of Directors: M. Taylor, 1st Vice-Pres. Bight Hon Sir Wilfrid Laurtred Hoskin, Q.G., 2nd Vice-Pres. Bight Hon Sir Wilfrid Laurtred Hoskin, Q.G., 2nd VicePresident. Contact Canada. Stancis O. Bruce.
M. Britten, Q.G., M. P.
Kerr Fiskin, B.A. Goodfale, Somerville,
James Fair.
W. H. Riddell, Scarciary

A GOOD BUSINESS CHANCE.

A SPLENDID BUSINESS CHANCE-STORE with post-office, in an active will and active will be a specific will be a A with post-office, in an active village of Ontario Residence attached. For sale or to rent. Goodraliroad facilities. Business esta-lished twenty years, Address Box S. Carrio-Lic Record office, London, Out. 1993-2.