on neighborhood, but these

miles distant. her indefatigable labors at ostrated her she was indebted elter, and even for a pallet ch to die, to one of the herself had succored. Her had made her as poor as the ut at that fact she rejoiced, riest who was summoned to bed marvelled at the perfect nd happiness with which she

he dread summons. heral was attended alone by but the blessings that rained grave, and the prayers that fully and fervently said for ted how deep was the affecad inspired, and how entire by her kind deeds, was every

DESPATCH - BEARER.

shone so fiercely hot on the lugust, 187-, that the leaves rees folded themselves in rotest and the birds crept under the shade of the k in their endeavor to screen s from the fiery orb. But the ningly had no effect upon a stood upon an overturned hich formed part of some k that had been upreared knoll about five hundred n the creek. He was shading with his hands as he looked along a trail which ran away

gns of the troops yet," he as he rubbed his weary eyes avens! another day like this

zip! rang out the report of a a builet buried itself in the

ss is as good as a mile, my 'said the soldier, for such his wed him to be, "though," he er a moment's consideration, er the mile!"

y from the hills that lay a mile to westward of the e the report of many rifles, ower of bullets whistled unclose to the foolhardy soldier, yielding to the entreaties of work and entered the corral e corral a harrowing sight eyes. In a pit behind the rrown up parapet lay a t wounded men vainly call-water, water," the murmurich they could almost hear as there, suffering from the wounds. Their faces were wan, their lips were cracked and as the sweltering sun their dying forms they eir heads uneasily from side moaning feebly, "water, It was truly a heart-rending

ight old Jones, the soldier, just descended from the look striding over to where the ng officer stood, he requested ack to allow him to go to the obtain some water for the

u know that you will almost sacrifice your life in so the creek was swept by the

sir, I allow that thar is a sir, they're sufferin' awful, urned, jerking his thumb houlder to indicate what he "they."

then, since you will go, my ow, may God protect you!" tern old soldier turned, his suffused with tears as he this touching trait of true the private

g up a couple of buckets, nbered over the breastwork ed toward the creek as cool essessed as if he were crossing ground. As the enemy's oughed up the ground in rear of him the hearts of his stood still. They held their d grasped more tightly their s they watched the progress ing soldier who was willing on his life if by so doing a led comrades might be beneaching the creek he filled his nd returned. When about to the camp he stopped and nself, calmly directing his rd the enemy's lines, who, astonished by his coolness, heir fire and allowed him to

lested. ay wore on. Twice the Instriven to carry the camp had they been repulsed. But ack knew full well that he possibly hold out another garrison was becoming is ammunition and ration ning low, and the Indians, ceived a reinforcement, were bolder. The latter, also, vantage of the many wash lay between the hills and the approached to within four yards and were subjecting it galling fire, some of the bul-finding their way into the

the wounded lay. one must go and find the he muttered. "And yet I do to detail a man upon this service. I'll ask for a vold then it will be hard to deile of pride curled up the his mouth, for the colonel - justly, perhaps - that no en could equal his. So re-e walked over to where the receiving their rations of

one cracker and a small slice of raw

FEBRUARY 22, 1896.

"My lads," began the colonel, in his usual quiet tone, "it is necessary that I should tell you the state of affairs. Our rations and ammunition cannot last us another twenty-four hours. If relief does not come before 9 o'clock to-night it will be imperative for some horse would relapse into a trot, and one to break through the enemy's lines anon resume his swinging lope. and try to reach the general, who, I believe is encamped somewhere on Cache Creek. Now, I want a volunteer. Who'll go?" And as he finished, upon the earth once more!" for an instant a stillness fell upon the men, but was almost immediately broken by a shrill, boyish voice, followed by the deep bass of old Jack

"I'll go, colonel," they chorused. Here, again, the owner of the falsetto voice spoke up: "Let me go, colonel; Jones has a family ; I hain't," he con cluded, as he rose to his feet and revealed the little, slender form of Willie Scott, the trumpeter and life of

troop.
"But, sir," broke in Jones, "he is only a boy. Let me go, colonel."
"But, sir," again interrupted the
boy, with what he thought an all con-

vincing argument. "I spoke first."

The colonel gazed at the two a little while—the one a gray-haired, bronzedfaced veteran ; the other with his blue eyes wild with excitement and an eager expression on his face that seemed to say, "I'll get there, never fear." So it Soit was that the colonel decided upon the

'Come to me at half-past eight, "he said, and, turning to old Jones whispered, "Your chance may he whispered.

ne whispered, "Your chance may come yet, my brave fellow."
"I hope so," replied the old soldier, and, walking away from the spot, Jones threw himself down by an upturned wagon utterly inconsolable. It was a dark, hot, oppressive night. Not a star could be seen; the black,

heavy clouds stretched themselves like a pall over the camp as the trumpeter, leading his horse, passed through an opening in the breastwork and set out upon his perilous ride.

Mind and write to my mother, Pete, if I don't get through," he whispered to his comrade as he passed out. "Never fear, Bunkie, but—" and here his comrade's voice grew a little husky-' for God's sake get through.

"I'll try," was the response, as they squeezed each other's hand and parted. oon the watchers in the camp lost sight of the boy. The sound of his horse's hoofs grew fainter and fainter, and then died away, but still they leaned over the breastwork, straining their eyes in the darkness as they tried to catch a glimpse of their young hero. Nearer and nearer the trumpeter ap

proached the Indian sentinels. Some times he would stop, listening intently then move on, only to stop again and press his hand over his horse's mouth when he fancied he heard a noice. Suddenly a confused babel broke out upon his right and a lurid glare shot Upon the brow of a hill scarcely a mile away he saw the Indian band dancing and yelling around a fire like a horde of demons. Creeping further away into the gloom he mur-mured as he mounted, "O God! give Then he rode forward

me time. On the top of the hill which he was now ascending an Indian sentinel crouched upon the ground listening to the approach of the boy. The night was so dark that he could not make The night out the rider until the latter was al most upon him, when quickly firing his piece he uttered a war-whoop that sounded clear across the plain, sending dismay into the hearts of the troopers below.

With a fierce exclamation the trump flanks, and, discharging his revolver at tremulous light, as heaven in its pity the Indian, rode madly forward. erer drove his spurs into his horse's Pressing his knees well into his horse's sides, with his reins firmly held in hand, he dashed down the hill, closely pursued by the Indians, who, upon the report of the fire-arm, had instantly flung themselves upon their ponies and started in the chase.

Now began this race for life. Never steeple chase harder ridden Away they flew over hill and through divide, their horses snorting and panting with the violence of the exercise; over the rocky beds of dried-up rivulets, through clumps of scrub oak the young trumpeter now pulling up so abruptly as almost to unseat himself as in the darkness he nearly dashed against a tree; then leaping over the fallen timber that lay across his path and spluttering through the mud-holes n which his horse sank to the girth Still he pressed on, while the enemy came thundering in the rear, making the night resound with their war whoops and dropping an occasional shot whenever they thought it would tell. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, and undoubtedly it would have proved so in this case had not the boy's horse in crossing a piece of rough ground stumbled. He would have ground stumbled. fallen had not he been instantly checked By this accident the Indians were enabled to gain some distance, when they opened fire with a surer aim.

Bang! bang! and the bullets whistled uncomfortably close to our

young hero's ear.

Spurring his animal, he sought to get out of range, and nobly did his faithful friend respond. Bang! bang! the guns rang out again, and the boy felt a stinging sensation in the left shoulder, his bridle arm falling uselessly by his side. The agony of the wound was intense, the motion of the horse rendering it more so, but still he retained his seat, knowing that upon his ability to get through rested a hundred lives. Bearing now a little to the southeast, he struck the trail and furiously dashed along it. The sound of his pursuers grew fainter, then

ceased, but he did not seem to hear. for a strange dizziness came over him, and he swayed in his saddle like a drunken man, clutching at the pommel, he murmured as he thought the night grew darker, "O God, let me live an hour, only an hour !"

So the night sped on. Sometimes the

"Oh, that morning would come Ipon the earth once more!"

How cold the night seemed to the

boy hero as he, half-fainting, sat in the saddle with his head upon his preast and the warm blood trickling rom his wound. Would Cache never appear?

But just as the rosy fingers of the norn crept up from the east he saw with his dying eyes the long black shadow of the timber that studded the banks of the creek, and as his weary comrade uttered a joyful neigh ougle-call rang out upon the morning air, the sound of which brightened up

he boy's face. The sound of the horse's hoofs prought a number of men outside their tents, who, seeing the pale, death-like face of the despatch-bearer and the imp arm hanging by his side, knew

instinctively what was the matter. The latter, seeing the men around him, drew out his blood soaked des patch, and hoarsely whispered: 'The general — dispatch — quick!" would have fallen from his horse had not a trooper rushed forward and catching him in his arms lifted him tenderly to

With the break of day the Indians uttering their wild war-whoops, had charged upon the camp. Bravely had they been repulsed, only to come on again and again until their superior numbers should tell upon the white men. Now they were upon the ramparts, and the defenders, almost all of whom were grievously wounded, but who seemingly felt not their wounds in the presence of the enemy, heroic ally disputed every step. At last, just as a portion of the breastwork had fallen in, and the Indians sprang like panthers at their prey, on the little quare of white men who had hastily ollected around their wounded, resolv ng to die as men, with their faces t the foe, a ringing cheer was heard and the relief force came thundering down the slope. And as the clear, rapid notes of the "charge" echoed across echoed across the plains, each drop of blood in those trooper's veins jingled exultingly against its neighbor as they dashed among the foe. There was a crash — cheers— a volley of musketry, and the Indians were flying across the prairie, pursued by the troopers whose car mined sabres were busy converting, as an officer of the regular army once said, bad Indians into good ones by giving them the route to the happy hunting grounds.

The fight was over, and a portion of Colonel Mack's command was saved. That night in a hospital tent there stood a number of soldiers around the couch of one on whom death had cast its shadow. There was a sorrowful its shadow. ook upon the faces of the watchers as they silently awaited the issue. At last the boy opened his eyes and he looked around; then, as a smile of pride lit up his face he murmured as his eyelids slowly drooped. "I g-o-t t-h e-r e." The angel beckoned, and the two went hand in hand into the silent land.

"He's gone," they told the men who had gathered outside the tent awaiting the news-gone; and the evening wind took up the refrain and sighed it to the trees, which shook their heads as if in doubt, while the stars veiled their

Why There are not More Converts

With regard to the difficulties which keep Protestants from coming into the Catholic Church, it is sad to say that many of them have a dread of examining her claims, for fear she might prove to be true, and that they would be conscientiously forced to come into thereby injuring their prospects

in life. Another difficulty is the refusal on the part of Protestants to obey any authority in religious affairs. This is a great obstacle to their conversion. They must be shown the necessity for authority, and that without it the kingdom of Christ could not stand. They must be shown that whatever authority, the Bishops and the Pope claim over Englishmen, that it is ex ercised for the good of the Church, and that they claim the same spiritual authority over all nations of the earth. The Church is a society embracing all nations, and authority is essential

for the well being of society. A third obstacle is the scandal which bad Catholics give. When Catholics, who claim to have the best form of religion, lead bad lives-lives out of har mony with the doctrine of their Church—the bad example given has a very bad effect. Bad Catholics, who neglect the sacraments and Mass, who get drunk, and curse and swear, are iterally rocks of scandal to the minds

of Protestants. The Time for Building

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CATHOLIC TRUTH SOCIETY, WINNIPEG.

Address of President O. H. Kennedy.

Gentlemen, - You re-elected me President of this society, for which, at the outset, I take the liberty of thanking you sincerely. Surely you must not have given it your earnest and careful consideration when the choice fell upon one void of the ability that should be possessed by a presiding officer. One consolation is that, if I lack the ability, I possess the ambition, energy and good-will to further the interests at stake in the Catholic Truth Society, and thereby the interests of the Church to which we belong. To His Grace Archbishop Langevin I extend the grateful thanks of this society, for his kind words of encouragement and Archiepiscopal blessing which we now enjoy and to which we attribute much of the success of our society during the past year

To the Jesuit Fathers for the assist ance they have rendered, words of thanks would be hardly adequate to express my feelings, and in saying so voice the sentiments of this society To the Fathers of St. Mary's, of the Immaculate Conception, and all the clergy, who have expressed their appreciation of this society and extended words of encouragement, thanks, from the bottom of my heart, are sincerely extended. To the officers, and, more especially, to the secretaries, who were instrumental in bringing the society to the standard to which it has now attained, for their untiring work, energy and zeal, as their modesty will not admit of praise from me, I tender

my sincere gratefulness.

The object of this society will be to mprove the mental, moral and social ondition of its members; to make them content with their position in life, to reclaim the erring, the lukewarm and the indifferent, by precept and example ; to keep young men from join ing secret societies; to further the dis semination of Catholic truth, the pro motion and circulation of Catholic literature, and to explain, through the oress and other modes of circulation, with the approval of the Censor, the doctrines of the Church, more especially when her teachings are assailed and

misrepresented. Having stated these objects I need hardly observe that the field of labor is great, and readily explains why this society meets weekly, and at each meeting a lecture or a reading on something of Catholic interest is given by one of the members. In the first place this will improve the mind; secondly, it has a tendency to regulate our morals; thirdly, it encourages sociability among its members : fourth y, encouragement is extended to make us contented with our position in life; fifthly, to reclaim the erring, the lukewarm and the indifferent, can only be done by members of this society, setting forth a good example and an encouragement to join our circle. By adhering to the foregoing objects we will attain another point indirectly we will keep our young men from joining secret societies.

The dissemination of Catholic truth is our principal aim. There are many ways in which that is accomplished: by the promulgation of good sound literature among our people, by men of learning; secondly, by the distribution of tracts or leaflets that are published by our society, on all controversial subjects; thirdly, the columns of the press are to be utilized for immediate explanations that may be necessary to refute the arguments coming from the pens of writers whose glory it is to attack and misrepresent the true Chnrch.

At this portion of my address I can fittingly read to you an extract from the pen of St. Ignatius Loyola on Tracts

" As the Protestants are continually writing small works and small tracts and aim at destroying the belief in Catholic writers, and especially those of the society, and establishing various dogmas ; it seems expedient that ours i e the Society of Jesus) should dray up in such cases, answers and tracts short and well written, so that they may be within reach of and may bought by all. In this way a remedy may be found for the evil that is don with these little books by Protestants and sound teaching may be spread amongst the many. But this should always be done with moderation though, earnestly and in such a way as to show up the wicked ways and deceits of our adversaries. Afterwards if need be, many of these tracts may be bound up in one volume. must be written by learned men, wel grounded in theology, and who know how to adapt themselves to the intelli gence of the many. By these means i eems that an important service could e rendered to the Church, and the be ginning of evil could be met, in many places, before it had gone so deep as to be very difficult later on to root it up from men's hearts."

Although we have unavoidably been prevented from extending our work, was not through the lack of ambition o energy on the part of any of its mem bers, but, owing to its financial circum stances, we were obliged to await the coming of a new era, which, happil for us, has now arrived. It will b our duty to become affiliated with the parent society in England, become one of their branches and through them literature of the highest and of all classes may be obtained.

They in England have gone through such a controversial siege during the past century that they are thoroughly conversant with the wants of the Catho ic Church throughout the world. Having obtained the required literature, our work will then commence by

visiting jails, reformatories, hospitals and public institutions, and distributing tracts and good moral reading among the inmates

In reference to the local press I would not advise giving our attention to all articles that may appear, but any that do appear against the Church or its clergy, should be given the careful sideration of the press committee, as whether an answer would be opporune or not. I have been on many ecasions accosted as to why we did not ence of the Church, to show ourselves the public and let the community w that such a society exists. I make answer and say, although one of our objects, we do not conit advisable to answer any scribe tho may think it fit to write an article newspaper, and furthermore it is not our desire to enter into a contro

We must always take care in our writings to give no offence to our seprated brethren. If we have occasion o answer any of their writings let it ays be in the mildest tone possible, ing a clear and distinct explanaon the teachings of the Church to which we happily belong.

It is our earnest desire that the ladies ome members of this society, as the stitution fully provides for their admission, and the spreading of truth really comes under the head of charity. uch societies as the Ladies' Aid and Vincent de Paul should work hand hand with us. On their weekly its to the poor the spreading of Catholic literature would be opportune and in many cases most beneficial.

Yes "most beneficial" and are not meetings "most beneficial?" Here we are this evening a body of Catholics met together to talk over any matter that may concern us, and we can say "we are all brothers, we ong to the one true Church, and have the same mind on all that con erns our eternal salvation, and that is

the first aim of our existence."

What a pleasure it is to come here and talk freely and unreservedly upon Catholic topics! In fact I believe our hall is the only place in the city outside of the presbyteries, where Catholics can meet and discuss such matters.

The success of the society lies with us. What are we to do? In answer, I will note a few lines taken from the Psalm of Life of Longfellow:

"Let us then be up and doing
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursing,
Learn to labor and to wait.
Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And, departing, leave behind us
Foot prints on the sands of Time;
Footprints that perhaps another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main.
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

This I hope is the riveting of a endless chain. In years hence, as founders of this society in the Canadian North West, I hope on retiring from life, we may, one and all, calmly look back on the result of our work, close our eyes to the world and say our labors were not lost.

ST. ERNEST,

How the Great Saint Won His Title and His Crown.

The following account of a saint but ittle known was published for the first ime in a late issue of the Ohio Waisenfreund, and is taken from an original manuscript sent to the editor of that paper from Antwerp by Rev. Mattagne,

The Bollandists are an outgrowth of the Jesuits, and the order is named after John Bolland, S. J., who inaugurated the work of collecting the "Acts of the Saints." The French conquest of Belgium in 1794 interrupted the labor, which, at the suggestion of the Belgian government, was resumed by the Jesuits in 1837.

The kindness of a friend enables the Columbian to give this outline of the life of St. Ernest, which will soon apear as a part of Bollandict history

He was the Abbot of Zwiefalten, and martyr of Mecca, or Magon, in Armenia, Nov. 7, 1148. Beyond doubt here were two saints of this name, the first being Abbot of Nerishheim and suffering martyrdom at Chorozaim about 1095; but, later, he seems to have been confused with the subject of this sketch, who was born, according o authentic documents, in the year 1112, and was of noble parentage The boy's education was entrusted to the Benedictines of Zwiefalten, and by them he was trained in the love and fear of God. In early manhood he deided to abandon the world and to be come a religious; and having taken his yows, he was received into the abbey where he had been educated, and where he diligently pursued his course in the sciences. His eminent virtues and great learning soon gained him the esteem and love of his co-religious, and when the abbacy became vacant in 1141, he was chosen by them to fill the place. The Benedictine abbey then comprised a two-fold community -a monastery and a convent; the former containing about seventy nonks and one hundred and thirty ay brothers, and the latter sixty nuns Thus on his assuming the office St. enest found the spiritual welfare of nore than two hundred souls confided his care. He discharged the duties of his high office with great zeal, and y his virtuous life set an edifying xample to his large community about this time the great Abbot of lairvaux preached a crusade, and the mperor, Conrad III., with his brother tta, Bishop of Freisingen, determined o join the enterprise. Our saint also ook the cross and accompanied the

Bishop upon the crusade, which, like so many others, ended in defeat. In Asia Minor, the German army

One, under formed two divisions. Conrad, harrassed by privation and betrayed by the Greeks, fell an easy prey to the Turks, who slew more than thirty thousand of them; while the other division, under command of Otto, pursued its march against Laodicea along the sea-coasts. St. Ernest was with this division, and one Sunday while they were encamped in Pam-philia they were suddenly attacked by Zauchin, Pasha of Aleppo. The Bishop escaped, but eight thousand of his men fell into the hands of the Musselmen, St. Ernest being among the number. Together with four hundred comrades he was taken to the number. Mecca (probably Magon in Armenia), where upon his arrival he was ordered to renounce his faith in Christ and to accept the doctrines of Mchammed. Refusing to do this, he with many others, was subjected to great terture and privation. However, he not only did not waver, in hi own devotion, but, by his courageous example, imparted to his fellow sufferers much of his own zeal and fortitude This led to his being selected for most exeruciating torment. He was exeruciating torment. He was scalped, disemboweled and his entrails were fastened upon a stake, about which the heroic confessor was com pelled to walk until he fell expiring Thus the blessed St. Ernest gained his crown Nov. 7, 1148, on which date eight of his companions gained their palms. The names of but five of these are known: Adalbert, Conrad, Walter, Seigfried and Engelbottem. Later their bodies were recovered and in terred at Anticch by Massilius, an Ar

Since that time the Benedictines of Swiefalten have venerated the blessed Ernest as a holy martyr, enrolling his name in their martyrology and Litany of all Saints; they have also erected statues in his honor, encircling the head with a halo. His intercession is invoked as a holy martyr canonized more by the shedding of his blood than by formal process.

It is easy to trace the origin of his cult which had become antiquated long before the decree of Urban VIII. there by losing none of its validity.

The Abbey of Swiefalten is at the unction of the Danube and the Ach rivers. It was founded in 1089 and suppressed in 1802. The remaining portions are now used as an asylum for the insane.

P. Mattagne, Bollandist.

A Priest Fights Savages.

After many hairbreadth escapes b flood and fell, Bishop Hanlon and his missionaries safely reached Uganda, their land of promise, on the 1st of September. During the previous fort night they had, according to the Bishop's account, some "terrible days" marches," and one of their soldier porters, an askari, who carried a tin ase for Father Plunkett, was speared to death by wild Wanandi robbers whilst at some distance from the party, but a caravan which was six days march behind them and was carrying much of their baggage as well as mails for the Church Missionary Society fared more disastrously, twenty four out of the thirty-one men who formed it being killed by the Wanandi and the mails and baggage stolen.

A remarkable act of heroism was performed by Father Plunkett as his companions were crossing the Nzoia river under the burning heat of an equatorial sun. Two native slave raiders, well armed with spears and shields and provided with chains and manacles for their intended victims, came up. They had with them one captive, a little girl of six or seven years old, who had a nasty spear wound at the back and in the lower part of her little naked body, inflicted by her captors in order to secure their prize without a chase. Father Plunk ett's Irish blood was at once on fire at the outrage, and he boldly faced the slave hunters, disarmed them and rescued the suffering captive. Unfortunately the raiders subsequently escaped through the negligence of a Swahili soldier, but the liberated child was added to the Caravan as a firstclass passenger and their horrid weapons were carried along as trophies.

In Uganda the brave missionaries received a hearty greeting from the French Fathers, and, judging by the disposition and expectations of the natives, there is good reason to believe that their labors will bear ample fruit.

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