HIS STEWARDSHIP.

When the London England papers announced that Raymond Fox, M. P. for Mid-Clare, had applied for the steward hip of the Chiltern Hundreds, other men in Parliament were not much surprised. His engagement had been very apparent, as his pretty fiancee, far from trying to allure him from his political duties to society friv-alities, had herself developed an absorbing interest in politics, and was frequently to be seen dining in the House and having tea on the terrace, and even sitting through dull debates behind the grille of the Ladies' Gallery, with an aunt who would have infinite ly preferred the opera. And this she did on the chance of hearing Ray. mond open his eloquent lips for five or

But, you may ask, if the woman was so sympathetic, why did his engage-ment entail his retirement from Parli-Well, this was the way of it. Her father, though an Irishman and a supporter of the same political party, was yet eminently pratical, and having made his way in the world, desired to have as a son in law a man who could do the same. He had made it the sole condition of his consent to the engagement that Raymond should leave Parliament till he had put himself in a position of independence by exercise of his profession.

Raymond had been called to the bar, but had never practiced. He felt confident, however, that all would be plain sailing. He had attained a reputation as an orator and all round clever fellow, was also a popular hero in a way, owing to a prom-inent part he had taken in an eviction affray in which the police came off second best. So there was first of all a private conference with the woman and then a confidential talk with his party leader and the whip, and it was unanimously decided that the retirement was to be sanctioned.

When you are a rich man," said the whip, " and have money to waste on an election contest, never doubt but we'll find a seat you can fight for us. I suppose Mid-Clare is safe for our

Raymond assured them that Mid-Clare was safe, and promised to go down and back their candidate. "I'il be of some use to him with the 'hill-side men,'" he added with a meaning

"I flatter myself I have some influence in that quarter." So they shook hands with him in congratulation, and he went off elated, to consult with Molly and Molly's father as to the prospects of a speedy wedding.

Thus was it that the paragraph about the Chiltern Hundreds came into the papers. It created no great stir in London, and, in fact, appeared in a very backward corner of the papers, but copied into a more prominent position in the Dublin and Irish provincial press it produced, as you shall hear, a ruction such as the party never dreamed of on the day when the leader and the whip decided that Fox might safely go, and that the seat was safe

for Moriarity. Now, be it known to you that Raymond Fox owed that seat solely and simply to the favor of the "hillside

This section of the constituency, though disavowing all parliamentary agitation in favor of stronger meas ures, found themselves in a position of

ures, found tenesers in a positive delightful supremacy.

By holding aloof and talking haught ity, as if the ballet box were beneath notice, and saying they disclamed to vote at all, they found themselves and talked at in courted on all sides, and talke eloquent style by the rival candidates and their backers. There was some pretty tall talk at the Mid-Clare elec-tion, I can tell you, and a good deal of it was never reported in the papers but Raymond Fox won easily. Pni Foy, a veteran who had come through the '48 and '97 troubles, announced it as his conviction that the young man would go to the scaffold for his coun-That clinched the matter.

try. That clinched the matter.

There were two or three objectors, but old Phil carried all objection down. The word was given in the right quarter and Raymond headed the poll. was on Phil's support that he was reck oning when he promised to go down and back Moriarity at the bye election One of these days the following scene

was enacted at the door of a roadside village in the County Clare. The cot tage was the residence of Phil Foy, and he leaned over the halfdoor smok ing contentedly, till a strapping young tellow came up from the town and dis turbed his serenity by wildly waving a newspaper as he approached.

What's on the paper, Denny?"he shouted in a hearty voice. "Spake up, man, an' tell us-is it a furrin Phil was always on the outlook for a "furrin' war ;" there had come none to answer his expectation in all his long lifetime. The Crimean one was a deadly disappointment that he

had hardly recovered from yet.
"No chance of war at all Phil,"
shouted Denny, "but here's something that will astonish you more than if there was.'

What, then? Don't be keepin' it What is it at all, at all? off me. What is it at all, at all?"
"This," said Denny, with a grin;
"Misther Raymond Fox, that ye had us all to vote for, and what's more get our skulls cracked for, he has resigned

his sate, that's all. "Hoorah!" said old Phil exultantly "the boy was too good for them. He

belongs to us by rights.

"Hould on till ye hear all," said Denny, and he shook his head omin-"ye were too confidin' and aistaken in, Phil. Hear to this — an attitude suitable for the opening of space out an clear yer character. He country is space out an clear yer character. But Phil's dignity was utterly upset his great oration. "Men of the Banner County," he by the sudden convulsion that shook said in thrilling musical tones, then the platform, a storm of laughter that ily taken in, Phil. Hear to this"-Running his finger down the column, he found the place and read aloud:

"Men of the Banner County," he

resignation of the member for Mid- paused for the usual applause. resignation of the member for Mid-Clare. Mr. Raymond Fox has applied to the Speaker for the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds.'" 'A Government office," said Phil in an ominous voice. "Tis a lie. I'll never helievait."

never believe it."

"Tis worse than Sadlier and Keogh," went on Denny. "They were sought after and had temptation put in their way; but he's been runnin' after a job himself. He applied for the post, they say, and he for the post, they say, aye, and begorra he has got what he asked," and ne read again from the London correspondent's letter :

The Speaker has granted the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds to Mr. Raymond Fox.' "

Phil struck the door a mighty blow and shivered his pipe to pieces. "Tis a lie, I say, an invintion av the Lon-don papers; I'll wait till I hear it from

his own lips. "Well, you'll not have long to wait," went on Danny, "for he's comin' to the town beyant on Wednesday week. The committee's sittin' now to arrange things, an' the bands is to be out an' torchlights all as usual, just as if he hadn't disgraced the County Clare. Moreover, here's a letter for yourself, Phil, with the London mark. Maybe there's news in it."

Phil rent the envelope asunder and read the contents. He saw the bold signature "Raymond Fox," and read these words over it: "I hope to stand among the boys of Claire on Wednesday next and give them an account of my stewardship. The cause of my resigning at this juncture is one on account of which my friends will have reason to congratulate me, and I hope that you. Phil, may be among the fore-most to take my hand and wish me good luck in my new sphere of life." Slowly the old man read it to him-

self; tears were gathering in his eyes. Suddenly they flashed fire. "An ac-count of his stewardship, is it, then, he is for giving us and asking us to wish him luck? I'll teach him the mettle that is in the boys of Clare. Wednesday week, is it? Aye! Well, Phil Foy will be there.

Raymond entered the town in a wag onette and pair, and a brass band play ing before him and torch-bearers in ranks around. He stood bareheaded ing before and elate, waving his hat, and proud to show Moriarity, the new man, how popular he was. "But wait," he popular he was. whispered in confidence, "wait till you see the reception I'll get from 'the boys' when I speak to-night. I know how to gain their hearts, and what's more, their vote. I don't mind giving you the straight tip—wher in doubt quote John Mitchel. I have a couple of fine passages to quote to-night ; just

wait till you hear how they'll cheer. The hall was reached. It was packed to sufforation, and outside in the street all the youngsters of the town ssembled to stand in the mud and rain and echo the acclamations that would

ome through the open windows. Raymond struggled up the hall to the platform with difficulty. He had to shake hands right and left. He had, moreover, to try to remember everybody's names. It was somewhat confusing, but he bore it well. were some, however, whom he remembered, but did not see. Where was Phil Foy? Where were these sturdy battalions, who, with swinging shilla-lahs at a time of stress, had cleared the Market Square of his opponents, provphysical force " doctrines ing that were with them not mere theoretical

His brow cleared when at length he gained the platform and faced the hall. There was the veteran Phil, well to the back, with his stalwarts around him some six rows deep. Phil leaned on the top of his blackthorn. Every man carried one.

"Aha! I see," thought Raymond " an assault is feared; they're guard ing the entrance." He waved his hand airily in the direction of Phil, but concluded the old man did not see him, for there was no response.

They were singularly undemonstra tive to - night, these "hillsiders." Maybe they were sad at losing their chosen one

Could he have heard what they were discussing in undertones he would have understood their grimness. 'Tis a group of islands somewhere out in the East he's made governor of," said one. "I don't rightly know where they are, but 'tis a fine salary

he will be getting."
"Now little you know about it,"
said another; "'is just a big estate he's made agent for. Steward's the English for a land agent. Bad luck to all av thim.

Anyhow, they all shook their heads and prophesied that he might end on the bench, for he was a lawyer, and would be looking to be made a judge, and coming round no doubt to the Ennis assizes and hanging some of his

The chairman rose and spoke, and when he had finished Phil's party uttered portentous groans. Half the audience joined in this demonstration, jumping to the conclusion that some one had discovered a dark blot on the poor man's political character. He had hitherto been one of the most respected and upright Nationalists, familiarly known as "Honest John Cuddihy." That made matters worse

Cuddihy." That made matters
if he had gone wrong now.

Even Raymond and Moriarity looked
on him coldly, though he had spoken
'Too first treingly of them both. "Too bad," they thought, "to saddle us with an unpopular chairman." But now the retiring member, believing he would soon be all right, sprang to his feet in an alert and graceful manner, and flinging out his right arm struck an attitude suitable for the opening of

I must explain to the unsophisticated Sasenach that, like Homer's heroes, most Irish towns and counties have their appropriate epithets, which no election speaker should be ignorant of. There is "rebel" Cork, "gallant" Tipperary, Limerick of the "violated the urbs intacta which is Waterford and Galway, the "City of

Well, not to digress, Clare is the Banner County, and when Raymond Fox held up his right hand in that melodramatic fashion he was meaning to suggest that, figuratively speaking, ne was upholding the county's banner

There was little applause.
"Men of the Banner County," he repeated. Then in a tone of thunder that made him collapse came a voice from the back of the hall.

" Boys av Clare !" He suddenly was aware that Phil Foy was standing erect and defiant, pointing at him with derisive finger. audience by now had their backs to he platform, and were struggling for a glimpse of this new orator. Ray-mond Fox could not proceed when no body was looking at him. He folded his arms firmly and said in a calm tone. "I beg a hearing for my good friend, Phil Foy. He has, no doubt, some news of importance."

"Ye need beg nothing for me, young man," said Phil. "Keep all yer beg-gary for the British Government. I can speak to the boys av Clare without yer favor, Mr. Raymond Fox." A shout of approbation went up.
"Bravo, Phil! Go on, Phil! Right

Ye were heard in the County Clare before he was cradled. Half of them had not the slightest

idea as to what was up, but assumed that anyhow Phil was right. As a man who had been in jail for Ireland, his opinion was taken as a rule on trust A thrill of unholy joy went round

the room, and they cheered him lustily. Was he not providing excitement enough to keep the town going for seven years? He had cast a slur upon seven years? the respectable Mr. Cuddihy-" Hones he was denouncing young Fox, whom he had himself made member. 'Three cheers for Phil !" they shouted 'Go on, Phil!" They wanted to hear The youngsters outside took up the

applause with shrill hurrahs, and, to add insult to injury, the big drum which was outside with the band was banged frantically; the same drum which had erewhile headed Raymond's triumphal entry to the tune of Brian Boru's march. "Boys of Clare," went on Phil when

the tumult quieted, "in presence of you, one and all, I have to ask Mr. Raymond Fox whether there is any truth in the announcement that he has accepted British gold and taken an office under the Government."

A howl of execration went up. They believed it already. Raymond stood as one thunderstruck, then

laughed carelessly.
Certainly not. I retire from Parliament to devote myself to practice at the bar. I would ask my old friend Phil Foy the grounds he has for the monstrous accusation."
"Tis in all the London papers.

Tis copied in the Dublin weeklies. I have it in black and white, and your own letter, moreover, young man, saying how you'd come and tell us how you got the stewardship."
Raymond passed his hand over his

forehead in a dazed way. The outlook was threatening, many of the audience were shaking their shillalahs at him in a suggestive fashion. Moriarity, who was a bit of a wag, was cruel enough "Are these the boys' you spoke of influencing on my behalf?" and then smilingly, "Try them with John

smilingly, "Try them with John Mitchell, quick, for mercy's sake, or 'tis murdered we'll all be!" "Hush!" said Raymond testily, and then he faced the crowd. "I await," he said, "the reading of these extra-ordinary allogations, which are far as I

ordinary allegations, which as far as I can judge must be the figment of a disordered imagination. His manner was haughty in the extreme; unconsciously he fell into an English accent, which quite unwillingly he had contracted at St. Stephen' The audience resented both the Eng-

lish accent and the hauteur of his manner. "Listen to the English hum haws of him! Where did ye lave yer good old Irish brogue? 'T is crazy he says Phil is! Send him back to where he came Such were the exclamations that he heard ring out above the up-

roar Suddenly Phil Foy held up in his hand a newspaper and a letter, and he signaled for silence. Instantly all was You could have heard a mouse

Equeak. All leaned attentively to hear, and Phil, holding the document to the

glare of a lamp, read as follows: "'Our London correspondent states on good authority that Mr. Raymond Fox has been apppointed to the stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds. A vacancy is thus created in Mid-

"Listen to that now," growled a big giant of a fellow who stood at Phil's right hand, and then, shaking his stick at the platform, "begorra, young Clare man, there'll be a vacancy where you're standin' in a minute or

Phil waved his hand at his too militant supporters and assumed a calmly judicial manner. "The vilest criminal," he said, "is

not condemned without a hearing. Hould yer tongues, all av ye. Misther Raymond Fox, now is yer time to spake out an' clear yer character."

was like a thunderstorm and earth-

quake combined. 'The Chiltern Hundreds, by Jove!' laughed Moriarity. "Fox, my boy, hurry up and explain the business, or we're lost men. The vilest criminal—did you hear that? Why, they're harder on you than the Primrose

League. But Raymond could hardly find words to explain - he hesitated and

"Spake up," shouted old Phil, stung beyond endurance. "This is no laugh-in matter. Are the words on this paper true or are they not?"
Raymond collected himself. "Give

me leave to explain. This statement, as I shall show you, is verbally true; but my good friend is ignorant of the formalities of tarliamentary proced-

ure. "An' proud I am," shouted Phil. "Boys, he gives in to it! Away wid him an' the loikes av him."

The mirth on the platform was checked by a sudden scuffling sound from the bottom of the hall — the noise made by close crowded, heavy booted men, who were finding their feet and their sticks.

Raymond turned pale as death, plucky and all he was. Moriarity ceased his chuckling. "We're lost ceased his chuckling. "We're lost men," he murmured; "they'll break every bone in our bodies."

There was a rush for the platform, and the steward of the Chiltern Hundreds stood there facing the tumult. He had nothing to hope for now but that they'd find out their mistake after he was dead and done for and give him a place among the martyrs. newest form of dying for one's country this would be, to be killed by mistake in an election riot by one's own

But it turned out that John Cuddihy had done a wise thing. He had brought in his pocket the key of a door at the back of the platform, thinking that though they brought the hero of the day up the hall at arrival to receive the handshakes of his admirers, they might wish to depart with less obstruc-

So as Raymond stood there with his arms folded and his eyes flashing, ready for martyrdom and thinking of Molly, he felt his coat tails seized from behind, and before he knew where he was he was swung around and propelled almost headlong down the stair. The door was clapped to behind the fugitives, and the clatter of sticks that came on it in a minute or two made them giad to be on the safe side of it.

"To the station," said Mr. Cuddihy to the driver of the wagonette.
"Drive like the devilan' you'll catch the half-eight train. Never mind the music!" (this to the bandmaster, who was mustering his musicians). "Goodbye gentlemen! I must go and lock them in, or they'll be after you."

Thus their lives were saved, but Raymond's reputation was beyond salvation. Of course, the business was explained and cleared up and undertood by most people, and by them reated as a joke. But it is not a good treated as a joke. thing to be the butt of a joke i want to be taken seriously and aim at being an M. P. And then away up the country there were people who never listened to the explanation They were told that Raymond Fox was not in receipt of a Government salary, and that his stewardship was only a matter of form, and that he wasn't in the position beyond a week.

"Well, now," they would say, with a twinkle in their eyes. "An' so he gev up the job, did he, after the bother he had gettin' it? It tuk Phil Foy and the boys to strike terror in his

Raymond is happily married to Molly and a success at the bar; but I need hardly tell you that he does not go on the Munster circuit, and if ever again he contests a seat it will be one at a reasonable distance from the County Clare. - Cornhill Magazine.

FATHER LALUMIERE CONVERT-ED

A Know-Nothing Leader.

The recent issue from The Riverside Press, Boston, of the "Life of Hanni-bal Hamlin" reminds The Southern Messenger of the strange turns in the life of another Hamlin, also of Boston, and not improbably a more or less remote member of the statesman's fam-

Daring the Know Nothing excitement in Massachussetts, many years ago, this Mr. Hamlin, with N. P. Banks and others, was a member of the committee appointed by the Legislature to examine the inside workings of the convents—the "Smelling Committee" it was afterward nicknamed, because one of its members raised the lid of a pot in a convent kitchen, and stuck his nose in to smell the contents. This "Smelling Committee" visited every room in the convents, from garret to cellar, and every cupboard, sink, and what not had to come under their inspoction. They had a duty to perform, and they certainly performed that duty honestly and faithfully ; but the failure to discover anything amiss was very mortifying to them, and the committee became the butt of the few Catholic papers then published in this We do not know how it was with the other members of the commit tee, but a more refined, gallant, or kind hearted gentleman than Mr. Hamlin would be hard to find.

Years afterward, Mr. Hamlin was an officer of the Federal army in the south, and was so severely wounded in the groin that his life was almost despaired As a last resort, he was taken to the hospital of the Sisters of Charity in New Orleans. Telling the story after ward to an acquaintance in Milwaukee,

Major Hamlin said that when he saw the black dress of the attendant Sisters he thought they would recognize the enemy that had overhauled and upset everything in their convents, and wreak their vengeance upon him. The surgeons examined his wound, which was a dangerous one, and turned him over to the care of one of the Sisters. When one of the Sisters came to cleanse and dress the wound, the Major demurred, saying that it was too nasty a piece of work for a lady : he could not think of permitting it : le

must get some one else to do it. The Sister told him there was no one else; the wound was a very serious one, but the surgeons were too busy to attend to it personally, and they had left it to her, as she had a good deal of experience in hospital work. madam," said the major, "a wound in such a delicate place must be too shocking to your sensibility." you, sir," she responded, "that we have no feeling or sensibility in mat ters of this kind; we are accustomed to them, and perform our work as a duty." "So," continued the major, "I duty. So, continued the major, I finally yielded, "and to the devoted care of that good Sister I probably owe my life. That was many years ago, but I have never forgotten it. Your Church, str, is

wonderful in its humanitarian workall for the love of God, as the Sisters say, and I believe them. Attachment to religious duty seems to pervade your entire body. This morning, cold and disagreeable as was the cold and disagreeable as was the weather, I saw numbers of hard-worked servant girls and delicate young ladies on their way to church, with their prayer books. Your Church, sir, exerts a powerful influence on its mem-When I saw you come in from church, blowing your fingers. I wished to have a chat with you. May I borrow your prayer book? I would like to know something of your Church's doctrines and practices."

The prayer book was gladly given, and from the major's remarks after-ward it was evident that he had scanned its pages closely. He asked so many questions, and was so particu-larly inquisitive as to minute details of Catholic doctrine that our informant suggested an introduction to Father Lalumiere, S. J., then paster of St. Gall's church, in Milwaukee, an offer that the mayor gladly accepted. After the first interview, Major lin, entered upon a course of instruction and shortly afterward he was re ceived into the Church by Father La-

THE SOUL.

The soul is a certain spiritual substance, similar in nature to an angel but infused into a material organized body to which it communicates life. is a simple immaterial essence absolutely incapable of division, and conse quently incorruptible and immortal. It has two principal actions, one in-ternal and the other external, in both of which it represents the Divine es sence of which it is an emanation. Its internal action consists in the operation of its intellect and will by which it knows and loves, and in this it repre sents the Blessed Trinity: its external action consists in the efflux of its es sence into the body by which it represents the Creator. The internal action of the soul is the most natural and the most noble and is capable in itself of endless duration, but owing to the soul's immersion in the body this operation becomes broken and intermittent. The external action, however, is the most necessary, and consequently it is perpetual and unceasing, commencing at the moment of infusion and ending only when the body is unable to receive any further influx. In this state of any further influx. In this state of existence, therefore, the intellectual operation of the soul for which it was primarily created, is impeded, and until that impediment be removed perfect beatitude is impossible.



Hans Andersen has a story of a buf-falo that scorned the snow flakes.
"Pouf," he
snorted, "I
can blow you

can blow you away with a breath, what can you do to the stomach and the sum of the sum o

pathway to some deadly disease.

Don't neglect the first symptoms of indigestion or "stomach trouble." The timely use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery may avert a more serious danger. It will surely cure any disease of the stomach and organs of digestion and nutrition, excepting cancer.

Mr. Ned Nelson the celebrated trish comedian

and nutrition, excepting cancer.

Mr. Ned Nelson, the celebrated Irish comedian and mimic, of 577 Royden Street, Camden, N. J., writes: "We luffilled an engagement of twelve weeks and the constant traveling gave me a bad touch of that dreaded disease called dyspepsia. I had tried everything possible to cure it it like the street of the

Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are a specific for biliousness.

"To Be or Not to Be."

That is the question that concerns every mortal: whether it is better to be half ill, nervous, worn out, or to be well, strong, cheerful and useful. The latter condition will be yours if you take Hood's Sarsaparilla, America's Greatest Blood Medicine,-

there is nothing equal to it. After a Cold -"I was completely run down by a cold. My son persuaded me to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and after the use of two bottles I found I was getting an appetite. When I had taken three bottles I was cured." I. P. Vernot, 117 Champlain Street, Montreal, Can.



Educational.

BELLEVILLE BUSINESS COLLEGE Established 1889.

Students have a larger earning power who acquire the following lines of preparation, under our efficient system of training. It has no superior:

1. Book-keeping.
2. Shorthand.
4. Telegraphing — Commercial & Rallway. 1. Book-keeping.
2. Shorthand.
3. Typewriting.
5. Civil Service Options
Students may commence Telegraphing on
the first of each month, and the other departments at any time.
J. FRITH JEFFERS, M. A.
Address: Belleville. Ont.
PRINCIPAL.

STUDENTS ADMITTED AT ANY TIME! Pusiness College

A school that offers advantages not found elsewhere in Canada. Large staff of expert instructors; in creased attendance; up to-cate business training; scores of students placed in good paying positions; students in attendance who come from places in which are located other business colleges. They want the best. It pays in the end, New term now open. Enter as soon as possible, Write to-day for our handsome pr spectus.

W. J. Elliott, Principal.

HOME STUDY.

ON NORTHERNA M Business Olleger Owen Sound, Ont., is not only suitable for use in the college, but is also excellent for private learners.

Book Circular to C. A. FLEMING, Principal, Owen Sound, Ont,

ASSUMPTION + COLLEGE,

SANDWICH, ONT.

THE STUDIES EMBRACE THE CLASSI ICAL and Commercial Courses. Terms, including all ordinary expenses, \$150 per annum. For full particulars apply to REV. D. CUSHING, C.S.B.

60 Typewriting Machines

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE, Toronto, has that equipment, and beside has he largest staff of expert feachers employed in my canadian Business School.
This college my the my canadian Business School.
This college my time and quality for business positions on hort notice. Sheelal Summer Term from July 8rd.
Catalogue free.

W. H. SHAW. Deposition.

W. H. SHAW, Principal. ST. JEROME'S COLLEGE, BERLIN, ONT.

Complete Classical, Philosophical and Commercial Courses, Shorthand and Typewriting. For further particulars apply to— REV. THEO. SPETZ, Presidens

TARREST STATES AND A STATE OF THE STATE OF THE STATES AND A STATES AND Mt. Clemens will cure you when all else fails Ask
Mineral someone who has been there. Thousands cured
Baths information—

Mention this paper.

PLUMBING WORK IN OPERATION Can be Seen at our Wareroo DUNDAS STREET. SMITH BROTHERS Sanitary Plumbers and Heating Engineers, LONDON, ONTARIO. Bole Agents for Peerless Water Heaters Telephone 558.

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, CATHOLIO, RECORD office, London, Ontario.

Church Bells, Chimes and Peals of Best Quality, Address, Old Established BUCKEYE BELL, FOUNDRY THE E. W. VANDUZEN CO., Cincinnati, 0. THE E. W. VANOULE STATES OF THE E. W. VANOULE STATES OF THE PARENT BEST OF THE PARENT BES

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 15c. Free by mail to any
address. The book contains 369 pages. Address Thos, Coffrey, Catholic Record office.
London. Ont.

SACRED PICTURES.

We have now in stock some really nice colored crayons of the Sacred Heart of Jesus and of the Sacred Heart of Mary—size, 12x 22. Price, 50 cents each. Good value at that figure. Same size, steel engravings, 75 cents each. Extra large size, (steel engraving), \$1.50 each.

ST. ANTHONY OF PADUA
Colored pictures of St. Anthony of Padua—size, 12x16b—at 25 cents each.
Cash to accompany orders. Address: Thos. Coffey, CATHOLIO (RECORD Office, London, Ontario Canada SACRED PICTURES.