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CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A man recently made a fortune by picking out specks of gold from the heaps which the miners had cast up and abandaned. They were in search of nuggets, and despised the smaller grains which rewarded their perseverance. And how frequently the richest of philosophy are in the comfindings of philosophy are in the com-monplace incidents of life! In circummonpiace incidents of hie; in circumstances and places, that seem wholly uncongenial to it, the poet's heavenly attuned ear discerns a sweet undertone of harmony which all the hurly-burly of sin and misery cannot drown.—V. Rev. J. F. Callaghan, D.D.

The Fellow who Fights Alone. The fellow who Fights Alone.
BY DENIS A MCARTHY.
The fellow who fights the fight alone
Wish never a word of cheer.
Wish never a triend his hilp to lend,
With never a comrade near—
Tis he has need of a stalwart hand
And a heart not given to moan—
H - serungles for life and more than life—
The fellow who fights alone!

The fellow who fights the world alone With never a father's smile. With never a mather's kindly tone dissortowid horse to guile, Who joins the fray at the break of day And battles till light is flown. Must needs be strong for the fight is long—The fellow who fights alone. Ab bitter enough the combat is Wish every help at hand. With friends at need to bid God speed With spirits that understand; But dereer far is the fight to one Who struggles along unknown—On brave and grim is the hears of him—The fellow who flights alone!

God bless the fellow who fights alone And arm his soul with strength, Thi freely out of the battle rout. He cond tering comes at length, Thi far and near into every ear. Thi fame of his fight is blown, This friend and feel in the victor know. The fellow who fights alone!

Plan Your Work. With most of people the want of a well-defined system or method is one of the chief causes of their getting behind with their work. A systematic method of working, combined with industry, will complete a vast amount of work in a day and finish it with ease; but without system and application, the worker may be in a continual rush, and yet accomplish little.

The Conquest of Trifles.

Little things are often the hardest Little things are often the hardest things. It is comparatively easy to do a momentary deed of daring that will startle everybody; it is not so easy to do little acts of quiet courage from day to day, unheeded by all and unheeding all. Perhaps you are not called to do the great deed. But you are called every day to do the little deeds which man surely wear out life and strength more surely wear out life and strength in the long run. Be glad that you are called to do this, for this is the harder task, and he who is faithful here will not be unfaithful in the easier great not be unfaithful in the easier great things.

Personality.

James J. Hill, the great railway president, offers excellent advice to boys beginning life" in the workaday

"Always remember that, next to Always remember that, next to honor, the quality that counts the most is personality. While many will tell you that personality is a gift just as surely as is the art of composing music, let me assure you that nothing else can be acquired as easily as personality, if one has the mind and the inclination to one has the mind and the inclination to acquire it. A bad temper, a sour disposition—becoming cross and petulant when denied your way, speaking with sharpness when a kind word can just as easily be uttered and letting anger have its away—are faults that may be received if one cannot be and persist. overcome if one earnestly and persist-ently tries to do so. They hinder the acquirements of a desirable personality and so lessen one's advancement, and, more than all besides, they shorten life. more than all besides, they shorten life. Personality is nothing if it is not the companion of politeness. No man wants to keep a person in his employ who is not polite. Never let a harsh or impolite personality be the weak link in the chain of your qualities. If it is, you can rost assured that it is the you can rest assured that it is the easiest link to strengthen. I do not mean to infer that one should be maudlin and putty-like in order to produce personality or that he should assume Such a condition or atempt never exalts a man; it simply nakes him appear false in the eyes of its employer. Nature made all of us naturally. A bad temper can be expargated the same as any other vice. n't confound anger and firmness.
admire a man who can assert his rights and stand by them, and we more than respect a man who can say 'No,' with vigor and purpose when

should be said; but we rightly despise a person who scolds and vociferates. "Clear, concise, transparent expressions are the ones that carry the most weight. Speech is a wonderful indicator of character. The art of speaking plainly and clearly is as necessary a part of one's education as are the rediments of arithmetic and if I were adiments of arithmetic, and if I were school teacher I should institute regular lessons in conversation and ex-A man who can talk without making his listener wonder if he were reared in the domain of incomprehensioility is the man who will have the chance. An employer wants a man who can explain himself and whose onversation shows that its fountain is clear, clean mind. We like a touch vigor in one's speech, but we loathe hint of egotism or a molecule of selfaise. We like a man who can say 'I ll try,' with the firm conviction that e will try, but we dislike the man who says, 'Why, that's easy!' and arrives at a conclusion of his work before he knows what he is going to do."

Self Control and Patient Plodding Self-control is a marked element in The ability to consuccess of life.

trol others largely depends on our suc-cess in controlling self.
"He that ruleth his own spirit is ter than he that taketh a city. The value of punishment among children is largely affected by the spirit in which it is administered. A passionate blow or ill-tempered reproof is of ittle value and often hurtful, while the mild reproof or other punishment, given as necessity, exerts beneficial influence. And this reaches farther than the mere correction of a given wrong. The example of self-

observant child. Said a father to his erring boy, "My son, your misconduct necessitates punishment. I am willing to receive it, on my own person, if you will be more impressed than if you were punished." The son asked to be punished." The son asked to be punished and amended his life. He comprehended the spirit of his parent. Harsh, angry punishment would only have intensified the spirit of rebellion. Self-control taught him a lesson he

never forgot.
Out of self-control comes patience the most important quality that can be cultivated. Success is often more dependent on this than any other quality. The remark has often been made that patient plodding is, after all, true genius. The brilliant thought may be elaborately wrought out. The idea, so full of inventive suggestion, must be laboriously and often expressively followed through many details till success is reached. And self-control is essential to this. The person who so completely controls self as to compel mind and body to work out his plans of life realizes in a large measure life's success. This may not be equally ambitious in all cases. To one success is merely the holding the plane of life on which circumstances have placed him. To make an honest living, act an honest large and the success are the success to the success of the honorable, useful part, set a pure example or train a family to pure man-

hood and womanhood is success. Another may have a larger sphere; and to fill it well is success. And thus along the entire range of life. To meet well the duties of each day, and grow with our opportunities is real success. And this uniformly requires patient plodding. It has in it more elements of success than anything else. The spasmodic efforts of so-called genius are of the nature of gambling. Men gain fortunes and success at times by a happy stroke of fortune; but more fail than succeed. And those who succeed by speculation are rarely to be envied. The strain attending the uncertainty of gambling ventures wears life away very rapidly. Many who spend a few years amid the excitement of speculation find life rapidly ebbing away. But patient industry, while it may gain slowly, has, after all, the may gain slowly, has, after all, the promise of long years. And when it makes its current it flows on in widening scope year by year. With the young it is usually a hard lesson to learn. The warm blood of youth seeks by a brilliant dash, quick success. But too much effort cannot be employed in teaching this truth, that by plodding patience life's success will come cer-tainly, and if slowly it will be all the more sure to stay. And the basis of this plodding patience is self-control as regards habit, appetite and temper. This learned and we have received a

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. TIMOTHY'S FIRST COMMUNION SUIT.

BY MARY ST. CLEMENT.

Fort Sisseton was a big frontier army post on the banks of the "Big Muddy," as the Indians call the Missouri River way off in South Dakota, sixty miles from the nearest town and railway. And here Timothy Finnegan had been rn and lived the whole twelve years

of his young life. He had never seen a railroad, street car, nor the big shops and residences of even a moderately seized country town. Occasionally a small steamboat, a freighter," came putting up the river, finding it hard work to run against the swift current, and almost impossible to, amid the numerous sandbars that would

actually form over night. Timothy was always the first one in the garrison to hear the whistle of the Rosebush, and he would fly around like a wild creature telling everybody that the met that "the boat was a comin."

He knew the probable dates of her "Thim that hasn't spint their money

primitive landing, for the pleasure of go hard if that, that old hathen, Joe

seeing her first.

Timothy's father had been one of the oldest sergeants in the Thirtieth Infantry, so when the old soldier had died, try, so when the old soldier had died, two years ago, leaving a widow and five little ones, the colonel of the regiment kindly gave Mrs. Finnesse propulsion kindly gave Mrs. Finnegan permission to occupy the little tumble-down house where Tim and all the other children had been born, and the post surgeon, a kindly old bachelor, who said he abhorred children, gave Mrs. Finnegan the job of hospital patron—in other words, she was laundress for the hospi-

Of course they were very poor, but Tim had never minded his patched clothes and bare feet until he went to Father Wynne's First Communion class.

The good priest drove fifty miles from his mission once a month to at the fort, for there were quite a number of Catholies amongst the officers and men.

The Father had found ten childrenfour boys and six girls—old enough to prepare for what is for every Catholic

the happiest day in his life.
The first Sunday Tim went he sat
next Col. Harrington's dainty little daughter, but she did not seem to mind one bit; she moved her skirts to make room for him, and found the right page

in the Catechism.

But when Tim went home ofter Sunday-school he sat thinking quietly for a long time, then suddenly remarked:
"Mother, I've got to earn me a pair of shoes and a new suit of clothes for my First Communion: besides, Father Vynne wants me to learn to serve

"Oh, Tim dear, it's a proud woman

"Oh, Tim dear, it's a proud woman I'd be to see you on the Altar, but however will we get the money."
"I've been praying to Our Blessed Lady all this time, for I am 'Mary's child,' you're always tellin' me,*and she's put the idea in my head to ask Dr. Warren for work.

Dr. Warren for work.
"You know he's had a civilian taking and the doctor fired him.

"I'm going up to ask for the job as soon as "Retreat" sounds, for he'll be

through with his dinner then."

"Oh, Tim, you're too little, I am feared," replied his mother.

control imparts a lesson to the ever- small, p'raps, but," proudly, Jones stood there from the time of the flood.

says there ain't a better hand with

Jones was the sergeant in charge of the stable.

Dr. Warren was enjoying his cup of black coffee in conjunction with a frag-rant after dinner cigar when the colored cook who had followed his fortunes ever since the doctor had been in the army came in and announced that "one o' de wedor Finnegan boys wanted to see

Bring him in, Lucinda, his mother

the door; "come in, come in."
"Please, sir, I hurd you wanted a hired man."

loctor was very hard on intemperance.

"Were you thinking of applying for the job?" said the doctor jokingly.
"Yes, sir;" then Tim began eagerly when a piercing so

Tim had six bright silver dollars carefully tied up in an old pocket handkerchief, stowed away safely in a fine hidingplace, the grain bin, in the doctor's stable.

It was Wednesday, and on Sunday next the happiest event in his life was to take place, and, thanks to his Mother life Heaven, he would appear at the keep affoat.

sufficient white satin ribbon for a band around his coat sleeve, and a big rosette.

"I would not like to receive our Then came a dreadful moment when

bermon had greatly impressed the child.
Imagine Tim's horror and dismay when, on putting his hand down in the awakened to find himself in a pretty when, on putting his hand down in the accustomed place, he found his treasure zone. For a moment he was stunned; then his heart-broken cry brought old Dennis, the stable boss. Tim called

him on the scene.

Tim had soon poured forth his trouble into the old man's sympathetic ear. Dennis turned the oats out of the box and searched and searched for the missing money, but nowhere could it be found. Dennis would have carried the story straight to the doctor, but Tim would not hear of it.

"He'll think I'm begging; he's done enough for us already," he said. "Father Wynne says when Jesus sends us a cross we must bear it willingly like brave soldiers.

"I'll make my Communion on Sun-day, but I'll just go to early Mass so as not to spoil the procession of the rest.

Our Lord will understand, Dennis." Tim tried to speak cheerfully, but his voice would break a little as he thought of his vanished hopes and of how distressed his poor mother would

"Shure the bye taks loike the blissed saints. I'm feared he ain't long for this world," murmured Dennis, as he brushed a drop or two from his eyes.

he met that "the boat was a comin."

He knew the probable dates of her arrival, and spent hours down by the has lint it to thim that has; but it'll

Dennis, don't get that bye his clothes But Dennis did not impart his

"There's one thing I'll have just as "There's one thing I'll have just as fine as the others," thought Tim, "and that's my Rosary," for Father Wynne had given each of his children a lovely white Rosary. The beads were large imitation ivory ones, the Crucifix though was of solid silver, and on the back of it was inscribed the name of the appy little communicant and the date

of the great event. The beads had been blessed with special indulgence, and these, the priest had carefully explained to the

children.
Tim had never before received a present of any real value, so that the Rosary was doubly valuable to his eyes, for both its spiritual and material merits.

Most frequently had he said his prayers to the Queen of the Rosary, and the thought came to him now that if he could only take his beautiful beads down on the river bank, under the shade of the curious gnarled big live oaks and tell his Heavenly Mother all about his trouble, he felt sure she would sympathize and help him to bear it bravely, as the son of a soldier should.

It was of no use trying to pray at home with four noisy children playing about; he would not even tell his poor mother of his loss until he had talked it over with his Blessed Lady. His mother saw him, however, as he

quietly into the house for his beads and started off down the path to the river.
"Shure Tim is just a wee bit of a saint, I'm thinking. What would me and the children do without him, now that his father, God rest his soul! has been taken? Tim would be a priest,

I'm sure, if only I could earn the money for his eddication." The poor tired woman sighed as she poke, then after a moment, added: God's will be done." In the mean time Tim had settled himself at the ared," replied his mother.
"Not a bit, mothereen. I'm a bit able that it looked as if it might have

He had not knelt down, but had thrown himself on his face, so that his thoughts might not be distracted by the fascinating sights and sounds around

For this poor, ignorant little boy was was an ardent lover and student of nature, though perhaps he could not have understood the meaning of these terms at all.

The second jovial mystery was just ended; already Tim felt greatly com-

forted when the sound of laughter and merry voices struck his ear. Presently he saw Marjorie Harringhas probably sent to complain of the size of the hospital washing."

"Well, my boy, what is it?" called the doctor, as Tim stood respectfully at the doctor is the doctor of the doctor ried long fishing poles and a big tin bucket, evidently expecting to make a big catch. They did not see Tim, who core was very hard on intemperance.

He had just finished the last decade when a piercing scream rent the air, followed in quick succession by cries to explain, but he hurried so in his excitement that all Dr. Warren could make out was something about Sergeant the cries, Tim saw Nora, Colonel Har-Jones, a new suit of clothes, First Communion, and he did not exactly understand what this last meant, so he had Tim sit down and go over the whole thing again.

The result was that a few days later golden curls appear on the surface of the water while, the surface of the water while the Lloyd children followed her example. He was the water while the water while the surface of the water water while the surface of the water water while the water water while the water water water while the water wate

The result was that a few days later
Tim found himself engaged as assistant
to the soldier who was to take the principal care of the doctor's thoroughbreds.

His salary was to be \$3 a month, and
there were two full months before the
class was to make their First Communion.

Tim had six height silver dollars

Tim had six height silver dollars

in Heaven, he would appear at the Sacred Banquet properly attired.

Thursday his mother was going to send into Springfield, the nearest town, by the stage driver, for new shoes, hat and suit of dark blue clothes. And for was on fire, everything seemed turning was on fire, everything seemed turning was on fire, everything seemed turning the stage of the stage of Mar-

"I would not like to receive our Blessed Lord looking like a little beggar. I want to have on my wedding a garments' when Jesus comes to me," thought little Tim, reverently.

Father Wynne had preached from this very text on his last visit, and the leavest of the could be seen the depreciation of the seen that the should be s

cool room, with dainty white curtains blowing to and fro, and on the wall, right where his eyes rested, was a beautiful photograph of the Holy Mother and the Divine Child.

The mother's eyes looked at little Tim tenderly, and the child held out his arms as if to embrace him. Mrs. Finnegan, in her best black

gown, sat looking anxiously at her son.
"Is Marjorie safe, mother?" he
murmured, drowsily.
"Yes, dear; thanks be to God Who
gave you the strength to hold on to

"Are my beads safe?" was his next

"They were in your pocket, dearie, and only got a bit wet."
"I'm glad, for they're all I have for my Holy Communion. I've lost all my money, mother; some mean thief has stole it."

"There, there, dearie, be quiet now. Dennis has told us all about it," re-plied his mother, soothingly, for the little pale cheeks flushed with excite-

ment, and Tim's eyes looked bright and feverish.

"Here, Mrs. Finnegan, Dr. Warren wishes Tim to take this," said Mrs. Harrington, who had just come in; "Marjorie has had her dose."

It was Saturday before the two invads had quite recovered from the nerv-ns shock of the accident. Colonel and les. Harrington had insisted upon eping Tim. Everyone in the garri came to have a peep at the small ro; they brought him delicacies of kinds; offered to sit up with him; ad to him, and altogether quite over helmed the modest lad, who could not made to understand that he had done ything heroic. Father Wynne had rived on Friday, and the First Comnion Class had gone into Retreat, at Tim simply would not allow the bject of clothes to distract him.

After confession Saturday morning im waited to walk back with Fathe ynne. He then told the priest all yout his loss, how he would receive at e first Mass, for, of course, when he had ot even a decent pair of shoes, he ould not march in the procession with he others. Father Wynne smiled, but the others. Father wynne santed, but as in passed the Colonel's quarters, Mrs. Harrington and Marjorie were sitting, waiting for him, on the porch. "Come in, Tim," cried Marjorie,

miling. A big square box was spread out on the drawing room table, and the Colonel himself was busy opening it.

Tim turned white when he saw what ame out of that wonderful box. First beautiful dark blue suit and a pretty at to match, then new shoes and stockings, white shirts, ties, handkerchiefs, gloves and a lot of broad white satin ibbon; in fact, everything that Tim ould possibly have wished for.

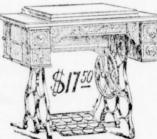
But when Mrs. Harrison put into his hands an exquisite white Russia calf Missal bound in solid silver, Tim's feeling quite overpowered him, and he burst into tears, sobbing out his thanks as best he could.

The next morning Tim was up bright and early to give the finishing touches to the pretty chapel. As he opened the door he found a dirty white envelope addressed to "Tim Finnegan." On opening it he found six very dirty dollar bills folded in a piece of paper, on which was scrawled:
"I done you a mean trick, I am

Apure hard Seep, SURPRISE MAKES OF WASH DAY



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sorry I done it, so here's the money back."

That was all, and Tim never did find out who it was that had stolen his hard. earned store.
Father Wynne, however, had suggested this mode of restitution for the guilty man had confessed his sin to the

The entire garrison turned out, Pro-testants as well as Catholics, to see these ten happy children receive for the first time their Lord in the most the first time their Lord in the most Holy Eucharist. It was a touching sight, and many of those present never forgot the glorified look on little Tim's face. He looked as if he had a fore-

After Vespers Father Wynne told him that all had been arranged for him to come and live with the priest, where he might study and obtain the educations of the control of t ne might study and obtain the Cutata tion necessary for a priest. Colonel and Mrs. Harrington were to look after the "mother" and the little ones as an act of thanksgiving to Almighty God for Hismercy in sparing their only child, who was saved through Tim's simple beyorery.

simple bravery. "Marjorie has had her dose."

"Dear, brave little Tim," she cried, her voice breaking; and as the tall stately lady stooped and kissed the little lad, Tim wondered to feel his face wet; what was she crying for he wondered?

"A tall young seminarian to-day, who is beloved and looked up to for his sweet humility and fervent love for the little lad, Tim wondered to feel his face wet; what was she crying for he wondered?

"A tall young seminarian to-day, who is beloved and looked up to for his sweet humility and fervent love for the little lad, Tim wondered to feel his face wet; what was she crying for he wondered? Harrington, has not been wasted nor thrown away.

The Key to this World and the Next. Who are the truly masterful souls? Our Lord Himself has declared that the mek shall inherit the earth; and who has not felt that the souls who exercise a mastery over others are those who know how to conquer themselves? But the supernatural cause of this strength lies in the fact that it is only in souls that the Holy Spirit of God Almighty can reign in the fullness of His light and of His power. Gentleness has the key of this world and of the next.

As long as we are in this mortal life, nothing is more necessary for us than numility.—St. Teresa.

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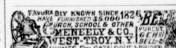
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