

THE FARRIER'S DOG AND HIS FELLOW.

I.

The dog was a cur; a common yellow cur. Though to be sure there were those who, knowing his good qualities—for really the cur was possessed of some very good qualities indeed—declared there was a strain of the shepherd in his blood. This idea may have arisen from the unmistakable crinkle in his big, bushy tail, which (the crinkle I mean), later in life, won for its owner the name of "Old Crink," the beginning, however, and before for love's sake, or for sorrow's sake, to have been a vagabond there and or have been men who have done the same thing (er this), the cur bore a very different name. He was, in fact, called "Baydaw," those first years of his life, when he hung about the farrier's shop at the heels of the boy who gave him his unusual name. Odd it was, too, to see the big, brown, sootied farrier bend over to lay his broad black palm upon the yellow cur's neck caressingly, and to hear him say, "Baydaw, poor Baydaw, poor boy," for all the world as if the boy had been used to say it that, had you known them all, the boy, the dog, and the farrier, you had but to close your eyes and fancy it was the little boy who was talking to the dog, not the big horse doctor and blacksmith at all. There came a time when the tears would start in the big farrier's eyes as he stooped to caress the dog; and he would involuntarily look about him, and behind the big anvil, near the bellows, for the boy who had been used to sit there. But there was no boy there. Then it was the farrier would brush his eyes with the least smutted corner of his apron made of strong, striped bed ticking, and tell the cur to "go along now," in a tone that meant his bone and bed were waiting over by the slack tub under the shed outside.

But I am going too fast; far too fast. Who ever told a story without beginning at the first? And the first must necessarily be the birth of the hero; and the hero of this story is a dog; at least he is one of the heroes; the Fellow, who is the other hero, we haven't come to him. Oh, no; the farrier was not the Fellow; nor was the little boy who named the dog "Baydaw." We will come to the Fellow by and by; I know him, and I know the dog; sorry dogs, both of them, some will tell; yet they were both possessed of their "good strains in the blood," so said those who knew them.

But about the little boy who was not the Fellow: it was he who saved the dog's life. What was the boy's name? Oh, that doesn't matter at all. I don't remember that I ever heard his name. At any rate, it is not necessary here; he is in the story such a little, little while that we will just call him "the boy." Though if you have a dog, you love him, perhaps you will sometimes think of the little boy who saved the life of the farrier's dog.

It happened this way: One morning the farrier opened the door of his shop, and found a litter of young dogs lying there upon the shop floor. He wasn't a bad man, this big farrier, neither was he a great lover of dogs. Of course he could not have an entire family of them housed upon him there in the shop. So when the children of his own, poor, lonely old fellow had set up a cry for them, he had very willingly let them go; all but one: there had been one dog that was destined for the mill-pond. Yes, the cur was to be drowned. You see it was before the farrier had made the acquaintance of the little boy who saved the dog's life; after that, he would never have drowned a dog, no, not if there had been a dozen of them found in the shop every day. This is the influence of a child a very great, a very great wonderful thing indeed. It was the morning that the farrier was carrying the dog off to the pond that he made the acquaintance of the boy. He was passing the big brick house upon the hill, the new house that had been built for the president of the mill company, who had moved into it only a few days before. It was a morning in May, and the windows of the house stood wide open; lace curtains floated from them, and beyond, on the gleaming white walls, pictures rare and beautiful might be seen, such as usually adorn the homes of the rich. In the broad window-seat a little boy was sitting; a pale, thin little fellow with bright golden curls that lay upon his shoulders, and made a sort of halo about his pretty face. He was not a baby quite, though a nurse stood beside him, and held the slight figure safe with her strong right arm. But he was very, very sick; the three years of his little life had been years of such suffering that his growth had been quite dwarfed; so that he looked almost a baby indeed, and could scarcely talk at all.

When the bright eyes beheld the yellow ball in the good farrier's arms he lifted his poor little hands and called out, gaily, "Baydaw, Baydaw," and his little mother, who understood every blessed word the blessed baby said, declared at once that he had said, "baby's dog." Which was no doubt quite true.

When the farrier passed on the baby still called for the dog, pointing his little finger after the retreating figure, and crying, "Baydaw, Baydaw," with the big tears trembling upon his cheeks.

"Go and call the man back," the mother said to the nurse-maid; and in a moment more the big farrier, who, if he didn't love dogs, certainly did love children, was standing just out-

side the window cramming the baby arms with the yellow ball that had been destined for the mill-pond. The boy clasped his hands and laughed, and called "Baydaw, Baydaw," stroking the white the soft fur as only dog lovers can. The mother's eyes filled with tears:

"It is the first thing he has noticed for almost a year," she said; and then turning to the farrier: "Would you sell it? He has been very, very sick for so long, and the puppy pleases him."

The big, soft-hearted farrier drew his hand across his eyes: "Lord love you, maim, and he's small, than welcome to it," said he. "I was only just going to drown it. And I say, maim, the good farrier made bold to add, 'what the little one needs is the sunshine and the air. Maybe you'll let the girl fetch him to see me at the shop sometimes? Sure now, and he's a pretty baby; a mighty pretty baby is he.'"

And that was how the farrier and the boy became acquainted; and that was how the boy saved the dog's life. Afterward, the dog showed his appreciation of the favor by saving the boy's life once when he fell into the mill-pond, the same mill pond to which the cur had been doomed. But that isn't in the story, so we'll let it pass.

The two were great friends from the very first. The boy, romping about the yard with his new friend, began to "mend," the farrier called it at once. It was not long before the nurse began to carry him down to the smithy to see the farrier; at first, he only stayed a little while, but soon the nurse would leave him, and return for him just in time for dinner at the big brick house. Sometimes the little pale face bore the marks of the farrier's hand, which had lingered caressingly upon the pretty temples. Sometimes the dainty white kilts would be decorated with the forge soot, but nobody complained of such small things. The boy was happy: the big smith loved him, and the soot was only a mark of affection.

As the boy grew older (did I say he was always followed by the dog? Well, he was, always) and began to grow strong, and to converse with his big friend, the smith hunted up an old anvil, and had it nicely cleaned, and brought into the shop; he placed it near the forge, and when the boy and dog came down for their morning call, he would dust off the anvil with a clean apron, and say to his visitor: "There's your seat, sir, all waiting."

And the boy would smile and drop down upon the smooth anvil, and then call out to the dog: "Lie down, Baydaw: I think the smith is going to tell us a story."

You see the dog kept the name the boy had given him the day he was born, "Baydaw," which, the boy's mother said, meant "baby's dog."

II.

THE BOY.

It was wonderful, the farrier declared, the way in which the boy began to mend after the dog began to keep him company. In a very little while the two might be seen, the boy and the dog, out on the lawn, under the big trees, strolling side by side, or chasing a ball over the grass, or rolled up together, fast asleep, under the big oak tree. Then they began to pay visits to the shop alone, with the nurse-maid watching at the gate, until the sooty old shop had received them into its big, black door. They came together, alone, the day the boy put on his first pantaloons. And such a day as it was: why, the dog was every whit as proud as the boy; indeed he walked down the village street at his young master's side, with his crinkled tail hoisted over his back, and his head carried in a way that said, "Do look at us, every body!" He was on breeches; we are quite new to day. And everybody did look; you may be sure of that. Everybody ran to their doors, as though a circus might have been passing; and everybody had something pleasant to say; a smile, and, "Lord love the little one!" for the village folk worked in the mill for the most part, and were very fond of the president's only son. But the greatest commotion was when the two friends walked into the blacksmith's shop.

The smith was just in the act of tempering a bit of iron, when the little master called out gaily from the doorway: "Hello, Mr. Farrier! Hello, sir!"

Then the farrier turned, and saw the boy, the dog, and the first breeches, framed in by the big door, waiting to be recognized. He dropped the hammer, and made a sort of halo about his pretty face. He was not a baby quite, though a nurse stood beside him, and held the slight figure safe with her strong right arm. But he was very, very sick; the three years of his little life had been years of such suffering that his growth had been quite dwarfed; so that he looked almost a baby indeed, and could scarcely talk at all.

When the bright eyes beheld the yellow ball in the good farrier's arms he lifted his poor little hands and called out, gaily, "Baydaw, Baydaw," and his little mother, who understood every blessed word the blessed baby said, declared at once that he had said, "baby's dog." Which was no doubt quite true.

When the farrier passed on the baby still called for the dog, pointing his little finger after the retreating figure, and crying, "Baydaw, Baydaw," with the big tears trembling upon his cheeks.

"Go and call the man back," the mother said to the nurse-maid; and in a moment more the big farrier, who, if he didn't love dogs, certainly did love children, was standing just out-

The boy blushed like a girl, and continued to stroke the dog's back; he had never been so embarrassed in all his little life, although he felt so proud; as very, very proud indeed. As, indeed, why shouldn't he? To be sure, he would never wear his first pantaloons for the first time, again; not in all his life, however long it might be. Still, it was embarrassing; he stroked the dog's back and smiled. Suddenly his face lighted:

"This is a nice dog you have given me," said he. "A very nice dog, sir."

"Glad you like him, sir," said the smith. "He does look uncommon well now, walking along in the company of them new breeches."

"And he has a nice tail," said the boy; who was rather more anxious to talk dog than he was to talk breeches. "His tail has a nice crinkle to it. I always liked his tail, farrier."

"Yes," said the farrier, "I believe you did."

Then there was another long silence; in which the smith looked at the boy (a twinkle in his eye), and the boy looked at his first breeches (a smile in his eye), and the dog looked at them both, as though he considered they were both rather easily embarrassed about so very small a matter.

"I always liked his tail," the boy repeated; and then there was more silence. Suddenly the smith tossed his hammer aside, and brushed away the iron that had been left to cool upon the anvil:

"I say now," said he, "You ought to have a holiday to-day; you surely ought: wearing your first breeches, and all that. There's a circus coming to town to-day, and I move that we shut up the shop and take those new breeches to see the show."

The boy bounded to his feet: "Oh, Mr. Farrier," said he, "do you think we might go? And could Baydaw go along, too? He never saw a circus, and I am sure he would like it."

"Why," said the smith, "he might, and welcome, but the rogues would steal him, like as not."

"Oh," said the boy, "then we can't go. I'm so sorry. I would like to see a circus."

"We might look him up here in the shop till we got back," said the smith; but the boy shook his head.

"I don't think," said he, "that we should like to be parted to-day."

"Then," said the smith, "we'll fetch him along, and take the risk. But you must be sure to keep an eye upon him; these circus fellows are mighty bad about dogs, I have always heard."

So with this understanding they went off for a holiday, the first of many they took together. It was the only way, the good farrier declared, in which he could do proper respect to the first breeches. They saw the lions and the royal Bengal tiger, the camels, and the cinnamon bear that kept time to the squeaky notes of a wheezy flute. Then they saw a man climb a trapeze, a thing any college boy can do better these days of athletics; and then they went outside and had a watery lemonade, which the smith declared was very like a Sunday school picnic, "because they had forgotten to put any lemon in the lemonade." And at every stop they began to talk of the dog.

"Will the new breeches have some of this?" Or, "Will the new breeches look at this?" "Would the breeches like to see the bearded woman?" "Will the breeches take a peep at the Queen of Sheba?" "Would the breeches like to see the Sleeping Beauty?" Thus impressing upon the boy's mind that the great day was in honor of the first pantaloons, and that all courtesies extended were extended to the breeches. In short, it was a kind of first breeches celebration, as though any boy was likely to forget the day he put on his first breeches.

III.

THE THREE'S DOG.

One morning the boy sat on the anvil drawing the dog's bushy tail between his palms.

"He has a nice tail," said he. "I always liked his tail; it has a nice crinkle to it."

The smith was busy at the forge and did not reply at the moment. Suddenly the boy called out in his clear little treble:

"Farrier," said he, "can you tell me why it is a boy always likes a dog?"

The farrier let go the bellows pump, and rubbed his forehead with his long, smutty forefinger:

"Well, now," said he, to gain time, "is that a riddle, or is it plain facts?"

"No," said the boy, "that isn't a riddle; it is just a plain question."

"Well, then," said the smith, "it's because he can beat the dog when he feels like it, I'm thinking."

The boy bounded to his feet and looked the farrier squarely in the eye. "That isn't it at all," said he. "You've guessed worse than I ever thought you would. Why, sir, a boy loves a dog because a dog always loves a boy; if he is half nice to him, I reckon it's easy to get a dog to love you. Why, I have heard of dogs that loved beggars, and bootblacks, and—even—thieves."

"Sure," said the farrier, "and it's right you are. Now, once—" he seized the bellows pump again, and began pumping with all his might; he pumped away until the coals on the forge were a good red glow before he opened his lips for another word. The boy dropped back on his old anvil and threw his arms about the dog's neck with a delighted little chuckle.

"Lie down, Baydaw," said he. "I think the farrier is going to tell us a story."

The farrier thrust a bar of iron into

the heart of the red coals, and while waiting for it to heat, for the farrier never wasted time, not even in telling stories, said:

"Now once, over in my town in North Kelliny, there was a man, said to be the meanest man ever raised. Wouldn't anybody have anything to do with him. Nobody knew where he came from; just kind o' dropped down there, as it were, and put up. Lived in a little house at one end of the town. And they used to tell on him that he was that mean the varmint in that that end o' town, seen as rats and mice, and toad frogs, all got up and moved out when he opened up there. They told awful tales about him: wouldn't a boy in town pass that house after dark if he could help it; they didn't like to pass in the daytime; and when they were just about to pass it, they went by in a pretty peart trot, I can tell you."

"They ran," cried the boy. "Do you mean to say they ran by the house in the broad open daylight?"

The smith drew the red hot bar from the coals, and holding it across the anvil, began to tap it with his iron hammer:

Click-clink-clink-clink!

It was a great annoyance to the boy to have the hammer continually interrupting conversation in this way, but the hammer had work to do: the smith might idle away his time with a boy and a dog, but as for the iron hammer, Click-clink-clink-clink!

At last the bar was in the coal bed again; the smith drew his sleeve across his brow, and began at precisely the point at which he had left off his story. That was one good thing about the smith, the boy always said: "he never forgot where he left off."

"They ran," said he, "as fast as their legs could carry of them."

"Did—did you run, farrier?" said the boy anxiously, watching the iron bar that would soon be getting hot again. The farrier scratched his head: he wished this one boy to think he was not a coward; had never been a coward; yet was he a truthful old farrier.

"Well, now," said he, "this here story is about the thief: the thief and the other fellows: it isn't my story; it was my story—"

"Oh," said the boy. And then—Click-clink-clink-clink!

The boy almost hated that industrious old hammer.

Click-clink-clink-clink!

"I'd tell it differ't," said the smith, beginning again where he left off. "There was nobody in the town could abide that man. He was poor as a church mouse; folks used to wonder why he didn't starve to death. He surely didn't have any way of getting honest living; they said. You see that is how bad stories get a going."

If a man or a woman won't work, people begin to wonder how they live. Then they begin to talk, then to keep an eye upon them, and first thing you know somebody has lost a character. So they began to watch this fellow I'm telling you about, and after while they began to say he stole. Then they shunned him more than ever. And everything that happened in that town they were pretty apt to think he done it."

That's another thing you got to notice as you go along. When a fellow gets a bad name, it accumulates a good deal of dirt as it goes along."

"It—what?" said the boy.

"Why, it's this way. Give a man a bad name and he'll be accused of everything bad comes his way; that's it. So they laid lots o' things to the charge of this fellow in my town; and they got so they wouldn't so much as notice him, let alone speak to him. And there was some talk of driving him out of the town. And one day—"

Click-clink-clink-clink!

Oh, that hammer! The boy wished the farrier would toss it out of the door with all his might: he knew it must fall squarely into the slack tub at the door, if the smith should dig it away. Then he laughed softly at the thought of the big hammer flying out the shop door, and of the good smith with nothing to do but to sit with his big hands folded all day.

Then the little face grew grave again. There was something awesome in the thought of the strong hands folded idle all day. It must be a very terrible thing, too, that would make the smith throw away his hammer. He remembered once seeing a man buried. It was his uncle, and he was buried by some men who wore white aprons and gloves. His father had told him that they were "free masons," a great and good order of men to which his uncle had belonged. And on the lid of his uncle's coffin were laid an apron and a pair of gloves too, like those the men wore. When he asked his father about it he had said, "He will not need them any more." So, it seemed to him, it might be when his good friend, the smith, should throw away his hammer.

Click-clink-clink-clink!

"A dog took up with him," the farrier was blushed now, and the farrier finished the story without further interruption from the hammer. "One day a dog took up with him. It was an ugly kind of a brute, and he must have been pretty well starved all along; but somehow it stuck to that fellow like as they'd been kind of kin. Better, for a fellow's kin ain't always the ones as sticks when a fellow's needy. But the dog stuck; 'stuck and starved,' the folks used to say. Why, he'd snarl at a boy if he ran past his house, and growl his teeth if a body dared to look over his shoulder doubtful like at the dog's master. And once the fellow got sick and nobody'd go nigh him but that dog. And the critter actually stole for him. He stole the victuals off the stove where the women-folks was cooking, and sneaked the bread out of the baker's

window. And once, when he couldn't find anything better, he stole a live hen and carried it home in his mouth."

"They said the fellow was good to the dog, in his way, though he must have had a hard lot, even if he got no culling. The fellow got well at last, thanks to the dog's keeping, and one night he broke into a house, and he got shot while trying to get out after the folks waked and gave the alarm."

And the town buried of him, and was saying 'good riddance,' with just one mourner to follow the old sexton, who crammed the cheap pine coffin into the ground, and threw the dirt over it. That mourner was the dog. The last that town ever saw of him was the day he followed the corporation's dead-wagon out to the pauper graveyard. That is to say, it was the last they ever saw of him in that town. They saw him at the graveyard, months afterwards; just a little heap of white bones lying across the old rogue's grave."

Yes, sir; it's curious how a dog will take to folks—"

Click—the smith had taken up his hammer and was trying it lightly, thoughtlessly, upon the cold anvil. This set the boy to thinking, and to asking questions.

"Farrier," said he, "do you think anything could ever happen that would make you throw your hammer away? I've been thinking a good deal about that while I was waiting between times for the story you have been telling me. It was a nice story, and I am much obliged to you. I always like to hear stories about dogs. And while I was waiting for this one, I got to wondering if anything could make you throw your hammer out the door. It would be sure to fall in the slack tub, I think."

"Well, now," said the good smith, "it would need to be something very dreadful, in my thinking," he rubbed the hammer's cold nose with his palm, in a half caressing way, for a good workman is always more or less fond of his faithful tools,— "something very, very dreadful, sir."

Yet, in less than six months—Click-clink-clink-clink—the smith was at work again.

TO BE CONTINUED.

FATHER McALLEN'S TRIBUTE TO THE VALUE OF THE "DIXON CURE."

FOR THE LIQUOR AND DRUG HABITS.

On the occasion of a lecture delivered before a large and appreciative audience, in Windsor Hall, Montreal, in honor of the Father Mathew anniversary, Rev. J. A. McAllen, S.S., of St. Patrick's Church, without any solicitation or even knowledge on my part, paid the following grand tribute to the value of Mr. A. Hutton Dixon's medicine for the cure of the alcohol and drug habits.

Referring to the PHYSICAL CRAVE engendered by the inordinate use of intoxicants, he said: "When such a crave manifests itself, there is no escape, unless by a miracle of grace, or by some such remedy as Mr. Dixon's Cure, about which the papers have spoken so much lately. As I was, in a measure, responsible for that gentleman remaining in Montreal, instead of going farther West, as he had intended, I have taken on myself to put out his knowledge or consent to call attention to this new and which he brings to our temperance cause. A PHYSICAL CRAVE REMOVED, the work of total abstinence becomes easy. I am to judge of the value of 'The Dixon Remedy' by the cures which it has effected under my own eyes. I must come to the conclusion that what I have longed for twenty years to discover, and which at last been found by that gentleman, namely, a medicine which can be taken privately, without the knowledge of even one's own intimate friends, without the loss of a day's work, or absence from business, and without danger to the patient, and by means of which the PHYSICAL CRAVE for intoxicants is completely removed. The greatest obstacle I have always found to success in my temperance work has been, not the want of good will on the part of those to whom I administered the pledge, but the ever recurring and terrible PHYSICAL CRAVE, which seemed able to tear down in a few days what I had taken months and even years to build up. Therefore, on this Father Mathew anniversary, I do pay willing and hearty tribute to 'The Dixon Remedy' for the cure of alcohol and morphine habits. I do so through a sense of duty towards those poor victims who cry out for relief from the terrible slavery under which they suffer. It is the first time in my life that I have departed from that reserve for which our clergy are noted in such circumstances. If I do so now it is because I feel that I am thus advancing the cause of temperance." (Montreal Gazette, Oct. 25.)

NOTE: Father McAllen is president of St. Patrick's Total Abstinence Society, of Montreal, and the cure to which he refers above will be had of the discoverer, Mr. A. Hutton Dixon, 40 Park Avenue, Montreal, who will send full particulars on application. 10032

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