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Naturally Indorsed.

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Natural Growth  
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—WHEN—  
ALL OTHER  
Dressings  
FAIL.

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one of the best preparations  
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**FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.**

Eighteenth Sunday after Pentecost

Children obey your parents in the Lord; for  
this is pleasing to the Lord. (Colossians iii, 20.)  
THE DIGNITY AND HAPPINESS OF OBEDI-  
ENCE.

Brethren, there are many new  
things found out now-a-days; but there  
are also some old ones and good ones  
being forgotten. Among other things  
we are apt to forget the happiness of  
obedience. Of course I do not mean  
obedience to the Church; perhaps there  
never was an age when Catholics re-  
sted so content in the gentle restraint  
of our holy Mother the Church. But I  
refer to the practice of obedience one  
to another, done after the pattern of  
our Lord Jesus Christ. The loveliness  
of this virtue is best seen in the bosom  
of the Christian family. Affection,  
indeed, is the bond of the family, but  
the fruit of affection is obedience. There  
is nothing more pleasing to God than  
the son who is always at the service  
of his father and mother. Few fami-  
lies are without at least one such  
son. He is often the one of whom  
it was expected: of poor natural talents,  
of delicate health, of irascible temper,  
or one whose earlier years were way-  
ward. But all the time he was observ-  
ant, though no one, not even himself,  
gave him credit for it. Year by year  
the spectacle of father's and mother's  
affection and sacrifice penetrated him,  
till he became deeply attached to them.  
How much this reverent love for his  
parents had to do with his religious  
state as a boy and a young man! It  
may be true that scarcely any boy ever  
grows up to be a man and is never a  
liar to his father and mother, or a pil-  
fer of cake and fruit and pennies  
about the house. But the good boy  
drops all this at First Communion or  
when he goes to learn a trade, and  
he becomes honest and truthful in little  
things as well as great. One of the  
happiest days for him between the  
cradle and the grave is when he runs  
and puts the first dollar he has earned  
into his mother's hands. That good  
son lets all his brothers go away from  
home to seek their fortunes; he stays  
with the old folks, comforts their old  
age, closes their eyes in death and with  
much love and many tears follows them  
with his prayers beyond the grave. The  
others were, perhaps, good child-  
ren, but he is the hero of the family.

Then there is the good daughter,  
who in childhood is the sunshine of the  
family, and in maturer years every-  
body's other self. How many parents  
too poor to hire a servant, have living  
riches in an industrious daughter! How  
often do parents find one at least  
of the girls from infancy is the joy  
of the whole family; who seems to have  
received in baptism such a fulness of  
the Holy Spirit that charity, joy, peace,  
patience, long suffering, kindness, and  
piety are the common qualities of her  
character! The faith also finds an  
apostle in such women. An intelli-  
gent woman, though perhaps unable  
to argue skillfully, can establish the  
truths of religion by methods fully,  
by methods all her own. A friendly  
good-natured silence, a patient return  
of loving services for ill treatment, the  
spectacle of her good life, not an hour  
of which lacks a virtue—all this in one  
instant with religion is an unanswer-  
able argument and often irresistible.  
How did it happen, people sometimes  
ask concerning this or that person,  
that she did not marry? She had good  
enough looks, excellent sense, a bright  
mind, affectionate disposition, and was  
plenty of company. Why did she not  
marry? My brethren, the day of  
judgment will tell us that it was because  
God had set her apart that she might  
be for her widowed mother or her  
shiftless, unhappy brothers and sisters  
the pot of meal that should not waste  
and the cruse of oil that should not  
diminish. Brethren, I know of no  
order of ours more pleasing in God's  
sight than the devoted women who live  
a dependent, obscure, hard life in the  
world, than are old maids for the love  
of God.

Finally, you may say that such sons  
and daughters are hard to find. I  
answer that there are multitudes who  
approach the standard we have been  
considering, and more, perhaps, than  
you fancy who actually attain to it.

Before going on a sea-voyage or  
into the country, be sure and put a box  
of Ayer's Pills in your valise. You  
may have occasion to thank us for this  
hint. To relieve constipation, bilious-  
ness, and nausea, Ayer's Pills are the  
best in the world. They are also easy  
to take.

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the stomach, liver, and bowels. Burdock Blood  
Bitters cures Dyspepsia and all diseases  
arising from it, 99 times in 100.

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makes people laugh more than ever. It's so  
nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

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Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and  
Summer Complaint Dr. Fowler's Extract of  
Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure  
cure that has been a popular favorite for  
over 40 years.

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cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic,  
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out it. Price 35c.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two  
or three years, and think it has no equal for  
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SMOKE Derby Plug Smoking Tobacco, 5,  
10, and 25c. Plugs. Made only by D. Ritchie  
& Co., the only organized "Union" Plug  
Tobacco Factory in Canada.

HOOD'S GUARANTEES a cure. What it  
has done for others it will do for you. Be  
sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
Minard's Liniment relieves Neuralgia.

**DAN.**

A Story for Boys.

BY MARY D. BRINE.

CONTINUED.

"Oh, dear, maybe next year, dar-  
ling," sighed the mother; and with  
the promise Dan tried to be content,  
and jumped into bed thinking of Dan  
and, like Miss Viola, growing more in-  
terested with each thought of the poor  
little "half breed" village boy.

The next afternoon, while Viola was  
returning from the post-office, a fami-  
liar boyish voice cried out, "How do,  
ma'am?"

Turning, she saw Dan in the door-  
way of a store regarding her with a  
beaming face and smile.

"Why, good-afternoon, Dan; how  
are you to day?"

"Pretty well—I mean first-rate,  
ma'am," replied Dan. "I'm gettin'  
mammy's soap, an' may I jus' go a  
little way 'long with you, please, Miss  
Viola, I ain't seen you for so long  
time." Taking his package from the  
clerk he ran down the steps and was  
soon beside the young lady, who was  
really glad to see him, though Dan's  
"long time" had only counted up the  
hours between the previous morning  
and this early afternoon. All the  
same, the compliment was appreciated  
by Miss Viola, and together they  
walked along the street.

"What have you to do for your  
mother this afternoon, Dan?" she  
asked, a sudden thought prompting  
the question.

"Nothin', Miss Viola, 'cept try to get  
a job to earn some pennies for mammy's  
box, where she keeps her money. Seem-  
s if I can't do anythin' to help  
my mammy, an' I do try so hard.

Why, jus' now I asked a lady up the  
road to let me pull weeds out her  
garden, an'—an' she jus' only said to  
clear off or she'd make me."

"Well—I cleared; there wasn't any  
money in it, though; if there was  
money in 'clearin' out,' I'd be rich,  
Miss Viola, in a hurry, I tell you." The  
boy laughed as he spoke, but his  
eyes were troubled in spite of the  
laugh, and Viola made haste to bring  
a happier expression there.

"Dan, do you know what 'posin'  
means? For instance, did you ever  
hear of any one's posin' for a pic-  
ture?"

Dan scratched his curly head and  
looked puzzled. "I don't know the  
word, ma'am, but I s'pose it doin'  
something 'bout the picture, ain't it?"

"Yes; in fact, it's next thing to  
being the picture. Well, to pose  
means to sit or stand in some desired  
position, while you and the position  
are being put—painted—on canvas or  
paper. You saw me painting yester-  
day morning, but I was only making a  
picture of the landscape about. Now,  
I want to paint you, my boy, and if  
you'll meet me at that big tree in the  
field over there, to-morrow morning,  
I will show you how to pose for me,  
and I will pay you fifty cents for doing  
so. Would you like to try?"

Dan's mouth and eyes seemed trying  
to see which could open the wider.  
He stood stock-still in the road and  
gave a long, low whistle presently,  
which betrayed his astonishment and  
delight, and told Viola more than a  
volley of words could have done.

Finally, "Do you mean it? do you  
mean it, Miss Viola? Oh! won't I,  
though! won't I!"

He caught the young lady's hand  
and put his soft lips upon the back of  
it impulsively, then wiping a tear from  
his brown, glad eyes, he cried exult-  
ingly:

"Oh, fifty cents for mammy's box! I  
how glad shall be, an'—why, I never  
s'posed I'd earn so much at one job in  
my life! Oh, how good you are to me,  
you dear, kind Miss Viola!"

"Well, be there at 10 o'clock; and  
you will have to keep perfectly still,  
you know, Dan, no moving about  
while I am painting until I say 'Rest';  
do you quite understand?"

"I'll be kind of hard work keepin'  
still, but I'll do anythin' for you an'  
for my darlin' mammy!" was the re-  
ply, as the boy bounded off in haste to  
tell his mother of his good fortune.

As Dan hurried along the road,  
whistling merrily, and feeling so  
happy, it seemed as if his heart wasn't  
big enough to hold it all, a little gray  
squirrel skipped across his path and  
ran to the top of a stone wall just  
ahead. True to a boy's instinct, Dan  
picked up a stone and raised his sturdy  
little right arm. It wasn't from any  
desire to be cruel, nor indeed was there  
any plan or thought about the act;  
nothing but that impulse which springs  
into the brain of boys generally—rest-  
less, healthy little fellows who never  
can keep their impulses under control  
somehow, and yet are tender-hearted  
enough never to mean to hurt any one  
or any thing—caused our Dan to take  
aim at that squirrel with that stone in  
his hand. So, another minute and it  
would have sped on its mission, the  
cruel little stone (and Dan's aim was  
usually a sure one), but for a sudden  
thought which caused the arm to drop  
at the boy's side and the stone to fall  
back amongst its roadside compan-  
ions.

Oh, now, Dan Carmen, think what  
you were going to do! And she said it  
was wicked to hurt dumb things, an'  
bags and things, an' birds too, an' I  
knew she would have said squirrels if  
she'd only thought of 'em. I'd be  
shamed to look her in the face if I'd  
thrown that stone, an' after I'd prom-  
ised her, too, an' she said I was a 'dear  
boy,' Oh, I love her more to pieces, I  
do, an' I wouldn't be bad for any-  
thin'!"

(See, dear boys and girls to whom I  
am telling this story, how the little

seeds of kindness which pretty Miss  
Viola planted, almost without knowing  
it, in Dan's heart that morning under  
the trees, were beginning to take root.  
Don't you think Dan was worth liking  
and trusting?)

Well, at the appointed time the next  
morning the small boy and the tall  
young lady were both on hand together  
beneath the large elm-tree in the quiet  
field all full of sunshine and sweet-  
ness.

Miss Viola looked expectant and  
happy; Dan, on the contrary, seemed  
quite downcast.

Being questioned, it turned out that  
he had wanted to wear his "Sunday  
clothes" (a trifle better than his every-  
day suit), but "mammy wouldn't let  
him, 'cause she thought the lady would  
like the old ones better, an' now he'd  
have to be painted as a shabby boy,  
an' wouldn't it make a dreadful shabby  
picture?"

Viola laughed a great deal at Dan's  
rueful face and speech. She explained  
that the picture would be much prettier  
—"more picturesque" she called it—  
than if he were "dressed up" in his  
better suit, and that she wanted the  
subject of her work to represent a  
country boy in a field, looking as if  
he had been working and had stopped  
for an idle moment. If Dan was  
shabby, he was not at all stupid, and  
quickly caught her ideas.

"Well, I'll kind of lean against this  
tree an' look real lazy, jus' as if I  
wasn't workin' for fifty cents," he said  
with his humor. "Nobody'd know I  
was doin' anythin' like earning money,  
would they?"

So he leaned back against the sturdy  
old tree-trunk, with his hands in his  
pockets and his hat pushed back from  
his curly head and his little feet crossed  
easily, and Viola went to work in short  
order.

For a time there was silence, except  
for the rustling of the leaves around  
them and above in the branches of the  
grand old elm, and the soft twittering  
of the birds which flew hither and  
thither in the sunlight. Finally Dan  
spoke.

"Fifty cents'll make a big pile of  
pennies, won't it? I guess mammy'll  
feel like givin' me a quarter to go to  
the Fair, 'cause she said I didn't have  
much fun like other boys, an' she knew  
I'd think a heap of goin' to that Fair  
where I could see the horses."

"You mean the County Fair, don't  
you? Are you fond of horses?"

Dan drew a long breath. "Oh, I  
jus' love 'em!" he replied, pulling his  
hands from his pockets in his eager-  
ness, and gesticulating rapidly.

"Here, here, my boy, put back those  
hands! you're forgetting that I'm  
painting you," cried Viola, in dis-  
may.

Dan blushed and hastened to take his  
"pose" again, but the little tongue  
ran on all the same.

"You see, daddy was workin' on a  
place where there was, oh, lots of  
horses, when I was a little feller, and  
I used to ride 'em when I was so little  
that dad had to hold me on, an' byme-  
by I got so I could ride faster'n any  
of the boys. I recollect that Daddy  
went away to work somewhere else, an'  
I didn't see him much, an' most for-  
got how he looked, but I ain't never  
forgot horses, 'cause I rides 'em when-  
ever I get a chance, an' I stick on, too,  
an' no horse can throw me if I get a  
fair start, an' the horse ain't up to  
mean tricks with a feller. I'd go most  
anywhere to see horses, but I don't like  
those fat women an' queer things they  
put up in pictures of the Fair on the  
fences. They're scary things, an' I  
wouldn't want to see 'em."

"You mean the side shows," said  
Viola. "Well, don't worry about the  
Fair, no doubt but you'll get there by  
hook or by crook, Dan; and now we've  
finished work for to-day. You may  
come to-morrow at the same hour. Do  
you like keeping so still?"

"Yes'm, when I remember the fifty  
cents for mammy. I like it, an' I'll  
come, sure, to-morrow."

He straightened up, stretched the  
little brown hands so long kept quiet  
in his pockets, and looked wistfully at  
the young lady, who was gathering  
her painting materials together.

Presently she turned and put a shin-  
ing silver piece in the boy's hand.  
Did you think I was going to forget  
about that, Dan?" she asked, smiling.  
"You looked just a minute ago as if  
you were quite troubled about some-  
thing."

"No, no, indeed, Miss Viola," he re-  
plied. "I was only thinking how  
good you"—he paused, and then with  
a swift movement he lifted her hand,  
as he had done once before, and laid  
his lips softly with a kiss upon it.

"I love you!" he cried so earnestly  
that the girl was surprised and touched  
almost to quick tears. She laid her  
hand on the child's curly head with a  
pressure, and then, as impulsively as  
he had acted, stooped and kissed the  
broad, pretty brow of the child, who  
was by far the best and truest-hearted boy  
the village contained, for all the reputa-  
tion he had so unjustly earned.

"Dan, I believe I love you too," she  
said, as the boy, speechless after her  
kiss, stood red-faced and with bent  
head before her.

"Oh, Miss Viola, Miss Viola, no one  
but mammy ever said that to me be-  
fore! Oh, I am so glad!"

When Dan finally reached home he  
was surprised to find his mother in  
tears and gazing sadly at a note she  
held in her hand.

In an instant he was beside her, his  
arms about her neck, and his kisses on  
her cheek.

"What's wrong, mammy? Mammy?  
darlin', tell me quick! If any one's  
been hurtin' you, I'll—I'll—pound him  
to pieces," straightening his sturdy

form and clenching his fist angrily.

The woman shook her head.  
"Tisn't that, Dan; 'tisn't hurtin'  
the body I mind; oh, no, lad, it's  
worse'n that, a sight worse'n that,  
Dan, dear," and she began to cry  
again. Dan waited in puzzled silence  
beside her, and presently she went on.

"Mrs. Howe just sent this note to  
me, an' she says that when you left  
the wash there yesterday you were alone  
in the room a minute, an' after you'd  
gone she missed a dollar bill that was  
layin' on the bureau, an' she s'poses  
you were tempted, an'—an'—oh, Dan,  
Dan, my boy, you never, never did  
such a thing as to steal that dollar?"

"Tell me you wouldn't, boy!"  
Dan's brown eyes glowed and he  
swallowed a big lump which suddenly  
sprang up into his throat.

His mother went on without waiting  
for reply:

"But she says that she doesn't care  
for the money, but she can't give her  
washin' to a woman who hasn't  
brought her son up to know the sin of  
stealin'; oh, Dan, that's the very word,  
lad, an' me a-tryin' all your life to  
bring you up right an' true. Look at  
me, child, I say! Why do you just  
stand there an' say no word to all I'm  
cryin' about?"

A few more big lumps to be swal-  
lowed, and then Dan found his voice.  
"Mammy, I'd rather you hit me  
harder'n a piece of iron than to ask me  
—your own boy—if I stole! Why, I  
wouldn't have believed you'd do that,  
mammy! I never saw any old bill,  
an' if I had I wouldn't've touched it;  
so there, now! I ain't never saw a cent  
'cept what she gave me herself for the  
clothes. I'd—I'd like to just hit her,  
I would; an' I'd like to call her names  
like she calls me, for makin' my mammy  
cry, an' 'cusin' me of stealin'!"

His Indian blood was getting hot  
now, and he stamped his bare foot on  
the ground with more anger than he  
had exhibited in a long time. His  
mother wiped the tears from her tired  
eyes and smiled proudly on her son.

"You've got a spirit, laddie, an' I'm  
glad of it, but all the same it's a dread-  
ful pity this thing's happened, for you  
see, Dan, we can't noway afford to lose  
the money Mr. Howe's washin' brings  
in."

"An' to think we've got to lose it all  
'long of a feller who wasn't me, steal-  
in' the bill," cried Dan, excitedly.  
"But, never mind, no one shall 'cuse  
me of stealin' an'—an' not jus' know  
what I think of 'em for doin' it, I tell  
you!"

Dan wanted to cry, too, poor little  
boy, but the real, hot, honest indigna-  
tion in his soul burned up the tears as  
soon as they started, and he pondered  
for a minute as to what he should do.

He came quickly to a decision, how-  
ever, and crumpling his hat back upon  
his head so tightly that the already  
loosened and much-enduring crown  
gave more way, allowing a tuft of  
black hair, like a bunch of Indian war-  
feathers, to stick out through the large  
rent in the straw, he started from his  
mother's side like an arrow shot from  
its bow. His eyes were gleaming and  
his lips shut tightly together.

"Dan, where are you goin'?" called  
his mother.

"Now, mammy, don't you stop me,  
I ain't goin' to be stopped nohow, an'  
I'm in a big hurry."

"You won't go to do anythin' rash,  
Dan?"

"Ain't goin' to be rash'n other  
folks is," he said, defiantly, and was  
presently out of sight, while his mother  
read and re-read the cruel little note,  
and wondered how anybody with eyes  
to see her boy's honest little face could  
think him a thief.

"An' yet, oh, dear! there ain't any  
one in the village who don't think him  
a thief an' a liar, an' everything else  
that's dreadful an' wicked. Poor boy,  
he ain't no chance to show 'em what he  
really is, 'cause every one's against  
him, an' he's forever knocked about  
an' ben' blamed, the poor child,  
though he's no mean-spirited boy, after  
all, an' like a bit of mischief as well as  
the next one, an' like as not he's wrong  
lots of times; but he ain't a thief, an'  
he don't mean to be bad."

All these thoughts were in Mrs. Car-  
men's mind as she returned to wash-  
tub and scrubbed some of her indigna-  
tion out of her fists so strongly that she  
nearly rubbed a hole in the bosom of  
the shirt she was washing.

"Rat-tat-tat." It was Mrs.  
Howe's kitchen. Bridget, the cook,  
was hurrying up the mid day luncheon  
when the knock at the door made her  
jump and spill some of the tea.

"Sure, it's that murderin' grocer  
by! I'll fix him an' his noise!"  
She went to the door with a reproof  
on her tongue, but it was not the  
grocer by this time, only little Dan,  
who boldly asked for the mistress of the  
house.

"Is it Miss Howe yer wantin'?"

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cians fail. CITRICURA WORKS WONDERS,  
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quick washing of clothes. READ the directions  
on the wrapper.

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**FEATHERBONE**