per, and spending an hour or two with

ise that the matter would be passed over in silence if he confessed fully and

He was not a thief; he had not

in one so frank and open as Teddy had always shown himself.
"Now, Teddy," he asked, at the close of the ninth day. "Can't you

remember seeing any one on the street as Butler passed out of the store, a fact

"Is that all you know," asked Mr.

Crosby, excitedly.
"That's all, but it's something, isn't

"Yes, it is, but I wish it were more

was a made up job," said Patsy,

it of the store and hid it some place?'
"He could, but it seems he didn't.'

"Well, I saw old vinegar-faced Butler

and returned to the store—a fact which Butler had always stoutly denied. Blake was tracked, and, turning state's

evidence to shield himself, revealed the whole plot. He delivered up the miss-

ing documents. Teddy's innocence was established clear as day. Butler, in the hope of obtaining a less rigorons sent-

ence, confessed that he had placed the

bank notes in the lad's box. A week had

bank notes in the lad's box. A week had passed before these happy results were reached, but Teddy never for a moment doubted that good St. Anthony would help him. And the gentle son of blessed Father Francis did help, and, O, so generously. Joy, the most potent healer, soon restored the happy mother's health. Teddy became assistant book-leaver, with a generous salary. He

keeper, with a generous salary. He surrounded his devoted mother with

every comfort, and even from time to

time aided Butler's distressed family by

became a partner in the concern, a prosperous and honored merchant, but

sweet saint.

never forgot the days of sorrow, when blessed St. Anthony proved his best friend, nor the poor of the Lord, who are so dear to the heart of this

vehemently.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. SAINT ANTHONY'S AID NEVER

A SISTER OF ST. FRANCIS.

"Ah, mother darling, but I'm going to make the lady of you in a bit. It's a silk dress I'll be gettin' you, and—"
"Now, Teddy darling, don't be talkin' foolish; an old body like me in a silk dress, indeed."
"Why mother you're of the "Ah, mother darling, but I'm going to

Why, mother, you're as fit for silks and satins as anyone I know, and if I get to be assistant bookkeeper—"
"Acusha! don't be mountin' too high; it's dangerous altogether."
"But, mother, hasn't Mr. Crosby as good as promised me the jab, and won't

"But, mother, hash t Mr. Crossy as good as promised me the job, and won't I be making the piles of money, and won't I spend it on you, mother dear, on you that saved the bite from your own mouth for me. And I'll have a servant-maid for you. You have slaved to be a servant-maid for you.

servant-maid for you. You have shived and toiled enough."

"God bless the dear, kind heart of the boy, but it'd be a sore day when his own mother would be after letting strangers do for him! Teddy, darling, leave everything in the hands of the kindness of the firm?" asked Mr. Wainwright, sternly.

"O, sir, God knows I never touched the kindness of the firm?" asked Mr. Wainwright, sternly. leave everything in the hands of the Lord, and we'll be satisfied with what-

must be off. Take care of your order of Till be back this evening with the grand news." He kissed his mother affectionmews." He kissed his mother affectionnews." He kissed his mother affectionnews." He kissed his mother affectioncuttly.

"What notes! What gold! Oh, sir,
all—and started, whistling a lively
all—and started, whistling a lively
tune, down the street to his place of
tune, down the street to his place of

Mrs. Finnigan stood at the door of their neat but humble cottage and looked after her boy with an expression of fondest affection. Wasn't he the lithe, active figure, the very picture of his dear father, resting under the sod his dear father, resting under the sod these twelve long years—so brave, so true and so handsome was her Dinnie, the finest gossoon in all the country side. Yes, God in His wisdom, and goodness, too, surely, had taken away the husband she loved so devotedly, but He had left her the darling boy, the sunshine of her life, and for that she thanked Him daily. No race more thankful, more resigned, most trusting in the dispensation of Providence than in the dispensation of Providence than the sons and daughters of Erin!

At last Teddy disappeared around the At last reday disappeared around the corner; she closed the door, with a fervent prayer for the boy. Teddy was, indeed, a good son, a bright, industrious lad, just the character to make his mark in our dear country, which recognizes no right to success but well directed and persevering effort. He had obtained, about a year ago, a position as clerk in a large mercantile concern. His cheerdusty and tact for business had won for him the confidence of his employers and the friendship of the numerous employees of the establishment.

It was found that the lad was uncommonly quick at figures; he wrote well, and was neat and accurate. These qualifications recommended him to the qualifications recommended him to the head book-keeper, who, just at this time, was in need of an assistant. Teddy's delight at the prospect was unbounded. He would just earn oceans of money now, and wouldn't he make his mother comfortable? He seemed to be walking on air all day long, his walking you want and work or work to be walking on air all day long, his walking was so however, and work or was the second of the head of the head of the seemed to be walking on air all day long, his walking was so however, and work was spirits were so buoyant, and every one, especially the head partner, was so good and kind to him. Was every one kind? Well, no, it seems there must always be a rift in the lute to mar the harmony. There was Butler, a solemn-visaged, morose individual, who seemed, since the question of Teddy's promotion had been broached, to conceive a positive

dislike to the boy.

Perhaps, thought Teddy, the old fellow has his private griefs. So he spoke cheerily to him and tried to oblige him by many little acts of kindness. Butler, however, was all the more

The day passed quickly, there was work in abundance, and Teddy went about it with a will. Shortly before closing time, Butler requested Teddy to bring him a number of price lists from the private oflice. The boys always accommodating, did so without delay. He was economical superiord. always accommodating, did so without delay. He was somewhat surprised, however, by the sinister smile with which they were received. A few moments afterwards, Butler left hurriedly. While in the act of closing, the clerks were startled by a peremptory order from the head partner to appear forthwith in his office. He was pale and much disturbed and after. pale and much disturbed, and, after steadily regarding the clerks for a few moments, asked in a husky voice "I should say so," suggest which of their support o

wright, frowning.
"I don't know, sir; he seemed in a hurry to have them, and left the store

as soon as I had given them to him."
"Teddy Finnigan, how dare you tell
such a falsehood! I never asked you
for price lists. What do I want with
price lists? And, moreover, I did not
leave the state of the state o ive the store, I was putting things to rights in the rear of the building."
"Why, Mr. Bulter," said the aston-

ished boy, "how can you make such a statement. Did none of you hear him," asked he of the other clerks, "tell me

to get him a few copies of price lists!"

None of them had. Teddy now recalled that Butler had spoken in a low tone; furthermore, no one had observed whether he left the store or was engaged

in the rear.
"But," interposed the bookkeeper, "I observed that Teddy was scarcely a moment in the office; he merely went in and came out immediately."

Do you know that the safe has been tampered with, that I have been robbed?" asked Mr. Wainwright,

sternly.

Good God!" murmured Teddy,

"Young man, I am afraid your looks betray you," said Mr. Wainwright, severely. "Why, Mr. Wainwright! you cannot

mean that I-"I cannot afford to make suppositions, I must have certainty. The persons and belongings of each and every one of the employes must be searched before leaving the building," said Mr. Wain-

Teddy brightened. Thanks be to God, they can't suspect me any longer. Several were searched, but nothing was found. Teddy's turn came; nothng was found on him : he was radiant, all would soon be cleared up.
was a small box in the press, in was a small box in the press, in which the boy kept odds and ends. Its con-tents were emptied on the counter, and with them a roll of bills. Teddy staggered, and would have fallen on the floor had the bookkeeper not sup-

"O Teddy, how could you," he whis-

ever He does."

"Sure, mother, sure; but now I must be off. Take care of yourself and I'll be back this evening with the money. O, believe me, sir, believe me, I would not touch a copper belonging to another."

ing to another."
"Tell me, boy, what has become of the notes—the gold," he demanded,

"Do you not see that you are con-victed, boy? Why will you obstinate-ly deny your guilt and make pardon impossible?" "O, I am not, I am not a thief,"

wailed Teddy.
"Indeed, Mr. Wainwright, I can't possibly see how the lad could have

possibly see how the lad could have robbed the safe in so short a time. Was it open?" asked the bookkeeper.
"Yes, Mr. Maitland forgot to turn the key. Teddy must have observed it and improved the opportunity."
"It looks bad," answered Mr. Croshy, "titll long," for the life of more

"It looks bad," answered Mr. Crosy, "still I can't for the life of me see ee how he could be so quick about it."
"Guess he has practiced the trade a it," sneered Mr. Butler.
"Do you persist in saying that Butler

sent you into the office," again demanded Mr. Wainwright.

"Yes, sir, he really did. I didn't much like to go, but—" "If you hadn't seen the safe open,"

aid Butler, maliciously.
"Mr. Butler, this is no time for jesting; this is a very serious case—a very painful occurrence. Tell me, boy, what has become of the notes and rolls of bills, and perhaps we can compromise matters; but the notes I must absolute-

"If I had them, Mr. Wainwright, how gladly would I restore them, but I never,

never saw them."

Mr. Wainwright looked distressed. If the boy would only acknowledge his

"Upon my conscience, I don't believe he is the thief. A deeper knave has accomplished this villainy," said Cros-

by.
"Well, I think your remarks are insulting to us all, Mr. Crosby. The shortest way to arrive at the truth, in my opinion, would be to call in the

"I am averse to disgracing the boy, if it can possibly be avoided. Teddy, make a clean breast of it; give back the notes and deeds, and we'll compromise," said Mr. Wainwright, persuasive-

ly. 'I can't, I can't,' sobbed Teddy.

"Why can't you; you did not destroy them, I hope," said Mr. Wainwright, much agitated. "O, sir, I never saw them, I never touched them," said Teddy, raising his frank blue eyes filled with tears to the

stern face of his employer.
"Think of your poor mother, Teddy," remarked Mr. Wainwright, impressive-

pale and much disturbed, and, after steadily regarding the clerks for a few moments, asked in a husky voice which of their number had entered the office.

"I was in the office, Mr. Wainwright, about half an hour ago," answered Teddy promptly.

"Did you observe anything unusual, anything out of order?"

"No, sir; I came in a hurry to get some price lists for Mr. Butler. I took them from the safe, and went right out, as I had several things to attend to before closing."

"What did Butler want with price lists at this hour?" asked Mr. Wainwright, frowning.

"I don't know, sir; he seemed in a hurry to have them and left the store."

"To-morrow may throw light on this said for the standard product of the standard products." said Mr. Wainwright, moodily.

"I should say so," suggested Butler.

"I am anxious to get home, and as I pass the station on my way, I could send up the chief of police."

"Well, just hold up, Butler," put in Mr. Crosby, indignantly. "Think of your own sons, and do not be so ready to blast the poor boy's character. Mr. Wainwright, the thing looks bad, very bad, and still I think there must be some mistake. I really can't see how there of the product of this, said for this, said for this said.

instead of committing him to prison:
To-morrow may throw light on this sad
affair. Meantime a detective may be
engaged to trace the missing documents. Really it is very repugnant to
my feelings to expose the lad to the
severity of the law. I think we might
act on your suggestion for the present."

act on your suggestion for the present.

"But what shall we say to quiet his mother's fears?" added Mr. Wainwright, who was a kind and generous man. The lonely widow's despair should she learn of her beloved child's

should she learn of her beloved child's disgrace appealed powerfully to his sympathy. The employees, gloomy and sympathetic, Butler excepted, who seemed much excited and not a little elated at the turn things had taken, left the building slowly.

Before leaving for the night, Mr. Crosby assured the boy that he believed him innocent, and that surely something must turn up to prove it. "Keep thing must turn up to prove it." him innocent, and that surely some-thing must turn up to prove it. "Keep up your heart, Teddy, and since you Catholics believe so much in prayer, just do your level best at that." Mrs. Finnigan was told that Teddy was energed for the night, by the head

## CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

him. She experienced a strange, un-easy feeling, for which she could not account, and a dread of coming evil There is ro road to success but through a clear strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, which drove sleep from her pillow. The next day, and the next, brought no ex-tenuating circumstances to light. The lad adhered stoutly to his first state-ment, despite Mr. Wainwright's promposition, attainment of whatever sort. Don't Harbor Them.

Some one has said in reference to temptations: "You cannot prevent birds from flying over your head, but you can from their building nests in your hair." The "upsetting" power of the devil only resides in the "consenting" power of the sinner. senting" power of the sinner.

Secret of Keeping Young.

touched the safe, was his indignant declaration. The partners generally pitied the lad, and could not explain One of the secrets of keeping young, vigorous and supple-jointed, is to continue to practice the activities of youth, and to refuse to allow the mind to stiffen how the act could have been so deftly and swiftly accomplished; still circumstances were against him. He was finally sent to jail to await his trial. Alas! was this to be the end of his the muscles by its suggestions of age limitations. If men like Peter Cooper heautiful day dream, all bright with the rosy tints of filial love and gratitude? Poor Mrs. Finnigan, her idolized boy branded a thief and confined to the combined to the com and William E. Gladstone, who kept up the vitalizing exercises of robust man-hood when far into the eighties, had mon jail! It was more than she could succumbed at forty to the thought of appreaching age, how much of their valuable life-work would have remained

mon jail! It was more than she could bear. A severe illness prostrated the hapless mother.

In the meantime Teddy wept and prayed. When did ever good St. Anthony go back on a fellow that trusted him, as he did! Surely he never could! And wasn't it on him that the dear saint was to go back the first time for ages? The detective with all his cunning could detect nothing. The affair was shrouded in gloom and undone!-Success What Makes Young Men Olds Perhaps our young men will receive the following remarks of Mr. Rober Fitzsimmons with more respect than if they were made by a professor or a con-fessor or some other less distinguished ersonage:
"Drink, late hours, cigarettes in The affair was shrouded in gloom and mystery, but still Teddy hoped and prayed with the fervor and constancy of youth, and the idea some men have that the way to have fun is to ruin your health

—those things make young men old.

"I live quietly, sleep regularly, drink moderately, a little ale or beer, never spirits. I would as soon learn to crochet as to smoke a cigarette. In fact, his race. For when does a son of Erin sink into despair while God's blue heavens and bright sun, the harbinger of the Creator's love, smile above. The Irish heart hopes against hope; it has never yet, through centuries of woe, learned to distrust the love of the I'd rather crochet. If a man criticised me for doing that, I could give him some gracious Father above. Nine days had bassed, during which Teddy had made kind of an answer, or at least give him a punch for criticising. But if he caught me smoking a cigarette, I'd have to confess that I had gone wrong." passed, during which Teddy had made a fervent novena to his patron, St. Anthony. Were they only days? They seemed to be years to the mother, racked with pain. They were, indeed, long, long days to Teddy, but not all dark; sweet hope brightened them. Mr. Crosby called every day on his young favorite, and could not suspect guilt in one so frank and onen as

Abundance Takes the Iron from the

Blood.

It is a curious fact, in the history of nations, that only those which have had to struggle the hardest for an existence have been highly successful. As a rule, the same thing is true of men.

One would think that it would be a

great relief to have the bread-and-but ter problem solved by one's ancestors so that he might devote all his energies as Butler passed out of the store, a fact which he denies so obstinately?"
"No," answered Teddy, with a puzzled expression, "I can't." Suddenly a bright flush mantled his pale cheek. "Mr. Crosby, Mr. Crosby, I have it! Jim Blake, who comes to the store sometimes to see Mr. Butler, passed in a hurry, and Butler seemed to hand him something. How strange! and time to the development of the mental and spiritual faculties. But this is contrary to the verdict of history and the daily experience of the world. The strugglers, those born to a heritage of poverty and toil, and not those reared in the lap of fortune, have, with a few exceptions, been the leaders of civilization, the giants of the race .- Success. To Young Men in Politics.

hand him something. How strauge! Never came into my mind until this moment. My! but my head has been in a muddle. Everything was so awfully Here are words of wisdom, from the Catholic Mirror, of special import to young men who feel a stiring of political impulse: "The desire for feeding at the public crib is awakened in thouthe public crib is awakened in thousands, very often, it is true, by self-seeking politicians, who, by appealing to self-interest, gather to their support the very desirable cohorts of young men, always an important factor in the carrying of elections. Promises are given, which, like pie-crust, are made to be broken. But the evil is done. The greed for spoils stifles all higher and nobler ambitions, and the office-seeker is enticed by the attraction of a I imagine we can do something with it. Keep up your heart, laddie," and he keep up your heart, laddle, and he left hurriedly.

"How is poor Teddy getting on in there," asked Patsy Rooney, one of his chums. "Plagued shame! I just know Ted's all right."

"I think so myself, Patsy, but you know the law won't take thinking. It must have proofs."

"Well, plague take the old stupid law! What proofs does it want?" seeker is enticed by the attraction of a higher salary than his own ability and worth would immediately net him. The future is left out of the calculation, or the lifetime of ups-and-downs, of re-verses and disappointments, which be-comes the lot of the small-fry politician, "Well, plague take the old stupid law! What procfs does it want?" Patsy was very indignant at the accusation brought against decent Teddy Finnigan. "You see the money was found in his box. Some rascal stuffed it in there to get him into trouble. It is the wards up in his said Patsy.

is glossed over.' The Problem of Prosperity

Books have been written to tell young Books have been written to ten young men how to get on in life, but the sum and substance of the volumes can be condensed into the three rules—Be faithful in the practice of religion, be industrious, be thrifty.

This is the simplest of simple probable the true Christian to solve. "No money was found on any one "But couldn't the rogue have stepped

Perhaps its very simplicity prevents many from grasping the ideas involved in its solution, because so many seem dart around the corner and then dart in again, right before 6, and that's when the rumpus started, isn't it?"
"Did you see that, Patsy? Can you tormined to make much of everything they are pleased to undertake, and inclined to raise difficulties, with "On the Bible-yes, sir; any time no apparent object other than to waste precious time in thinking over them, or to find excuse therein for their fretyou want."

"Well, Patsy, be ready if I should call upon you. I think this will help your young friend."

Mr. Wainwright and the detective were immediately informed. Patsy gave evidence on eath that Butler had left

al and marvelous tempers.

Those who really understood how to work out this easy problem are generally called "plodders" and this word is often pronounced in a way to indicate hat the plodder lacks mentality and that the plodder lacks mentality and is far beneath the speaker's intelli-gence. The truth is, however, that the contrary is frequently the truth; for it argues neither lack of wit nor of industry in one, to look the situation calmly in the face and do the best he can under the circumstances; and this he so-called plodder does.—Church

Progress. Many young men start out with the idea that they can learn to do every-thing by intuition and that they will thing by intuition and that they will simply carry every thing with a high hand and bend everybody else's will to theirs—in fact turn every one they chose to associate with, either socially or in business circles, around their fingers. My! how such dispositions are "worked" consciously or unconscious. worked," consciously or unconscious, by almost every one—friend and foe,

time aided Butler's distressed family by a generous donation.

"O, but you're the softy! Teddy Finnigan. It's never a copper I'd give them if they were all starving," protested faithful Patsy.

"Indeed, and it's just you that would, Patsy," Teddy was wont to answer. "Wasn't St. Anthony good to answer. "Wasn't St. Anthony good to The sensible man decides at once, on oming into manhood, on some occupa-ion. He at once sets about learning all about it. He may have the laudable ambition of eventually setting up for nself: but he is clear-sighted enough see that he needs two things for that experience and cash, without which answer. "Wasn't St. Anthony good to me, and should I not be so to others?" In the course of time the bookkeeper

he would only make a failure of it. If he has the cash, and not the experice, he knows that he must first as an employe all the ins and outs of the selected business, before he can safely invest his cash in it. If he has experience, and not the cash, he knows that he must continue as an employe until his prudent savings have made it pos-

his prudent savings anave made it pos-sible for him to become an employer. Slowly, but surely, he makes his moves on the checker-board of life; but he is sure to win at last. Long before Catholics believe so much in prayer, just do your level best at that."

Mrs. Finnigan was told that Teddy was engaged, for the night, by the head partner. It was with difficulty that she could be kept from taking him his sup-Unworldliness is this-to hold things



from as ever. Has our hero no other help than his own two industrious hands and sturdy brain? Yes, he has this promise, which he keeps ever before his mind, "Seek first the Kingdom of God and His Justice and all else will be added unto you." And he does his part, as the promise requires, and the promise is fulfilled.

TRE Book enker vous Disease and a sample bottle a sam a sample bottle and a sample bottle and all else will be added unto you." And he does his part, as the promise requires, and the promise is fulfilled.

WASTING AWAY. The Sad Condition of Many Young Girls.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN THEIR DAUGHTERS COMPLAIN OF HEADACHE, FICKLE APPETITE, DIZZINESS OR HEART PALPITATION.

Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not wilfully, of course, but because they think the ccasional headaches from which the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite, and pale cheeks, are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless the little troubles are successfully treated, more troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones—perhaps decline and consumption—are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves, and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicint, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be the suffering would soon be the suffering would soon be the suffering would soon be will an an armonder of the suffering would soon be suffered to see the suffering would soon be suffered to see the suffered suffered to the suffered s strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who have proved the great worth of this medicine is Miss Jennie Beamer, of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer says: "Some years ago I became very ill, and my friends feared I

was going into a de line. I was pale; suffered from terrible headaches; my appetite was poor, and I grew very thin. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I remained in this condi-tion for several months, during which time I tried several medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In fact, I was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely o the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experience."

by my experience."
Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness, heedaches, palpitation of the heart, and the feeling of weariness that afflicts so many young girls will soon disappear if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. These pills also cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, St. Vitus' dance, and the other troubles Vitus' dance, and the other troubles that come from poor blood and weak nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid, at 50 ceuts a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-

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& Co., Ktogston, Oni. The Story of Morning Tiredness

## Not **Even Crazy** People

would scour their faces with brick-bats, but thousands of persons do things infinitely more foolish. The skin of the face, though deli-cate, is rhinoceros hide compared with the mucous membrane of the stomach and bowels.

Yet these sensitive organs are constantly scoured with drastic medicines, to their incalculable injury.

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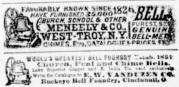
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