

22, 1901. LIFE OF LEO. JUN 22, 1901. THE CATHOLIC RECORD. A HERO IN A SOUTANE. Among the curates who some thirty years ago were attached to the Church of St. Paul and Louis, in Paris, was a Spanish priest whose unusual height, splendid head of black hair and grave countenance, somewhat swarthy in hue, invariably attracted attention. From his general bearing and style of carriage, one could readily guess that he had formerly carried a sword, hence it was no surprise to learn that Father Capella was a brave cavalry officer, had distinguished himself on many a field before entering the priesthood. After spending some years at St. Paul and Louis, where he was universally esteemed, Father Capella was appointed pastor of a little parish in the environs of the French capital. His parishioners, almost all market gardeners, speedily learned to venerate and love him. His kindness and his soldierly frankness soon overcame not only all prejudices, but all antipathies. Once his acquaintance was formed it was impossible to withhold from him the tribute of profound esteem. Falling seriously ill, Father Capella was visited by almost all his flock; even the least practical Catholics made it a point to call at the presbytery and inquire as to his condition. On the eve of his death, after the last sacraments had been administered and while he was offering to God the sufferings of his agony, which was imminent, a man hastily entered and said to him: "Father, Mr. X, whom you know well, is very ill. It is even said that he is going to die. We are at a loss what to do, for he refuses to receive any priest. The parish priest of M. went to see him, but Mr. X turned his back on him and would not say a word. "What a pity! So fine a fellow, too!" replied Father Capella. "Ah, if I were not myself dying I would go, and perhaps get a better reception!" "Ah, you, Father! The man loves and esteems you too much to treat you like that. But alas!" He did not finish the sentence. A sublime thought inspired the priest. Raising himself with a mighty effort in his bed, he clasped his hands and exclaimed: "My God, I beseech Thee grant me still a little strength!" After a moment of recollection he suddenly addressed those around him: "Dress me," he said to them. "Not one stirred. Listening to the dying man's voice, which had recovered the tone of command, they thought him delirious and so remained passive. "Dress me, I say," he repeated, with an accent of authority that there was no resisting. Exclamations of astonishment were heard on all sides, but the moribund whose residue of life seemed to have taken refuge in his indomitable will, held out his trembling arms and legs, already numb with the death chill, so that his orders might be obeyed. "Dress me," he said to them, "carry me quickly to the sick man," at the same time ordering his sick bag to be brought with him. With indescribable emotion, several of the men carried him to the house of Mr. X, his body limp as a cloth in the wind. The soul alone lived and reigned, permitting neither cry nor plaint, nor even a sigh, throughout the painful passage. At last they seated him by the sick man's bedside. "My friend," said Father Capella, in an agitated tone, "we are both going to appear before God. A few hours more and all will be over with us. Are you not willing that we should make the voyage together? Here I am, come to give you succour in this last hour." Subdued and quite overcome by such heroic faith, Mr. X burst into tears, and exclaimed: "Oh, yes, yes; I'll willingly confess to you, who are so good to me!" A heavenly smile passed over the pastor's lips. He waved the bystander aside. The two dying men conversed in whispers for some minutes; and then with a supreme effort the priest raised his hand above the head of the penitent and pronounced the words of absolution. Calling next for the holy oils, he said to one of the neighbors: "Take my arm and guide my hand." The man did so, and the sacred unctions were applied. The divine act accomplished, Father Capella bent over him whom he had just absolved, and murmured with a sigh of relief, "Adieu, my friend! And let us pray for each other. Now, Lord," he added in a firmer tone, "Thou wilt let Thy servant depart in peace!" A few hours later he was dead. It is a blessed secret, this of living by the day. Anyone can carry his burden, however heavy, till night-fall. Anyone can do his work, however hard, for one day. Anyone can live sweetly, patiently, lovingly, purely till the sun goes down. And this is all that life ever really means to us—just one little day. Do to day's duty; fight to-day's temptations, and do not weaken and distract yourself by looking forward to things you cannot see, and could not understand if you saw them. God gives us lights to shut down the curtain of darkness on our little days. We cannot see beyond. Short horizons make life easier, and give us one of the blessed secrets of brave, true, holy living. Time is short, your obligations are infinite. Are your houses regulated by your children instructed, the afflicted relieved, the poor visited, the work of piety accomplished?—Massillon.

HOW TO PRACTISE THE THIRD DEGREE OF HUMILITY. Avoid disputes, and any vain success they bring. Too quick and ready words oft leave behind a sting. Do not excuse yourself, even when not to blame. Add nothing to the truth; be simple in your aim. Born poor, conceal it not; let none your riches see. The good you do, forget; but grateful always be. All independent spirit shun as a dangerous snare. Let every regulation be kept with zealous care. To those God places over you blindly obedient be. Hide nothing in your heart your mother may not see. Your many imperfections, be glad that all should know. Abhor the world's opinion, and false shame never show. Be glad to find a critic, both truthful and severe. Whatever be the verdict accept it as sincere. Rejoice to be reproved, even when you do your best. See that your slightest faults in public are confessed. Far from the eyes of all act always quite the same. Speak little of yourself, either to praise or blame. Successful in your labors, to God the glory give. Never distrust the Master for whom alone you live. Extraordinary favors, like Blessed Bernadine, fear. Devout in all your actions, do nothing to appear as if you were. Always regard yourself as least and last of all. Seek little of your talents; your misdeeds oft recall. Think not to gain attention, but serve with humble grace. All honors to your sisters—to sacrifice your place. Be truly kind and gentle to each and every one. But wisely guard your heart, and be attached to none. Never allow suspicion to rest within your mind. For those who contradict you, have feelings ever kind. Be glad another's merit should gain their praise. Except when called by duty—the hidden life for you. For other's faults and failings, find always an excuse. Ne'er speak of them in public unless it be of use. To every low employment with willing steps go. Wear garments poor and humble, thankful to have them so. If pleasure be in question, let labor be your share. Assist the sick, and gladly another's burden bear. Your service in the kitchen render with joyful heart. Always believe another could better do your part. Accept of those trying duties which others seem to dread. Unworthy by the holy state to which you have been led. Never a word of murmur—be ready at each call. To place yourself the lowest and at the feet of all. In fervor and exactness, a novice try to be, if in your lot to be despised, the justice of it see. Believe yourself unworthy to bear the light of day. If all look down upon you, "Deo Gratias!" say. If words of praise should reach you, smile at the strange mistake. "I'm prouder than a peacock"—this for your motto take. Pious, not worldly converse, is what you ought to hold. Thirst for humiliations as misers do for gold. We're told by St. Ignatius to ask them from our Lord. Let come what may—His holy will in all things be adored. Make of the Heart of Jesus an ever open book. From which a precious lesson you'll draw at every look. To you He leaves His mission, the treasure of His Heart; Spouse of the lowly Jesus, act generously your part. Oh, prove your love by choosing the path He trod while here. Be humble, poor, nor ever a life of hardship fear. A PICTURE OF A SAINT. The difference between a saint and one who is not a saint is admirably explained by Coventry Patmore, in that little book called "The Rod, and the Flower." We quote the passage: "There is nothing outwardly to distinguish a saint from common persons. A Bishop or abbot in dissent, or will, or as a rule be remarkable for his decorum or his ostentatious piety, and for some little insignia of piety, such as the display of a mild desire to promote the good of your soul, or an abstinence from wine and tobacco, jesting and small-talk. But the saint has 'no' lads and you may live in the same house with him and never find out that he is not a saint like yourself, unless you rely on negative proofs, or unless you look upon him, and so provoke him to silence. He may impress you, indeed, by his harmlessness and imperturbable good temper, and probably by some lack of appreciation of modern humor, and ignorance of some things which men are expected to know, and by never seeming to have much use for his time when he can be of any service to you; but on the whole he will give an agreeable impression of general interiority to yourself. You must not, however, presume upon this interiority so far as to offer him any affront; for he will be sure to answer you with some quiet and unexpected remark, showing a presence of mind—arising, I suppose, from the presence of God,—which will make you feel that you have struck rock and only shaken your own shoulder. "If you compel him to speak about religion, he will probably surprise and scandalize you by the childlike and narrowness of his thoughts. He will most likely dwell with reiteration on commonplace with which you were perfectly well acquainted before you were twelve year old. But you must make allowance for him and remember that the knowledge which is to you a superfluous, is to him a solid. If you talk to him on such matters, he will kindly approve your pious expressions, and you will conclude that you

had better drop the subject; for you will not find that he has that ardent interest in your spiritual affairs which you thought you had a right to expect, and which you have perhaps experienced from persons of far inferior reputation for sanctity. I have known two or three such persons and I declare that, but for the peculiar line of psychological research to which I am addicted, and hints from others in some degree akin to these men, I should never have guessed that they were any wiser or better than myself or any other ordinary man of the world with a prudent regard for the common proprieties. I once asked a person more learned than I am in such matters to tell me what was the real difference. The reply was that the saint does everything that any other decent person does, only some what better, and with a totally different motive." THE WORLD FOR CHRIST. Stirring Appeal to the Faithful—A Saving Devotion. A timely pastoral on devotion to the Sacred Heart is that issued to his clergy by Right Rev. Bishop Kelly of Savannah, Ga., encouraging the propagation of the devotion, and urging the faithful to unite in honoring the Sacred Heart of their Redeemer. Bishop Kelly said in part: There is nothing which we so earnestly desire as to see the devotion to the Sacred Heart increase among the faithful of the diocese, and to obtain this we beg the co-operation of the clergy, who with us bear the burden of the work of God in sanctifying souls in this portion of the vineyard of the Lord. The solemn and oft-repeated approval given by the Supreme Head of the Church on earth to this devotion is a sufficient guarantee of its ultimate success in winning souls to God, strengthening the weak and increasing the faith of the good. The experience of every pastor, who has introduced and encouraged the devotion to the Sacred Heart serves to confirm this. Our present Holy Father, whose length of days and wondrous retention of mental and bodily vigor are a marvel, has frequently recommended to his children the practice of this salutary devotion and with Apostolic voice has urged the dedication of families to this abundant fount of mercy. If the proper foundation of devotion be dogmatic truth, then assuredly no devotion can lay claim to more solid basis than the devotion to the Sacred Heart of our Lord; for no other devotion brings so clearly before us those fundamental doctrine of Divine Revelation; the dual nature and unity of person in Christ; the Divine Maternity of His Immaculate Mother; the real death of our Lord, and the wonderful love which prompted and directed the atoning sacrifice of Calvary. For the very name of Sacred Heart suggests that there was a time when this Heart Divine had not come into existence, and recalls the fact of its being formed of the flesh and blood of Mary; of the creation of the Human Soul of Jesus, and its infusion into the Body which was the temple of that Heart; and finally of the assumption, at the same identical moment of this Human Body and Soul by the Second Person of the Blessed Trinity. So that the first pulsation of this Heart was the throbbing of an adorable Divine Heart, and so the two natures, the human and Divine, were united in one Person, and that Person was God, and His Mother was the Mother of God. In the Sacred Heart coursed the Precious Blood which had its source in Mary's pure Heart, and when in death the same Sacred Heart was cleft in twain, the saving Blood started on its loving mission of salvation. 'Twas the ruddy mark in the Sacred Side of Jesus where the spear had found a path to the Heart, that drew from the unwilling lips of the doubting Apostle, the sublime confession of faith: My Lord and My God. The world for Christ is the inspiring cry of God's Vicar to His children. What a grand work He has assigned to His flock, for to all are his words directed. In what better way can we hope to draw back the hearts of men to Christ than by making appeal to a sentiment which finds a place in every breast—gratitude? And how can we best make this appeal? Is it not by telling the simple story of a Heart which so loved men that it broke with love on Calvary's Cross, that men dead by sin might live by grace of the Blood of which the Heart emptied itself for love of man? If the hearts of the two disciples were burning within them (St. Luke, xxiv, 32), as on the road to Emmaus they heard from Jesus (whom they did not know) the testimony of the sacred writers of the Old Testament to Him, how much greater effect ought not we, the accredited messengers of Christ, make on the minds of men when we tell the wonders, the glories, the human tenderness, the Divine Mercy of His Adorable Heart? The devotion to the Sacred Heart has had its trials and has met with secret and open opposition. Heresy and schism were arrayed against it, and its final victory was the triumph of faith over error; of the Church over recalcitrant children; of principle over expediency; of authority over insubordination. Let this devotion inspire in us a loyal, loving submission to the Vicar of Christ on earth. He represents the authority of Christ and the tenderness and love of Christ. A test of our devotion to our Holy Faith is our filial submission to the Vicar of Him, whose Heart is the object of our adoring love. We ought not to blind ourselves to the fact that amid all the evidences of progress in our loved land, there is

danger lest we, intoxicated by our prosperity and led astray by the false maxims taught and pronounced on every side, cast off from the old moorings of faith and submission to divine constituted authority, and attach ourselves to some of the novelties developed under our system of government. We suffer none to impugn our loyalty to our constitution and obedience to the laws enacted in pursuance thereof, but we will ever maintain the pre-eminence of God and His Church. We are Catholics first and loyal Americans afterward, and because we are Catholics. We must first of all be loyal to Christ and accept His plan for the sanctification of men, which included the divine authority of His Holy Church speaking to us from Peter's chair. We will very cheerfully render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God and not to Cæsar will we ever look for guidance in matters spiritual. FABER'S LAST SERVICE AS RECTOR OF ELTON. Rev. Francis A. Cunningham, in Donohoe's for June. At length came the year 1845, the year of the Exodus. John Henry Newman led the great vanguard, the others following singly or in small detachments. From his solitude at Elton Mr. Faber heard the good news, and it stirred within him, as never before, the resolution of starting the hitherto impossible. "On Sunday, November the 18th, he officiated for the last time as Rector of Elton," says Father Bowden. "At the evening service he told his people that the doctrine he had taught them, though true, were not those of the Church of England; that, as far as the Church of England had a voice, she had disavowed them, and that consequently he could not remain in her communion, but must go where the truth was to be found. Then he hastily descended the pulpit stairs, threw off his surplice, which he laid upon the ground, and made his way as quickly as possible through the vestry to the rectory. For a few moments the congregation remained in blank astonishment, and then, while the majority turned slowly homeward, some of the parishioners, among whom were the church-warden, followed him to the rectory, and implored him to reconsider his decision. He might preach whatever doctrine he pleased, they said, and they would never question it." The next morning he arose early and accompanied by a party of ten who had resolved to follow him into the Church, he set out to leave the village. "The party had hoped to escape notice by starting early, but the parishioners were on the lookout, and as they drove through the village every window was thrown open, and the poor people waved their handkerchiefs and sobbed out, 'God bless you, Mr. Faber, wherever you go.'" That same evening, November 17, 1845, Mr. Faber and his companions were received into the Church at Northampton by Bishop Wareing, and on the following morning received their first Communion and confirmation. IMITATION OF CHRIST. See how far thou art yet from true charity and humility, which know not how to be angry with any one or to have indignation against any one but one's self. It is no great thing to be able to converse with them that are good and meek, for this is naturally pleasing to all. And every one liveth willingly in peace, and loveth those best who agree with them. But to live peacefully with those who are harsh and perverse or disorderly or with such as oppose us, is a great grace and a highly commendable and mainly exploit. Some there are, who keep themselves in peace and have peace also with others. And there are some who are neither at peace within themselves nor suffer others to be in peace; they are troublesome to others, but always more troublesome to themselves. And some they are, who keep themselves in peace and study to restore peace to others. Let all our peace in this miserable life is rather to be placed in humble suffering, than in not feeling adversities. He who knoweth how to suffer will enjoy much peace. Such a one is conqueror of himself and lord of the world, a friend of Christ and an heir of heaven. The Cause of Hay Fever. It is a microbe that floats in the air, gets into the throat and lungs, develops rapidly, excites inflammation, etc. The cause is as simple as a thistle in the finger. Extract the thistle, away goes the pain. Destroy the Hay Fever germ—you get well. That's why Catarrhus acts so marvelously in Hay Fever. Its fragrant vapor to you brings cure, but to the microbe death. Catarrhus is as quick to act on these microscopic organisms as lightning. Prevents as well as cures, and is always successful. Druggists, 25c and \$1, or Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont. Thos. Sabin, of Eglinton, says: "I have removed ten corns from my feet with Hal-loway's Corn Cure." Reader, go thou and do likewise. If you are lean—unless you are lean by nature—you need more fat. You may eat enough; you are losing the benefit of it. 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PATIENCE AND PERFECT WORK. No work is perfect without patience; hence to be efficacious prayer requires it as an essential condition. When the late Father Bridgett, C. S. S. R., began his agitation for a change in the Coronation Oath, about five years ago, who would dare have predicted that we should live to witness a universal sentiment against the offensive clauses of the Oath, even on the part of the royal person who felt forced to take it? Who could have expected a few years ago that the Presbyterian body of this country would make public admission of the erroneous articles of its Confession about predestination, free will, and the old superstition that the Pope is anti-Christ. These two facts prove that the prayer of the Holy Father, and our prayers in union with him, for the union of Christendom, for which we have been waiting so patiently, are not in vain. Already two great bodies of Christians are willing to repudiate what they have hitherto held sacred, partly because they begin to know it is erroneous, partly because the spirit of Christian charity prompts them to do justice to the Catholic body. The manifest desire on the part of all better informed citizens to heed the plea of the Archbishop of New York for the recognition of Catholic rights in the organization of the public library system is another instance in point. Patience makes the perfect work, not the patience of meek submission or of timid inactivity, but the patience which prompts us to spend time and thought and energy presenting our views or claims until those who seem to be opposed to us understand what we consider right and just, no matter how our imaginations may lead us to magnify their ignorance or prejudice. Too often we may be to blame for both; for we are the only ones who can inform them properly and remove prejudices, if any there be. For want of patience we may either fail to take the pains required to instruct them, or spoil our labor by losing temper or indulging in rallery at their expense.—American Messenger of the Sacred Heart. THE CHURCH AND SCIENCE. Valuable Contribution of Some of her Brilliant Sons. It is sometimes remarked that there is a strange inconsistency on the part of the Church in sending some of its most brilliant men to take up mission work in heathen lands. But it should be remembered that besides preaching the Gospel to all men, the Church fosters the arts and sciences to day as she has ever done and avails herself of all the means at her command to promote material progress as well as that in the intellectual order. Besides learning a little Indian or other dialect, compiling books in the vernacular, teaching the savage the knowledge of God and the way to salvation, the humble missionary in unknown lands makes the most profound and thorough study of ethnological conditions, of the sciences peculiar to the region in which he labors, and particularly of the physical conditions of the country; and the result of his researches go to the great treasury of knowledge and form a part of the archiv. of the Vatican in Rome. It is said that on the basis of data furnished by Catholic missionaries the Pope was enabled to form his decision with such accuracy of judgment in the dispute concerning the Caroline Islands. Recently a most luminous treatise on the science of meteorology by the priest astronomer and scientist of the Philippine Islands was issued from the United States Government Printing Office. Several years ago Father Barnum, a member of one of the noted and well-

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