

"Good-by, Crichton!" she said, and took her husband's hand. "Come, Lawrence! We have no time to lose. The sword has been set over the gate."
TO BE CONTINUED.

FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Sextagesima Sunday.

GOOD SEED BUT NO HARVEST.
The Gospel of to-day, my brethren, is the parable of the sower who went out to sow his seed. Our Lord Himself explains the parable, and tells us that the seed is the word of God: and the real sower of this word, of course, is God, from whom it comes, and from whom it has all its life and power.

The ground in which this seed is sown is the mind and heart of man: or, to put the matter in a practical shape, it is your heart and mine. There are many people in this world to whom very little of it has come, at least compared with what we have had; but we cannot complain that we have not had our share. The word of God spoken by the mouth of man, in sermons, instructions, counsels, and warnings, from the altar and in the confessional, and not only from the priests but also from others who have been the ministers of God and the channels of His grace to us—it is certainly no strange or new sound in our ears. And not only in this way have we continually heard God's voice, but often, perhaps even more frequently, have we heard it coming immediately from Him, and speaking in our own souls.

Plenty of this seed has, then, been sown in us; but where is the fruit, the harvest that should have come from it? Seed is not put in the ground merely to be kept there. No, it cannot be kept there: if it is not destroyed or carried away it must grow and multiply.

The seed of God's word should, therefore, have grown in us. It should have been the beginning and the increase in us of the spiritual life, which should have grown stronger in us day by day from the time when we first came to the use of reason until the present moment.

Now, how is it in fact? As we look back on our lives, do we find that this has actually been fulfilled in them? Are we not better, more perfect, nearer to God now than we were last year, or even ten years ago? Is it not rather to be feared that we have fallen back; that we are more careless, perhaps, even about mortal sin, than we were in times past; or, to say the least, that habits of venial sin have gained on us, instead of being overcome; that our prayers are less fervent, our reception of the sacraments less frequent, our love of God weaker than in the years which have gone by?

Holy Scripture tells us that the "path of the just, as a shining light, goeth forward and increaseth even to perfect day." "The just"—that is, those who are habitually in God's grace, who have and keep the life of God in their souls. The Christian virtues, the seeds of which were put in our souls at baptism, should have been growing during all our lives; they should have become strong trees now, deeply rooted and spreading far and wide. Even if they were killed at any time by the frost of mortal sin, they should have been speedily brought to life and renewed their growth before they had decayed and rotted away.

Brethren, I need not ask you if this has been so with you. With some, no doubt, it has. They may not feel that they have drawn nearer to God, but really they have. Temptation does not find the material in them to work on that it did; to avoid evil and to do good is every day easier and easier; they have still cause to fear, it is true, but still more and more ground to hope.

But, alas! how many there are in whom there is no sign of this growth which should have come from the seed which has been sown in them! Their light has not increased; no, it is almost always extinguished; when it does seem to shine it is but to flicker for a moment, and to disappear. The seed is no sooner sown in them than it is trampled under foot or carried away by the birds of the air.

Brethren, if the life of grace is not growing in our souls; if we are not falling less frequently, and rising more easily from our falls, than before, our path is not that of the just, and the seed of the word of God has not yet taken that root which will make it bring forth a hundredfold.

An obedience to the simple laws of hygiene and the use of Ayer's Sarsaparilla will enable the most delicate man or sickly woman to pass in ease and safety from the icy atmosphere of February to the warm, moist days of April. It is the best of spring medicines.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until she tried Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured.

Pleasant as syrup; nothing equals it as a worm medicine; the name is Mother Graves' Worm Expeller. The greatest worm destroyer of the age.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed two corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Baltimore Bulletin.
SIR,—I had a troublesome cold which nothing would relieve until I tried Hayward's Peppermint Balm, and I am glad to say that it completely cured me.

ROBT. McQUARRIE, Baltimore, Man.
PURE IMPORTED WINE, Prime Canada Beef and soluble scale salts of Iron, are combined in Mibara's Beef, Iron and Wine.
No other Sarsaparilla combines economy and strength like Hood's. It is the only one of which can truly be said: "100 Doses \$1."

THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE:

Or, How I Came to Take the Pledge—the Priest's Story.

Catholic Columbian.

I had a friend, a lawyer, who up to the fortieth year of his age had practiced temperance in eating and drinking, and therefore, though of a weak constitution, enjoyed good health. But you could never get him to take the pledge. Indeed, he looked upon it as a little shameful, because he held that it was only proper when necessary in the case of persons who could not touch drink without excess. He followed my example in fact, and had precisely the same notions on the subject. This man was an exemplary Catholic. I need say no more than that he gave his Sunday afternoons to helping his pastor as a teacher of the catechism. But he never thought of becoming a total abstainer. Nay, he even objected to the declamations of so-called temperance orators, and looked upon them as making too much fuss over the vices of low, ignorant people.

"Why should I abstain because others get drunk?" he used to say. "Let everybody make use of all the creatures of God and manufactures of man in moderation. This is wisdom. Why give up wine, because many abuse it?"

HOW HE CAME AROUND.

In 1881 the Bishops of the United States met in Plenary Council in the city of Baltimore, and I asked my friend to accompany me to witness one of the grand public sessions. We went, and, of course, he was very much impressed. Archbishop Ireland's sermon chiefly went to his mind and heart, and he admired the logic as well as the courage and manliness of the great prelate of St. Paul.

It was announced that in the evening there was to be a temperance demonstration at Ford's Opera House. It rained very much, but we went there. The theatre was crowded with an enthusiastic assemblage. Archbishop Elder, of Cincinnati, spoke first. The simple manner of the eminent prelate, who, educated at Rome, had taught theology for eleven years in this college, had advanced the See of Natchez for over twenty years, refusing to leave it to become Archbishop of San Francisco, because at that time the people of the Mississippi Diocese were afflicted with yellow fever, had then been promoted to the debt-stricken Diocese of Cincinnati; was distinguished for his piety and power as a preacher to the clergy, and now stepped forward to tell the people why he was a total abstainer—this struck my friend very forcibly indeed.

"Is not this Bishop Elder, who went to prison rather than to allow an army officer to dictate the conditions on which he should preach and pray?" "This is he," I answered. "But he has done a braver thing than that; he has taken the pledge, simply and purely to encourage his people."

"I understand," he said. After the Archbishop has taken his seat, Bishop Keane, of Richmond, rose, the same who is now rector of the University of Washington. "I never took a drop of intoxicating drink in my life," he said.

My friend opened his eyes with astonishment, and his parted lips expressed his intense interest. Next rose a small man in episcopal colors, with what is called a Napoleonic head, grave, rather stern face, and a bold, decisive manner.

"This is Spalding, Bishop of Peoria," I whispered, and the young prelate began in his deep and sonorous tones to tell why he had taken the pledge. (I could feel my friend quiver with astonished interest, for he had heard of the culture, the learning and the eloquence of Bishop Spalding.)

"You are a poor man, a mechanic, a laborer, perhaps," the speaker was saying. "My God, that's nothing!" (The house rang with applause, my friend joining in most heartily.) "That's nothing. Let a poor man be sober and industrious, and I tell you he is far better off than the rich with all their responsibilities. Or, are we going to take a man by what he has on him and not rather by the honesty of his conduct, the steadiness of his life, his love, and duty toward his wife and children?"

The orator then went on in witty strain to talk about the prevailing complaint of sleeplessness among the busy, active Americans.

"There is no one busier than Archbishop Ireland," he said. "He is as restless as the blizzard on the prairies, and yet he can go to sleep in a moment on steamboat or railroad car, wherever he finds himself having a little leisure. I often wondered why this was, and, at last, I came to think it might be his total abstinence. I wanted to sleep, too, sometimes, so I took the pledge."

"A man of this calibre to take the pledge!" Another Bishop, and he, too, one of the most brilliant in the hierarchy! Well, I really don't know what to make of it," was my friend's reflection.

Bishop Wattersson, of Ohio, spoke to the same effect, and gave the same testimony as the man who preceded him. He, like the Archbishop of Cincinnati and the Bishop of Peoria, was a student at Old Mount St. Mary's.

Last arose Archbishop Ireland, the Father Mathew of the West, the leader and the champion of progress:

"Fellow total abstainers, and all you who have braved the elements this evening, I congratulate you on your zeal in the cause of God and our neighbor."

"God and our neighbor," repeated my friend to myself. "Why, that's new light for me, indeed."

"Every one of us should imitate the Son of God, our Saviour, who, having a happy home in heaven, pitied our needy state, came down and lived and suffered and died among us. Why? To save us from hell, to bring us to eternal happiness."

"O, my brother, do you not know this? Do you not know the magnificent opportunity you have of co-operating with Christ in His own divine word, the rescue of sinners?"

"You cannot make speeches. You are not a priest and cannot preach to the people. Let me tell you that there is something stronger than talking. It is conduct. There is something a thousand times more effective than preaching; it is example. Here, then, you have a chance to do more than the priest can if he only preaches. Will you lose this splendid opportunity? Will you miss this chance to save your soul by helping your brothers?"

And how slight the trouble required to take part in this great apostolate? Nothing but to deprive yourself for a while of a small sensual gratification. For a while, I say, because after a little time you will not care for it, think of it no more, but the force of your example will be as strong as ever.

"I need say nothing of the uselessness of drink, nothing of the advantages of total abstinence, nothing of the evils of intemperance; I could stop here and ask you if you are willing to be a follower of the Son of God or not? To work for your neighbor as He did, and to save your own soul?"

The great prelate went on with that tremendous earnestness and force of a man convinced of the truth and necessity of his subject, and all the more effective in his oratory because he forgot or disregarded all the artificial aids of tone and style, and spoke "like a man" full of desire for the good of his auditors.

They rose up and cheered him again and again. My friend and I rose, too, and I remarked the spell of astonishment that bound his features, and rendered him almost unable to say a word.

After the great, the era-making, meeting was over, we went away, neither of us saying much. All had been said.

The following Sunday the lawyer was, as usual, at the head of the catechism class (he was an educated gentleman, a prominent attorney and also Mayor of our city, but we lived in Maryland, you know, and so he was helping the pastor in this way), when the time came for his regular talk to the larger boys, he spoke on temperance, on total abstinence. He described the Baltimore meeting, narrated the presence and addresses of the Bishops, rehearsed their arguments, and indeed became quite eloquent himself. The boys listened as if this were a new lesson, indeed, and their interest equalled their teacher's earnestness.

A week after, when he had dismissed the school and was looking over his class lists to make report to the pastor, two of the most promising pupils presented themselves.

"Mr. Carroll," the elder said, "we thought about taking the pledge you were telling us about last Sunday."

His heart leaped into his mouth and his eyes glistened with emotion. He shook hands with both of the boys, and said quietly: "Let us go and see Father Lee."

I was reading my office in the sacristy when they came in.

"Father," said my friend, "we three want to take the pledge," and he and they knelt down before me.

"I'll take it, too," said I. "Let us go out to the altar rail."

We did so, and with thanks to God for the wonderful way in which His grace had come to me, I and my three friends with me recited the vow that bound us in union with our Saviour thirsting on the cross, to abstain in His honor, and for our own and our neighbors' good from all intoxicating drinks, and to discontinuance the cause and practice of intemperance.

EDWARD McSWEENEY, Mt. St. Mary's, Md.

P. S.—Three out of the five Bishops that took part in this famous meeting are "Mountaineers." Archbishop Elder was one of our professors, also, and Bishop Wattersson for a time, president.

Priest's Housekeepers.

To those who have occasion to visit pastoral residences the project mooted in the West to establish an institute destined to equip and supply priests' house-keepers will have a special interest. A clerical advocate of the scheme says of it: "A priest gets his living partly from his people, but mostly from his house-keeper. None but he can rightly estimate how much his success in the ministry, in some important respects, depends upon the peace, order and management of his home. Perhaps even the remark may be ventured upon a pastor's own spiritual advancement hinges not inconsiderably on a good, a poor, or an indifferent service in domestic affairs."

Hood's Cures.

In saying that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures, its proprietors make no idle or extravagant claim. Statements from thousands of reliable people of what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for them, conclusively prove the fact—HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA CURES.

Hood's Pills act especially upon the liver, rousing it from torpidity to its natural duties, cure constipation and assist digestion.

A HEALING, SOOTHING SALVE for cuts, burns, bruises, wounds and sores, Victoria Carbolic Salve.

IN STRENGTH GIVING and healing power, Mibara's God Liver Oil Emulsion excels all others.
DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP positively cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis.
Mibara's Lintment cures La Grippe.

RETROSPECTION.

If Your Life in the Past has Been Bad Mend It in the Future.

Rev. Father Lawless, S. J., of Glasgow, Scotland, in a recent discourse said:

"Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." We require no Revelation to teach us the truth of this. There have been nations as well as individuals who once were powerful and dominating, and yet not one trace of them remains to-day. Their memory even is faded, and nothing remains of them but a little dust, dispersed by every idle wind that blows. In the fair land of Italy where the sun shines so brightly and the skies are always blue, you will find one portion which is an exception to the rule of fairness and beauty. A waste country, full of sand, and holes of water, and marshes, where the people die of malaria. And yet that land was once

RICH AND POWERFUL AND BEAUTIFUL. It was covered with forests and had noble cities inhabited by people who, in times of trouble and dispute, set their limbs and girt their loins for war, and in times of peace cultivated the land and built fair cities and made the place beautiful with their statues and works of art, and the land full of music with their song, and yet to-day there remains only a broken lute or a fallen statue to remind us of their existence, and their very name is faded as the roses that once twined their brows. Some years ago workmen excavating among the sand and stones came upon a tomb. Removing the sand they found it was built like a temple. They opened the door and found a vestibule and beyond, another door. Opening this they entered into the spacious tomb. The walls were exquisitely painted, and upon an altar there lay a king in his royal robes with diadem on his brow, and ornaments of gold upon his breast and hands. In amazement the men looked upon him, for his face was fair and ruddy, and he seemed to sleep. But in a little moment, as the air found its way into the room,

SUDDENLY THE BODY VANISHED FROM THEIR SIGHT.

and became but a little dust. All that remained was the golden diadem and ornaments that adorned him. The life of each one of us is like that king in this, that one day we, like him, shall be but as a little dust, but shall we also resemble him in leaving behind us treasures of gold. Shall we, when touched by the Angel of Death and returned to parent dust, leave behind us the treasure of golden example? Shall we have laid up in heaven a golden treasure of merit, and shall we have waiting for us a diadem of gold? Our lives pass quickly. How short this past year has seemed! Just as the past has been, so will the future be, and at the end of our lives time will appear to us as very short. It will then be too late to turn back to labor and lay up treasures in heaven. Our lives will be past, and, if we have failed we must say too late, and too late for ever. What, then, can we desire to leave behind us? First, a good example to our fellow-men. To have it said of us that the world is better for us having lived in it. That men and women have been made happier by our countenance and companionship. Children can give good examples of obedience to their parents, of diligence at school, of modesty and of piety. And when DEATH, WHICH SPARES NOT OLD OR YOUNG,

lays the young down upon a bed of death, would they not desire to have it said of them: "This was a good child. It obeyed its parents and never a bad word was heard from her lips, and now that God has taken her to Himself, we may be sure her place is in heaven." Can all children persuade themselves that this can be said of them for their conduct during the past year. If not, what resolution will they make to-day? Young men and maidens, St. Paul tells us, should live soberly and piously. When the Angel of Death has laid his hand upon them, shall we be able to say that they were good living men and women; that they were seen regularly attending to their duties; that they gave a good example to all around them; that they were never seen the worse of intoxicating drinks, and were always ready to take part in any good work. Let them ask themselves what has been their practice during the past year, and they will see what resolution they should make to-day. It is better for them to make one good resolution and keep it than to make fifty and forget them. If there are companions who have led you into sin, resolve to avoid them; if there is danger for you in drink, resolve to avoid it, and keep that resolution.

EVERY ONE SHOULD MAKE SOME RESOLUTION that will help him to give a better example to those around him and more glory to God. Again, husbands and wives, what examples have they left to their children and friends? We are told that God made Eve to be a helpmate to the man. What sort of helpmate have the wives been during the past year? Shall it be said that he was a good husband, a good wife, that their loss is irreparable? That the wife helped him in all his troubles, and did not desert him in the hour of need. That he has kept his marriage vow and loved and cherished her? There are husbands and wives who, to the end of their lives, love and cherish one another as they did when they stood before the altar of God and made the marriage vow. There are others whose love grows cold, and they live an ungracious life. With the greater number, while matters are not so bad

as that they are not so good as they might be. They are what had been termed "just middling." Our Lord Himself, in the Book of Revelations, says He wishes we were one thing or another. This lukewarmness is a very bad state. If, then, we have been only middling during the past year, we can examine what it makes us so, and try to-day and see how we can better our lives. There are—alas! that it should be so!—

SOME WHO ARE OLD IN SIN.

We see them tottering about the streets, not thinking that their life will die out as surely as yesterday died. Not thinking of their soul or their God, nor of the treasures they should be laying up in heaven. For them it is not even yet too late, for even those that come at the eleventh hour God shall not reject. By sorrow and repentance they may yet repair in some degree the wasted years. If we would lay by treasures for ourselves in heaven, we can only do so day by day as time passes. When time is no more the opportunity is gone—it is too late to look back on the past. So let us ask ourselves what have we done, that when we are as a little dust there should be gold and jewels imperishable laid up for us. How much merit have we laid up during the past year? What good works have we done, what acts of kindness have we done to our fellow men in a spirit of charity, what relief have we given to the poor, what sacraments have we received in a state of grace? Saint Teresa says that in order to gain one degree of glory it is worth our while

TO LABOR AND TOIL FOR A THOUSAND YEARS.

And yet by every act of charity, every sacrament received in a state of grace, we increase our glory not one, but a thousand fold. If we would lay up these treasures in heaven it must be done by ourselves. Our Lord tells us He sent us here to labor, and will render to us according to our works. Let us then make the resolution to-day that if we have been negligent in our duties, prayers or good works, we will now be more careful to redeem the time, and when the angel of death has come we shall have laid up for ourselves a golden diadem. God does not ask for success. He judges us by our intentions, and He will reward us more than we deserve. There is not one of us for whom He has not reserved this crown. If we fail to wear it, it shall be through our own fault. Let us all resolve to form and direct our lives that when our Lord shall come again we shall be found to have laid up treasure of gold and jewels which shall be even more un-fading than the treasures found in the tomb of the Etruscan King, as un-antiquated and beautiful as they were when placed there in ages long gone by.

Don't wait until you die to pay to God the title of the goods He has given to you. You will then have no use for it, and it will be like "leavings" that you will offer Him. Pay the poor their portion while you are alive to distribute, instead of trusting to others to do it in obedience to your last will.—*Catholic World.*
Every visitation is a state of advance in your walk of faith. Every chastisement is sent to open a new page in the great Book of Life—to show you things within you which you know not, and things which hereafter shall be your portion. Welcome sorrow, trial, fear, if only our sin be blotted out and our lot secure in the lowest room, in the light of His Face, before the Throne of His beauty, in one hour and in our rest forever.—*Cardinal Manning.*
All depends on perseverance. Without this nothing avails. The grace and perfection and splendor of the angels could not save them. The daily fellowship with Jesus, His doctrines and miracles, and three years of His presence did not save Judas. The gift of regeneration and of the sacraments of grace were all in vain to Ananias and Sapphira. All alike lacked one thing, and that one thing lacking lost them all things. They had not perseverance, and though they had everything else nothing without this was of avail.

Found—the reason for the great popularity of Hood's Sarsaparilla—simply this: HOOD'S CURES. Be sure to get Hood's.

Old Chum (CUT PLUG.)

OLD CHUM (PLUG.)

No other brand of Tobacco has ever enjoyed such an immense sale and popularity in the same period as this brand of Cut Plug and Plug Tobacco.

Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

Ritchie Co

MONTREAL.

Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 lb Plug, 10c. 1 lb Plug, 20c.

SMITH BROS.

Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.

Have Removed to their New Premises 376 Richmond Street, Opposite Masonic Temple. Telephone 363

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS,

The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—House, 573; Factory, 56.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING CHURCH BELLS & PEALS. FINEST BELL METAL, COPPER AND ZINC. Good for Brass and Cast-iron. McHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

MENEELY & COMPANY WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS. Favorably known to the public since 1860. Church, Chapel, School, Fire-Alarm and other bells; also, Chimes and Peals. BUCKEY BELL FOUNDRY, CINCINNATI, O., U. S. A. Best Grade Pure Copper and Tin Church Bells, Peals and Chimes. Best Wheel and Rotary Valve Steam Engines. Price & Terms free. Name this Journal.



Mr. L. B. Hamlen.

Of Augusta, Me., says: "I do not remember when I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla; it was several years ago, and I have found it does me a great deal of good in my declining years."

I am 91 Years
2 months and 23 days old, and my health is perfectly good. I have no aches or pains about me.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
regulates my bowels, stimulates my appetite, and helps me to sleep well. I doubt if a preparation ever was made so well adapted to the wants of old people." L. B. HAMLLEN, 1214 Street, Augusta, Me., Sept. 26, 1891.

HOOD'S PILLS are a mild, gentle, painless, safe and efficient cathartic. Always reliable.

MASS WINE.

WILSON BROTHERS LONDON, ONT. Have just received a direct importation of the choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be sold at

SOLD AT REDUCED PRICES. They hold a certificate, attesting its purity from Rev. Edmund Rich, Vicar-General of the Archbishopric of Toronto. The rev. clergy are respectfully invited to send for samples.

WILSON & RANAHAN GROCERS. 265 Dundas St., near Wellington.

NEW TEAS—Ceylons, Congous, Japans, Young Hyson, Gunpowder and English Breakfast.

NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees.

NEW CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs. CIGARS of all grades.

Finest and Cheapest Goods in London

ALEX. WILSON. THOS. RANAHAN. Late of Wilson Bros.

COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER

should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Rolls, Biscuits, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend, Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for McEaren's Cook's Friend.

CONCORDIA VINEYARDS SANDWICH, ONT.

ERNEST GIRADOT & CO A Har Wine Specialty.

Our Atlas Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the best imported European. For prices and information address, E. GIRADOT & CO., Montreal.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society

With Assets of over \$2,500,000.

Is always prepared to loan large or small sums on Farm, Town or City Property on most favorable terms and rates, repayable at any time of year preferred. The privilege of paying off a portion of the loan each year without notice can be obtained, and interest will cease on such payment.

Apply personally or by letter to H. E. NELLES, Manager, offices—Opposite City Hall, Richmond St., London, Ont.

ONE-THIRD CUT OFF.

75c. Cardigans, 50 cts. \$1.00 Cardigans, 75 cts. 62c. Underwear, 50 cts. 75c. Top Shirts, 50 cts.

Remnants of Tweed less than Half Price.

PETHICK & McDONALD, 393 Richmond Street.

ONTARIO STAINED GLASS WORKS.

STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES. PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.

WORKS: 121 RICHMOND STREET, R. LEWIS.

SMITH BROS. Plumbers, Gas and Steam Fitters.

Have Removed to their New Premises 376 Richmond Street, Opposite Masonic Temple. Telephone 363

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, The leading Undertakers and Embalmers. Open night and day. Telephone—House, 573; Factory, 56.