

## Maxinkueke.

The green below and the blue above!—  
The waves caressing the shores they love,  
And faint as the water lilies are,  
In inlets haunted of willow wands,  
Lilies, flowers, and trailing hands,  
With spray to gem them and tan to glove,  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below!—  
Would that the world were always so,  
Always summer, and warmth and light,  
With mirth and melody day and night!  
Birds in the boughs of the beckoning trees,  
Chirp of larks, and whiffs of breeze—  
World old roses that bud and blow,  
The blue above and the green below!

The green below and the blue above!—  
Heigh! young hearts and the hope thereof!  
Kate in the hammock, and Tom sprawled on  
The sword—like a lover's picture, drawn  
By the lucky dog himself, with Kate  
To moon over his shoulder and meditate  
On a fat old purse or a lank young love—  
The green below and the blue above.

The blue above and the green below!—  
Shadow and sunshine to and fro—  
Season of dreams—what'er befall  
Here, heroine, hearts and all!  
Wave or wither, and the bird sings,  
And the leaf hid beneath his wings,  
Just as a thousand years ago—  
The blue above and the green below.

—Jas. Whitcomb Riley, Indianapolis Journal.

## INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

Seldom can the heart be lonely,  
If it seek a lonelier still;  
Self forgetting, seeking only  
Empire cups of love to fill.

—Haverford.

Prayer is the bridge over temptations  
And the death of sadness and  
token of future glory.

Hold fast upon God with one hand,  
And open wide the other to your neighbor;  
That is religion; that is the law  
And the prophets, and the true way  
to all better things that are yet to come.

There is no one who gives such wise  
and brave advice as a good wife. She  
is another, a calmer, and a better self.  
The heart of her husband doth safely  
trust in her, for he knows that when  
her criticism is most severe it is spoken  
in love and for his own good. Lord  
Beaconsfield described his wife as "the  
most severe of critics, but a perfect  
wife."

And who has not heard how great,  
strong men have an affinity for frail,  
tender little women; how tender little  
women are attracted by great, honest,  
strong men; and how your burly heroes  
and champions of war are constantly  
hecked!—Thackeray, *The Virginians*.

## Elocution with Musical Accompaniment.

The other night a lady desired her  
guests to hear a piece of music she had  
composed in order to turn one of John  
Boyle O'Reilly's poems into a ballad.  
The poem was "Jaqueminot," one of  
the sweetest of O'Reilly's compositions.  
As she could not sing well, and as her  
husband did not care to sing, either,  
he read the verses while his wife  
played upon the piano. The reading  
was measured out to suit the music,  
the words being broken up into separate  
syllables when it was necessary.  
The effect was beautiful. Again and  
again the guests begged to have the  
performance repeated. Thus by accident  
was discovered a charming new  
idea that would be very effective on a  
lecture platform.

## Inside of a Whale's Mouth.

The great Greenland whale has no  
teeth, its baleen plates, or whalebone,  
taking their place. Along the center  
of the plate runs a strong ridge, and  
on each side of this there is a wide  
depression, along which the plates are  
inserted. These are long and flat,  
hanging free and are placed  
transversely—that is, across the mouth, with  
their sides parallel and near each other.  
The base and outer edge of the plates  
are of solid whalebone, but the inner  
edges are fringed, filling up the interior  
of the mouth and acting as a  
strainer for the food, which consists of  
the small swimming mollusks and  
medusae, or jelly fishes. This whale  
rarely, if ever, swallows anything  
larger than a herring, shoals of these  
small creatures being entangled in the  
fibers of baleen, the water which does  
not escape from the mouth being expelled  
by the blow holes. Though the  
cavity of this whale's mouth is large  
enough to contain a ship's long boat,  
the gullet is not larger than a man's  
fist. The lower jaw has neither baleen  
nor teeth, but has large, fleshy lips,  
within which the upper is received  
when the mouth is closed.—*San Francisco Chronicle*.

## The Ties of Affection.

In one of the popular plays of the  
day, the central figure of the dramatic  
action is a stern father, with a high  
sense of duty and justice unilluminated  
by any trace of sympathy or  
mercy. It is his duty to love his children;  
and he loves them from the  
standpoint of duty, caring for them  
tenderly, but requiring that they shall  
submit themselves entirely to his iron  
will. When at last they rebel against  
the unreasonable exercise of his  
authority he casts them off as a matter  
of duty. But it happens that he, too,  
is thus treated by his superiors, and  
while his heart is bleeding both for the  
loss of his children and because of the  
pangs he suffers from the unsympathetic  
treatment he has himself received,  
a pathetic story is told to him  
of a dying child whose last wish was  
gratified by his father, who, returning  
to find the little sufferer dead, found  
also sweet consolation in the smiling  
expression of the young face, and in  
the reflection that he had been instrumental  
in giving the child the last  
happiness the little one had known  
upon earth. According to the play,  
this story, told at an opportune moment,  
breaks down the stern and obstinate  
spirit of the father who hears it, and  
induces him to temper justice with the  
mercy in other things to be considered  
in the relations of human beings than  
duty. Whatever may be thought of

the dramatic construction of this play  
or the probability of its story, it impresses upon the minds of the auditors  
a wholesome truth. It preaches a sermon  
in the most effective way, appealing  
alike to the eye, the ear and the  
imagination. But, measuring even by  
the strict lines of duty, a parent owes  
something more to his children than  
support, education and the gratification  
of their tastes. All these may be  
supplied by a guardian, from a trust  
fund, or even by the State as a  
matter of charity. It is the duty  
of the parent not only to care  
for his children in the manner indicated,  
but to love them; and he cannot  
really love them unless he sympathizes  
with them. The part in the play had  
devoted himself to public affairs, giving  
little thought to his family, save  
as he provided for them those things  
which the customs of the day required  
the parent to furnish. He was scrupulously  
exact in doing his duty by them  
in everything except that of sympathizing  
with them, and the result was  
antagonism, rebellion and suffering of  
heart until the light of love was  
allowed to enter their lives. That  
sympathy is the essential factor in the  
relations of parents to their children  
may be seen by taking examples from  
the extreme opposites in the social life.  
The wealthy parent sometimes permits  
social or public duties or the cares of  
business to induce a neglect of his own  
family. He is indulgent, pays their  
bills without question, supports them  
liberally, provides for their education,  
and, in short, does everything  
that could be asked save giving  
personal expression to his sympathy  
and interest in their happiness. In the  
end they treat him as their banker,  
tolerate him as long as he honors his  
checks, but develop no real affection  
for him, and are ready to cast him off  
should misfortune come upon him.  
What a contrast is presented almost  
daily in the lowest police courts, when  
some poor, neglected, half-starved  
wretch resists the efforts of the charitable  
to remove the young sufferer from  
the care of drunken, worthless parents,  
who, in spite of their degradation, have  
yet at times manifested to the child  
that sympathy and love begets a return  
of affection! However mysterious  
love may be in some of its manifestations:  
of one thing we may be sure—it  
can never be bought; it must be  
earned by sympathy. The beaten wife  
who pleads for the release of her  
drunken husband, and who is ready to  
return to him to be again abused, does  
not do so merely from a sense of duty,  
but because sometimes, when the man  
is not transformed by drink into something  
other than himself, he has shown  
love for her by sympathetic attentions.  
He may be coarse, illiterate,  
brutal at times, yet if he loves she is  
ready to forgive him. To the observer  
the sight of such devotion is no less  
painful than is the ingratitude of which  
Lear complained, and which may nevertheless  
be the natural result of the  
neglect in the presence of physical  
indulgence of those sympathetic endearments  
that awaken and keep alive affection.  
No one can afford to set aside as  
valueless what some are disposed to treat  
as the sentimental weaknesses of  
humanity. They lie at the foundation  
of love and happiness. And the parent,  
rich or poor, who attempts to bind his  
children to him by authority, rather  
than by ties of affection, will find in the  
end that he has lost forever the sweetest  
solace of his declining years, when  
authority has passed away.

## Resolution of Condolence.

At an adjourned meeting of the  
Church wardens, held in the Catholic  
church, in the parish of St. Anne of  
Calumet Island, after Mass, the tenth  
day of May last, the parishioners being  
present, the following resolutions were  
unanimously adopted:

Whereas Almighty God having deemed it  
proper to remove from our midst our beloved  
pastor, the Reverend Louis Charles Arthur  
Ouellette—his sudden demise having caused  
a very sensitive and dolorous impression  
throughout the parish and vicinity; his  
departure being deplored by all his parishioners,  
who were so dearly attached to him  
for his docility and his kindness; by his many  
sincere friends, notable citizens of all denominations,  
who had learned to respect and  
venerate him during his life as our beloved  
pastor, who for forty years attended to our  
spiritual wants—

Resolved, That the church wardens of this  
parish, through respect and veneration to his  
memory, for their attachment for his qualities  
and zeal, feel deeply his loss as a pastor, a  
protector and a friend, and as a mark of their  
sincere affection will wear mourning at the  
assistance of the Mass. Be it further,

Resolved, That they, with profound respect,  
tender their sympathy and sincere  
condolence to the members of the family and  
that a copy of the present resolutions be transmitted  
to them and be published in the press.

CAMILLE TYPAIN,  
SIMON McNALLY.

Queer world! Queer people! Here are  
men and women by thousands suffering from  
all sorts of diseases, bearing all manner of  
pains, spending their all on physicians and  
"getting no better, but rather worse," when  
right at hand there is a remedy which says it  
can help them because it's helped thousands  
like them. "Another patent medicine advertisement,"  
you say. Yes—but not of the  
ordinary sort. The medicine is Dr. Pierce's  
Golden Medical Discovery, and it's different  
from the ordinary nostrums in this:

It does what it claims to do, or it costs you  
nothing!  
The way is this: You pay your druggist  
\$1.00 for a bottle. You read the directions,  
and you follow them. You get better, or you  
don't. If you do, you buy another bottle, and  
perhaps another. If you don't get better,  
you get your money back. And the queer  
thing is that so many people are willing to be  
sick when the remedy's so near at hand.

## The New Air Ship.

The new air ship travels 20 miles an hour,  
good time, but none too quick if one wanted  
Hagyard's Yellow Oil. This peerless, pain-  
soothing remedy is a prompt and pleasant  
cure for sore throat, croup, colds, rheumatism,  
pains in the chest, and back neuralgia.  
For external and internal use. Price 25c.

Low's Sulphur Soap is an elegant  
toilet article, and cleanses and purifies the  
skin most effectually.

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Our Men of the Future.  
Boys should not consider it manly to  
use profane language or intoxicating  
drink.

They ought not to hold up other  
people to ridicule, especially on the  
streets, and in other public places.  
They should not indulge their propensity  
of playing tricks on others.

They ought not to read dangerous  
books and papers.

They ought not to interrupt others  
in their conversation.

Neither ought they to deceive their  
teachers; for they thereby only injure  
themselves.

Boys ought not to smoke, for it injures  
their nervous system.

In a word, boys, like all other  
people, ought not to do anything  
wrong.

## The Lesson of a Dream.

A certain rich man, about to die,  
directed that all his possessions should  
be sold, and the proceeds invested in a  
large diamond which he could hide in  
the hollow of his hand, and thus carry  
his wealth to heaven. His treasurer  
took steps to fulfill the charge without  
delay. Meanwhile his master fell into  
a deep sleep, and dreamed he stood before  
the gates of Paradise. But when he  
sought to enter that blessed place he  
found that he had lost his treasure  
somewhere on the way, and fell to  
lamenting.

Said an angel who drew near:  
"Why do you lament?"

"I have lost my diamond," answered  
the man, describing it.  
"We should call that dream where  
we abide," returned the angel: "the  
memory of one kindly act on earth  
would avail you here. And have you  
none?"

"Alas, I know of none!"

"Not one?"

"I dried an orphan's tear one day,"  
said the man, hesitatingly.

"That tear is here," replied the  
angel, "hid up for you. Behold it!"

And as the astonished man gazed  
upon the tear, it shone so brightly and  
shed so gentle a light upon his soul  
that he wept with joy to think that he  
had lost his paltry diamond and found  
so great a treasure.

On awaking from sleep he recalled  
his faithful steward; and directed him  
to distribute all his possessions among  
the poor and needy. And soon afterward  
he died in great peace.—*Acc Maria*.

## Little Morning Glory.

Under the ground where it is dark,  
but not very cold, lies Little Morning  
Glory. It has two leaves and a stem  
so tiny that you could scarcely see  
them; and around it is the food for his  
future nourishment. All are in a little  
black house smaller than an apple-  
seed.

Little Morning Glory has slept a  
long time, and now begins to stretch  
like a little baby just waking in the  
morning. The leaves are not so tightly  
curled up and the supply of food is  
getting smaller.

The walls of the little house become  
thinner and thinner, and at length  
they crack and break apart. There is  
no longer need for the little house.  
One half of the shell falls away, and is  
crowded farther down into the ground,  
and at last is soaked by the wet earth  
and crushed by the stones that it is  
quite destroyed. The other half  
clings to the Morning Glory.

Our little friend knows nothing about  
light, but, with a feeling that, by  
pushing upward something better will  
be found, the two tiny leaves, like  
little hands, feel their way. A stone is  
there which it cannot push aside, but  
carefully and slowly the two little leaves  
groped their way around it.

The earth has been packed hard in  
another place, and the leaf-hands push,  
pry, and wedge patiently through,  
never stopping to rest, never listening  
for anything around.

Now the earth is soft and loose—  
and what is this? A warm breath,  
and then a cool one, passes over Little  
Morning Glory. All is new and  
strange. It feels uncertain what to  
do.

Homelick, it sends a root down into  
the dark ground it has just left, for  
something to feed upon. It will never  
entirely leave the old home.

Soon the two leaves unfold and  
spread apart, and the other half of the  
empty shell which has held on all the way  
up falls to the ground. The wind carries  
it far away. Night comes. Little  
Morning Glory sleeps, and dreams that  
it is back in the darkness and stillness.  
New strength is gained by that rest,  
and it begins to wonder what sort of  
a place it has come to.

It puts out another and more slender  
leaf, like a bird with folded wings, and  
looks out on the wonderful new world.

The grass covering the earth with  
lovely green bushes with pale brown  
and green leaves, and higher yet, the  
grand beautiful trees, are all delightful  
to look at. Around all plays the  
wind, making the short blades of grass  
quiver and the bushes murmur to  
themselves, while the trees bow and  
whisper to each other. Morning Glory  
loves the wind, which kisses it gently,  
because it is so small. It loves the  
birds, too, that fly here and there singing  
their glad songs.

Best and most wonderful of all is the  
blue sky with this glorious sun shining  
in its depths. Little Morning Glory is  
surely glad it has succeeded in pushing  
through the difficulties and darkness,  
to be rewarded by such beauties and  
joys.

While singing happily now and  
then because so glad to be one with it  
all, it grows slowly towards the sky it  
loves so well. The roots patiently  
search for food and drink in the dark-  
ness below, and send them up through

the green stem. Leaf after leaf appears;  
you cannot see them grow, but  
day after day the slender stem bearing  
its leaves climbs into the air, twining  
around whatever support it finds.  
Watch, and you will see more than  
leaves before the journey is over.

Dark days and rain and fierce winds  
come sometimes; but they do not stay  
long, and Morning Glory is always  
stronger after these trials, the sun-  
shine seems brighter and the bird  
songs sweeter.

Our life is much like Little Morning  
Glory's. There is something  
within us that will not let us stay in  
darkness. And when we have found  
the light, we must not despise the dull  
duties or the hard trials, for souls need  
the lessons they can give, just as Morning  
Glory needed the nourishment the  
roots found in the ground even after it  
had reached the sunshine.

We must grow and climb if we would  
reach the sky.

## A Good Priest Honored.

Lindsay Post, May 15.

After Mass at Upergrove on Sunday  
the congregation of St. Columbkille's  
church presented Rev. P. McMahon,  
parish priest of Brechin, with a beautifully  
engraved and illuminated address  
in recognition of the reverend gentleman's  
kind attention to the parish since  
the demise of the late Rev. W. J. McGinley.  
The following is the address:  
To the Rev. P. McMahon, Parish Priest of  
Brechin.

REVEREND SIR—Whilst we, the parishioners  
of St. Columbkille's Church, are deeply  
indebted to His Grace the Venerable Archbishop  
of Toronto for appointing to our  
parish a priest who will enable us  
to participate in the inestimable happiness  
of assisting at the holy sacrifice of the Mass  
every Sunday instead of semi-monthly, as  
during the past months we have been  
deprived of the ministrations of the  
holy scriptures and the sacraments, we  
must keenly feel the severance of the  
many happy ties that have bound you to us  
during the happy time we were under your  
pastorate. We felt keenly that in you we  
had the true "Sugarcane Aroon." During  
the short but happy months that you were  
our pastor we learned to love and reverence  
you. Your kind, pleasant, cheerful dis-  
position endeared you to us, while your able,  
eloquent and scholarly sermons will ever  
remain green in our memories. Your able,  
forceful and impressive expositions of the  
holy scriptures mark you as one who, with  
God's help, will always hold a high place in  
the councils of Mother Church. Your native  
soil—the Emerald Isle—has given to foreign  
countries many of her bravest and truest  
sons, and in you we recognize one of her  
noblest and best.

In conclusion we trust and pray that  
Almighty God will continue to direct  
and bless your priestly efforts for the  
sanctification of the souls committed to your  
care and that your days may be long and  
happy in the beautiful Kingdom of Heaven.  
Signed on behalf of the parish:  
John Harahy, Thomas McDermott, John  
Fox, Jr., James Mulligan, Thomas Mulvihill,  
Edward Langan, George McGee, Martin  
Healy, James Mahoney, Timothy O'Leary,  
James Heslin, Patrick Clarke, John Ryan,  
Cornelius Doyle, A. P. McDonald, James  
Mahony, Thomas Harman, Martin McDonald,  
P. J. Gillespie.

Upergrove, Sunday, May 3, 1891.

The Reverend Father was taken by  
surprise and when the presentation  
was over gave an able and impromptu  
reply in effect as follows:

I thank most heartily the gentlemen of St.  
Columbkille's parish for the feeling address  
with which they have presented me. You at  
least, could require no more from me than  
before I suspected anything of it. I did not  
expect the friendly display—a display which  
marks your unbroken, convincing sympathy  
between priest and people. The words of the  
address are full of meaning and promise  
of glory to God, and your honesty of purpose  
to cultivate kindly regards—sentiment between  
those who follow him, bid me say that those  
qualities prompted you to pay this memorable  
tribute of respect to an unworthy individual  
whose heart feels the weight but whose words  
fall short in corresponding sentiment. Four  
months ago I was called upon to deliver the  
pastoral care of your souls until a resident priest  
could be appointed. The time came and the  
priest is given you in the person of the  
scholarly and saintly Father Hogan, who will  
devote his brilliant talents and apostolic zeal  
to your benefit. Your encomiums on my zeal  
and attention to you are consoling, but over-  
rated, as I have feared for you in accordance with  
strict duty, and in doing so I felt I was amply  
repaid by the fervor of your Catholic lives.  
Your regular attendance at Mass; your frequent  
participation in the sacraments, and your  
willingness at all times to co-operate with  
me in everything that concerned the welfare  
of the parish are things that I cannot soon lose  
memory of. In fact I feel often need them as  
strengthening blessing in the discharge  
of my sacerdotal duties. In your beautifully  
worded address you made allusion to the dis-  
contents which it was my privilege to deliver  
to you. To me they are a consolation only  
in this way, that I know that he who planted  
was nothing, but still I am able to think of  
them gratefully as I feel that I have been  
standing, to give the increase. Accept once  
more my sincere gratitude for this demonstration,  
which I regard as one of the significant  
events of my life. The words you have said  
are cheap, but when they are made the exponents  
of deep-rooted feeling no honest-minded person  
can despise them. The coin of the world  
is cheap and as often counterfeit, but the words  
of the heart are true, and the words of the  
address are the coin of your heart, which is  
ever sterling. It is not necessary to say fare-  
well, as being in the same township, we ex-  
pect to meet frequently and exchange friendly  
intercourse. It is decreed by Providence  
that our separation be for life we have a con-  
solation that we can pray for one another—  
though apart in body we are united in spirit—  
do ye this for me as I promise to do for you.  
May God bless you.

## The Spring Medicine.

The popularity which Hood's Sarsaparilla  
has gained as a spring medicine is wonderful.  
It possesses just those elements of health-  
giving, blood-purifying and appetite-restoring  
which everybody seems to need at this  
season. Do not continue in a dull, tired,  
unsatisfactory condition when you may be  
so much benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla.  
It purifies the blood and makes the weak  
strong.

If you feel languid and bilious, try North-  
rop's and Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and  
you will find it the best preparation for  
such complaints. Mr. S. B. Magnum,  
Hedeh, used Northrop's and Lyman's Vegetable  
Discovery, and cured a severe bilious skin  
disease which troubled him for a long  
time.

## Winter Sports.

The gray winter season exposes many to  
attacks of colds, coughs, hoarseness, tight-  
ness of the chest, asthma, bronchitis, etc.,  
which require a reliable remedy like Hag-  
yard's Pectoral Balsam for their relief and  
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