

dropped her eyes dreamily. "I do not say any prayer but 'amen.' Nothing else comes. I kneel down, thinking to repeat, perhaps, the rosary, and I am only silent a while, and then I say amen. It is as well, I suppose."

Honora kissed the child's thin cheek tenderly. "Good-by, dear," she whispered softly. "Say one amen for me to-night."

She went out into the still and sparkling night, and was driven rapidly homeward. On her way, she passed the prison, and, looking up, saw over the high wall a light shining redly through the long row of grated windows. It was a painful sight, but no longer unendurable. "No prayer but amen," she repeated. "What does it matter by what road we go, so long as we reach heaven at last; whether it be in peaceful ways, or through sin and suffering?"

Another carriage drew up at the gate as she reached home, and Mrs. Gerald descended from it, having just returned from Mrs. Ferrier's.

"Upon my word, young woman! Annette's voice called out from a pile of furs in the carriage. 'We have been saying our good nights in whispers, and hushing the very sleigh-bells, so as not to disturb your slumbers; and here you are out driving.'

Her bright and cheerful voice broke strangely into Honora's mood. Was there, then, anything in the world to laugh about, anything that could possibly excite a jest?

"Good-night, Mother Gerald!" the young woman added. "Don't stand there taking cold. And if you do not see Honora in the house to-night, make up your mind that I have carried her off with me, as I shall try to. Come here, my dear, and give an account of yourself. Where have you been?"

As Honora reached the carriage door, young Mrs. Gerald leaned out and caught both her hands. "Come with me to find Lawrence," she whispered hurriedly. "He has not been home yet, but he will go for you."

Though recoiling from the errand, Miss Pembroke would not refuse it. She stepped into the carriage, and suffered herself to be driven away. It was the first time such a service had ever been demanded of her. "Where is he? Do you know?" she asked.

"Oh! yes. He is only playing billiards," the young wife answered, and a sharp sigh seemed to cut the sentences apart. "It is the first time for a long while, and I want to break it up in the beginning. John went down and told him that his mother was dining with us, but Lawrence paid no attention."

She leaned back a little while without saying a word as they sped over the smooth snow. "It seems a shame to drag you into such an affair, Honora," she said presently; "and I had not thought of it till I saw you, and then it came like a flash that you could help me. What I want of you is to write on a card that you and I are waiting for him. John will carry it in to him, and he will recognize your writing."

The horses were drawn up before a large marble hotel, lighted from basement to attic. The shops underneath were all closed; but from three broad lower windows a bright light shone around the heavy lowered curtains, and in the stillness they could hear the faint click of billiard balls. There was no sound of voices from inside, and it was impossible to know if the players were few or many.

Honora wrote hastily, by the moonlight, as she was bid, "Annette and I are waiting for you," and John took the card.

"Why doesn't he go to this door?" she asked, seeing the man disappear around the corner of the house.

"You child!" said her friend compassionately; "are you so innocent as to suppose that any one can walk into one of those places when he pleases? These charming *reunions* are held with locked doors, and one has to have the password to go in."

Honora was silent with indignation. To her mind, Lawrence could not do his wife a greater injury than in allowing her to become acquainted with such places, and she was half disposed to be vexed with Annette for not leaving him to himself, and refusing to be drawn into any objectionable scenes and associations.

TO BE CONTINUED

It is not what its proprietors say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures.

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Not only safety from mineral poison (of which B. B. B. does not contain the slightest trace), but prompt and certain action in the case of disease which is invariably relieved from the use of this unrivaled natural specific for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Bad Blood, Headache, Biliousness and all diseases of the stomach, liver, bowels and blood.

Free and easy expectation immediately relieves and cures the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that produces this is the best medicine to use for coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Hickey's Anti-Consumptive Syrup is a specific for, and wherever used it has given unbounded satisfaction. Children like it because it is pleasant, adults like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

Rheumatism Cured.

GRISTLEMAN. "I suffered four or five years from rheumatism and a severe hacking cough, and could get nothing to do me any good. A friend told me to get Hagar's Pectoral Balsam, and I did so with good results. Two bottles cured me, and I hardly know what a cold is now."

Mr. Thos. Bell, of Messrs. Scott, Bell & Co., proprietors of the Wingham Furniture Factory, writes: "For over one year I was not free one day from headache. I tried every medicine I thought would give me relief, but did not derive any benefit. I then procured a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and began taking it according to directions, when I soon found the headache leaving me, and I am now completely cured."

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

DESERTERS OF A DAY.

Men Who Repress the Heart's Yearnings From Worldly Motives.

The first cause of incredulity is voluntary ignorance. Faith can no more than science be acquired without a certain application of mind.

When the mind is not applied it is inert, it ceases to be a power; it is, as regards the object before it, as if it were not.

What are mathematics, to an intelligence which has never reflected on the laws of number, of quantity, and of motion?

What is philosophy to a man who has never asked himself what is being, what is an idea, what is the absolute, the relative, cause, or effect?

And for the same reason, what is faith to a soul which has never seriously thought upon the necessary relations of the creature with God?

Let me ask you, at what age and after what studies did you decide that religion is an error? Was it at forty? No, you decided it in the flower of your age, at the moment when, casting off the apparel of childhood, reason and passion celebrated together their joyous advent to the agitated surface of your being.

Incapable of any act worthy of a man, you passed judgment sovereignly upon God and man; you doubted, denied, apostatized, despised your fathers, accused your masters, summoned before your tribunal the virtues and sorrows of ages—in fine, you transformed your soul into a desert of pride.

Then, this ruin completed, you chose for your end one of the ambitions of man, and every effort of your faculties was directed towards the idolatry of the future.

You learned no more than to be one day the effective hero of your dreams; you sacrificed your days and your nights to this egotistical image, reserving of them but a secret and unknown part to the other egotism of man, voluptuousness. And never, during this sad and checkered dream, did religion appear to you but as a futile souvenir of your early years, a weakness or a hypocrisy of humanity. You did not desire to give to it one hour of study, or one desire; and if sometimes, attracted by a celebrated name, you opened a book or crossed the threshold of a church, you did so with haughtiness of a mind which had judged, and had no idea of reversing its decree.

When man has seen man during long years, when he has known his feebleness and his misery by experiences which no longer permit him to doubt, and already the grand figure of death places nearer to him the final prophecy, then naturally his gaze becomes more profound. He discerns more clearly the trace of the divine, because he knows better what men cannot do, and, moreover, the wearisomeness of present things evokes in him a relish for things unseen.

Therefore, it is that a writer, whose name escapes me, has excellently said: "At twenty we believe religion to be false; at forty, we begin to suspect that it may be true; at fifty, we desire that it may be true; at sixty, we no longer doubt its truth."

Light and life progress with equal pace, and death, in disabusing us of all, completes the progressive revelation which commenced in our regard on the lips of our mother. The child and the woman are the vanguard of God; the man of mature years is His apostle and martyr; you, young men, you are but the deserters of a day.

I know well that voluntary ignorance does not by itself explain the sad phenomenon of incredulity, and that there are men versed in the things of religion who attain not the happiness of faith. The examples of this are rare, but I have seen them. They are the victims of a passion the most obstinate of all, namely, the pride of science.

THE PRIDE OF SCIENCE

is the infatuation of a spirit inebriated with itself, which admires itself in what it knows, as did Narcissus in his lake, and which, regarding any limit as an insult to its capacity, proposes to treat with God as an equal with an equal. It studies not through love of truth, but in order to oppose it; it delights in creating clouds, in discovering a grain of sand which may serve as a blasphemy, and which it may cast at heaven. If it look up to the stars, it is in order to get from them the secret of the world's eternity; if it descends into the bosom of the earth, it is to seek arms against some great biblical fact; if it interrogate the necropolis of Egypt or the ruins of Babylon, it is only to hear there a voice which denies some most authentic tradition. Its science is but a bitter strife between itself and God.

Who could remain true while possessed by such a passion? Who would accept it as judge? Faith is an act of confidence; it supposes the sincerity of an upright and loving heart. But those of whom I speak would not believe even mathematical demonstrations if their aim and conclusions were truths of religion. Like Jean Jacques, they would prefer declaring themselves convinced. And in truth this is not an imaginary picture.

Interrogate the recollections of your conscience. Have you never been filled with joy on discovering in history or in nature something which appeared to be marked with an anti-Christian sign? Have you never clasped your hands when somebody said to you, Here is an argument against Jesus Christ? "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and it shall find you; knock, and it shall be opened to you." Such is the first con-

dition on which you are to arrive at faith. In vain does the sun appear in the firmament, if his light be for us but a reason for refusing to gaze at him.

Finally, a third cause of incredulity is depravity of morals. I do not mean to say that every weakness of our poor flesh is an obstacle to faith, since faith is itself the principle of chastity, and Jesus Christ has uttered against the Pharisees these divine words: "The harlots shall go into the kingdom of God before you." There is a humble vice, a vice which knows itself, which despises itself, which strikes its breast. I will not say that it is dear to God; but God can forgive it as he forgave Magdalen.

There is, on the other hand, a vice poisoned with pride, a vice which exalts its head, which laughs and mocks; this God hates, and it is almost an invincible obstacle to faith, for it is the union of two perversities which naturally exclude one another, and of which the junction destroys in the soul the last resources of good. Pride alone is so insupportable to God that He prefers humble vice to proud virtue. We clothe ourselves in the pride of a conscience without reproach, and we appeal to our honor, our probity, our genius, and, instead of saying to God, with St. Peter, "Depart from me, for I am a sinful man, O Lord," we complain of the little light which God has imparted to His works, and we impute to Him our misfortune in not knowing Him and serving Him. Do you think that miracles are due to such complaints, and that God is in fault in replying only by unrelenting silence?

He hears the faintest sigh of sincerity, and He speeds every tear which commences to flow for Him. But the pride of ignorance, the pride of science, the pride of vice, He despises all three; He bears with them until that day when the angels will sing for the second time, in presence of the whole assembled universe, the hymn of God made man: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will!"—*Lacordaire.*

A LUTHERAN VISITS POPE LEO.

In a recent issue of the Boston *Globe* there was published a long and exceedingly interesting account of a visit paid by a Lutheran minister to Pope Leo XIII. He had come from the south of Africa, bearing credentials from the late Cardinal Lavigerie, and his visit to the Holy Father looked towards a settlement of the difficulties between Catholic missionaries and the English in Uganda and other parts of Africa.

This is how he describes the impression made upon him by the sight of the venerable Pontiff:

"At this moment I was fairly overcome by an ineffable sense of the extraordinary; and if His Holiness had not attempted to raise me I think I would have remained for minutes in this speechless attitude. Though the whole room from ceiling to floor was steeped in cardinal red, as benefits the prince of Cardinals, I saw nothing but the white figure of the Pontiff before me, who seemed to fill the entire sphere within range of my mental eye.

"If it be possible for man to attain a heavenly aspect as an expression of supreme goodness of mind and heart, this venerable patriarch is indeed an example of the chosen few, embodying all the saintly attributes which a Raphael and Titian invested in their paintings descriptive of living religious sentiment. This great man, so small of stature, so suggestive of power, and yet so mild, impressed me at the first moment like the waxen effigies exhibited in some churches of Italy at rare intervals, when all the world flocks to do them honor."

This language is in striking and edifying contrast to that used by Luther himself some three centuries ago in describing another Pope Leo. Curious, isn't it? that the disciple should make tardy reparation in this wise for the abuse heaped by his master on the then Vicar of Christ!

And that there might be nothing wanting to this unconscious act of reparation, our Lutheran friend bowed with un-Lutherlike submission to the decision of the Pope, although it was just the opposite of what he had hoped for. We shall let him tell in his own words how it happened:

"The moment I got through the aged primae pronounced judgment with a precision and stability of purpose that absolutely forestalled further arguments.

"His decision was exactly contrary to my expectations, but the feeling of disappointment never entered my mind, seeing that the weight of the authoritative power expressed was so overwhelming as to render all objections useless. This, at least, was the initial impression received. I, the Lutheran, unconsciously submitted to the dogma of infallibility the first time the Pope expressed an opinion to me."

—*Antigonish Casinet.*

Pale and sallow girls and prematurely aged women should use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills; they come as a boon for all those ills which afflict the system. Build up the blood, restore shattered nerves and convert slow complexions into rosy cheeks. It holds up by mail, post paid, at 50c. per box, or six boxes for \$2.50.

Make no Mistake.

Make no mistake when buying a remedy for dyspepsia, headache, constipation or bad blood; be sure to get the kind that cures, Burdock Blood Bitters. "It is an excellent remedy for headache,"—*Dr. Hackett Robinson, Cuba, Havana Prescription.*

Mr. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N. Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy."—*Localities two Buffalo Physicians, without relief; but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly.*

No other Sarsaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has Hood's Sarsaparilla.

HERE HOLINESS DWELLS.

A Beautiful Pen Picture of a Convent's Interior.

Some time ago I stood in a small room in the mother house of one of our nursing orders beside the body of a nun prepared for burial. The fading daylight struggled feebly through the high window above her and mingled with the steady rays of the blessed candles, and from time to time the sound of a Miserere the novices were practicing for her funeral Mass came faintly through the closed doors, accentuating the stillness of the room.

She was not a young woman; she could never have been a handsome woman, even in youth; but the expression on her placid face was incomparably beautiful. It was not merely the dignity of perfect peace and repose that ennobled the still features, but the ineffable look of victory stamped there. The thin, toil-hardened hands' crossed on the coarse habit held her heart the solitary trophies of her long struggle, a worn crucifix and a copy of her vows, the mute witnesses of her fidelity and devotion to her chosen life-work, the secret of her triumph over its difficulties, and the explanation of the victorious smile left on the pale lips as a token of matchless content by the departing spirit speeding to its reward.

A CHANGED SCENE.

A few weeks later, in the same convent, the chapel was brilliantly lighted for Benediction. It was the holiday season. A crowd of visitors knelt about the beautiful crib where lay the "little Lord, exceeding amiable," watched by His tender Mother and St. Joseph. The good sister sacristan led a little group of wide-eyed, innocent children at the crib, after delighting them and herself, with the loving simplicity of German piety, by demonstrating that the woolly lambs placed around the Holy Child had voices concealed, and might be urged to bleat forth a note of praise, and was seen moving through the sanctuary, lighted taper in hand.

A breath of incense floated in from the sacristy, the organ began a soft prelude, and through a door leading into the interior of the convent came a long line of white-capped postulants, two by two. They settled silently in their places on the oaken benches, like a flock of doves, and the sweet gravity of prayer deepened on the fresh young faces. In the hush that followed their entrance the door reopened and a second group of indescribable pathos and beauty appeared on the threshold. It was a new postulant, accompanied by an elderly lady and a beautiful young girl, evidently her mother and sister, from the likeness between them. All three had been weeping, but a gleam of fixed resolution shone through the postulant's tears. She led them to the part reserved for guests, and without a word or look sought her own place among the Sisters.

THE AGONY OF SACRIFICE.

Those left behind wept unrestrainedly, but the daughter nestled closer to the mother for sympathy, and the mother found comfort in the child by her side. The postulant knelt alone and upright, her hands clasped and laid on the prayer desk before her; her eyes fixed on the tabernacle, making no voluntary sign of grief, but shaken from head to foot by a convulsive tremor that betrayed the agony of the sacrifice.

Benediction passed and the choir of novices broke forth joyously in the "Adeste Fideles," as the procession of postulants left the chapel. The sweet, searching strains echoed down the long corridors, "Venite, venite in Bethleem," and the slender, black-robed figure of the young postulant moved steadily away among the rest, without a backward look or sign; her feet set henceforth in the way that leads from Bethleem to Calvary. The careful Sister-sacristan slowly extinguished the lights on the altar and around the crib, and the crimson rays of the sanctuary lamp grew stronger in the soft gloom.

THE FIRST CHAPTER ENDED.

One by one the visitors left the chapel through a side door that led to the street, the poor mother last, leaving behind her in the arm of her daughter, and the first chapter in the little nun's life was ended. There were wounds to bind, broken bodies and fainting souls to heal, long vigils to keep, weariness and humiliation to bear, and the whole gamut of human passions to be silenced before death could write *finis* to the last chapter in the triumphant smile of victory that would one day transfigure the pale face.

Such are the noble souls that come, urged by the divine impulse of charity, to care for our destitute and suffering. It should be not merely our duty, but our sacred privilege to aid them by all the encouragement that generous financial support and intelligent interest in their work affords. Particularly at this season, when the homely shining of the low-lit hearth grows a sacred thing, and the happy chiming of children's voices accords with the Christmas bells; when the mirth of angels and men agrees for a time, and home and heaven are synonymous terms, compassion for the homeless and wretched should be boundless, and the resources of those who offer shelter for the sake of the shelterless Babe of Bethleem should not be stinted.

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STRENGTH GIVING and healing power.

Milburn's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion excels all others.

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

The recipient of an extraordinary favor from God, through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary, makes known the following facts, in testimony of her gratitude, for the exaltation of Blessed Margaret Mary, and for the spread of the devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

For about two years she suffered from what doctors pronounced chronic Bright's disease, after an attack of grippe. Cold followed cold in rapid succession, bringing a distressing cough with spitting of blood, difficult breathing, at times so oppressive as to threaten smothering. Whenever she went to church, she was almost sure to take sick. Sudden fevers, faintness, and momentary loss of sight were of frequent occurrence. To these ailments was added a swelling of the body, which caused much pain.

She went to Atlantic City, but returned unbenefited. A skillful doctor advised milk diet at once, and, after four weeks, this treatment had the effect of reducing the swelling; but the lack of solid food made her very weak. With nourishing diet the swelling reappeared, accompanied by intense pain in the back, head and limbs.

Consulting another doctor later on, she was advised by him to go to the University Hospital, to take to bed and limit herself to milk diet. He gave her little hope of a cure, one chance in a thousand to get better even for a while. Reflecting on his advice, she determined to consult her regular physician, and resolved to go to St. Agnes' Hospital and there follow the prescribed treatment for four weeks more. She became so weak that the Sisters thought she would die. One day her respiration rose to 104 a minute. Solid food was given once more, followed by improvement in strength, but the swelling soon returned. Finding no permanent benefit in the hospital, she returned home.

At home she kept growing worse. Her doctor gave up her case, saying he could do her no good. Still he advised her to consult a specialist, who, on examination, pronounced her case chronic Bright's disease. She was told to return to the hospital, and not stay shorter than six months or a year, though even then she was not promised a cure, as the swelling might go to the heart and carry her off any moment.

She ceased to hope save in God alone. Whilst perfectly resigned to die, she was urged by a friend to seek a cure through the intercession of Blessed Margaret Mary. She obtained a relic and began a Novena on Sunday, Oct. 2. During the Novena she coughed incessantly, spat blood, was not allowed to sleep apart for fear of smothering, had violent headaches, swelling of the body and other serious ills. On Monday, Oct. 10, she went to Holy Communion and was freed from every trace of her malady. Bright's disease, drowsy, everything disappeared at once, and without a taste of medicine since the Novena began. Next day she resumed her household duties, and began by white-washing a room. To God and His Blessed Servant Margaret Mary be the honor and the thanks for so great a favor.—*Messenger of the Sacred Heart.*

If anger proceeds from a great cause it turns to fury; if from a small cause, it is peevishness; and so is always either terrible or ridiculous.—*Jeremy Taylor.*

"Clear Havana Cigars"

"La Cadena" and "La Flora" Insist upon having these brands.

Now is the Time.

In this season of coughs, colds, asthma, bronchitis and other throat and lung complaints, it is well to be provided with a bottle of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup, which effectually cures all such diseases, and that very promptly and pleasantly. Price 25 and 50c. Sold by all druggists.

Biliousness Cured.

GENTLEMEN,—I have used Burdock Blood Bitters for biliousness and find it the best remedy for this complaint. I used several other remedies but they all failed to do me any good. However, it required only two bottles of B. B. B. to cure me completely, and I can recommend it to all.

Yours truly,

WM. ROBINSON, Wallaceburg.

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP positively cures Coughs, Colds, Asthma, Hoarseness and Bronchitis.

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A NATURAL REMEDY FOR

Epileptic Fits, Falling Sickness, Hysterics, St. Vitus Dance, Nervousness, Hypochondria, Melancholia, Insobriety, Sleeplessness, Dizziness, Brain and Spinal Weakness.

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Willie Tillbrook, Son of Mayor Tillbrook

Mayor Tillbrook of McKeesport, Pa., had a serious illness under one ear which the physician labeled and used it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

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the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

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