

## When all the Day is Done.

When all the day is done, then it is sweet  
To turn thy longing steps upon the way  
That winged by labor to love's endless day  
There for thy coming, quickening pulse and  
lay  
Of heart sung welcome ringing true away,  
Fill all thy home with ministry replete.

When all the day is done, then it is sweet  
That loyal love hath drawn thee from the race  
And direct trial of thy strength for place.  
For then, the world shut out, thy heart can  
trace  
Its kingdom whole within one blessed face—  
Thy wife, thy queen, thy other heart complete!  
—Edgar L. Wakeman.

## A STORY OF HEROISM.

How an Energetic French Priest Lifted  
a War-Swept Village From Its  
Ruins.

A few weeks ago at Batilly, at  
Marla Tour and at Souga, monuments  
were erected to the memory of our  
soldiers who fell for independence and  
honor, says a French exchange. Now  
it is Loigny which in its turn awakes  
the sad echoes of the past by calling all  
faithful hearts to a truly national  
solemnity, the consecration of its  
church at last reconstructed, with its  
belfry once more raised up into the air,  
and those bells which, after a silence  
of twenty-three years, recovering the  
tones that were hushed by the cannon,  
will now send forth through the im-  
mense plain of La Beauce their ap-  
peals to memory, to prayer and to hope.

Our readers know of the Church of  
Loigny. They have heard of the pro-  
digious efforts of charity, of persever-  
ance and of ingenuity which were  
made by the worthy Abbe Theure, the  
curé of the parish, to lift it from its  
ruins. Almost all the houses of the  
village had been destroyed by shells.  
The ancient church, perforated by  
projectiles, crumbled down amid the  
flames. Not a greenery remained  
standing; not a single portion of a  
wall remained intact. The cemetery  
itself, the bloody theatre of a desper-  
ate combat that lasted until night, was  
completely wrecked and its monuments  
tossed in confusion. All was to be re-  
constructed. Everywhere life was to  
be brought out of the debris. It was to  
this arduous task that the humble  
priest, who during the war has proved  
himself a hero, admired and respected  
even by the Germans themselves, de-  
voted himself with incomparable zeal.  
He conceived the idea of exhuming  
the bones that lay buried on the battle-  
field, and of gathering them under a  
splendid monument. He started a  
subscription, and as soon as he had  
collected 100,000 francs he began the  
work. About 4,000 Frenchmen, and at  
least as many Germans, lay dead upon  
the field on that cold day of December  
2, 1870. But the enemy, to conceal  
his losses consumed with petroleum  
during the night the bodies of his  
dead. "I saw," writes Abbe Theure,  
"the bodies of the Prussians blocking  
up the streets to such an extent that,  
in order to make room for the passage  
of their cavalry, the enemy were  
obliged to pile up their dead by the  
side of the houses and along the fences.  
I believe I do not exaggerate when I  
say that the number of dead Ger-  
mans in the village alone was between  
1000 and 1200, figures, which proved  
sufficiently that the chasseur and the  
bayonet had done their work. During  
the night the petroleum also performed  
its part, for in the morning all that  
remained was about twenty dead  
Prussians, left there purposely beyond  
a doubt to create the belief that that  
was the extent of their loss. They  
were buried with our soldiers, and  
their remains are now in the ossuary  
with 1200 Frenchmen, all mingled in  
the Christian equality of death."

The good curé continued his work  
until the village and new church were  
restored completely. Indeed, it may  
be said that this church is in reality a  
vast mausoleum, an enormous ossuary,  
the most monumental and beautiful of  
all Europe, even in the judgment of  
the Germans themselves.

On entering the village of Loigny  
you read upon the house of the main  
street the following inscription:

"Frenchmen stop! Think of your  
brothers who fell here resisting the  
Prussian invasion on Dec. 2, 1870."

And in front stands the old inn of  
St. Jacques, where the Thirty-seventh  
Infantry held out stubbornly until the  
night. It was here and in the neigh-  
boring cemetery that the battle raged  
in all its fury. Old M. de Fouchier,  
who commanded that regiment, has at  
last, after twenty-three years, broken  
his silence, and is now publishing a  
pamphlet entitled "One Hundred and  
Fifty Days with the Army of the  
Loire: Recollections of the Thirty-  
Seventh Regiment of Infantry, 1870-  
1871." The writer modestly holds  
himself in the shade, but it was im-  
possible for him to omit his famous an-  
swer to the Prussian general. The  
latter, moved by admiration and pity  
at the sight of our last remaining  
soldiers struggling like lions against  
terrible odds, and constantly diminish-  
ing in number under the hail of bullets,  
could not help crying out, "Resistance  
is useless! Cease the firing!"

"Sir," replied the commander, with  
calm pride, "it is not my business to  
stop the fire of my soldiers; it is  
yours."

And the struggle continued furiously  
and without mercy until the greater  
number of the French officers were killed  
and wounded, and the commander  
himself, struck by a ball, fell amid  
debris of his command.

The ceremonies were splendid. The  
old bells rang out in triumph, and the  
Pope sent his Benediction to Loigny,  
to the ossuary and to all present at the  
consecration.

No other sarsaparilla has equaled Hood's  
in the relief it gives in severest cases of  
dyspepsia, sick headache, biliousness, etc.

NO COLD OR COUGH too severe to yield to  
the curative power of Dr. Wood's Norway  
Fine Syrup.

## WHEN EX-NUNS FALL OUT.

"When rogues fall out honest men  
come by their own." Miss Cusack has  
been writing about Miss Golding. Out  
of evil cometh good; and whatever be  
the mischief perpetrated by Miss Ellen  
Golding, the "Rescued Nun," it is be-  
yond question that her peripatetic and  
vagaries have not been an un-  
mixed evil. We are reluctant to  
trouble our readers' attention so much  
with this woman or her affairs, but one  
interesting episode has occurred in the  
controversy regarding her which we  
think worth while noticing. In our  
last week's issue we adverted to a  
controversy in a Bournemouth paper  
relative to Miss Golding. Miss Mary  
Frances Cusack, who is also one of the  
"ex-nun" type, has joined in the fray;  
but the curious and noteworthy thing is  
that Miss Cusack does not come as a  
supporter of Miss Golding, but rather  
as an opponent, and that in a letter  
written with all the "ex-nun's" ac-  
customed pith she makes some bad holes  
in the case of her rival in trade.

It is a matter of history that  
Miss Golding, for the first few  
months after her ridiculous "rescue,"  
made no allegation whatever as to the  
immorality in convents, which she  
came afterwards to specify in such  
profuse detail. Upon this point Miss  
Cusack throws a very remarkable light.  
She, too, was very hesitant to follow  
in the footsteps of Edith O'Gorman and  
other narrators of filthy stories, and,  
as a result, she dropped out of the  
running, her doctrinal discourses  
being not then in demand. The moral  
appears to be that if an ex-nun wants  
to make money there is one way of  
doing it, that is to lie boldly, freely,  
and filthily with regard to convent  
life. We quote a few paragraphs from  
this remarkable letter of Miss  
Cusack, which are doubly significant,  
and which expose with terrible clear-  
ness the methods of the "ex-nun" im-  
pressario.

"As I am obliged to speak, I must  
say, after many years' experience of  
convent life, and a far wider experi-  
ence than any escaped or rescued nun  
ever had, I never saw anything even  
approaching the horrible accusations  
which have been made by Miss Gold-  
ing. In making this statement, I am  
well aware that I am doing an exceed-  
ingly rash action; but, as a Christian  
woman, truth is infinitely dearer to me  
than popularity or wealth. I shall  
have no thanks for it from the Roman  
Church. If that Church had power, I  
know that my speaking apparently in  
its favor on this occasion would not  
obtain for me the slightest mitigation  
of the cruel punishment which would  
be inflicted on me for leaving it."

Proceeding, Miss Cusack goes on to  
state that she cannot endorse Miss  
Golding's statements and that her own  
experience leads her to doubt them,  
that she cannot comprehend why Miss  
Golding should remain in a convent  
where immorality was committed (how  
does this fit with the "rescue"?), and  
finally she cannot understand why all  
the murders spoken of by Miss Golding  
should be committed at all. This is no  
doubt very interesting, and Miss  
Cusack is to be commended for her can-  
dour and frankness on the matter.

The point in her communication is this,  
that all appears to indicate that there  
is no hope of an audience for the  
"ex-nun," and no hope  
of monetary remuneration unless  
she will descend to the utterance  
of statements which are offensive to  
ordinary modesty, and the relation of  
details that appeal only to those who  
delight in the narration of the impure  
and obscene. We think it is about  
time that the National Vigilance  
Society took some cognizance of the  
"ex-nun," and we submit that Miss  
Cusack's letter indicates a state of  
things which goes to show that there  
is at least a *prima facie* case for the  
intervention of guardians of National  
purity.—London Catholic News.

## It is the Fashion.

It is not unfrequently that one hears,  
even young Catholics say that they did  
not believe in modern miracles. You  
see it is the fashion to hold that noth-  
ing is certain except uncertainty. They  
advance and are ready to pro-  
pose a natural cause for every super-  
natural occurrence, and they are as  
logical as the negro preacher who tried  
to prove to his congregation that the  
escape of the Israelites through the  
Red Sea was no miracle. "Brethren,"  
he said, "it was in winter, and the  
Red Sea was frozen over, and the  
chosen people crossed over on the ice.  
But the ice wouldn't hold the  
Egyptian war-chariots, and so the  
whole caboodle of them fell in."  
This explanation would  
have been considered satisfactory  
had not a brother on a back seat arose  
and asked if he might make a query.  
The preacher agreed. "He was there  
to answer questions—to enlighten the  
ignorant." The brother said that he  
had been reading in a "geography"  
that there was not any snow or ice near  
the Red Sea. The preacher grinned  
from ear to ear "Poor, ignorant  
brother," he said, "don't you know  
there wasn't any geography in them  
days?" This settled the matter.

## Excels all Others.

DEAR SIRS.—Your Burdock Blood Bitters  
excels all other medicines that I ever used.  
I took it for biliousness and it has cured me  
altogether.

WM. WRIGHT, Wallaseburg, Ont.  
Sore Feet.—Mrs. E. J. Neill, New Amag,  
P. Q., writes: "For nearly six months I was  
troubled with burning aches and pain in my  
feet to such an extent that I could not sleep  
at night, and as my feet were badly swollen  
I could not wear my boots for weeks. At last  
I got a bottle of Dr. THOMAS' ELECTRIC  
OIL and resolved to try it and to my astonish-  
ment I got almost instant relief, and the one  
bottle accomplished a perfect cure."

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, &c.

## ANECDOTE OF GOUNOD.

An Act of Charity that Foretold the  
Greatness of Three Men.

In Paris, in 1841, on a cold, foggy  
Christmas eve, a street violinist, old  
and shabby, was making his way  
along a street. He stopped in front of  
a cafe and began to play. His strains  
were so melancholy that street urchins  
took to their heels and a dog began to  
howl. The player in despair sat down  
on a step, laid his violin across his  
knees and began to sob.

Three young men appeared, singing  
a merry song then popular among  
conservatory students, and, not perceiv-  
ing the violinist, ran full against him.  
One nearly knocked him over and  
another kicked his hat along the side-  
walk. As the old man arose with an  
air of mingled dignity and humility  
the young men begged his pardon and  
restored his hat to him. They asked  
if they could help him. He said simply:  
"Give me alms. I can no longer earn  
my living by playing, for my fingers  
have grown stiff. My daughter is  
dying of consumption and of hunger."

His hearers were deeply touched.  
They thrust their hands into their  
pockets and brought forth their whole  
contents, a total of 80 centimes and a  
piece of resin. It was very little.  
They looked at one another sadly.

"Friends," cried one, "something  
must be done. This man is our  
colleague, a brother musician. You,  
Adolphe, take the old violin and  
accompany Gustave, while I will take  
charge of the funds." The three men  
turned up their coat collars, drew their  
hair over their foreheads and pulled  
down their caps.

"Now, altogether," cried the leader  
"in honor of the Christ child in His  
manger. Begin with your prize piece,  
Adolphe, so as to draw a crowd." Beneath the practised touch of the  
young virtuoso the poor old man's  
violin resounded joyously and the  
"Carnival of Venice" rang out.  
Windows were thrown open, people  
crowded around the player and silver  
pieces were dropped in the old man's  
hat, placed conspicuously under a street  
lamp. After a minute's pause the  
violinist played a prelude. Charles,  
the leader whispered: "It is your  
turn now, Gustave," and the tenor  
sang "Viens, Gentile Dame," in a  
strong, clear voice.

The audience increased and the  
collection with it. Charmed at the  
success of his plan, Charles said:  
"We will finish with the trio from  
'William Tell.'" The trio began.  
The old musician, who had all this  
time stood motionless, suddenly drew  
himself up to his full height, seized his  
stick and began beating time with  
such mastery precision that the young  
singers gathered fresh inspiration and  
fairly electrified their hearers. Charles  
was kept busy picking up the coins.

The crowd dispersed slowly when the  
concert was over, and the old man, in  
a voice that trembled, exclaimed:  
"Tell me your names, that my  
daughter may remember you in her  
prayers."

"My name is Faith," said the first  
artist. "And mine is Hope," and the  
second. "Then I am Charity," added  
the third, bringing up the hat which  
was overflowing with money. The old  
man told them he was Chapin, once  
leader of the orchestra in Strasbourg,  
where "William Tell" was often  
given. He blessed the three young  
students and wound up his grateful  
speech with the words: "I predict  
that you will one day be famous."

"Amen," replied the three friends,  
and they continued their way gayly  
down the street.

The tenor's name was Gustave  
Rodger. The violinist was Adolphe  
Hermann. The collector was Charles  
Gounod.

## The Pope Joan Legend.

In spite of the learned historian by  
whom the story has been refuted, there  
is still a widespread popular belief that  
there existed in the middle ages a  
female pope. Pope Joan, as she is  
called, has even given her name to a  
game of cards, which is mentioned in  
Sheridan's "School for Scandal."

The tradition with regard to the  
female pope has been traced back to  
the eleventh century, but she is said  
to have lived much earlier, her ponti-  
ficate having taken place in the ninth  
century and having lasted for more  
than two years. The name she is  
alleged to have assumed is John VII.  
At the last meeting of the Academy of  
Inscriptions in Paris, M. Munz dealt  
another blow at a story which Gibbon,  
who cannot be suspected of Catholic  
predilections, considered had been "an-  
nihilated" by two Protestant critics,  
Blondel and Bayle.

M. Munz characterizes the legend  
as a vulgar fable invented in the  
middle ages. Never, he declares after  
a careful study of the question, has a  
woman worn the tiara, and moreover  
there was no interregnum at the  
period when the pretended John VII.  
governed the Church.—London News.

WHAT DO YOU take medicine for? Be-  
cause you want to get well, or keep well, of  
course. Remember Hood's Sarsaparilla  
cures.

Scraped with a Rasp.  
SIRS.—I had such a severe cough that my  
throat felt as if scraped with a rasp. On  
taking Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup I  
found the first dose gave relief, and the  
second bottle completely cured me.

Miss A. A. DOWNEY, Manotie, Ont.  
Colic and Kidney Difficulty.—Mr. J.  
W. Wilder, J. P., Latargville, N. Y.,  
writes: "I am subject to severe attacks of  
Colic and Kidney Difficulty, and find Par-  
son's Pills afford me great relief, while all  
other remedies have failed. They are the  
best medicine I have ever used." In fact so  
great is the power of this medicine to cleanse  
and purify, that diseases of almost every  
name and nature are driven from the body.

Minard's Liniment relieves Neural-  
gia.

## WHY SO INDIFFERENT?

If the people knew that ten persons  
went straight to hell from this city in  
the last ten days, would it not create  
a sensation? If the ground opened  
and these were taken boldly as  
Korah and Dathan and their followers  
were, the fear would be intensified,  
yet the way to hell by an unrepentant  
death, is just as sure and really as  
awful. How awful is death! Death  
in nearly every case is a fearful trag-  
edy, only divested of its terrors because  
it is so common. Men and women are  
afraid of death. All they need is to  
have it forced on their attention. If  
you knew how little time you have  
left, you would be alarmed. If all the  
men and women who are to die within  
twelve months were to be informed by  
the death angel, a wall would go up  
from here that would be heard in all  
the neighboring villages, and the great-  
est excitement would prevail. How  
much time have you left? This is a  
sad question. Two thousand people  
here are living thoughtless lives, if  
they knew the answer to this question,  
would immediately assume an earnest-  
ness of life and a zeal for pious works  
that would astonish all their acquaint-  
ances. There is a white fear in their  
hearts—it is the beginning wisdom.

Suppose the Angel of the Trumpet  
should announce that the time for  
repentance had closed, how many  
thousands would cry to the Lord to  
restore the privilege, for it is not a  
right but a great privilege, a wonder-  
ful mercy. Let us repent. Commence  
to-night.

At nearly every death-bed the vic-  
tim was not prepared. An appalling  
doubt hangs over the coffin. The  
mourner grieves with little hope. Our  
Saviour said: "Many are called, but  
few are chosen." My friend, remember  
that your days are numbered, the very  
hairs of your head are counted. Your  
time may come even in the night.  
Every pulsation of your heart shortens  
your life. The seconds move remorse-  
lessly on; death approaches step by  
step, nearer and nearer every moment.  
A day will come when there will be  
but one day left. My friend, that day  
will see 90 per cent. of those who  
read this unprepared. They will not  
repent, they will not prepare. They  
will not think of the terror, the white  
agony, the unavailing remorse of an  
unprepared deathbed.

If you could behold the horror of  
your condition with the eyes of the  
spirit, you would turn white and fall  
as one dead. If you were told that  
your time for repentance had closed,  
you would shriek in wild dismay the  
words, "My God!" ere you fainted to  
earth. A spirit of self-complicity  
has settled down upon our minds and  
we have learned to look with levity  
upon the most serious questions of  
life. Every reader will acknowledge  
this. Commence to-night and let your  
repentance be the most extraordinary  
of your life. Eternal salvation is the  
prize.

## Catholic Sisterhoods.

A. P. A. lecturers and disreputable  
ex-nuns and ex-priests make it a prac-  
tice to level outrageous calumnies at  
Catholic Sisterhoods. Capt. Jack  
Crawford the poet-scout delivered the  
following speech at a Grand Army  
gathering in distant Arizona, some  
time ago:

"On all God's green and beautiful  
earth there are no purer, no nobler,  
nor no more kind hearted and self-  
sacrificing women than those who wear  
the sombre garb of the Catholic Sisters.  
During the war I had many opportuni-  
ties for observing them. Right in  
the fire front where the bullets  
bissed in maddening glee and shot  
and flew wildly by, where lay dead and  
maimed forms with pale blood-flecked  
faces yet wearing the scowl of battle,  
I have seen the black-robed Sisters  
moving over the field, their solicitous  
faces wet with the tears of sympathy,  
ministering to the wants of the  
wounded and whispering words of  
comfort into ears soon to be deafened  
by the cold, implacable hand of death  
—kneeling on the blood-bespattered  
slips upon which the icy kiss of the  
Death Angel had left its pale imprint.  
How many veterans of the war can  
yet recall the soft, soothing touch of a  
Sister's hand as she lay upon the pain-  
tost couch of a hospital! Can we  
ever forget their sympathetic eyes,  
their low, soft spoken words of en-  
couragement, when the result of the  
struggle between life and death yet  
hung in the balance? While con-  
valescing at the Satterlee Hospital,  
Philadelphia, having been severely  
wounded at Spotsylvania, Sister Va-  
lencia taught me to read and write  
and to her I owe the foundation on  
which I have built the education I  
now possess. I am not a Catholic, but  
I stand ready at any and all times to  
defend these noble women with my life,  
for I owe that life to them."

The promptness with which Ayer's  
Cherry Pectoral stops a hacking cough  
and induces refreshing sleep is some-  
thing marvelous. It never fails to  
give instant relief, even in the worst  
cases of throat and lung trouble, and  
is the best remedy for whooping cough.

## Scrofula Entirely Cured.

DEAR SIRS.—I have suffered very much  
from scrofula and bad blood for seven years  
past. Six months ago I commenced using B.  
B. B. internally and externally and can now  
say that I am entirely cured, and have been so  
for some time. To all sufferers, I recommend  
B. B. B. as an excellent remedy for scrofula.  
Miss A. B. TAYLOR, Pictou, N. S.

A lady writes: "I was enabled to remove  
the corns, root and branch, by the use of  
Holloway's Corn Cure." Others who have  
tried it have the same experience.

Worms derange the whole system. Mother  
Gruen's Worm Expeller cures intestinal worms,  
and gives rest to the sufferer. It only costs  
25 cents to try it and be convinced.

## Church Attractions.

The methods by which Protestant  
ministers seek to attract large congre-  
gations are often such as might fill  
legitimate business men with envy.  
Theatrical managers in search of "at-  
tractions" might well take their cue  
from the shrewdness and enterprise of  
these gentlemen, and one is sometimes  
tempted to regret that a first class  
fakir was spoiled to make an indiffer-  
ent preacher. Thus one minister in  
Ohio recently delivered a discourse on  
gambling by skillful manipulation of a  
pack of cards, in which he performed  
and explained the "three-card monte"  
trick, to the great surprise, if not edi-  
fication, of his flock. A Pro-  
testant divine in Brooklyn, con-  
cluding church service at which  
Mr. McKinley happened to be  
present, looked toward the seat  
occupied by the Governor, and  
said: "I could not forgive myself, and  
I feel sure the members of my congre-  
gation would not forgive me, if I failed  
to say that we have worshipped with  
us this morning one of the most  
eminent statesmen of the day." Many  
of the congregation cheered, while  
others clapped hands or waved hand-  
kerchiefs; and when the services were  
over, the distinguished visitor was  
forced to hold a reception at his pew.

Formerly Protestant places of wor-  
ship were called "meeting-houses,"  
and incidents like these make one  
deplete that the name was ever  
changed to the less appropriate one of  
"church." One is inclined to wonder,  
in a reverent way, whether the con-  
gregation had as lively a sense of the  
presence of God as of the presence of  
the Governor of Ohio.

## Dangers of the Careless Soul.

There is in human nature a fatal  
tendency to procrastinate, especially  
when that which we know we ought to  
do is something to which we are  
naturally disinclined. All men are  
naturally disinclined to do violence to  
themselves, and force their pride and  
self-will to yield before the sway of  
Christ, to put on His yoke and carry  
His cross. Hence men put off and  
make excuses to themselves and fancy  
that what is difficult to them to day will  
be easy to them to-morrow. O fatal  
mistake! Each day that we postpone  
the task of submission it becomes more  
difficult, distasteful. Why then do I  
not hasten to submit myself entirely to  
Christ?

From day to day the careless soul  
thus goes on putting off, crying: "To-  
morrow I will amend my ways," and  
when to-morrow comes, it still cries:  
"To-morrow." How fatal is this  
folly! To-morrow may never come,  
or, if it comes, you may have forfeited  
the grace. "To-day, if ye will hear  
his voice, harden not your hearts."

This postponement is always accom-  
panied by some deliberate disobedience  
to the commands or to the holy inspir-  
ation of the Spirit of God. Thus the  
careless soul becomes more disinclined  
to make the necessary effort. Thus it  
is that so many will be surprised by  
the coming of their Judge at the  
moment when they least expect Him,  
and are quite unprepared to meet  
Him. O Jesus, save me at any cost  
from the deadly state of the careless  
soul!—Father Clark, S. J.

## That Pale Face.

For Nervous Prostration and Anaemia  
there is no medicine that will so promptly  
and infallibly restore vigor and strength as  
Scott's Emulsion.

## A Postmaster's Opinion.

"I have great pleasure in certifying to the  
usefulness of Haggard's Yellow Oil," writes  
B. Kavanagh, postmaster of Unifaville,  
Ont., "having used it for soreness of the  
throat, burns, colds, etc. I find nothing  
equal to it."

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dys-  
pepsia for 20 years. Tried many remedies  
and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite  
was very poor, had a distressing pain in his  
side and stomach, and gradual wasting away  
of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately  
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