. 27, 1884.

rept unperceived

le prince and a of gifts and good-aughty boys far here, hating him ne mystery-plays ent the saints? sent to him, after of old, not only and pitied by God, and a favorite of

s something quite He seemed the except those few

the city entreated g at their feasts; pped in the midst isten to him, and neats and praised they offered him flagons, and when her bade him, they ever, and once the comaster, emptied e wine he had retake it home to his had a child whose more than all the

his mother this, hted as he expected, almost severe, and duty, my boy. I

and a shame to do not, mother," he

e chilled. Did his always so easy for and that every one

d to think it a very e thing to do one's ed, could the blessed of praise crept into

led with light, unows were deepening, ich eclipses the sun, f self. at be conscious how, a kind of hush and

en he began to sing. blessed presence of lace, and his singing happy little bird in own sweet voice the place, rising de up and down the vaulted roof like a d dropping into the itude like dew from

at, in his little white , he felt the eyes of and he heard a mur-now and then words e Gottlieb, the son of s. She may well be has the voice and the

ntrast, outside in the ther boys: "See how prince is! He cannot er than the bishop or

chorus of praise and f mockery, it was no ottlieb felt like a being e of the flock of Christ ot be happy, because if om the common flock, r the Good Shepherd, lose to the feeblest, and astray.

efore the watchful eve

PTER V.

served a little change boy—a little more im-nichen, a little more per, sometimes dancing as if he were scarcely mon earth, sometimes depression which made depleasures of the home risome. ntil the joyful Easter-near. On Palm Sunday procession of the chil-

was smoothing out the h fell like sunbeams on nts, she said: "It is a ee and me, my son. I were all in the dear old and my darling had ns on Olivet itself, and he blessed Lord Himself and His ears listening to thy hosannas, and His ng of thee and through little children to come

ooked grave and rather

n thinking jast of His aid, doubtfally. "There ster and the dean and other choristers, and the other choristers, and the mothers of the other rish them to sing best." and. "So there were in lem," she said. "The wanted to stop the childed even the dear Disciples, ht they might be troublester. But the little ones and He knew, and was lat is all we have to think

and went away with a

neighbors came in that gratulate Magdalis on her is voice, his gentle ways.

sings with such feeling, ening Gottlieb came home sponding. For some time , and then, with a brave h his tears he murmured: I am afraid it will soon rd one of the priests say had a new chorister at whose voice is as good as t the archduchess may not est, after all."

and then she said:
"Whose praise and love will the boy at
the Cistercian convent sing, Gottlieb, if he

the Cistercian convent sing, Gottlieb, if he has such a lovely voice?"

"God's!—the dear Heavenly Father and the Saviour!" he said, reverently.

"And you, my own? Will another little voice prevent His hearing you? And what would the world do if the only voice worth listening to wore thing." voice worth listening to were thine? It cannot be heard beyond one church, or one street. And the good Lord has ten thousand churches, and cities full of people who want to hear."

who want to hear."

"But thou, mother! Thou and Lenichen, and the bread!"

"It was the raven that brought the bread," she said, smiling; "and thou art not even a raven,—only a little child to pick up the bread the raven brought."

"How silent a few minutes and then He silent a few minutes, and then the termole cloud of self and pride dropped off from his heart like a deathshroud, and he threw himself into her

"Oh, mother, I see it all!" he said. "I am free again. I have only to sing to the blessed Lord of all, quite sure He listens, to Him alone, and to all else as just a little one of the all He loves."

And after the evening meal, and a game with Lenichen, the boy crept out to the cathedral to say his prayers in one of the little chapels, and to thank God.

He knelt in the Lady chapel before the

image of the infant Christ on the mother's And as he knelt there, it came into his

heart that all the next week was Passion week, "the still week," and would be silent; and the tears filled his eyes to remember how little he had enjoyed singing that day.
"How glad the little children of Jeru-

"How glad the little children of Jerusalem must have been," he thought, "that they sang to Jesus when they could: I suppose they never could again; for the next Friday He was dead. Oh, suppose He never let me sing to Him again!"

And tears and repressed sobs came fast at the thought, and he murmured aloud, thinking as one was next. thinking no one was near:
"Dear Saviour, only let me sing once

more here in church to you, and I will think of no one but you; not of the boys who laugh at me, nor the people who praise me, nor the Cistercians, nor the archduchess, nor even the dear choirthe archduchess, nor even the dear confr-master, but only of you, of you, and per-haps of mother and Lenichen. I could not help that, and you would not mind it. You and they love me so much more than any one, and I love you really so much more than all besides. Only believe it, and try me once more."

As he floished in his earnestness, the

As he finished, in his earnestness, the child spoke quite loud, and from a dark corner in the shadow of a pillar suddenly arose a very old man in a black monk's robe, with snow-white hair, and drew close to him, and laid his hand on his shoulder

"Fear not, my son. I have a message At first, Gottlieb was much frightened,

and then, when he heard the kind, tremu-lous old voice, and saw the lovely, tender smile on the wrinkled, pallid old face, he thought God must really have sent him an angel at last, though certainly not

because he was good.
"Look around on these lofty arches, and clustered columns, and the long aisles, and the shrines of saints, and the carved wreaths of flowers and fruits, and glorious altar! Are these wonderful to thee? Couldst thou have thought of

"He could as easily have made the stars, or the forests?" said the child.
"Then look at me," the old man said, with a gentle smile on his venerable face, "a poor worn-out old man, whom no one knows. This beautiful house was in my heart before a stone of it was reared. God put it in my heart. I planned it all. I remember this place a heap of poor cottages as small as thine, and now it is a glorious house of God. And I was what they called the master-builder. Yet no man knows me, or says, 'Look at him!' They look at the cathedral, God's house; They look at the cathedral, God's house; and that makes me glad in my inmost soul. I prayed that I might be nothing, and all the glory be His; and He has granted my prayer. And I am as little and as free in this house which I built as in His own forests, or under His own stars; for it is His only, and they are His. And I am nothing but His own little child, as thou art. And He has my hand and thing in His and will not let us go."

and thine in His, and will not let us go."
The child looked up, nearly certain now that it must be an angel. To have lived longer than the cathedral seemed like living when the morning stars were made, and all the angels shouted for joy. "Then God will let me sing here next Easter!" he said, looking confidingly in the old man's face.

"Thou shalt sing, and I shall see, and I shall hear thee, but thou wilt not hear or see me!" said the old man, taking both the dimpled hands in one of his. "And the blessed Lord will listen, as to the little children in Jerusalem of old. And we shall be His dear, happy children for everyone. evermore.

Gottlieb went home and told his mother. And they both agreed, that if not an angel, the old man was as good as an angel, and was certainly a messenger of

God.

To have been the master builder of the cathedral of which it was Magdalis's glory and pride that her husband had carved a

few of the stones!
The master-builder of the cathedral, yet finding his joy and glory in being a little

CHAPTER VI.

The "aftent week" that followed was a solemn time to the mother and the boy.

Every day, whatever time could be spared from the practice with the choir, and from helping in the little house and with his mother's wood-carving, or from playing with Lenichen in the fields, Gottlieb spent in the silent exthedral days and spent in the silent cathedral, draped as it was in funereal black for the sacred

ifie given up to God for man.

"How glad," he thought again and again, "the little children of Jerusalem again, "the little children of Jerusalem must have been that they sang when they could to the blessed Jesus! They little knew how soon the kind hands that blessed them would be stretched on the cross, and the kind voice that would not let their singing be stopped would be moaning 'I thirst.'"

But he felt that he, Gottlieb, ought to

But he felt that he, Gottlieb, ought to have known; and if ever he was allowed heart:

The mother said nothing for a moment not the choir again, it is a mount of the said:

"Whose praise and love will the boy at the Cistercian convent sing, Gottlieb, if he as such a lovely voice?"

"God's!—the dear Heavenly Father "God's!—the dear Heavenly Father "Heavenly Father"

"He hoped also to see the master-builder as he is, as he is now with Thee, as he will be ever more!"

"Dear Lord Jesus! I understand at last! The raven was the angel. And I have forgiven him."

He hoped also to see the master-builder as he is, as he is now with Thee, as he will be ever more!"

He hoped also to see the master-builder again; but nevermore did the slight, aged form appear in the sunshine of the stained windows, or in the shadows of the arches he had planned.

And so the still Passion week wore on. Until once more the joy-bells pealed out on the blessed Easter morning.

The city was full of festivals. The rich were in their richest holiday raiment, and few of the poor were so poor as not

were in their richest holiday raiment, and few of the poor were so poor as not to have some sign of festivity in their humble dress and on their frugal tables.

Mother Magdalis was surprised by finding at her bedside a new dress such as befitted a good burgher's daughter, sent secretly the night before from Ursula by Hans and Gottlieb, with a pair of enchanting new crimson shoes for little Lenichen, which all but over-balanced the little maiden with the new sense of pressent. maiden with the new sense of possessing

something which must be a wonder and a delight to all beholders.

The archduke and the beautiful Italian archduchess had arrived the night before, and were to go in stately procession to the cathedral. And Gottlieb was to sing in the choir, and afterward, on the Monday, to sing an Easter greeting for the archduchess at the banquet in the great town-hall.

The mother's heart trembled with some

anxiety for the child.

But the boy's was only trembling with the great longing to be allowed to sing once more his hosannas to the blessed Savior, among the children.

in a moment, and soared with a fullness and freedom none had ever heard in it before, filling the arches of the cathedral

over to see the child, and her soft, dark eyes were fixed on his face, as he sang, until they filled with tears; and, afterwards, she asked who the mother of that little

next day.

But she need not have feared.

the tapestry.

And when Gottlieb came close to the great lady, robed in white, with blue feathery wings, to represent a little angel, and sang her the Easter greeting, she bent down and folded him in her arms, and

And the mother was glad; for she knew

that God who giveth grace to the lowly had indeed blessed the lad, because all his

beloved face of the child bending over him bathed in tears, a light came over the poor rugged features, and shone in the dark, hollow eyes, such as nothing on earth can give—a wonderful light of great, unutterable love, as they gazed into the eyes of the child, and then, looking upward, seemed to open on a vision none else could see.

It is no Wonder

A DEATH BED FAVOR.

HOW A PRIEST REACHED A PATIENT JUST IN

Catholie Columbian. A few days ago Father Kenny, now of Jacksonville, but then of Palatka, was making a tour of his outlying missions. Shortly after he got to De Land, on the St. John's River, he was told at the house where he sojourned that a young man, residing not a great way of was savious to siding not a great way off, was anxious to

"Is he ill?" inquired the priest. "No," was the reply; "he's not sick, but still he's far from what could be called well, as he has had consumption."
"What does he want to see me for?"
"If don't know receivals but he want

Savior, among the children.

It was given him.

At first the eager voice trembled for joy, in the verse he had to sing alone, and the choir-master's brows were knitted with anxiety. But it cleared and steadied with anxiety. But it cleared and steadied with a fullness moment, and soared with a fullness seat the priest exclaimed, "I guess I'll go to see him now." to quiet it by promising himself to attend to it right away after dinner; but it would place the Ciborium with the sacred parti-

He mounted a horse, rode off, reached and the hearts of all.

And the beautiful archduchess bent over to see the child, and her soft, dark eyes were fixed on his face, as he sang,

gregation at De Land.

The two sat down. The priest could she asked who the mother of that little angel was.

But the child's eyes were fixed on nothing earthly, and his heart was listening for another voice—the voice all who listen for shall surely hear.

And it said in the heart of the child, that day: "Suffer the little one to come unto me. Go in peace. Thy sins are for given."

A happy, sacred evening they spent that Easter in the hermit's cell, the mother and the two children, the boy singing his best for the little nest, as before for the King of kings.

Still, a little anxiety lingered in the mother's heart about the pomp of the next day.

But she need not have feared.

died! How little we know of the future But she need not have feared.

When the archduchess had asked for the mother of the little chorister with the heavenly voice, the choir-master had told her what touched her much about the widowed Magdalis and her two children; with the widowed Magdalis and her two children; when the widowed the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the inspiration to heave the priest had not heeded the heave t and old Ursula and the master between them contrived that Mother Magdalis should be at the banquet, hidden behind the tapestry.

Cattlick came close to the San Antonio, Fla., Nov. 3, 1884.

"Too Many Mysteries in the Catholic Religion."

down and folded him in her arms, and kissed him.

And then once more she asked for his mother, and, to Gottlieb's surprise and her own, the mother was led forward, and knelt before the archduchess.

Then the beautiful lady beamed on the mother and the child, and, taking a chain and jewel from her neck, she clasped it round the boy's neck, and said, in musical German with a foreign axcent:

"Remember, this is not so much a gift as a token and sign that I will not forget thee and thy mother, and that I look to see thee and hear thee again, and to be thy friend."

And as she smiled on him, the whole banqueting hall—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother, surely God has sent us an integrating hall—indeed, the whole world—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother, surely God has sent us an integrating hall—indeed, the whole world—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother, surely God has sent us an integrating hall—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother, surely God has sent us an integrating hall—indeed, the whole world—seemed illuminated to the child.

And he said to his mother as they went home:

"Mother and darkness. You large and darkness. You how on thow. You cannot comprehend any of these phenomena. Who has comprehend as single one of them? The mysteries of the Catholic religion do but show that it proceeds from Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have of Him, who is Himself Mystery, in the most simple and elementary ideas which we have the Infinite. The mysteries of the Catholic religion are like the sun. Inpenetraolic neligion are like the city in their radiance; and do but blind the audacious eyes which would fathom their splendor. Mysteries are above reahad indeed blessed the lad, because all his gifts and honors were transformed, as always in the lowly heart, not into pride, but into love.

But when the boy ran eagerly to find old Hans, to show him the jewel and tell him of the princely promises, Hans was nowhere to be found; not in the hermit's house, where he was to have met them and shared their little festive meal, nor at his own stall, nor in the hut in which

and shared their little festive meal, nor at his own stall, nor in the hut in which he slept.

Gottlieb's heart began to sink.

Never had, hit dear old friend failed to share in any joy of theirs before.

Share in any joy of theirs before. Never had his dear old friend failed to share in any joy of theirs before.

At length, as he was lingering about the old man's little hut, wondering, a sad, silent company came bearing slowly and tenderly a heavy burden, which at last they laid on Hans' poor straw pallet.

It was poor Hans himself, bruised and crushed and wounded in his struggles to consider and wounded in his struggles to the press through the crowd to see his darling. crushed and wounded in his struggles to press through the crowd to see his darling, his poor crooked limbs broken and unable to move any more.

But the face was untouched, and when they had laid him on the couch, and the languid eyes opened and rested on the beloved face of the child bending over him beloved face of the child bending over the belove face of the child bending over the belove the mysteries of our replication as we believe the mysteries of nature, because they are attested to by the most unexceptionable witnesses, namely, our senses and common sense. We know that there are mysteries in nature, because they are attested to by the most unexceptionable witnesses, namely, our senses and common sense. We know that there are mysteries in nature, because they are attested to by the most unexceptionable witnesses, namely, our senses and common sense.

CHURCH MANNERS.

The church of God should be the very last place in which to forget manners and good breeding; and yet there are many who practice, habitually, in God's house, rudenesses which they would not perpe-trate in the parlors of their mortal friends.

Let us imagine, for instance, a party invited to an entertainment at some hospitable mansion; would we find any portion of the guests rising in numbers before the entertainment was entirely at an end, and rushing forth frantically, as it were, into the street. Yet, how many do we see in our churches during the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, who rise noisily from their seats and go trooping down the aisles towards the street, while the minister of God is yet at the altar and before the sacred ceremonies are at an end. It would appear as though the presence of God Himself, in the Most Holy Sacrament, was irksome to such people, for they seen so very anxious to escape from before His

"What does he want to see me for?"

"I don't know precisely; but he was over here recently, and, when he heard that we expected a visit from you he entreated that we should request you to go see him as soon as you arrived."

"Is he a Catholic?"

"Yes; that is, he was one when he was young; but he easys that for a dozen years or more before coming to Florida he was out in a far Western Territory, and never in all that while so much as saw a priest."

"Well, I'll go to see him after dinner," said the priest, and sat down to rest after the fatigue of the journey.

But he could not be easy. The thought of the man who had been away from the sacraments twelve or thirteen years haunted him. He tried to drive it away but it would not down. He endeavored to quiet it by receiping himself to attend alter and until he returns to its restingcles remaining and closes upon it the tabernacle door. Of course, this suggestion can have no application in cases where there is coming behind a throng of com-municants, each auxious to have a place; municants, each anxious to have a place; for, in such contingency, we should linger at the railing but a short time, and then make way for others. Neither can it apply where by remaining we might occasion to the priest inconvenience or confusion, causing him, for instance, to come again towards us, believing that we had not yet received.

Many there are who pray audibly, or sigh and moan, or who give way otherwise to demonstrations of piety that are calculated to attract the notice of others,

calculated to attract the notice of others, and hence to disturb them. All of this is contrary to good breeding, even to charity, contrary to good breeding, even to charity, for it occasions general distraction, and often general annoyance, calling the thoughts of many from God.

Sometimes it is the alter boys who sin

against the proprieties. We have, for in-stance, seen some of these dashing to the communion rail, while the priest had yet actually the sacred chalice to his lips, jerking the communion cloth into place, and reciting all the time, in a rattling, rushing way, the confiteor—just as men might do who had but a moment of time to spare during which to avert some disastrous railroad collision.

These things are all, no doubt, the re-

sult of want of thought, and hence con-stitute of themselves no serious offenses against God; but they are, some of them, negligences which bespeak a lack of fer-yor and piety which must be dangerous indeed to the soul's salvation .- Morning Star.

"Virgin Immaculate, Come to Our · Aid !"

One bright day in the spring of 1855, Pius IX., accompanied by several persons of distinction, visited a catacomb recently discovered in Rome, containing many indiscovered in Rome, containing many interesting Christian monuments. On his return, he dined at the Convent of St. Agnes without-the-walls. After dinner the pupils of the College of the Propaganda asked the favor of being admitted to his presence, to which his Holiness consented with his usual kindness. Shortly after the reception of the pupils, the floor of the large hell in which they were as: after the reception of the pupils, the hoor of the large hall in which they were assembled suddenly gave way, and precipitated the whole company into the apartment beneath—a distance of about twenty-two feet. When the Holy Father perceived the floor descending, he expecting the state of the etaimed, Virgine Immaculat, adjuvanti!—
"Virgin Immaculate, come to our aid!"
His prayer was heard. By a special interposition of Heaven, His Holiness received not the slightest hurt or injury ceived not the slightest hurt or injury whatever. The chair on which he was seated descended gradually until it reached the flooring below, where it was overturned. Out of one hundred and twenty persons who were precipitated by the fall, not a single one was seriously injured. His eminence Cardinal Antonelli and Cardinal Parket and several of the and Cardinal Parizzi and several of the students received slight contusions, but they were all able to leave the Couvent the same evening, except four, who were obliged to remain until the following morning. As soon as all were extricated from the ruins, the Hely Father accompanied by those who with himself had made so miraculous an escape, repaired to the church and intened the repaired to the church and intened the Te Deum, in thanksgiving to Absighty God for the blessing of their preservation; at the same time the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given, and a Triduum was ordered in all the parish churches, in grateful acknowledgment to Heaven for the manifest protection of the band of the Church And Maria the head of the Church.—Ave Maria.

To Match that Bonnet! Feathers, ribbons, volvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. 10c. for any color at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

can give—a wonderful light of great, untterable love, as they gazed into the eyes of the child, and then, looking upward, seemed to open on a vision none else could see.

"Jesus! Savior! I can do no more. Take care of him, thou thyself, Jesus, Lord!"

He said no more—no prayer for himself, only for the child.

Then the eyes grew dim, the head sank back, and with one sigh he breathed back, and with one sigh he breathed sis oul away to God.

And such an awe came over the boy that he ceased to weep.

He could only follow the happy soul up to God, and say voicelessly in his heart:

"It is no Wonder

It is no Wonder

In the other day. If didn't know you at first, why! you look ten years younger," was the reply. "You know I used to be under the weather all the time and gave up was think they "will get over it." It grows worse, other and more serious complication, they are spin to death of the Lord of the Chest it has no equal.

It is no Wonder

It is

An Old Soldier's

EXPERIENCE.

"Calvert, Texas,
May 3, 1882.
"I wish to express my appreciation of the

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

as a cough remedy.

"While with Churchill's army, just before the battle of Vicksburg, I contracted a re-vere cold, which terminated in a dangerous cough. I found no relief till on our march we came to a country store, where, on asking for some remedy, I was urged to try Avzz's CHERRY PECTORAL. "I did so, and was rapidly cured. Since

then I have kept the Pectoral constantly by me, for family use, and I have found it to be an invaluable remedy for throat and lung diseases.

J. W. Whitley."

prompt cure of all brenchial and lung affections, by the use of AVER'S CHERRY PECTORAL. Being very palatable, the young-

PREPARED BY

Dr.J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggiste.

YOUNG LADIES' ACADEMY,
CONDUCTED BY THE LADIES OF THE
BACKED HEART LONDON, ONT.
Locality incrivalled for healthiness offering and a several pure and food wholesome. Extensive grounds afford every facility for the enjoyment of invigorating exercise. System of education thorough and practical. Educational advantages unsurpassed.

French is taught, free of charge, not only in class, but practically by conversation.

The Library contains choice and standard works. Literary rennions are held monthly. Vocal and Instrumental Music form a prominent feature. Musical Soirces take place weekly, elevating taste, testing improvement and ensuring self-possession. Strict attention is paid to promote physical and intellectual development, habits of neatness and sconomy, with refinement of manner.

TERMS to spithe difficulty of the times, without impairing the select character of the institution.

For further particulars apply to the Superor, or any Priest of the Diocese.

CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF Lake Huron, Sarnia, Ont.—This insti-tution offers every advantage to young ladies who wish to receive a solid, useful and re-fined education. Particular attention is paid to vocal and instrumental music. Stud-ies will be resumed on Monday, Sept. 1st. Board and tuition per annum, \$100. For further particulars apply to Mother Su-perior, Box 303.

CT. MARY'S ACADEMY, Windsor, Ontario.—This Institution is pleasant, plocated in the town of Windsor, opposite Detroit, and combines in its system of education, great facilities for acquiring the French language, with thoroughness in the rudimental as well as the higher English branches-Terms (payable per session in advance) in French and English, per annum, \$100; German free of charge; Music and use of Piano, \$40; Drawing and painting, \$15; Bed and bedding, \$10; Washing, \$20; Private room, \$20. For further particulars address:—Mother Bufferior.

ding, \$10; Washing, \$20; Private room, \$3.19
For further particulars address:—MOTHER 8UPERIOR.

43.1y

URSULINE ACADEMY, CHATHAM, ONT.—Under the care of the Ursuline Ladies. This institution is plensantly situated on the Great Western Railway, 50 miles from Detroit. This spacious and commodious building has been supplied with all the modern improvements. The hot water system of heating has been introduced with success. The grounds are extensive, including groves, gardens, orchards, etc., etc. The system of education embraces every branch of polite and useful inforsation, including the French language. Plain sewing, fancy work, embroidery in gold and chenille, wax-flowers, etc., are taught free of charge. Board and fuition per annum, paid semiannually in advance, \$100. Music, Drawing and Painting, form extra charges. For further particulars address, MOTHER SUPERIOR.

4 SSUMPTION COLLEGE SAND.

A SSUMPTION COLLEGE, SAND-Classical and Commercial Courses. Terms (including all ordinary expenses). Terms money, \$159 per annum For full particulars apply to Rev. Denis O'Connon, Presi-dent.

Mactings. TRISH BENEVOLENT SOCIETY

RISH BEN-LYOLLENT SUCHELT

The regular monthlymeeting ofthe Irish
Benevolent Society will be held on Friday
evening, 12th Inst., at their rooms, Masonic
Temple, at 7.50. All members are requested
to be present. C. A. SIPPI, President.

CATHOLIC MUTUAL BENEFIT
ASSOCIATION—The regular meetings of
London Branch No. 4 of the Catholic Mutual
Benefit Association, will be held on the first
and third Thursday of every month, at the
hour of 86 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hall,
Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are
requested to attend punctually. ALEX. Sample Bottles 10c; Regular size \$1. MILBIEN & Co., Proprietors, Toronto hour of 8 o'clock, in our rooms, Castle Hall, Albion Block, Richmond St. Members are requested to attend punctually. ALEX. WILSON, Pres. C. HEVEY, Rec. Sec.

Professional.

ELECTROPATHIC INSTITUTE LEUTROPATHIC INSTITUTE
320 Dundas street, London, Ontario, for
the treatment of Nervous and Chronic Diseases. J. G. Wilson, Electropathic and
Hygienic Physician.

M'DONALD & DAVIS, Surgeon
Dentists, Office: - Dundas Street, 3
doorseast of Richmond street, London, Ont. Manufacturers,

DR. WOODRUFF. OFFICE— Post office. Avenue, a few doors east of 38.1y J. BLAKE, BARRISTER, SO-

testor, etc.
Office—Carling's Block, London. B. C. McCANN, SOLICITOR, Erc., B. 78 Dundas Street west. Money to loan on real estate.

CONSUMPTION.

WESTERN HOTEL.

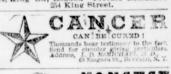
FARMERS WILL CONSULT their own interests when in London by stopping at the Western Hotel. Best stabiling in the city. Dining-room first-class.— ALFRED E. PANTON, Prop.

AND SECTION AND ADDRESS OF THE SECTION ADDRESS OF THE SECTION AND ADDRESS OF THE SECTION ADDRESS OF THE SECTION AND ADDRESS OF THE SECTION ADDRESS OF THE

W. HINTON (From London England.) UNDERTAKER, &C.

The only house in the city having 2 Children's Mourning Carriage.

FIRST-CLASS HEARSES FOR HIRE.
202, King St., London Private Residence
254 King Street.





Manufactured by THE MERCHANTS' COM'Y. LONDON, ONTARIO. E

MASON & HAMLIN

Exhibited at ALL the important WORLD'S INDUSTRIAL COMPETITIVE EXHIBITIONS FOR SEVENTEEN YEARS, Mason & Hamilu Organi ORCANS

PIANOS

MASON & HAMLIN ORGAN AND PIANO GO., BOSTON, 154 Tremont St. CHICAGO, 149 Wabash Ave NEW YORK, 46 East 14th St. (Union Square.)



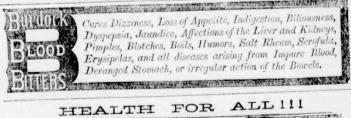
Bowels, Kidneys and Liver, carrying off gradually without weakening all the impurities and foul humors of the secretions; at the same time Correcting Acidity of the Stomach, curing Billiousness, Dyspepsia, Headaches, Dizziness, Heartburn, Constipation, Dryness of the Skin, Dropsy, Dimess of Vision Jaundice, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Scrofula, Fluttering of the Heart, Nervousness and General Debility; all these and many other simi-Debility; all BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

EVANS BROTHERS PIANO

For sale by all dealers.

DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONT.

We are now manufacturing Pianos, with
the very latest improvements. Having had
many years experience at Pianoforte making, is conclusive evidence that we knew
how to make a first-class Piano. Every
Plano guaranteed for five years. Buy an
EVANS BROS. Piano. Remember the place
Mitschke Block, Dundas St.,
LONDON, ONT.



HE PILLS