THE CONSTANT STRUGGLE.

Be prudent, therefore, and watch in yer." (St. Peter iv., 7.) What a happiness many Christians have at the Easter time through Confession and Communion, and how defession and Communion, and now desirable it is that this happiness should continue! I will tell you how to be always thus happy. Wage a constant warfare against your evil passions; for the tell only thing that can dearly sin is the only thing that can deprive you of the joy which you now have. But you will say, "It is hard to be al-ways striving." I answer, that the ways striving. victorious in any contest do not notice the labor which their triumph costs Defeat is what makes warefare painful For your consolation, remember that you have only to be resolute and arm you have only to be resulted with arm yourself with God's grace, which is given most abundantly, and defeat is impossible. God has provided help for you in all possible difficulties. He will not abandon you unless you throw down your arms. You have already gained much in obtaining God's friend ship. Your hardest fight was when you were doing penance to get this friendship. What a pity it would be to throw away what has cost you so

Be prudent, therefore," and do no let yourselves be ensnared again by Consider the great happiness which you now have, and compare it with your great misery when you were in danger of being lost for ever. Ex perience is a great teacher, and it is folly not to profit by it. See how it has been with you. When you consented to sin you were cheated by a pleasure that you found to be unreal, you had to suffer an hour of pain for every moment of gratification, and your soul was agitated, depressed, and sorrowful. Besides, in this unhappy state you deserved only everlasting

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RLAIN,

Now that you have the happiness of being in God's favor, how you ought to strive not to lose it! Show your prudence by "watching in prayers." Since the Paschal Communion have you watched yourself? or have the old habits of neglect once more begun to appear? Have those morning and evening prayers been omitted? Watch These are the beginnings which prepare the way for a fall into sin. Your prayers are your chief defence. God's ssistance is continually necessary for

all, and it is granted through prayer. The assistance of God continues while the habit of prayer lasts, but no while the hard of Pray, and all will be well with you. If you do not pray, nothing can save you. Watch for your failings in the duty of prayer, and con tinually repair and correct them. temptation can move one who is faithful to prayer. Such a one's salvation is infallibly certain. If you do not pray, you are without excuse, because even the greatest sinners, can It is a maxim of the spiritual ife that one who is faithful in prayer is faithful in all things. Prayer cures all the disorders of the soul, diminishes one's daily faults, takes away the temporal punishment due to sin, in creases one's merits, and finally con ducts to Paradise.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The editor of the Record of Rochester, N. H., attended the services on Easter Sunday morning at St. Mary's Catholic church in the place mentioned and this led him to make the following

The pastor preached a sermon in which he emphasized the need of faith ations have done, that peace and honor will still abide with our beloved country. What impresses us most in a Catholic church is the reverence and earnestness of the congregation—its devoutness. This reverence is an inherent component in the Catholic child's nature; it is bred in the bone, not only the result of the training of the priest, but of the home. In direct contrast to this is an exhibition wit nessed at one of our Protestan churches of a recent Sabbath given by young men and young women, who were old enough to do far different, and whose lack of refinement and a realizing sense of fitness and sacredness of the time and place was simply astonish-Whispering, almost audible conversation, was carried on, even during

the invocation of the divine blessing, and reached such an intolerable state as to call for pointed rebuke from the pastor. This is not a general condi-tion of things in our Protestant churches, but it is by no means an isolated case in our own city. Per-haps the heroic treatment of a Method ist minister, of whom we know would not come amiss. A young man who persisted in disturbing his prayer meetings was taken by the coat collar and summarily cast out of doors. thing should be made plain to heedless young people-if they themselves do not go to church to worship, they have no moral or legal right to disturb the worship of persons more serious-

Rev. Chas Fish, Methodist Minister, 192 Dunn Ave., Toronto, Cured of

Eczema. About ten years ago I felt the beginnings of what is commonly known as Eczema. The disease commenced in my ears and spread entirely over both sides of my head and also developed on my hands. During those ten years I was a great sufferer. Specialists on skin diseases treated me. As I write this I am just commencing on the fifth box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and, judging from the rapid improvement effected, I am certain that before the box is used I shall be completely cured.

CHAS, FISH. Methodist Minister.

192 Dunn Ave., Toronto.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE OLD MAN.

Eugene Field. I called him the Old Man, but he wuz n't an old man; he wuz a little boy-our fust one; 'nd his gran'ma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever

clapped eyes on. Bein'our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Willyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he wuz one of your sollum babies, -alwuz thinkin' 'nd thinkin'. like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuz n't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the Old Man growed up we'd send him to collige 'nd give him a lib-'ril edication, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never to self the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we was goin to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawer 'ed git rish out' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out'n the corporations, like his uncle Wilson Barlow. So we never come to no de finite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' and growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd sollum as a jedge.

Lizzle got jest wrapt up in that boy toted him round ever where 'nd never let on like it made her tired,—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft warn't nothin' 'longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holding' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd crvin' herse'f almost to death because she dassent give him cold water to drink when he called f'r t. As for me, my heart wuz wrapt up in the Old Man. too, but, bein' a man. it wuz n't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old Man is—wall, now that he has gone, it would n't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie

feel all the wuss.
Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I did'nt show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; oncet I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin again. But, somehow, the Oid Man did'nt take to me like he took to his mother: would climb down outern my lap to git where Lizzte wuz; would hang on to her gownd, no matter what she wuz doin', -whether she was mak in' bread, or sewin', or puttin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuz n't happy unless he wuz right there, clost beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what he does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes he wears. But the Old Man wuz diffrent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd the way he stuck to her-wall, it has alwuz been a great comfort to Lizzie to recol lect it.

The Old Man had a kind of confidin way with his mother. Every oncet in a while, when he'd be playin' by hisself in the front room, he'd call out, "Mudder, mudder;" and no matter where Lizzie wuz, -in the kitchen, or where he emphasized the heed of taking and hope in the world, as well as love. He also expressed the hope, as thousands of other clergymen of all denominations have done, that peace and mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin'." Never could find out what the Old Man wanted to tell Lizzie; like's not he did n't wanter tell her nothin'; may be he wuz lonesome 'nd jest wanted to feel that Lizzie wuz round. But that did n't make no diff'rence; it wuz all the same to Lizzie. No matter where she wuz or what she wuz a doin', jest as soon as the Old Man told her he wanted to tell her somethin' she dropped ever thing else 'nd went straight to him. Then the Old Man would laff one of his solemn, sad-like laffs, 'nd put his arms round Lizzie's neck 'nd whisper—or pertend to whisper—somethin in her ear, 'nd Lizzie would laff 'nd say, "Oh, what a nice secret we have awteen us!" and then she would kiss the Old Man 'nd go back to her work.

Time changes all things, -all things but memory, nothin' can change that. Seems like it wuz only yesterday or the day before that I heern the Old Man callin," "Mudder, mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin," and that I seen him put his arms around her

neck 'nd whisper softly to her. It had been an open winter, 'nd there wuz fever all around us. Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night 'nd mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' waen I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless ind his face wuz hot ind he talked in his sleep. May be you've been through it yourself,—may be you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, may be you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went outdoors,—I couldn't stand it in the room
there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd
talkin' about thing that the fever
made him see. I wuz too big a made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went out doors 'nd brung in wood, brung in wood enough to last all spring, -and then I sat down alone

by the kitchen fire 'nd heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker

through the room. I remember Lizzie's comin' to me and sayin': "He's breathin' strange like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice.'
Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day wuz breakin'the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light come through the winder and fell on the Old Man's face, - perhaps i wuz the summons for which he waited and which shall some time come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuz n't me he

wanted to see.
"Mudder! mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice warn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where be you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught

the Old Man up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'? Here I be, sıys Lizzie. Tum here," says the Old Man,-"tum here; I wanter tell you sum

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her But his arms fell limp and helpless like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head dropped on his mother's breast.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

Catholic Columbian.

While the editor of this departmen was yesterday ransacking its archives for some data, he came upon a scrap of paper clipped from the New York Independent four years ago and containing the part of an article that is printed below. Who the author of it is, he does not know. But its sentiments are in line with opinions expressed in these columns more than once :

To Help their Children to get Married

. Permit me to give one or two true instances illustrative of my position that parents are in duty bound to arrange for the matrimonial future of their children, and that such provident arrangements need not, and ought not, to imply the slightest degree of coercion, or to interfere in the least with individual freedom of action on the part of sons and daughters. In the early part of the present cen-

tury a gentleman high in the councils of his country had an only son, the delight of the eyes of both father and mother. His future seemed to them to be far too precious to be left to chance. Before he was twenty years of age they had begun looking about them for a suitable wife for their son. The father had a sister married to a man of note living in another State. She recom-mended that her nephew be sent to make her a visit, as soon as he should have been admitted to the bar, and be introduced to several of the "suitable" young ladies of her acquaintance, at the same time naming one who would be her own choice, though she had no prospect of wealth. The still existing correspondence shows that all circum stances were taken into consideration by the parents on both sides, for the parents of the young lady were also consulted at an early stage of affairs. Socially and intellectually the young people were deemed equals, and the beauty of the one was esteemed to be a fair offset for the wealth of the other. Both were "well born and "well reared" on solid foundations of religious principles. His temper was conceded to "hasty, proud, and even sometimes unreasonable, "but he was "affectionate, the soul of honor," and had "no bad habits whatever." The young woman was said to be "cheerful, remarkably sweet tempered," and evidently, in the opinion of her relatives as well as the chief negotiator, had but one fault she preferred to study with her brothers rather than to sit with her sisters at the embroidery and quilting frames.

All these things were the subjects of a dozen letters passing back and forth between the negotiating parties during a period of about five months, being marked "Private," sealed and enclosed in the customary, family letters. It seemed to have been perfectly under stood that the young people were not to have their sensibilities alarmed by any suggestions previous to mutual acquaintance, or afterward.

In due time the young man, all unsuspecting, paid his aunt the proposed visit, and fell promptly and forever in love with the right young lady! Possibly a seasonable word or two might have directed his attention into the proper channel, but certainly in a married life of half a century tual happiness neither husband nor wife had any suspicion that their union was the result of well-laid and executed plans. About the time of their golden wedding, a grand daughter, who had been suffered to browse at will in a garret well stored with family papers, found the long hidden correspondence. In the spirit of thoughtless fun she handed the little packet to her grandfather on this golden anniversary, and was at first almost frightened at the effect it produced. As the handsome old man read the letters large tears coursed down his still ruddy cheeks. Then he silently handed them to his Then he silently handed them to his wife who as silently read them, and, turning to her husband with glistening eyes, softly whispered: "William, how good they were to us! I wish we had known this and had done as well for our own dear boys as our parents did for us." "So do I," he answered; and behind the branching palms which shaded them from the gayettes of the younger generations, the loving old couple tenderly kissed each other, with no one but the abashed grand-daughter to see.

Take Only the experience of thers. Thousands have been cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, why not you? **Cannot Be Beat.* — Mr. D. Steinbach, Zento, writes:—I have used DR. Thomas's Eclectric Oil in my family for a number of years, and I can safely say that it cannot be beat for the cure of croup, fresh cuts and sprains. My little boy has had attacks of THOMAS' Eclectric Oil was sufficient for a prefect cure. I take great pleasure in recommending it as a family medicine, and would not be without a bottle in my house."

They had had no daughters, only HOOD's.

three sons, and these had, in matrimonial matters, been allowed to do as they would, it being deemed by their parents (ignorant of what a kindly parental foresight had done for them selves) that Love was lord of all below and that he would, as surely as in their own case, be directed by an all-wise

Providence in the way he should go. The eldest son of this happy old couple was a handsome young with gifts which should have made him aking among men, and would have done so had he been early married to a wo man at once strong enough and loving enough to have held and directed his somewhat wandering nature. There are many women to be found for the searching; but they are not as plentiful as pebbles; and if they were, a thoughtless youth is not likely to distinguish the unset diamond from commoner stones. So John—" poor John," as the family unconsciously grew to calling him-wandered gayly on, and was at last captured by a very vulture of a woman, who made his whole life both worthless and wretched.

The second son, a grand-natured man, was fortunately taken in hand by a friendly clergyman, somewhat older than himself, and, without in the least recognizing the fact, either then, or later, was steered safely into a mar-riage with one of the loveliest of her sex. Both husband and wife knew that without the intervention of their friend they would not probably have met; but it never occurred to either of them that this meeting had been carefully planned for months before by the wise friend who had seen their fitness for each other, and had prayerfully, brought them together, trusting to nature to complete his work.

The third son, a man beloved by all right-minded woman and most apparently foreordained for husbandhood and fatherhood, passed on into old age unmated, because the sort of woman whom he might have loved did not appear in his limited circle, which he was too absorbed in self sacrificing labors to leave, and no one took the pains to find her for him.

It was the daughter of the second son who brought the old matchmaking let ters to light. Well would it have been for her if her parents had not seen fit to trust to chance for her future! En-thusiastic, ardent, with extraordinary possibilities of loving self abnegation it is wonderful that her parents should not have seen that life without love was impossible to one of her mold. Perhaps they did see it, but trusted to Providence to provide a husband for her. At any rate, they did nothing. They lived in a small country place where no one of equal cultur character was indigenous, and where strangers seldom came. How the girl met the man who did his best to wreck her life is too long a story to tell, but

meet him she did. Young hearts crave love, and in one form or another they will have it. Those who wish to keep a field free from noxious weeds will take care to sow it with some good crop. Parents have no right to coerce the affections of their children, but they have every right and obligation to see that those affections shall have proper susten-ance: that the hawk shall not mate with the lark; that pebbles shall not be preferred to diamonds; that the most luscious fruits shall not be suffered to fall into the jaws of swine; in short, that the most vital interest of human life shall not be left to the workings of

Marry the Girl.

Marry the Gfrl.

Four years' engagement? Four weeks is better. Four months is long enough If a man really is enamored of a woman every minute of delay after winning her before he makes her his bride is iriksome to him. Why does a man ask a woman to betroth herself to him? Is it not that he wants and intends to marry her? Why, then should she consent unless he is ready to prove his faith by his works?

Beware, giris, of the selfish or cravenhearted fellows who want to entangle you in long engagements simply to keep from you truer and better swains.—New York Sun.

When a young man commences his wooing he may have no determined line of action in view beyond the stereotyped formalities of Wednesday and Sunday evening calls interspersed by visiting with the young lady here and there. That he should have seri ous intentions is the point that we wish

If a young man is a persistent caller on one particular young lady and he takes her out in public, public opinion pronounces the verdict and the young man and woman are recognized as prospective husband and wife.

If a young man monopolizes the at tentions of a young lady for a lengthy period, he should examine his con science and see whether he has the intention of making her his wife. It is a serious matter for the young lady, and she should see that she is not going to get left. If he has no matrimonial intentions, he is doing an injustice to the young lady whose time he is monopolizing and by so doing spoils the young lady's chances for perhaps a worthy suitor, who, thinking that the other fellow intends to make the young lady his wife, keeps away. It is the duty of parents to step in and protect their daughters from this thoughtless class of young men.—Catholic Sun.

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A CLEVER LUNATIC.

Governor Adams' private secretary, Rod King, will probably never forget his experience in conveying Oscar Hake, a lunatic, to the Colorado State Asylum, says the Iowa State Register Mr. King is a man who never knew what fear was, and had Hake been a raving maniac he would not have hesitated. However, when he found at the City Hall a mild and suave gentleman, he wondered at first how the latter ever could have been mis taken for a lunatic. He soon found

When the conductor came to collect the fare, Secretary King was treated to a surprise. In some manner the lunatic had succeeded in getting out of Mr. King's overcoat pocket his pocket-book, containing tickets for the Governor's private secretary and one Oscar Hake. As the conductor approached, Hake spoke up:

"I am taking this man down to Pueblo, conductor," he said, confidentially, and in an undertone. "He's insane, and has got an idea that he's the Governor's private secretary, Rod King. He ain't violent—only mildly insane-so don't pay any attention to what he says. I can take care of

King protested long and vigorously but the conductor looked at him pity-ingly and said: "If he don't keep quiet we'll have to lock him up in the closet." Rod's capter locked You hear what the conductor says?" said he in a condescending way. don't want to put handcuffs on you, but if you don't keep still I will.

There was not a soul on the train acquainted with King. Recognizing that the situation was hopeless, he subsided. Arriving finally at Pueblo, the lunatic conducted his victim up the street, watching him closely for fear he should break away. It seemed to Rod that he would never come across a man he knew. He finally did so, an old-time Populist friend of his from Leadville. When he had finally got the attention of his friend he succeeded and Oscar Hake's game was up.

An Up-to-Date Catarrh Cure. Woodville, Ont., Feb. 23rd, 1897.
It gives us great pleasure to testify to the excellent effects of Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure. It has completely cured me of Catarrh in the head. I praise it as an up-to date cure.

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Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets are the only Cure for Stomach Troubles that He Found in Forty Years.

"I don't know what makes me so nervous to day," remarked the lawyer. 'Every nerve in my body seems to be

on fire "What have you been eating? queried the doctor.

The lawyer looked in surprise at his

friend.

"What has that got to do with it?" he asked.

"Everything," was the emphatic answer of the medical man. give you a little advice and won't charge for it. You are a victim of nervous dyspepsia. Now I might tell you that nervous dyspepsia drives thousands of people insane. That is

the plain truth. But I shall tell you what will be worth hundreds of dollars to you, and, if you take my advice, you will never again complain of nervous dyspepsia.

"After every meal for two weeks from to day, take a couple of Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets. Also use the small grown tablets that are in the box, ac ording to directions, and I guarantee

your dyspepsia will vanish.
"During my forty years' experience," continued the doctor, "I have found nothing except Dodd's Dyspepia Tablets that would cure dyspepsia indigestion, biliousness and all o her tomach troubles, and that would, at the same time, rest and strengthen the stomach and regulate the bowels. Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets do this. They are the only sure and certain cure for all stomach troubles, - therefore I recommend them, knowing what they will do.

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