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LIFE

WM. McCABE.

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nd joyful is the spec brotherhood and so-ch is afforded when ns, gentle and simple rned and unlearned, a altar, all sharing enly banquet. And the Church it is deto the special credit t "the multitude of out one heart and one e no shadow of doubt

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arity lie in trifles. It belming griefs, or the ergenciesof life which oul and show forth its proportions. Many a the heights of occasion marvelous strength of ement, who lose e most unostentations aily experiences. He giant, and then sur-

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Oat Thomas' Ecloration of the control o

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

There is no road to success but through a clear, strong purpose. A purpose underlies character, culture, position, attainment of whatever sort. T. T. Munger.

Press On.

Press On! Press On.

And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
And gain the prize, and wear the crown;
Faint not! for to the steadfast soul
Come wealth, and honor and renown
To thine own self be true and keep
Thy mind frem sioth, thy heart from soil;
Press On! and thou shalt surely reap;
A heavenly harvest for thy toil!

—Park Benjamin. Press On.

-Park Benjamin. Lay Activity, Needed, too.
Christ never intended," declares
Messenger, "that His priest should the Messenger, "that His priest should be the only laborers in His Vineyard.

It stands to reason that if everything depends upon them, much good must necessarily be left undone."

To be Shunned. Do your thinking with an unclouded brain. The fumes of drink may heat fancy, they cannot help reason; the brilliancy they may seem to impart is counterfeit and is surely detected. The habit of drink puts one at a terrible disadvantage in life. Shun it, that your life may be a success.—Most Rev. John J. Keane.

All Can do More.

Every man can do more or better and more effective work than he is doing, says the Messenger of the Sacred Heart. It is not necessary to go very far, or to devise new and elaborate ways of exercising zeal. Within our homes, and in our circle of friends there is always same one in need of our attention also some one in need of our attention, alopportunity for some act of ty, some deed of mercy, and the simplest way of doing it is best. The First Situation.

The first situation may be the beginning of a long and successful career, r it may be the first of a long series of or it may be the first of a long series of failures. To have a sound knowledge to start with begets confidence. But a sound knowledge is never acquired ex-cept by those who possess some good qualities of character, and it is these that business life needs. Where they are, the initial knowledge will be are, the initial knowledge will be steadily supplemented, will grow and increase day by day, and as it grows by use, it will strengthen the aptitudes—upon the proper exercise of which success in business largely depends. -Phonetic Journal.

Put Yourself into Your Work.

If you would have your work count for something, put yourself into it; put character, orignality, individuality into everything you do. Don't be satisfied to be an automaton. Determine the satisfied to be an automaton. satisfied to be an automaton. Deter-mine that whatever you do in life shall be a part of yourself, and that it shall be stamped with superiority. Remem-ber that everything you do of real value must have the impress of yourself upon it, and let that be the evidence of ex-

cellence and superiority.
You will find that devotion to your work will pay. Superiority of method, progressiveness, and up-to-dateness leavened with your own individuality, are permanent.—Success.

The Value of Time.

The value of Time.

The most serious of all reflections is that which teaches us the value of time. Our lives are but "a measure of sand from under the flying feet of years." Are we making the most of the brief and precious moments, they the brief and precious moments; they are our unknown allotment. Have we a purpose? Is the pursuit of happiss a real and tangible good that yields its blessings

They who defer the present moment for self-improvement and wait for a better opportunity should bear in mind the lesson Horace taught of the rustic the lesson Horace taught of the the lesson Horace taught of the waters who sat by the river's bank and very who sat by the river's bank and very who sat by the waters to be the waters to be the waters to be the waters to be the water would flow past and the stream become exhausted. But the only way to cross "the stream of life" is to stem the tide.

Postpone any matter in hand that could and should be done at the time nd one might as well cancel it at once. That resolution which grows cold today will freeze to-morrow. ehooves us to be wise in the present if possible.-H. M. Irwin.

One Secret of Success.

To succeed nowadays it seems necesary to specialize; but it is not for one to crawls into a hole "Ideals" and pull the hoe in behind him. Have high Aim high! Love the true because it is true, the good because it is and the beautiful because it is beautiful. The meanest metaphor in our language put truth before us in the hideous garb of hypocrisy. "Honesty is the best policy!" How hollow! How base! Honesty as a policy or for the purposes of policy is hypocrisy. Be honest because it is not only the best thing to be but because it is the right thing to be. The American scholar goes out to be honest because it pays, because it is the best policy, is not only not half educated, he has been

educated falsely.

Dig deep as time permits and speak bravely. To the deep thinkers, but above all to the brave speakers, we owe much, if not all that makes for pro-

ss and human happiness. The golden age has not gone by. It This is your golden age Carlyle by long years in Germany learned to love Goethe. In a moment f enthusiastic forgetfulness he told better advice Goethe, I give you close both Goethe and Byron, and go to the haunts in the hills and fields hallowed by the footsteps of both. into the bowels of the earth with Van Hise and up to God with the teachers of moral philosophy.—J. C. Monaghan in Catholic Columbian.

Self-Conscious People.

Self-consciousness is not only a great trial, but it is really a drawback. It prevents naturalness, stands in the way of success and hampers one's usefulness

of success and nampers and progress in many ways. set of nerves has no business being self- usual results of that dangerous step.

conscious. When some one speaks to you why should you blush and jump six feet and stutter? You may be forty times as clever as the bold one who spoke to you. To be sure, self-consciousness is oftimes an acute affliction, but it is curable. It is one of the troubles which the patient cures for himself. The remedy is in the right

brand of thinking.

There are men wandering around in this vale of smiles, who, bereft of self-cousciousness, would do great things. It is fear that keeps talents backphysical recoiling from making oneself heard. This is saddening. For many times one does not know what one can do until the moment comes, and the opportunity awaits, and then one sur-prises oneself with one's own success.

"If you have ambition, if you think you can paint good pictures, write read-able books or do good work in any particular line, get rid first of all of those dragging half cuffs—self-consciousness and affectation. The world admires the man who has the courage to be himself. Discard your Sunday manners and be everyday. For to-day or to-morrow is every day, you know—and it is to-day that we live. Whenever one appears that we live. Whenever one appears to be what one is not, one is sure to be found out sooner or later. The dis-closure isn't laughable or jolly."

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Hurtful to the Young While many doctors will testify that

tobacco when used with moderation by grown men, is not injurious, all physi-cians agree that the nicotine weed is cians agree harmful to boys.

At the last meeting of the Maryland Medical Society, Lameopathic Medical Society and Medical Society and Medical Society was

held a few days ago, this resolution was unanimously adopted:
"In the opinion of the members of this association, the use of tobacco by persons under age is injurious to mind and body, and that the habit of cigarette smoking by the young should be active-

ly and earnestly opposed." Let lads take notice and prove their manliness by "swearing off" from the use of tobacco until they are of age.

Poverty No Barrier to Success. In spite of poverty, Miss Frances Knight has won success as an opera singer in just five years. By her father's death, she and four sisters were left to battle for themselves. Miss Frances was a diminutive, eight-teen-year-old girl in Nebraska City, Nebraska, with a fine soprano voice, when she heard of a contest for a musical scholarship in Chicago. She borrowed the money for a railroad ticket, arriving in Chicago with \$6 and one dress. She was victorious in the contest, thus providing herself with two years' free instruction. Still she had to earn her living, so she acted as cashier of a golf club, and also worked She was victorious in the conin offices. To get practice time, she rose at 5 a.m. and often worked until midnight.—Success.

" Situation Wanted." James A. Shaw, in the Chicago Times James A. Snaw, in the Chicago Times-Herald, talking to boys who want posi-tions, says: "Put an ad. in some good paper, stating in clear-cut language your age, qualifications and that you are willing and ambitious. Look through the best newspapers and pick out the ads. that, seem attractive and out the ads. that seem attractive and write a letter to each one. Call personally on the firms you would like to be with, carrying a letter of applications of the second project of the second projec tion composed and written by yourself. tion composed and written by yoursell.
Try to impress upon those to whom you
go the fact that you are just the boy
they want, and yet don't make your
self obnoxious. Take any position you
can get, just so it is an honorable one,
for the possession of a position is the
best recommendation you can have for
securing another, should you wish to.
If you are out of a position when you whausted. But the only way to cross the stream of life" is to stem the tide. Life admits not of delays," says Johnom.

When true pleasure can be had it is to catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the can be that the can see that the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. Every hour takes away to cross the catch it. fit to catch it. Every hour takes away you know what politeness is and can part of the things that please us, and also see your head at the same time. part of the things that please us, and perhaps part of our disposition to be pleased. "What one puts off, one all but puts away," says a French proverb.

The shape of your head at the same time. The shape of your head may get you the position. Perhaps your head may not be just exactly the right shade, but if you have a poorly shaped head and no politeness, you are worse off than with politeness and a poor head. Men judge a good deal by the face and shape judge a good deal by the face and shape of the head. Dress as neatly but quietly as possible. If you can get letters of introduction it will enable you to get a hearing, which you might not be able to do if you didn't have them. When you have obtained the position, try to keep it on your own merits."—The American Poy.

Be True and Staunch Boys, strive to be always young and staunch in spirit. While you grow in years, in strength and in height, be dom and knowledge. Be useful to yourself. Act not like so many others who, on account of lack of self-control, are their own worst enemies and the greatest obstacle to their own happigreatest obstacle to their own happiness and advancement. They will not see the truth. They look at things through their own likes and dislikes. They are supremely selfish. They will not fight against their passions. The least effort is too much for them. forget that earth is a place of trial where they are to prove themselves true and valiant soldiers of God—where those who control themselves and live according to their conscience more real pleasure than those who give away to their inclinations. Be true to your own best feelings now. Avoid bad habits, that in course of time may become like iron chains—hard to break -lest the effort be so great that you be tempted to give it up as above your strength. He who trusts in God and earnestly begs His grace will be re-

Finding the Lost Lamb.

Shortly before the death of Eugene Field a friend from one of the Southern States told him a pathetic story of a girl who had wandered away from her girl who had wandered away from her home in the country. She had grown weary of the drudgery and dreariness of her life on the farm, and her vanity and pride having been touched by unfortunate compliments to her beauty, she had run away from the farm and taken refuge in a large city, with the

Her old father, who in his rough way had been devoted to her, mourned for the girl he had lost, but in his simplicity it never occurred to him to try to find her, for the world beyond the limits of his township was vast and forbidding, But word came to him one day that somebody had seen his daughter in the city, a hundred miles away, and with only that to guide him he went in search of her.

Once in the city he shrank from the ise and confusion of the crowds. He waited until night, and then when the streets were comparatively deserted he oamed up and down from one street to another, giving the peculiar cry he had always used when looking for a lest a cry the girl herself had heard and given many times in her better days. A policeman stopped the old man and warned him that he was disturbing the peace, whereupon the father told his story and added:

"She will come to me if she hears

that cry. The officer was moved by the old man's simplicity and earnestness and offered to accompany him in his search. So on they went up and down the thoroughfares and into the most abanthoroughlares and into the most assu-doned sections of the city, the farmer giving the plaintive cry and the officer leading the way that seemed the most promising of success.

And success did come. heard the cry, recognized it and intuiheard the cry, recognized to and most tively felt that it was for her. She rushed into the street and straight to her father's arms. She confessed the weariness and misery of her lot and begged that he would take her back to the farm, where she might begin a new and better life. Together they left the city the next day.

The story deeply touched Mr. Field. The story deeply touched Mr. Fleid.
He often spoke of it and declared his
intention of making some literary use of
it. But he never quite made up his
mind whether he should treat it in prose or in verse, sometimes favoring the one form and sometimes the other, and before he had settled the matter death cut him off, and so the story of the old farmer and his lost lamb awaits another poet.—Youth's Companion.

Short Talk to Boyr. Remain in school as long as you can, consistently with your circumstances, and don't be ashamed to fill in your spare hours at manual labor, in order to help along in the purchase of your books, and the defraying of other neces-sary expenses. Be just as independent as your circumstances will permit, and never use the funds of another when you can provide them yourself. Don't think you must be helped to everything you have. An education for which you toil and scheme and economize will stand by you longer and be appreciated by you more than one that costs you no effort beyond the mere mental exertion necessary to study the books. The country is filled with college-bred young men looking for situations, who have no experience beyond book learning. Whether graduated from a college or from a district school, the men who hold the reins of power to-day, in every walk of life, are those who have come up out of more or less tribulation, and who have good, hard common sense and who have good, hard common sense and by rubbing who have good, hard combon season the practical methods gained by rubbing against the rough side of the world. That sort of experience produces with-in a man a rugged determination and a rigid backbone that can be secured in no other way. So, boys, cultivate in-dependence.—American Boy.

CONVERSION OF AN ENGLISH NOVELIST.

Probably one of the most deeply infound prayers which had been written by Catholic saints, such as St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bernard. She chose to ask herself in time what right she had to use these prayers when it was evident that the saints who composed them would have utterly repudiated the Church to which she then tne Church to which she then be-longed. Gradually she came to realize that the Church of St. Augustine, of Aquinas and of Thomas of Canterbury, not to mention More and Fisher, was the Church of Rome as it exists at the present time. And then the words of Flanhort hour. And then the words of Flaubert kept re-echoing in her ears: "It is safest re-echoing in her ears: "It is safes in religion to believe like these saints." Miss Sergeant was bound by a promise to her Anglican confessor never to enter a Catholic church in England. This proved extremely irksome. distress of mind became so acute that she found the Anglican rite to be perfectly intolerable. And yet she could not well bring herself to take the final

" It seemed to me then," she writes, as though I were casting not only my church, but my family, my friends, my country behind me. I beheld myself as giving up all I loved and going into some far country, which were desolate and strange.

"Then came the inspiring thought the Catholic Church is of God. It is the Church of all the nations and peoples. Friends, family, tastes and opinions must be given up for the love of God. I dare not move without com conviction, and I am profoundly thankful that I did not wait too long but was enabled to take the step which has brought me into the haven of my desires, the Holy Catholic and Apostolic rch of God, in which I hope to live

and die. In the Catholic faith Miss Sergeant confesses: "My soul hath her content so absolute that it is difficult to find words adequate for the satisfaction that I feel. Mind, heart, conscience, are at rest; no longer tossed on the sea of opinion, but safely anchored in the haroor of God's truth. This is more than I ever dreamed of; this is indeed the Church, the Mother of us all, the Heavenly City, the New Jerusalem, the Bride of God."

UNDER THE CEDARS AND STARS.

CONTEMPLATION OF THE IMMENSITY OF THE CREATOR'S OPERATIONS.

Some day, when science has made such advance that human labor will be required no longer, men will sleep by day and watch the stars by night. For, of the two revelations of nature which strike the senses, unquestionably that of darkness is the more magnificent. We see but one sun by day and that a star of the second or third mag-nitude; we see countless suns by night of every color and brilliancy. And scattered amongst them, here and there; vast nebuse, the seeds or laboratories of other universes; and we know that creation and destruction, the weaving gases into suns and the disso-lution of suns into gases; and the evo-lution of planets around every sun; and the creation and conservation of vast intelligences on each planet—that all these processes are eternally going there in the workshop of the Eternal Mind, that stretches in its vast immensity through space, and is ubiquitous in its operations as well as infinite by its presence. What is the little by its presence. What is the little work of our planet—lighted by one pale star, to this? What the birth of mere star, to the star, the star the star, to the star, the star the star, the star th plants and flowers, the revolution of momentary seasons, the petty history of men, with their little wars and conquests, compared to the vast operations of the universe? You see littleness by day, greatness by night; limitations in sunlight, infinity in the dark; man's little work by day, God's stupendous operations by night. And so, when we come to read more familiarly the book of heavens, and as astronomy becomes a popular, from being an occult science, men will watch the stars all night; and derived the stars all night; and derive from the ever-growing wonder and mystery of the universe deeper veneration and greater love for the Mighty Spirit that rules and operates through all.

Hence in the olden times when men thought much and spoke little, they deemed the darkness divine. "Oh, deemed the darkness divine. "Oh, divine darkness!" said the Areopagite. "Who hath made the darkness his hiding place," said the great thinker St. Paul, and there "dwelleth in light inaccessible." "If you pierce this darkness," said Nazianzen, "who will flash forth?" Yes! darkness filleth space. Darkness is the ocean; the suns are but the lamps that float hither and thither on its surface. Consider only that immense field of utter and impenetrable darkness that stretches from the remotest ness that stretches from the remotest orb of our solar system to the nearest fixed star! With the tremendous velocity of light-186,000 miles in a second—it takes four hours to traverse our solar system and reach its outer world, Neptene, or to bring back one ray to us from that remote and soli-tary world. But what is that to the awful chasm of darkness that lies beyond? For, from Neptune, a soul winged with the velocity of light would yond? take not four minutes, but four years to reach the next sun and system! What a black yawning immensity What a universe of darkness!

Looking back even from its three LOOKING BACK EVEN FROM Its thress-hold, our sun is but a glinting and flickering star; the planets are in-visible. Very soon the sun itself dies out in the darkness, and all is night, night! Once and again in a night, night! Once and again in a century, perhaps, a mighty comet comes dushing out of space, as an express train would flash out of a tunnel, and swishes away with its long streamer of light into the darkness again. At intervals, there is a rumble or crash of the debris of worlds that broke up centuries ago. All else is midnight or grave-like blackness, until we break into the light of Alpha Cenwe break into the light of Alpha Cenwe break into the light of the sister-suns, for-tauri, and behold the sister-suns, for-ever gravitating towards each other, and forever kept apart by the Invisible Hand; and wheeling in circles of light Probably one of the most deeply interesting records contained in "The Roads to Rome" is that supplied by Miss Adeline Sergeant, the well-known novelist whose reception into the Church was announced a few years since. Miss Sergeant from 1893, had been a very advanced Ritualist. In various Anglican books of devotion she of darkness to the light of a more transcendent sun!

of darkness to the light of a more trans-In struck me, one of these cold frosty night nights in late December, as I walked to and fro in my garden saw the surpassing splendors of the winter constellations—what a cataclysm there would be if that Infinite Hand were lifted for a moment from His creation. No one, even the most skeptical, denies that law, supreme, inexorable law, guides and governs our universe. But law is merely another word for So surely as the mariner's hand is on the helm of his ship or the finger of the engineer is on the throttle of his express engine, so surely is the hand f God upon the mighty mechanism of His universe. Of course, worlds break up with their tremendous concussions, and scatter their fragments through space, to be resolved again into their original gases. Suns, too, are quenched, and their corresponding planets starved out of life, and frozen into lunar deserts But this is only part and parcel of

the Divine Economy that builds out of that builds out of a larger and greater plan. But let us suppose that a sun, like our own, could preak from its moorings in space, and, aking the whole system with it, should unge across the deserts of the unirse, and carry its tremendous and berated forces into the orbits of other ns and systems; and let us suppose that these, in turn, struck by this errific and lawless energy, should e driven from their orbits, and carry weight and velocities into eart of other systems, until heir he heart full were driven from their centers, where they had swung in perfect equilibrium—what a fearful cataclysm all were driven from their centers, where they had swung in perfect equilibrium—what a fearful cataclysm it would be! What ruin upon ruin, destruction upon destruction would ensue! What conflagrations would light up the black deserts of interstellar spaces; and what glowing and incandescent gases, liberated by such giganstic convulsions, would stream across the universe!

What awful thunders would shake the foundations of earth and rock the thrones of heaven! And how all would finally settle down into primeval chaos, and darkness would fold its wings over a universe once more dissolved into



atoms !- P. A. Sheehan in The Dol-

St. Clement's Prayer.

We beseech Thee, O God, who art in need of no one, to look down on those gifts, and may they be well pleasing to Thee, to the honor of Thy Christ. Send forth Thy Holy Spirit upon this sacrifice, that this bread may be made the body of Christ, so that those who partake thereof may be strengthened in piety, receive the remission of their sins, and be delivered from the devil and his craft. May they be filled with the Holy Spirit, made worthy of Thy Christ, and obtain eternal life.

Only in Souls.

I think as you do about mountains, the sea, and forests: they are the three great things in nature, and have many analogies, especially the sea and forests. I am as tond of them as you are; but as old age, creams on nature. are; but as old age creeps on, nature takes less hold upon us than souls; and takes less hold upon us that saying of we feel the beauty of that saying of Vauvenargues. "Sooner or later we valve find enjoyment in souls." That find enjoyment in souls.' is why we can always love and be loved. Old age, which withers the body, gives the soul a second youth if it be not corrupted and forgetful of itself, and the moment of death is that of the blossoming of our mind.-Lacor-

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

OF SUPPORTING INJURIES, AND WHO IS

PROVED TO BE TRULY PATIENT. For nothing, how little seever, that suffered for God's sake, without merit in the sight of God.

Be thou therefore prepared to fight, if thou desirest to gain the victory.

Without fighting thou canst not obtain the crown of patience.

If thou will not suffer, thou refusest

to be crowned; but, if thou desirest to be crowned, fight manfully and endure patiently.
Without labor there is no coming to

rest, and without fighting the victory cannot be obtained. Disciple 5. May Thy grace, O Lord, make that possible to me which seems impossible to me by nature.

Thou knowest that I can bear but

little and that I am quickly cast down by a small adversity.

Let all exercises of tribulation be come amiable and agreeable to me for Thy Name's sake, for to suffer and to

my soul. THAT OLD PAIN AGAIN.

GNAWING, PIERCING PAINS THAT ALMOST MAKE YOU SCREAM.

It is your old enemy, rhuematism, come again with the winter to torture you. These pains, remember, are caused by bad blood, you may ease them by rubbing with liniments and outward lotions, but cannot get rid of them in that way. Rhuematism is caused by bad blood and the only certain way to drive it out of the system is to enrich your blood by taking Dr. Williams'
Pink Pills. There is no case of rhuematism. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will
cure if given a fair trial. By making
new, rich red blood and strengthening the nerves they strike at the very root of such diseases as rhuematism, sciatica and lumbago. We give one case out of thousands to prove the truth of this statement. Mr. A. G. Lacombe, Sorel, Que., says: "For five years I was a victim to the tortures of rhuematism. At times the pains in my knees, shoulders and hips were almost past endurance.

Often I could not dress myself without ssistance. I tried many remedies but I never got more than temporary relief until I began the use of Williams' Pink Pink Pills. I used altogether eight boxes, and since taking them I have not had a twinge of the trouble, and I feel better in every way than I did for years be-fore. I would strongly advise every rheumatic sufferer to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Remember that only the genuine pills will cure—imitations can't cure, therefore see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is found on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 50c per box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Ringing in the Ears.

This is an unfalling sign of catarrh, and if not checked will ultimately result in desfoess. The simplest r medy is Catarrhozone, which if inhale da few times daily, prevents the catarrhal condition from spreading. Catarrhozone quickly stops the ringing in the cars, head noices, gives permanent relif to catarrhal deafness. For Catarrh in any part of the system, Bronchitis Asthma, Lung or Throat Troubles, Catarrhozone is a specific, and is guaranteed to permanently cure or your money beck. Large size, \$1.00; trial size, \$25c. Druggists or Poison & Co., Kingston, Ont.

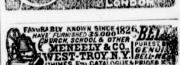
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