lovember 30. 1901

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SAINT LAURENCE. — Beautiful publin, with its fair streets, its pleasant drives, its people with pleasant drives, and gentle specific pleasant drives, its people with pleasant drives, its people with pleasant drives, and gentle specific pleasant drives, its people with pleasant drives, and gentle specific pleasant drives, and gentle specific pleasant drives and gentle specific pleasant. "When our abbot was 30 years old, the death of Gregory, the Archivater of Gregory, the Archivater drives of Gregory, th

close to renee."

"But Rome claims Saint Laurence, Uncle Richard, and his feast comes in August."

"Everyone knows about the Roman Laurence, but few know about our Dublin Laurence; and the way in which he came by his name is precisely what I wish to tell you. Our Laurence, then, was the son of Maurice O'Tool, a rich and powerful prince in Leinster, Ireland, and his mother a daughter of O'Brian, a chieftain of an arcient family in Leinster, which actually continued in power and property until Oliver Cromwell's time. The birth of this son caused such great joy to his father that he was reconciled to Donald, Count of Kildare, with whom he had disagreed, and even chose him to be the god-father of his new-born son, instructing him to give his name as Conconnor, a favorite name in that region. But when the christening party was on its way to Darence and to the Church of Saint Bridget, where the bishop was to perform the ceremony, they were met by a man who passed among the people as a prophet who said to them Irish verse, that this child would be magnificent on earth and glorious in Heaven; that he would have under his guidance many of the rich and the poor, and that it was absolutely willed that his name should be Laurence. The god-father, the Count of Kildare, and the whole party were in constenation, since the prince, his father, had given another name; but the minstrel prophet said this would be easily arranged, as he would, himself, see Maurice O'Tool, and explain everything to him. On these conditions the party proceeded to Decreme the bishop conferred the his audience, for he was too fairly launched on the story to heed anything but an outright interruption.

"After his consecration as Primate of Ireland, he could carry out his ideal of holy living. By his own example of self-denial, of delight in the recitation of the Divine Office, he led the secular clergy of his cathedral to become regulars."

"And what did that mean?" asked the boys coming out from their hiding place.

ed the boys coming out from their hiding place.
"It meant that they became monks, living under a common rule, and bound to the same exercises, which included the public recitation of the office, as we see it to-day in the Breviary, instead of each one reading it by himself. The archishop set the example, I ving with his clergy, sharing their meals, going with them to the choir to chant the divine praises, making himself. ing with them to the choir to chant the divine praises, making himself one with them as when he was about of his beloved monastery at Glendenoch. In fact, the only difference between him and his companions was that he managed to practice certain austerities not to be required of them. Of his generosity who could tell? Feeding every day 30, 40, even 60, persons, and receiving hospitably all the pilgrins who came to the shrine of the cathedral. His one recreation was to go to Glendenoch and converse with its holy young abbot, then retire to a

be easily arranged, as he would, himself, see Maurice O'Tool, and explain everything to him. On these conditions the party proceeded to Darence, the bishop conferred the Sacrament of Baptism on the infant, giving him the name of Laurence, and the little procession returned the precious child to his father, to his father who seemed to love him with a special love, as if he were his first-born; whereas he was the youngest of many children. "The flittle Laurence was ten years old when, as if he had come into the world to reconcile kings and bring peace to his country, he was demanded as a hostage of the island named Demith, with whom O'Tool had been at war and with whom he could make peace only on this one condition, that the young Laurence should be put into his hands to insure the good faith of his father. edral. His one recreation was to go to Glendenoch and converse with its holy young abbot, then retire to a cave among the rocks, seeing only a deep lake spread out before him, where Saint Coemgen, the patron of the monastery, had been wont to retire during his lifetime, allowing no one but the abbot to come to him unless charged with important gifairs of the diocese, and they tell us that when he came out from this retreat his face shone like the face of Moses when he came down from Mount Sinai.

"During his time, his dear city of Dublin was taken by the same cruel king, Dermith, who had treated so ill the boy Laurence, not only taken but wantonly laid waste. The archbishop would not leave the city, but visited the wounded, the dying; supplied, so far as was in his power, all the necessities of his people. "Every one called him a saint, and a poor, half-witted creature took it into his head that it would be a beautiful action to make this

Laurence should be put into his hands to insure the good faith of this father.

"All this was hard enough on our boy of 10 years, but Dermith, instead of treating him as a prince, giving him a place at his table, sent him as a criminal into a deserted pgrt of his kingdom, where he suffered for want of food, clothing, from the cold and the biting frost, until he was reduced to a seemingly mortal weakness. This had gone on for two years, when it came to the knowledge of his father, who arrested 12 gentlemen, subjects of Dermith, ordering them to return his son to him or he would put everyone of them to the sword. Under this threat, the cruel Dermith sent the boy Laurence, then 12 years old, to the Bishop of Glendenoch, and the 12 gentlemen were released.

"The heart of the good bishop was wounded to the core, to see the languor of mind and body to which the young prince had been reduced by his sufferings, charging himself, immediately, with his health and instructing him accord-

mith sent the boy Laurence, then 12 years old, to the Bishop of Glendenoch, and the 12 gentlemen were released.

"The heart of the good bishop was wounded to the core, to see the languor of mind and body to which the young prince had been reduced by his sufferings, charging himself, immediately, with his health and instructing him according to his years in his religion. To all of this care for body and soul the young prince responded with the most charming alacrity, so that when his father wont to the bishop to claim his son, our Laurence declared that he would remain with the bishop and belong to the church instead of going home.

"Maurice O'Tool was too good a Christian not to be pleased with such dispositions on the part of his son, and willingly left him at Glendenoch. Our young prince made wonderful progress in learning and in virtue, finding in study and prayer such consolation as the world never gives. When 25 years of age he had the sorrow to lose his beloved master and friend, the Bishop of Glendenoch, who was also the abbot of the monastery, and our Laurence was chosen abbot in his place, putting no limit to tis labors in behalf of the poor in that entire region. Above all, when a famine came upon the whole country the Abbot Laurence was sen everywhere giving food to the humry, clothing to the destitute, recalling his own days of unatched cantility. Not only this, but he obliged the great lords, who had made themselves powerful great is their weak neighbors by encouraging wicked banditti to injure them, to deliver up their robbers and thus brought peace and safety to his people. After low years of famine, pienty reseen to the day of his death, and was one of the miracles claiming for his canonization.

"It would take hows to tell you of the wonders wrought by him; the quieting of storms at sea; the adopting of hundrels of little infants during a famine; the making of peace among quarrelling princes, even going to France to try to bring friendship between the two countries. It was on his way from this mission that he fell ill, but it did not prevent his anxiety to establish good will between these two great nations, which was actually accomplished, and then he resigned himself to death, receiving all the sacraments with untold devotion. When urged to make his will, he replied with a smile: 'Of what do you speak? I thank God I have not a penny in the world to dispose of,' dying happily although far from his own home, contented to be buried in the same abbey in which he gave up his soul to God, the 14th of November, 1180; and, on this day, is still honored at the altars of God's Church the world over, our prince Linite Co, the othe, enderheated, hunderninded archy Sacpo of Displan, Eliza Allen Starr, by the New World.

HEART-BEATS OF A LIFETIME.

"Tid you ever take the trouble to figure out how men though the nor-mal heart would flutter in a life-time?" the young statistician in-

quired of a friend. "Well, the subquired of a friend. "Well, the sublect cannot be treated with absolute accuracy, but one may make a
good guess at it. All hearts do not
heat at the same rate of speed, and
there's are lapses even in the rate of
speed, at which the normal heart
flutters. Shocks and undue excitement will frequently either suppress
momentarily the heart's activities
or produce the opposite effect in a
quickened rate of speed, an excited,
erratic sort of fluttering generally
referred to ifs palpitation. However, the wise men who have burnt
much oil in studying this important
organ in its relation to the other
organs of the human system have
decided that the normal heart will
beat 72 times every minute. Fredecided that the normal heart will beat 72 times every minute. Frequently the heart of an apparently well person will flutter 100 times a minute, and it sometimes happens that a heart will fall below the normal But 72 is the normal agreed upon, and we may take this as a basis of computation. If a heart beats 72 times every minute in the course of one hour, it will beat 4,320 times. During one day, or twenty-four hours, it will flutter 103,680 times, assuming that there are no lapses and no activities above the normal. At this rate of speed the heart will beat 725,760 times during one week, or seven days, or the heart will beat 725,760 times during one week, or seven days, or about 2,903,010 during an average month. On the same basis of computation during a year the human heart would flutter 37,843,200 times, allowing 365 days for a year.

times, allowing 365 days for a year, Taking 35 years as an average man's life, and we will find that during that period of time this steepless, restless organ of the human body will beat about 1,324,512,000 times. If a man should live to be 50 years of age his heart would beat 1,892,160,000 times. If he lived to be 60 years old it would beat 2,410,592,000 times, If he should live to be a centenarian the heart would flutter 3,784,320,000 times. 'Mind you, I have been talking 'Mind you, I have been talking about the normal heart, or the heart that is called normal by the men who ought to know. The fact of the business is that but few normal hearts are found in this age. The human heart is overworked for one reason and another. A surplusage of poison in the blood, undue excitement resulting from the due excitement resulting from the stress of modern business methods, and things of that sort, have tendand things of that sort, have tended to increase the rate of speed at which the average heart must beat. Impurities of every kind which find lodgement in the arteries must be weeded out by this tireless engine and thrown off into the lungs, and an increase in the quantities of impure substances necessarily means increased activity on the part of the heart. Hearts never break. The expression is a poetic flight, a mere metaphor, but one which is universally understood. But hearts do metaphor, but one which is universally understood. But hearts do wear out, and in this age of rush and exciting clamor the human heart is unquestionably imposed upon, as in cases, for instance, of the excessive use of alcohol and tobacco or other stimulating ingredients which find lodgement in the human stomach.

ed on the normal agreed upon by the authorities, but my own view is that they are much below the real figures when it comes to the average heart of this day."-New Or

The Picture of The Riviere Ouelle.

(Continued from Page Six.)

(Continued from Page Six.)

"We marched two days longer in an intense cold, and then my father could go no further. The cold had poisoned the wound in his head, and a violent fever came on. To crown our misfortunes our little store of matches had become damp, and it was impossible to kindle a fire. Then all hope abandoned me, and, not having been able to kill any game for the past day or two, we had been almost entirely without food; then, in spite of all my warning and advice, the soldier who accompanied us, exhausted by fatigue and hunger, and utterly discouraged, went to sleep in the smow, and when I found him some time after, he was dead—frozen stiff! Overcome by the most inexpressible grief, I remained on my knees by the side when I found him some time after, he was dead—irozen stiff! Overcome by the most inexpressible grief, I remained on my knees by the side of my dying father. Several times he besought me to abandon him and escape death, When he felt his last hour approaching, he said, handing me an 'Imitation of Christ,' which he held in his hand, 'My son,' read to me.' I took the book, and opened it at chance, reading between my sobs: 'Make now Iriends near. God, in order that, after leaving this life, they will receive you in the eternal tabernacles.' 'Conduct yourself on earth as a traveler and a stranger who has no interest in the affairs of the world. Keep your heart free and raised toward God, because here below you have no substantial dwelling-place. You should address to heaven every day your prayers, your-sighs, and your tears, in order that, after this life, your soul will be able to pass happily into the bosom of our Lord.'

'I replaced the book in his hand. A smile of immortal hope passed over his countenance, for these lines were a resume of his entire life. After a moment's silence, he said: 'My son, when I shall be no more, take this little gold cross which hangs around my neck, and which was given to me by your mother on the day of your birth—there was a moment's silence. A shade of profound sadness passed over his face, and which was given to me by your mother!—to!! If all live to see her arain, tell her! I ded thinking a suprame effort, to not assign my two hands in his, he added, 'Your poor mother!—oh! If all live to see her arain, tell her! I ded thinking a suprame effort, to not assign the limit and live to see her arain, tell her! I ded thinking a suprame effort, to not assign this limit, he countened: 'Always wear this! I le cross in remembrance of your father. It will teach you ta

be faithful to your God and to your country. Come nearer, my son, that I may bless you, for I leel that I am dying. And with his faltering hand he made the sign of the cross on my forehead."

At these words the young man stopped. Large tears rolled down his cheeks as he pressed to his lips the little gold cross which hung on his breast. All around him remained silent, in respect to his noble grief, but their tears flowed with his. Sorrow is so touching in youth! We cannot see, without a pang, the bright flowers which adorn it wither and fade away. The missionary was the first to break the silence. "My son," said he, addressing the young man, "your tears are legitimate, for the cherished being for whom you weep is worthy of them; but do not weep as those who have no hope. He whom you have lost now enjoys on high the recompense promised to a life devoted to sacrifice and duty."

"But, oh! my father, if only you you have lost now enjoys on high the recompense promised to a life devoted to sacrifice and duty."
"But, oh! my father, if only you could have been with him to con-

could have been with him to console his last moments!"

After a pause, he continued: "I pressed my father for the last time in my arms, and imprinted a last kiss on his pale, cold forehead. I thought at this moment he was dying. He remained immovable, his eyes turned towards heaven, when suddenly, as if oy inspiration from above, he said, I wish you to make a vow that, if you succeed in escaping with your life, you will place a picture in the first church which you reach on the road.' I promised to do as he desired. Some moments after a few vague and incoherent words escaped his lips, and all was over.

THE VISION .- "How long I re-

mained on my knees beside my fa-ther's corpse I cannot tell. I was

so utterly overwhichmed by grief and sorrow that I was plunged in a kind of lethargy which rendered my soul insensible to everything. Leath, the loneliness of the fires, terrified me no longer, for s.l.t.de dwelt in my heart, where so shart a time before all was bright and joyous. Breams,—llusions—th se howers of life that I have seen fall leaf by leaf, to be swept away by the storm; glory, happiness, the foture—these angels of the heart who so lately entranced my soul, with their mysterious music, had all departed, volling with their drooping wings their sorrowful faces. All had gone—all. Nothing remained but a void, a horrible nothingness. But one feeble star watched yet in the midst of my night. The faint lamp of the inner sanctuary was not entirely extinguished; there came a ray from its expiring flame. Remembering the vow that my dying father had desired me to make, i invoked with a sort of desperation the Blessed Virgin, Camfortress of the Afflicted; and behold suddenly—but can I tell. so utterly overwhelmed by grief and sorrow that I was plunged in a kind gin, Camfortress of the Afflicted; and behold, suddenly—but can I tell and behold, suddenly—but can I tell what took place within me? Human words are inadequate to unveil the mysteries of God. I cannot explain, human ears cannot comprehend—yes, suddenly, in the midst of my darkness, my soul trembled, and a something seemed to pass through me like an impetuous wind, and my soul was carried over the troubled waters; then, rapid as the lightning that flashes through the storm-cloud a light appear-of in the darkness in a light appeared in the darkness in this chaos—a dazzling, superhuman light—and the tempest was appeas-

light—and the tempest was appeased within me; a wondrous calm had entered my soul, and the divine light penetrated its most remote recesses and imparted a delicious tranquility and peace, but such a peace as surpasses all comprehension; and through my closed cyclids 1, saw that a great light was before me. O my God! dare I tell what happened then? Would it not be profane to weaken thus the marvels of your power! I felt that something fane to weaken thus the marvels of your power! I felt that something extraordinary, something supernatural, was taking place around me, and a mysterious emotion, a holy terror, that every mortal should feel at the approach of a Divine Being, seized me. Like Moses, my soult said within me, 'I will go and I will see this grand vision: 'and my eyes opened, and I saw—it was anot a dream—it was a reality, a miracle, twelve boxes he was so well that he opened, and I saw—it was anot a dream—it was a reality, a miracle, from the right hand of the Most. High. No; the eye of man has never seen, nor his ear heard, what was permitted that I should see and hear then. In the midst of a cloud of dazzling light, the Queen of heaven appeared, holding in her arms the Divine Child. The inefiable splendor that encevloped her form was so brilliant that in comparison the sun is only a dim star; but this briliancy, far from fatiguing the sight, reireshed it deliciously. Twelve stars formed her crown, the colors of the rainbow tinged her robes, while under her feet were clouds which reflected the colors of aurora and the setting sun, and behind their golden fringing myriads of angels were smiling and singing hymns which have no echo here below. And what I saw and heard was so real that all that I had heard and seen heretofore seemed like a vague, dark dream of night. The Divine Virgin looked at me with an immortal smile, which was reflected no doubt from the lips of her Divine Child on the day of his birth.

She said to me: Here I am, my son. I come because you called me. The help that I sent you is very neur. Remember, my son— But, oht what was I going to say! I am only permitted to reveal a few words of this celestial conversation, which relate to my delivernnce. The rest is a secret between God and myself— sufficient to say these words have fixed my soul, ravished, absorbed, transfigured, listened in unspeakable ecstasy to the divine harmony of her voice. It will vibrate cternally in my soul, and the torrents of tears that peured from my eyes were as refreshing as dear to my heart. At last the mysterious vision gradually vanished. Clouds, figures, angels, ligh, all had disappeared, and yet my soul invoked the celestial vision by ineffable sighs and moans.

"When at last I turned round, the dream—it was a reality, a miracle, from the right hand of the Most

tively.

If ever you pass by the old church of the Riviere Ouelle, don't forget to stop a moment. You will see hanging in one of the side-chapels the antique ex-vote which recalls the souvenir of this miraculous event. The picture has no intrinsic value; but it is an old, old relic that one loves to see, for it tells a thrilling story. Often travelers who come from distant lands stop before this dusty old picture struck by the strange scene fit represents. Oftentimes pious mothers stand beby the strange scene fur represents. Oftentimes pious mothers stand before it with their little ones and relate to them the wondrous legend; for the souvenir of this thrilling story is still vivid throughout the country.—From the French of M. L'Abbe Casgrain, in the Guidon Magazine.

LIKE A BURDEN.

THE CONDITION OF MR GARDNER. SHITH'S FALLS.

He Spent Miserable ays and sleeploss Nights ... Hands, Feet and Limbs

Stiff and swollen. From the Record, Smith's Falls,

There is wonderful talk about Dr.

"There is wonderful talk about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, why don't you try them?"

These words were addressed to Mr. Andrew Gardiner, of Smith's Falls, by a friend when he was in the depths of despondency regarding his physical condition. For three years he had suffered so much that life had become a burden to him and oftentimes he says he almost wished that he might die. Then he spent miserable days and sleepless mibhts, now he is enjoying life. Then spent miserable days and sleepless nibhts, now he is enjoying life. Then his feet, hands and limbs were stiff and swollen and he was tormented with a constant stinging, creepy and swomen and he was termental with a "constant stinging, creepy sensation in his body which gave him no rest day or night; now he is as supple as ever he was, with the stiffness, the swelling and the creepy sensation all gone. He attributes it all to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Pills.

Mr. Gardiner is a man of about 65 years, an old and highly respected resident of Smith's Falls. Having heard a good deal of talk about the improvement effected in his health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills health by Lr. Williams' Pink Pills the "Record" sent a reporter to ascertain the exact truth and Mr. Gardiner told him substantially what is related above. He said that he tried a number of doctors — as good doctors as there were in the country—but got no relief. He was given to understand that the trouble was caused by bad circulation given to understand that the trou-ble was caused by bad circulation of the blood, but nothing did him any good. He could not wear boots his feet were so swollen and when he tried to walk, his legs felt—like proved and when he had taken twelve boxes he was so well that he did not need any more. It is several months since he has taken them and he has had no return of the trouble. When the reporter saw him

trouble. When the reporter saw him he was wearing his ordinary boots and he said he could get into and out of a buggy as well as any man of his years in the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and alling. They surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and weak, weak and destundent, people make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by dealers in medicine, or can be had, post paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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