Be sober. Strong drink turns sweet

Press on! if Fortune play thee false
Today, to-morrow sne'll be true;
Whom now sne stoks, she now exaits,
Taking old gifts and granting new.
The wisdom of the present hour
Makes up for follies past and youe
To weakness strength succeeds, and power
From frailty springs—Press on! Press on!

A Good Principle for 1903.

"A good principle for the New Year," says the Pittsburg Catholic," will be

put to yourself on record as opposed to the custom of treating, and that you will do all you can to discourage the

The Value of Method.

Who is there that has not been aston-ished sometimes at the different quanti-ties of work got through in a given time

for everything, the other is always pleading that he has been too busy to

accomplish some little task expected of him. The former deals promptly with every item of business as it comes; the

latter is always more or less in arrear with his work. And yet both are men who

good experience with it, both are equally

secret of the striking difference be-tween them! The difference is that one

men are methodical in everything they

do: the most ordinary, commonplace

actions are repeated every day at pre-

actions are repeated every day at pre-cisely the same time, and in precisely the same way. The habit of living in accordance with certain rules seems to be engrained in them, to be part of their

constitution. Others there are of whom

Suffer and be Strong.

Talent Without Principle.

happen from a character, chiefly de-

they have once thrown off the fear of

God, which was in all ages too often

the case, and the fear of man, which is

now the case, and when in that state they come to understand one another,

The Good Side.

calamity cannot aris

his older companion,

scourge mankind.—Burke.

"If I can get on the

to act in corps, more dreadful mity cannot arise out of hell to

m!" said a young man, half jestingly.
"That is the only side you have any siness on—with anybody," answered

Whatever the fragment of conversa-

tion might mean, there is a sense in which the statement of the last speaker

is true. Every nature has its good side

or at least its better side, however

faulty that may be, and whatever asso-

ciation we have with any fellow-being should mean the awakening, so far as lies in our power, of his higher self. His beliefs, his education, his aims, may be very different from our own,

but somewhere along the line of exper

ience, hope or desire, must lie a little point of common ground where we can

meet with sympathy instead of antag-

It may not be easily found, indiffer

ence is not likely to discover it, but every life with which we come in con-

Self-Respect.

BY CARDINAL GIBBONS.

The man who is actuated by self-re

spect has, also, great respect for others. As his own conduct is regulated by upright intentions, he is slow to impute

dishonest motives to others. He does

not pry into the secret springs of action

in his comrades; hence, he is tolerant of their opinions. His regard and affection for them is neither impaired nor

diminished, but rather strengthened by

occasional discussions and disagreements with them; for he knows that the bond of fellowship is not of so fragile a tem-

per as to be easily broken by an animted and good-natured tilt of words and

is worthy studying - must be

ent for fame and fortune on knowl-

is methodical, the other is not.

order.—Phonetic Journal.

workers. What, then, is

two men of apparently equal abili-es? One of them seems to have time

Degrade not friendship,

practice.

nto, Canada

WANTED Y TOWN. r Terms.

BROTHERS,

A clergyman once had a warm and prolonged discussion with the late Bishop Gilmour, of Cleveland. Fearing might have offended the Bishop ich No. 6, Londor, if ith Thursday of every in their hall on Albios et. T. J. O Mesra, Propretary

clash of opinion.

by the freedom and earnestness with which he had upheld his views, the room and said to him: "I beg to apologize for the boldness with which I argued with you to-day." "No apology is necessary," replied the sturdy Bishop. "I would not give a straw for you if you had not the courage to express your convictions. I honor you all the more for speaking out like a man."

It is needless to say that the habit of self-respect pre-supposes in its possessor an unusual degree of force and strength

of character. Many a man who fearlessly rushed to the cannon's mouth, on the field of battle, has quailed before the shafts of ridicule and derision desire into passion and steals away the soul. Live a natural life, not an arti-Young George Arthur, mentioned in Tom Brown's School Days, by going down on his knees and saying his pray-ers at Rugby School, in defiance of the ficial one; therefore take food, but not stimulants. Degrade not friendship, by making drink its symbol or its test. Seek the cheer of a gladsome heart and of loving friends, not the cheating joys of the wine cup.—Most Rev. John J. ibes and jeers of his associates, and of the slippers aimed at him, exhibited a higher type of courage than his com-panions of riper years would have dis-played by jumping into the river, to rescue a schoolmate amid the plaudits

of the spectators. Breadwinning the Everyday Problem We are outgrowing the crude tradition that work is a curse, a hindrance to a complete life, when in fact it is the only solid basis of a complete life. It is the mark of a shallow thinker to fancy that, if it were not for work, life would break open around him into break open around him

beautiful satisfactions.

There is no curse on work—work that is not slavish drudgery; for work is as normal to man as play to a tiger's cub. But in the ashes of hope there is a curse upon the paradise of the idle, deep as

the dust of graves.

So the chief concern of every man should be to become oriented-to find out his errand to the earth. This is a part of the obligation laid upon every soul. The animal does not have to seek for its mission, does not have to find its way. In normal conditions, the anima is pushed on in the path of its foreordained career; but man must con-sciously co-operate with the powers that make for his progress and his

know their business well, both have had peace. One look into life makes clear the fact that man is not here to roll as an aimless stone down a swift river. No; ne is not here to drift with the stream, but to turn the course of the stream. He is not here to be bent by the world, but to bend the world.

Into the destiny of things he comes as another fate to seize the raw materials of life and mold them nearer to his heart's desire. He is here to affirm, to create; to compel nature to higher issues, and to write large his

autograph on a page of history.

It is his to find the wilding crab apple in the Asian forests, and to transform ne is tempted to say that they are quite incapable of acquiring habits of it to the beliflower and the greening of our orchards; his to transform the sneak-ing wolf into the faithful collie and the Afflictions serve a purpose. But aside from that ultimate purpose they benevolent St. Bernard; his to transform the arid desert, the reeking swamp, aside from that ultimate purpose they are a power in our lives for good or for evil, according as we bear them. The man who gets only bitterness out of her trials, loses the chance to appropriate the property of the control of the property of the control of the to the busy city, the whitening wheat field; is to command the irresponsible lightnings and yoke them to fetch and priate treasures. Out of suffering patience is molded. Out of hardship yoke them to fetch and carry our words, our burdens, ourselves.

The punishment of idler is doubly

patience is molded. Out of hardship endurance is won. The man who suffers can sympathize, and out of sympathy comes charity, the virtue that blends manhood with the Divine. The man whose faith has been sounded by crucial deep because his crime is a double crime; he sins against himself and against society. He fails to express himself; and, at the same time, he fails to render to others any return for his to render to others. tests knows the power that is within him. And he who has exerted his will food and shelter. The deep life-law is founded on the Golden Rule, the prinin hours of darkest need knows that troubles dissolve and melt away when ciple of reciprocity. If we take, we must give. Failure to obey this divine mandate is the chief cause of all the met by stout hearts and unflinching nerve.—L. Hart. sorrows and disasters of individual and of social life. Is is the observance of Without any considerable pretensions to literature in myself, I have aspired to the love of letters. I have lived for a this law that swings the world in

harmonies and makes possible the heaven of heavens.

Labor is not something thrust upon great many years in habitudes with those who professed them. I can form a tolerable estimate of what is likely to us by a malign or capricious deity, by some Setebons on his arbitrary seat. It is the frieadly rock in the road, the lifting of which calls out our unknown edge and talent, as well in its morbid strength, our hidden genius. In the and perverted state as in that which is tug and wrestle of it, we rise into selfsound and natural. Naturally, men so formed and finished are the first gifts of Providence to the world. But when realization, into self-mastery. — Ed. Markham in Success.

THE 'GESIMA SUNDAYS.

Of course everybody has noticed that the three Sundays preceding and the first Sunday of Lent are respectively known by the ecclesiastical title of Septuagesima, Sexagesima, Quinquagesima and Quadragesima Sundays.

The origin of the titles is doubtful, but there is little question as to their antiquity, at any rate of that of Septuagesima. This term occurs in the Galasian Gregorian sacramentaries and the Galasian was published from a ninth

century manuscript.
Septuagesima probably has reference to the fact that this Sunday occurs approximately seventy days before Easter day or the "Pascha Claussum," the octave of Easter. Sexagosima might, therefore, similarly refer to an approximate sixty days before the same date, and so with regard to the other Sundays. But the explanation is unsatisfactory, especially as the analogy of the forma-

It should be remembered that Lent did not always begin with Ash Wednestion of the words is false. day, although this discipline can boast of considerable antiquity. The forty days are actually made up by the four days are actuary made up by the four days, Wednesday to Saturday, before Quadragesima Sunday, a practice recognized by the Canons at the Council of Meaux which was held in the year 846, (201) Others again began their Lent on Septuagesima Sunday, and others on the remaining 'Gesima Sundays. But the esent usage is universal throughout the Church that acknowledges allegi-

ance to the See of Rome. Whatever be the exact derivation and meaning of the names of the 'Gesima Sundays, certain is it that they refer in some way to the great feast of the Paschal time.—Catholic Columbian.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Noble Example of Devotion to Duty. It was the morning after a funeral. The dread angel of death had summoned a stalwart man, loving husband, and de-voted father. His widow was discussing her future, and that future was a problem with four children, three under eighteen, to look after, and no reserve fund on which to draw. The talk had not gone far when the eighteen year-old boy went to his mother's side, and taking her hand, his mother's side, and taking her hand, said: "Mother dear, we won't move into a smaller house; we will stay here and all keep together." They did. That boy toiled at his work and thought only of keeping his home intact. A year later, by his efforts, his invalid and decondent grandnarents were taken into pendent grandparents were taken into the household. The others of the family

helped some, but soon the youngest sis-ter became a hopeless invalid and invalid and the other brother married. Seven years have passed; the young man is still the support of the family with never a thought of himself, but only of his mother and his sisters.—Howard Wayne Smith, Philadelphia, in Success.

The Girl Everybody Likes. You have undoubtedly met disagree able girls who, without doing anything especially spiteful or mean, have impressed you as being girls to avoid. But have you ever met the girl that you

nd everybody else liked? You are unfortunate if you have not met her.

She is the girl who appreciates the fact that she can not have the first

choice of everything in the world. She is the girl who is not agressive, and does not find joy in inciting aggressive eople. She is the girl who never causes pain

She is the girl who makes this world a pleasant place because she is so pleasant The Value of Being Good

The Value of Being Good.

A prince went into a garden to examine it. He came to a peach tree and said: "What are you doing for me!"
The tree said: "In the spring I give my blossoms and fill the air with fragrance, and on my boughs hangs the fruit which men will gather and carry into the palace for you." "Well done!" said the prince.

To the chestnut he said: "What are you doing?" "I am making nests for the birds and shelter cattle with my

the birds, and shelter cattle with my leaves and spreading branches." "Well one!" said the prince.

Then he went down to the meadow

"We are giving our lives for others; for your sheep and cattle, that they may be nourished." And the prince said: nourished." And the prince said: Last of all, he asked a tiny daisy what it was doing, and the daisy said 'Nothing, nothing, I cannot make a nesting place for the birds, and I cannot give shelter for the cattle, and I cannot send fruit into the palace, and I cannot even give food for the sheep and cows -they do not want me in the meadow.
All I can do is to be the best little daisy I can be." And the prince bent down and kissed the daisy and said: "There is none better than thou."

The Child and the Angel. A pretty legend of the olden times alls how a little one of earth passed beyond through the golden gates Heaven. The story tells how the lit Heaven. The story tells how the little spirit stood always near the close-shut spirit stood always near the close-shut shining portals ever with a sad face. The sentinel angel who guarded the gates asked wherefore was her sorrow-tul look, in that place of peace and

"Oh. sweet angel," was the mournful reply, "I ever hear my mother weeping, weeping, that her child is shut away from her thus. Cannot you leave the gate but a little ajar? I pray you, do, sweet angel, that my poor sorrowing mother may get but a gleam of this brightness, wherewith to light up her

eavy sadness."
But he who kept jealous guard over the great glistening portals regretfully

Nay, little one, for I must ever keep faithfully these gates closed, save when they open to let through the redeemed. Else there might ill enter to mar the glory of Heaven." Yet the little one importuned pit-

ously,
Oh, but turn the golden key, good or Oh, but turn the golden key, good service, and let one little ray of this glorious splender shine down apon my dear mother to heal her grief!"

Still the trusty guardian again declared: "I would grant thy imploring agree to the control of the

prayer, sweet one, yet I dare not. Nay, I must not see these beautiful

gates ajar." Then, it is said that Mary, the sweet mother of the Christ-child, arose and tenderly laid her hand on the faithful gate-keeping angel. Then the sentinel understood that all-tender touch of mother-love. And, while he bowed his head, the key turned, and the golder

bar slid softly back.

And, behold! the little one's tiny fingers moved the great shining gates.

And on the sad mother heart shone down the healing light of Heaven through the open portals.

A Cardinal's Story. Simply, touchingly as he had received it from Cardinal Vaughan a few days before, Cardinal Perraud told the story of the little girl, daughter of an English Protestant clergyman, who, by her ingenuous remarks, uncenseiously became, by the grace God, an apostle in preaching the doc-trine of the Real Presence. The rela-tion of the anecdote was one of Cardi-

nal Perraud's means of preaching at Paray-le-Monial the other day. The little girl in question was taken one day by her still Protestant father to a Catholic church in London. She was but five years old. Noticing the lamp of the sanctuary she said:

"What is that lamp for."

The father replied: "It is to show that Jesus is there, behind that little

golden door."
"I should like to see Jesus," she

said. "My child, you cannot. The door is shut and besides, Jesus is hid by a

"Oh, I should like to see Jesus," she

ontinued. After that they went into a Protest-ant church where there was neither lamp nor tabernacle.
"Father, why is there no lamp," she

asked. "Because Jesus is not there," was

the reply.

After this the child spoke of no thing but the Catholic church, persisting in saying that she "would go

where Jesus was. To complete the story, as told by Cardinal Vaughan, Cardinal Perraud added that the child's parents embraced the Catholic religion and with it pov-erty, the father losing at once an in come of £1,000 a year.

The Emperor's Answer

A young Russian, the son of a very A young Russian, the son of a very wealthy father, was a reckless spend-thrift. By the time he reached his ma-jority he had "run through" a sum of money equal to a comfortable fortune. His tather, believing his surroundings to be the cause of his dissipation, purchased him a commission in the and sent him away from his old asso-

But habit proved stronger than duty, and after a fast career of a few months, the young officer found himself in serious trouble. The laws of Russia are very rigid regarding the payment of lights. debts, and he was owing more money than he could raise. Failure to pay would mean arrest and imprisonment. The next day a large gambling debt— one of the kind miscalled "debts of honor"—must be met, or he would fall

into lasting disgrace. That night he sat alone in his room in the barracks. For the first time he slowly reviewed his wild career, and a She is the girl who never causes pain with a thoughtless tongue.

She is the girl who, when you invite her to any place, compliments you by looking her best.

She is the girl who makes this world a down, he was staggered at the cost of the cost o

down, he was staggered at the his prodigal conduct.

He knew that he could expect to more help from his father. His heart sank with shame, and he broke down went bitterly. Blinded by his the long coland wept bitterly. Blinded by his misery, he wrote under the long column, "Who will pay?" Then exhausted with suffering, he laid his head upon the table and fell asleep.

That night the Emperor, well dis-

guised, was making one of his many rounds among his soldiers. He say the midnight light burning against the regulation, and softly opened the door. Seeing the paper, he took it up and scanned its contents. He had not been ignorant of the officer's habits, or of the financial embarrassments they must But he also noted the signs cause. But he also noted the signs of tearful repentance and pitied the sinner's youth. He took the pen and wrote underneath the agonizing question, "Nicholas." and asked the grass what it was doing.

In the morning the officer awoke, and to his amazement saw the signature.
What did it mean? How came the Emperor's handwriting there? In a few hours an orderly brought the young man a purse of gold. The debts were paid, and the man was saved for honor and usefulness.—Youth's Companion.

THOUSANDS OF CONVERTS.

STORY OF THE CONVERSION OF A WOULD-BE SUICIDE—TOUCHING EPISODE.

We have now come to that stage in the progress of the mission work for non-Catholics that account is no longer taken of individual conversion, but the report of the result of the work is by numbers that run up into the hundred or the thousands.

The time was when it was quite pos

sible to keep and publish lists of any-how the more notable among the con-verts, but in the reports of the mis-sionaries these fadividualistic designations have disappeared. Father Kress of the Cleveland apostolate reports that in the parish of St. Patrick in Cleveland, there have been thirty mission given there. In the missions given by the Paulists Fathers, there were three hundred and eighty converts. Of this number 137 were baptized and 243 were left under instruc-tion. Archbishop Farley made a reent statement at the meeting of the Catholic Converts' League that 5,000 converts were received into the Church

n the Archdiocese of New York dur-

ng the past year. While these figures are exact and authoritative they do not represent one-quarter of the work that is being done in the various diocese of the coun try. It is difficult to hazard a statement that will approach the necessary exactness in giving a statement of the number of converts received into the church during the last year because

accurate statistics have been kept. It is hoped, however, that the Chancel lors of the various dioceses in collating their information and in making their reports will give the preminence to this item of information that its im-portance demands. The United States ensus has decided to give out no tabcensus has decided to give out to sub-ulated returns of the growth of relig-ious bodies. It is all the more import-ant that we take care of our own figures. If we do not false figures will be given to the public as was the case recently in noting the church attend-ance in one of our large cities. A missionary relates the following

story as a leaf out of his recent experiences: A gentleman came to him with a hazzard, worried work. He had suffered many reverses in business and was tortured by remorse for many mis-deeds he had been guilty of, and so deeds he had been guity of, and so downcast was he that he determined to take his own life. "Why should he not," he argued he had no religion and the was rest in oblivion beyond the veil. While in this state of mind he passed the church and saw by the sign outside that a mission was going on for non-Catholics. He struggled with himself for awhile as to whether he would enter. "Why should I go into a I do not believe yet Catholic Church " they worship God there. I will enter and do as the others do." He bent his knee, adored in truth and prayer, a spirit of peace came over him. He was emboldened to speak to the mission-ary. "I want to learn your faith," he said. He set to work in earnest. It

SURPRISE SOAP Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE SURPRISE

did not take him long. He was in due season baptized and prepared for Holy Communion. It was a long way from despairing, remorseful suicide to a

levoted penitent Catholic.

If the story of each converted soul ould be revealed it would have its shadows as well as it high

SANITARY CONDITION OF CHURCHES.

According to the Sanitarian the Bishop of Fana, in Northern Italy, has taken up seriously the question of the sanitary condition of the churches of his diocese, and in his pastoral letters to his clergy, insists on the necessity for providing that the Biblical precep that cleanliness is next to godliness shall be exemplified in the churches themselves. According to his instructions, after all important feast days. when there have been crowds of people congregated in the churches the floors of all parts of the building that have been especially used be gone over carefully with an antiseptic solution— bichlordie of mercury in a solution of 1 to 1000 being suggested for pose. At least once a week all pews and the wood-work as high up as it can be reached, must be wiped with a damp cloth. The sweeping must never be done on a day when the church is to be used for any purpose before the next morning, and must always be followed by the removal of dust with a moist

The Bishop of Fana's instructions are The Bishop of Fana's instructions are made to apply particularly to the inside of confessionals—a part of the churches that is apt to be sadly neglected by the that is apt to be sadly neglected by the hat is appeared by the tionally conscientious or have been given special directions. Owing to the lack of light this part of the church is apt to harber dirt of many kinds. Penitents, safe from observation, do not hesitate sometimes to expectorate in it, and the accumulation of shoescrapings is apt to be considerable. All confessionals then are to be thoroughly cleansed once a week by a mop and water, and the grating is to be washed off with a dilute solution of lye or ammonia. The usual unsanitary dition of confessionals constitutes an es pecially dangerous factor of bad hygiene for priests of delicate health. The confession service is often exhausting, it is sometimes undertaken when fasting; not infrequently the discomfort of a cramped position and the cold air of the church lower the resistive vitality and make priests liable to infections. Confessional gratings are very seldom cleaned properly, often left untouched for months or only touched with a dry cloth, become saturated with effluvia from the breath, and it is no wonder that priests are almost invariably victims epidemic like grippe that may be going

around in a community. - The Dolphin.

A Greater Love. St. Catharine, in one conferences which she used to with her Divine Spouse, asked Him one day the reason of His permitting His side to be opened after death. He gave her this reply. "I wish to reveal to mankind the secrets of My that all might learn that My love is far greater than I have yet to manifest by My sufferings, for there was a limit even to the greatest sufferings which I had to undergo, but there ings which I had to undergo, but there has never been a limit to the love which made Me suffer. Dearly beloved daughter, know that the pains of My body could in no way be compared with those of my soul." Thus did our loving Jesus confide in one of his favorite servants. servants.

Happiness has no history. Story tellers of all countries understand this so well that the phrase "they lived happy ever after," ends all adventures of love.

WHEN PEOPLE -SAY

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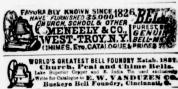
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