Rev. Hugh T. Henry's Reply to a Har-

Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times. Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Hilles,
Rev. Hugh T. Henry, rector of the
Catholic High School, lectured under
the auspices of the Knights of Columbus at Witherspoon Hall on Thursday
evening of last week.
Father Henry's discourse dealt with
the the receiver. Religion." At the

"Shakespearean Religion," At the outset he disclaimed any intention of attempting to prove that Shakespeare was a Catholic. George Wilkes, an American writer, has devoted a great deal of space to proving that he was, but Father Henry stated that his re-marks would be a criticism of the charge marks would be a critisate the charge that there is an absence of religion in Shakespeare, a charge made by Dr. Santayana, of Harvard University. This author stated: "If we were asked to select one monument of human

civilization that should survive to some future age or be transported to another planet to bear witness to the inhabitplanet to dear winders to the ministreauts there of what we have been on earth, we should probably choose the words of Shakespeare. In them we recognize the truest portrait and best memorial of man. Yet the archaeologist of that future age or the cosmograph after conscientious study of our Shakespearean autobiography, would miscon-ceive our life in one important respect. They would hardly understand that man

nd had a religion."
His first argument deals with the religious vocabulary of Shakespeare, and is curiously restricted to the discussion of one single word, blood, (His blood,) and that an oath occurring twelve times in Shakespeare and used once by Iago. In the mouths of men like Iago such

an oath does not argue religiousness either in the character or the author. out it certainly witnesses the existence of a religious belief that may or may not have passed away from the earth. Although Christian, Jew and infidel utter with profane lips the Name at which every knee should bend, this fact is no witness against the present belief and devotion founded on that adorable Name. Oaths as a rule have become, through the curious perverseness that leads men to toss most lightly on their ps what they have held most dear in their hearts, witnesses to a present rather than a past belief. What should prevent the archaeologist of a future age from recognizing in the oath's blood "man had had a religion "embracing the idea of an incarnate Deity.

RELIGIOUS EXCLAMATIONS.

The dialectician who is confident of

ng the instances militating against is, and by demolishing it renders battle unnecessary. Professor further battle unnecessary. Professor Santayana selects the weakest, and having disposed of it to his own satisfaction calmly turns his back on the hundred stronger opponents that are clamoring to enter the lists with him. He should rather have discussed religious exclan rather have discussed religious exchan-ations and invocations such as that of Hamlet when the Ghost first appears to him on the platform at Elsinore, "Angels and ministers of grace, de-fend us!" or that of Richard the Third when the phantoms succeed in stirring up in his guilty soul a tardy but terrible remorse, "Have mercy, Jesu," or that of Friar Laurence as his old feet stumble over the graves in his terrified haste toward the tomb of the Capulots, "Saint Francis be my speed." They are the invocations the soul makes with conscious purpose in moments of distress. They are recognitions of heaven's opportunity in man's extremity. In addition to this they are wholly Christian the mercy of Christ, the ministry of angels, the intercession of saints are as serted in them as efficacious, dogmatic

and devotional facts. and devotional facts.

Referring to religious institutions and traditions in Shakespeare, the Harvard professor said "there are monks, bishops and cardinals; there is even mention of saints, although none is ever presented to us in person. The clergy if they have any wisdom have an earthly one. Friar Laurence culls his herbs like a more benevolent Medea; Cardinal Wolsey flings away ambition with a profoundly pagan despair; his robe and his integrity to heaven are cold comfort to him. Juliet goes to shrift to arrange her love affairs, and Ophelia should go to a nunnery to for get hers. Even the chastity of Isabella has little in it that would have been

out of place-in Iphigenia. Our critical secretainly the first to notice the absence of religion in the poet. Coleridge, speaking of the treatment accorded to priestly characters by Shakespears as contracted with the Shakespeare as contrasted with that given by Beaumont and Fletcher, says: In Shakespeare they always carry with them our love and respect." The with them our love and respect. The critic says: "There are monks, bishops and cardinals." Then it follows there was a religion of which these were —as, by the way, they are still—functionaries and witnesses. From his first argument, built on the oath's "blood," it will be discovered that "man had had a religion" embracing the idea of an incarnate Deity, and from the sec-and that this religion included the idea of the monastic life dedicated to cel bacy and religious exercises and included also the idea of a hierarchial order.

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The future archaeologist will gleam ome additional ideas from the critic's admissions. The clergy were physici ans like Friar Laurence, statesmen like Cardinal Wolsey; in short, the learned nen of the time; the practice of auricular confession was in vogue and nun-neries opened their doors to maiden But there is something better than a merely human wisdom in the little homily Friar Laurence's spiritual science enables him to preach on a text suggested by his human art:

Two such opposed Kings encamp them still In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will;

In man as well as herbs, grace and rude will; And, where the worser is predominant. Full soon the canker death eats up the plant, His first words in joining in holy wedlock the "pair of star-crossed lovers" are a recognition of St. Paul's "great

So smile the heavens upon this holy act That after hours with sorrow chide us not.

schemes gang aglee," calls on St. Francis to be his speed, so, too, the Cardinal, when he finds how precarious are his whole future in the care of heaven. Not despair, either Christian or pagan, is the outcome of his sad meditation; a sudden accession of sublime Christian hope turns the tempest in his heart into the peace which surpasseth understanding. His very next words are, "I feel my heart new opened." Job sitting on the dung hill and disputing with his Maker learns lessons he dreamed not of while sitting at judgment in the gate; Saul of Tarsus attains to the light of truth through the sudden blindness of his earthly eye: for "whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth." The histories of Jewry and Christianity record many instances of a truth so beautifully illustrated by Shakespeare in his portrait of the afflicted Wolsey, who said, "Fare-well the hopes of court! My hopes in heaven do well."

THE CONFESSIONAL AND MONASTICISM. With respect to Juliet's going to shrift to arrange her love affairs, it should hardly need to be pointed out that she did not do this at all. Her pretence of doing it gained for her the perfect privacy she desired—a coun-selor in whom alone she could place an implicit trust, a sympathy and advice she sorely needed. Now we think the future archaelogist might well find food for thought in this chance allusion to a Christian institution which the sin-laden dwellers on earth had surrounded with so splendid a panoply of rever-ence, of trustfulness, of privacy. With respect to Ophelia, it is to be noted that the words of Hamlet do not repre sent the conviction of the poet or even the melancholy Dane who utters sor Santayana meant to imply that nuns we need not search further than the The pagan might love chastity as something conformable to reason: the Christian regards it as the strict command of God; while the Catholic "religious esteems it, in its most rigorous ar special sense, as a divine counsel pe-culiarly acceptable to God, recommend-ed in the strongest terms by St. Paul and glorified by the patronage of the mightiest examples—by the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Word, by the Apostles and by the cloud of witne Apostles and by the cloud of witnesses to it in every age and in every elime throughout the long history of the Church. This well-known traditional reverence for the virtue and for those who consecrate it to God by a vow in some religious order is beautifully illustrated by the words of Lucio to Isa-

I hold you as a think enskied and sainted; By your renouncement, an immortal spirit.

And to be talked with in sincerity as with a

In this sympathetic language Shakespeare pays a splendid homage to all those who in the flesh strive to lead the lives of angels. He even seems to go out of his way to picture the conven-tual restraints and the eternal vigilance of modesty that are the safest assurance of victory over self. When Lucio's voice is heard without the convent Isabella, who has not yet taken the veil "Who's that which calls?" and is answered by Sister Francesca:

It is a man's voice. Gentle Isabella. Turn you the key, and know his business of You may, I may not; you are yet unsworn; Whon you have vowed, you must not speak

with men, But in the presence of the prioress. Then if you spoak, you must not show your face; Oc, if you show your face, you must not speak. He calls again; I pray you answer him,

RELIEF IN A FUTURE STATE. Santayana next essays to prove that Shakespeare was a positivist and bases this argument on the quotation from Hamlet which speaks of "that undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveler returns." Hamlet longs for death, but is then logical enough to re-Hamlet longs for cognize God's dominion over life, which as a positivist he should reject.

O. that this too, too solid firsh would melt, Thaw, and resolve liself into a dew! Or that the Everlasting had not fixed His croon 'gainst self slaughter! O God! O

God 1

How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!

Deepest distress of mind causes rebellion against faith, although he has not as yet seen the "true ghost." When he does see it (and since to the positivist "seeing is believing" Hamlet could never from henceforth become a Positivist unless he had first become an Idiot) he gives another evidence of the eligiousness of his soul by his prayer, "Angels and ministers of grace, defend us." Speculating afterwards on what he had seen, he recalls the warning of St. Paul, that "Satan himself transforms himself into a angel of light, and he will have grounds more relative than the assertion of the ghost, for the argues very correctly and very Scriptur

ally.)
The spirit that I have seen
May be the devil; and the devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
(As he is very posent with such spirits)
Abuses me to damn m.

He is therefore sure of the vision, but suspicious of its purpose, and his suspicion arises out of the knowledge he has of the existence of the unsee world, assisted by the faith he has in the testimony of the Apostle. If the poet has made Hamlet a positivist, he certainly has not accorded to him the courage of his convictions, for although he proves to himself that life is not worth living, he nevertheless concludes not to make his quietus with a bare bod-One of the words "to die "have passed his lips, they immediately suggest by an association of ideas inseparable in Scriptural and Christian phraseeology not the figure of a haven safe from storms, but the much sweeter figure of "sleep." "Our friend Lazar-us sleepeth." said Christ. "Concerning them that are asleep," writes the Apostle to the Thessalonians: "Re-

viescant in pace," sings the Church.

Professor Santayana seems to have forgotten the fact that the words "discoverer" and "traveler" had a mean-From the humble friar we now turn to the humbled Cardinal. Just as the age of exploration, discovery and de-

"SHAKESPEAREAN RELIGION." friar, when he finds his "best laid scription in which Shakespeare lived. obliged to stay. It was worse for Stod-Scription in which Shakespeare lived. The country that remained undescribed was for the rest of the world an "undiscovered country," like that of Hamlet. From our modern addiction to the study of geography we are most accustomed to apply the word to the finding out by exploration of places not known ideas in shorthand.

before. And from this modern eager
"When we had be ness in limiting the world to a unique two years, the field was discovered by signification arises the opportunity of the connadrum fiend, He asks, What surprised to find us than the gold; we was the greatest island before Australia had been away so long that all those was discovered?" and no one has wit enough to answer "Australia." In the skeletons, supposed to be ours, had same way as Hamlet might the most faithful Christian speak of heaven as an undiscovered place; since St. Paul, although rapt thither, has told us nothing more of it than "No eye hath seen, and took passage on the Alameda. The same way to Sydney, sold our gold and took passage on the Alameda. ear heard, nor hath it entered into he heart of man to conceive what things the Lord hath prepared for those

the love Him."
The argumentative method adopted by the critic is surely an exasperating one. He interprets awry, by means of pleasant epigrams, Shakespearean characterizations in which many evidences of religion are to be found by even the laziest seeker. The loyable Friar Laurence " culls his herbs like a a more benevolent Medea;" the moralizing Wolsey "flings away ambition with a profoundly pagan despair." Epigrams are always striking, and often stick. They require, however, little genius in their construction, if a rigid carefulness with respect to their con-tents be no consideration. Macaulay manufactured a brilliant style out of them and deserved the epigram-matic retort of Blackwood's "Everybody reads, everybody admires, but nobody believes in—Mr. Macaulay." Fr plays of Shakespeare the archae and the cosmographer might easily dis-cover that man "had had a religion" cover that man "had had a religion" not built on the gratuitous "science" of positivism; not fearful and forbidding instinct with tenderness, pity, love, forgiveness; not devoting to lust and rapine, but consecrating to chastity and ts passage to the soul; not handing anity over to fatalism here and for

STODDARD'S RESURRECTION.

DY JOHN TRACY JONES.

The red light of the driftwood fell full on Marston's face, giving it, I thought, a strange, weird expression. Gary lay with his head on a log looking out to where, in the darkness, the waves could be seen falling in long, uminous. phosphorescent lines on the beach; Erkhart was lying with his face hidden on his folded arms; I was watch-Marston trying to read his

Not a word had been spoken for quite twenty minutes. I think we all had a touches "of the blues." It was our last night. We had a glorious time camping in the woods and on the The thought of going back to San Francisco and civilization was unpleasant.

For ten minutes I had been wishing

Marston to speak, and to last he opened his mouth to say, as though uttering his thoughts aloud: "The worst thing about death is the loneliness and the silence. If one could come back and see one's friends occasionally it would so bad."

"I don't agree with you," said Erk hart, looking up. "The most awful thing in the world is to come back from

the grave.' "You speak as though it had happen-

"You speak as though it had happen-ed." said Marston.
"It has—in a way. I know a man who came back after his friends had mourned him as dead for two years." "Tell us the yarn," said Gary, turning his eyes for a moment from their dreamy contemplation of the Pac-

ific.
"I met him two years ago on an Australian gold field, about the last place one would have expected to find such a man. He was one of those scribbling fellows, never happy without paper and pencil or pen. He told me he had come to the gold fields in hopes of making enough money to enable him to devote all his time to writing, instead of being obliged to gain a liveihood at some oc

cupation for which he was not fitted.
"He had no luck gold digging. He He had no litek gold digging. He was lazy, the other men said. The truth was he couldn't keep from his scribbling. I liked him. We took a claim together. He used to work flercely for an shour or two, then fling down his tools, and then rush away to the book he was writing. I didn't mind; I was willing to work for both. At last finished the book and read it to me. I'm no judge of such things, but I thought it grand.

"Just at that time a rich American, who had been Stoddard's intimate friend at college, came to the field in search of investments. Our claim had worked out, and we were about to start under the guidance of some blacks, for a place in the interior no white man knew of, where the blacks assured us there was plenty of gold.

"Before leaving Stoddard gave the manuscript of 'Chiquita' into the charge of his friend, asking him, in case charge of his friend, asking him, in case of the author's death, to publish the book and give the proceeds, if any, to his young sister and only relative, who lived in Detroit. Hilton undertook the trust, and Stoddard started off in high spirits, hoping to return with a fortune, and feeling certain that, whatever might happen to him, his book's and his sister's futures were secure. "Carcora, the place to which the

blacks took Stoddard and myself, was much farther inland than we had sup-posed, and we suffered untold hardship from heat and thirst before we got

there. "We were rewarded by finding plenty of gold. When we had collected sufficient we wished to go back, but the blacks would not allow us to leave. It was a good hunting ground, there was abundance of water, and they had no wish to be driven away, and they would be if more whites came.

"Much against our will, we were ful.

"When we had been at Carcara about

which was just starting for San Fran-

cisco.

"Never have I seen any one so happy as Stoddard was on that voyage. He was full of hopes and plans for the future. With the interest of his \$60,000 he would be able to make a comfortable home for the little sister, and devote his time to writing, free from all

copy of 'Chiquita.' He was not sur-prised to find that Hilton had published the book. Of course he had heard and believed the news of our death, and hastened to fulfill his promise. 'Chi-quita' was published anonymously, but that had been Stoddard's wish. He recognized, but for personal fame he had no desire, and he disliked notoriety. All should work for art alone, he used

nd, Hilton. When he came back from his visit he looked ten years older; all his brightness was gone. I asked no ques-tions, and after a while he spoke. "Hilton is the author of 'Chiquita,'

"Hilton!" I cried. "Why I saw you write the book myself."
"You must forget that. It is his

book."
"You don't mean"—

"You don't mean"—
"It's this way," he interrupted. "I
may as well speak plainly. The book
was a great success. It got about that
Hilton had written it; he denied the
authorship repeatedly. No one believed him, and gradually he let it be ought—"
"That it was his." I completed the

sentence. "Already rich, he wished to be thought clever. It's not always safe to defraud the dead." Don't be hard on him. What he did was not premeditated."

Here Erkhart paused a moment

Telling the story of his friend's resur-rection seemed to have affected him strangely

"I wouldn't have been so lenient. Gray remarked. ton to the world in his true colors." Stoddard wasn't that sort of man. He felt no resentment against Hilton. The thing that hurt him was not that whom he had admired and trusted, had

acted so basely. To comfort him was impossible, but still I tried." "'Never mind, old man, you'll write a better book some day,' was what I said, 'and there's always the little

"The 'little sister,' he said, with a reed laugh, "thinks Hilton wrote Chionita.'

Then you have seen Miss Stod-d?" I exalaimed. "She is in Chicago? Anyway, to undeceive her will be a simple matter."

"I shall never undeceive her,' he answered, 'she is Hilton's wife.'

Before any of us had time to commen on his story, Erkhart sprang up, and strode away in the darkness toward the

After a while Marston said: "Did Erkhart ever write anything?' "I can't say. I know very little about him; he is a stranger in the city.

His unspoken thought was as clear to ne as though it had been uttered, and his thought was also mine.
"Anyway it was awfully hard lines," Then there was silence. — Rosary

INGERSOLL AND WALT WHIT-

MAN. In the last year of his life Walt Whit-

man, the peculiar Camden poet and seer was surrounded by a galaxy of admirers some of of whom encouraged his poetic eniues in more substantial ways than y wordy strife, and were admitted into s friendship on terms of great in On one occasion the gathering at the

hermitage included Col. Robert G Ingersoll and a distinguished professor English literature at one of our in citutions of higher learning. Ingential is magnificent flow of conversation as stimulated by the convivial offer ings supplied by Whitman's table, and after a brilliant analysis of the phil osophy of Shakespeare, he began a long monologue upon the subject of the soul's immortality. With his usual keen sarcasm, he ridiculed the commonly ac-cepted ideas of the Christian, and in a With his usual manner surpassing even his magnetic lecture style, because the eloquence was unconscious, he set forth his own known doctrines.

Walt Whitman, as described by the is chair throughout the entrancing re cital. He was at this time far along in years, and his long, uncombed white hair and beard, with the loose and picturesque clothing which he affected, gave him a strikingly venerable appearance. When the distinguished agnostic had concluded, Whitman raised his head and slowly answered:

"Yes, Bob, that all sounds very well, but when a man gets so near to the end as I am he begins to have a different idea about those things.'

It was Ingersoll's turn to be thought-

HE BELIEVED.

Striking Story of an Atheist's Conver

A strong presentation was made a fewevenings ago in a public lecture de-livered at Grand Rapids, Mich., by Father Schrembs. Said the lecturer: "Father Athanasius Kirscher, who

tists of his day. He was in turn professor of philosophy, oriental languages, mathematics, Egyptiology, physical sciences. He was a voluminous writer on mathematics and physical sciences. and his famous work "Mundus Subter-raneum" was a real cyclopedia, com-prising all the geolotical knowledge of the day. At Rome he collected an enormous museum of scienti-fic instruments, natural objects, models and antiquities, and him-self constructed many wonderful in-struments. Father Kirscher was the possessor of a magnificent clube rows. possessor of a magnificent globe representing our planetary system. By means of a secret spring the whole and the other planets around the sun A young friend of the great scientist about to attend a dying woman. Kindly the priest invited the young man to his study, there to await his return. Quite globe, and as he was passing his hand over the instrument he accidentally touched the secret spring, start ing the whole mechanism in Lost in admiration of this w He looked forward to enjoying his sister's and friend's surprise and pleasure when they should find him living. "We stopped over in Chicago to enable Stoddard to see and thank his friend, Hilton."

Lost in admiration of this wonderful imitation of the universe the priest found him on his return. The first question they young man, who by way was an avowed infidel, asked was: Father, who is the genius that has made this wonderful instument? Why, answared the derful instument? Why, answered the priest, nobody made it, it made itself. Father, said the young man, you are but trifling with me; it is against reason, it is an utter impossibility that this splendid and wonderful imitation of our universe should have made itself or be the work of chance. What, answered the priest, you admit that a genius was necessary to make this poor, insignifi-cant miniature of the vast universe and yet affirm that the great universe of which a single blade of living grass contains more wonders than this paltry globe, had no maker? For a moment the young man reflected, then dropping

> sion of faith: 'My God, I believe.' " You Have No Soul to Save." He was known to them as a consistent Christian, and, the day being Friday, they confidently expected him to refuse

> "Our friend is so devout that he will eat no flesh," remarked one.
> "Good!" exclaimed another; "so

much the more for us.' "Not at all," interrupted the travel-

ler, "I claim my share."
"But your confessor!" cried the first, "He will give you a great pen-

Without replying, the traveller took all his share of meat, placed it on a saucer, then gave it to his dog, saying Eat that, you have no soul to save."

The lesson was hard. Threats were used, apologies were demanded, but the traveller and his dog taking no notice of the disturbance, all deemed it more prudent not to insist.

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