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# CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Life's Rosary.

Hoping and toiling and grieving.

Midway twixt laughter and tears,
Day after day we are weaving
A wearisome chaplet of years
Day after day and the morrow
Seems so uncertain and far

Whilst decades of Joy or of Sorrow Embellish our labor or mar. So with each day's little history We add to our chaplet of years A joyful or sorrowful mystery

A decade of smiles or of tears.
God grant that when Life with its story
of evil and goods deeds is o'er
We may join in the decades of glory
With the angels and saints evermore.

Decades of joy, when we labor With hearts that are steadfast and brave, Our Saviour to honor, our height. To cherish and comfort and safe.

Decades of sorrow when zealous
For honors or power or pelf
With hearts that are narrow and jealous
We labor untiring for self.

—Rev. R. J. McHuch.

Nothing great is ever accomplished without enthusiasm, energetic persistence, and a determination to do the sistence, and a determination to do the right thing regardless of obstacles, Aweak, vacilating person, a half-hearted man, excites no admiration or enthusiasm. Nobody believes in him. It is the energetic, dead-in-earnest man the confidence is and without It is the energetic, dead-in-earnest man who creates confidence; and without the confidence of others it is difficult to succeed.—"Success."

Look at the men who succeed in the world. In a majority of cases success has come not because opportunity ran against opportunity with so much force that they carried everything before

fited by his work.'

How to Get On.

A young man asked, "How can I get on in the world?" get on in the world?

1. Get at some work for which you are suited. Learn it from top to bottom. Excel in it. Know about it

than any other man. Be more skillful in it than any of your competitors.

2. Save money. Begin to hoard the cents if you cannot afford to lay by a dollar a week. Acquire the habit of thrift. 3. Get a good reputation for honesty, truthfulness, regularity and trustworthiness. It is business capital. Deserve it. Don't try to deceive the world. You are sure to be found out.

4. Treasure your health. Avoid excesses of all kinds. Keep from drunkennesss. Arise early. Sleep enough.
With a business experience, frugality a good reputation and health, opportunities for advancement in prosperity

are sure to come. The Tonic of Good Will Kills Selfishness. The consciousness of a feeling of good will and love toward others is the most powerful and most healthy tonic in the world. It is a wonderful stimular for it world. lant, for it enlarges, sustains, and ennobles life. It kills selfishness, and

scatters envy and jealousy.

A habit of thinking generously and kindly of everyone has a marvelous power of transforming one's life. It harmonizes all faculties.

harmonizes all faculties.

Nothing small or mean, stingy or despicable, can exist in a mind holding such thought. It is lifted above the petty differences which are the curse of small, narrow natures. Good will is a great panacea for selfishness; it preserves the freshness of youth and proserves the freshness of youth, and prevents dryness and barrenness of heart.

Honorable Conduct.

In November, 1841, the mercantile house of Sheldon Bros. & Co., of Boston, found it necessary to suspend payment of their debts, and to close up the business of the firm. Their credit the business of the firm. Their credit-ors, after an investigation of their concerns, agreed to receive 50 per cent of the amount of their respective demands, and release the house entire. concerns, agreed to recent of the amount of their respective cent. Of the amount of

Some time after the failure of the house, Mr. Henry Sheldon, one of the partners, died. Mr. Philo. S. Sheldon, the sawaising and the sawai he surviving partner, proceeded, with undaunted and persevering energy, to wind up the concerns of the old firm, wind up the concerns of the old firm, and to commence business anew, on his own account. In his enterprise he has been prosperous, and soon made a new dividend of 25 per cent. among all his creditors, upon the full amount of their cancelled demands against the original house, paying out to them the aggregate sum of \$40,000 for which they had no legal claim mon him whatever. no legal claim upon him whatever. This payment was entirely voluntary on his part; and it had been made not only to individual creditors, but, in some instances, to rich corporations, by whom the loss would not have been

Opportunity. Opportunities, numerous and golden, ever wave before us on the march along the busy pathway of life. How impor-tant to be "ready to every good work." The work of the present must be done now or never, so much depends upon to-day. Some things may be deferred, ome omitted, but with every day there may come to us an opportunity which if misimproved shall return no more. From every heart should arise the great question, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" and with open eyes and ready hands we should watch and wait to be a support of the supp wait to do our appointed work. Who can estimate the loss that may result from the neglect of a single opportunity? A life may hang in the scale,a soul may be saved by the faithful per-formance of the duty of to day; hence, while we should not give way to depression, nor sink down beneath a load of anxiety, we should ever hold our-

selves responsible to God, and continually watch that opportunities which are granted to us may not pass by unoticed and unimproved.

The path we tread, the business in which we engage, the recreation which we enjoy, the company with which we associate, the strangers who may chance to be thrown in our way, all these may afford us opportunities of doing good, of blessing those around us, and sowing seed which may produce fruit to life eternal. Not only in the acts which we do, but in the words which we speak, and in the tempers which we exhibit, we may be wielding an uncon-scious influence which will tell upon the welfare of others, and which may settle their decisions when the balance hangs their decisions when the balance rangs tremblingly before them. On, we little know the mischief which may be done by a wicked word, or act, or look! Around us are souls whose prosperity may hang suspended, as it were, in scales that tremble at a breath; and it may be given to us to decide their course for the right, even unconsciously, or without effort or intention.

The Man Who Insists You Must Drink. After reading the Knights of Columbus' "no-treating" proposition. the victim of innumerable convivial

bouts observed: bouts observed:

"I now desire to hurl about two dozen bean bags, heavily lo ded with buckshot, at the sizeable and growing bunch of numskulls long and grewsomely known to all of us as treating the streating ideals and grewsomely known to all of us as treating ideals. What Makes Opportunity.

"It often happens," says Mr. Rockefeller, "that a young man in all carnestness says, "I want to do something for myself, something for my friends, something for my family and something for my God," and fails to do anything. Then he sighs and believes that opportunity has never offered itself to him.

"Opportunity consists of one-tenth circumstance and nine-tenths effort. Look at the men who succeed in the

against opportunity with so much force that they carried everything before them.

"I believe that the man who has found his opportunity and has made the most of it is more greatly benefited by the results than the world is benefited by his work."

"It doesn't make any difference to the treating idiot whether you solemnly protest that you seemely protest that you have resolved henceforth and forever to abjurct the bowl; that you have conceived so violent a dislike for the flagon that your four troops of Cossacks. couldn't force you to partake of a single gill of vodka, not if they sawed you up with their spears in their efforts to do so; that you've got to take you up with their speaks your wife out to a progressive euchre party, anyhow, inside of twelve minutes; that you wouldn't have her detect the aroma of red eye on your breath for a week's product of the mint; that your stomach is so out of order that even a sip of sarsaparilla would positively endanger your life; that, already having a pocket full of cigars, you won't go in and have a smoke with him, thanks. None of these perfectly reasonable stories make any sort of a hit whatever with the treating idiot. He's going to make you line up with him or know the reason why.

reason why.
"He links arms with you while you're bucking over the proposition and tries to drag you along. "Come on, be good people, have just a teachy one to make the circulation circ,' says the treating idiot, jovially, endeavoring to pull one of the sleeves out of your overceat, and the only thing you." The pen your overcoat, and the only thing you can do under such circumstances is to knock his hat over his eyes and then push both of your mitts into his countenance with all of the energy at your muscular command, or else do the weakling stunt and permit him to get weaking stunt and permit him to get away with his proposition. The treat-ing idiot is so incomparably worse from every point of view than the harmless, if spongy, booze-grafter that there's no comparison whatever between them.

between them. The treating idiot is a home-destroyer and an enemy of civilization. He gets men of his acquaintance who are putting up a fight against their alcoholic inclinations out among the bushes and brambles again, and he is altogether an entirely a deplorable and utterly inexcusable calamity.

An Example for Young Men.

John T. McDonough, the newly-

tortune in America, bringing with them two scns and three daughters. They finally settled in Dunkirk, N. Y.

As soon as he was old enough he obtained employment in a grocery store. After working hard, early and late, he managed to save a small sum of monor. managed to save a small sum of money; then he arranged with his employer to work morning and evening, and thus enable him to attend school through the day. His desire for still furthering his education was so great that he organized a night school for the employes of the Brooks Locomotive Works, where he was at one time himself an employe. He also worked as a train boy, between

Hornellsville and Dunkirk.

When he had reached his twentieth year he decided he would go to college, so taking his earnings with him he started for St. John's college, at Fordham, N. Y. He told the president of the college that he wanted an odyn Hornellsville and Dunkirk. of the college that he wanted an education; he did not have money enough cation; he did not have money enough to pay for more than a half-year's tui-tion, but he so impressed the faculty with his earnestness that his exper-ience as a teacher was utilized, and he

was enabled to pursue his course of studies. Thus began his college career.

After leaving St. John's college with
the degree of LLD., he began the study of law. For four years he taught in one of the public night schools in New York City, did clerical work in a law office a portion of each day, and kept up his studies at Columbia College. In 1869, he graduated from Columbia and returned to his house to begin the his home to begin the practice of law. His career was watched with interest by his old friends, and all welcomed with pride the young man who had at last achieved the one desire of his

#### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. A FORBIDDEN SAIL.

"That boy of mine was not born to be drowned," Mr. Evans used to say about his son Tom, who could swim, Boat, dive, duck and stay under water

doat, dive, duck and stay under water like a fish. Still, his orders concerning the Thistle were very stringent. The Evanses lived on the shore of Long Island Sound, just behind a long line of rugged rock, and their harbor was a pretty cove, sheltered and shady, and their beach covered with golden

Abort and Dick Young were and a visit, and having a royal recome city life.

The Thisle was a sharpy, with two masts, and the captain was Jonas, the hired man, who sailed her out on fine days, taking Tom, all his friends, and Mr. and Mrs. Evans for pleasure trips.

"Jonas," Mr. Evans had said that very morning, "I am going to New York for the day. Don't let the boys have the Thistle at all. Let her lie out and dry her sails, and to-morrow we will have some deep-sea fishing if the wind is good."

Jonas drove to the village on business Mrs. Evans, and the three boys.

Son cease to find pleasures in life.

4. Be cheerful. If you have no great troubles on your mind you have no right to render other people miserable by your long face and dolorous tones. If you do you will be generally avoided.

Be amiable. You may hide a atture under a polite extereat masks its shary the least provents.

Jonas comes."

Tom was twelve, but Robert fourteen, and tall for his age. He walked around the Thistle and examined her masts. "Oh, come, Tom," he said, "don't be cranky. Your father won't really mind. She is a dandy! Just take us out for an hour."

Tom hesitated, but at last he said: "All right, but we must keep close to

All right, but we must keep close to

Tom was not a sailor of great experi-Tom was not a sanor or great experience, but he got the Thistle off with the
help of Dick and Robert. The two
white sails were spread, the little blue
pennant ran up the mast, with her pretty
Scotch name flying in the wind.

"Hello, hearties!" shouted Tom.
"Jolly!" said Dick, and Robert
ushed down the centreboard with an air of power and trod the length of the dock with the air of an admiral. Soon he cried out, "Not much wind, Tom—just turn her out to sea."

Little Dick urged differently, but

presently the crew of the Thistle were watching the shore grow farther away and the purple sea weeds sank out of sight, and the yellow spots on the brown rock fade into pale gold. The blue sky was still and cloudless. Even little Dick was corried away with little Dick was carried away with pleasure and cried out, "Jiminy! but this is fine." The wind just now filled the sails,

The wind just now filed the sails, and Tom ventured out still further. Suddenly he said: "Bob, how fast these clouds change! They look like thunder heads!"

"Well! But go about, Tom, if you like I do feel the wind coming."

like. I do feel the wind coming,"
Robert answered slowly.
"You know I told you not to go far,"

groaned little Dick.
"Bob!" shrieked Tom, "don't you know enough to let go the sheet?

know enough to let go the sails Luff! luff!"

The pennant snapped, the sails cracked, as from several small, low clouds came gusts of wind. The sea gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave a roar and a moan as it struck the gave and a long, low rumbling. The squall was on them. The tall masts leaned to the water, and before the "sheet was slacked," or the little crew made safe, the Thistle was tossed over like a shell. The sails dragged for a moment, then sank out of sight.

Lucame the black hull, and scramburghed.

Reach down, Dick, and haul us up.'
Dick clutched, and slipped, and climbed up again, and together he and Tom got Robert on top of the black

hull.

"He's dead, I'm afraid he is. Roll
him over; pound him; roll him, I
say!" yelled Tom, in the racket of the say! yelled Tom, in the racket of the storm, thinking of Robert's father and mother, and this disobedient sail in the Thistle. The two boys worked like good fellows, and at last Bob gave a big sigh and spoke: "Oh, Tom! I wish we hadn't taken her—how will we wish we hadn't taken her-how will we

get home?"
"By cracky, Bob, we ain't a goin' to get home," sobbed Dick. "We've got to sit here and hang on all night." But when the sun went down the gusty wind grew still, the thunder passed away, and the yellow their own home rocks shone

spots on out again like gold—far enough out of their sight, however.
"Be them boys fo' yourn at home,
Mister Ivens?" called out a fisherman
to Mr. Evans, as the latter passed

"Don't know. Just off the train.

"Don't know. Just on the training probably—why?"
"Wall, I seen three youngsters goin out in your ship Thistle jest afore the squall, and—"
"In the Thistle! Where was Jonas?"

Jonas?"

A hurrying run, a look all around the sea horizon, and then there was some tall hustling. Jonas had reached the wharf at the same time.

Three small boats were rowed far out

beyond the harbor, but the whole world was blank of the Thistle. Tom's father and Jonas and the fisherman frantically whistled and shouted and blew horns, and then

listened.

Out from a poor, wet, tired little body came a faint yell: "Hello!" Holo!" Looking seaward, the black hull and the three specks on it were

ade out with the glass, and the three

oats set out for the spot.

Well, three boys went to bed early hat night, rolled up in hot blankets and ull to their eyes of scalding ginger tea nd their thoughts as full of cancelled

birthday presents.
"I knew it would be so," said Tom Father always punishes disobedi-

"And he ought to," sobbed Dick.

How to be Popular.

Some has prepared the following rales warranted to make the young lady popular who diligently observes them. We give them for the benefit of those who desire all people to know and esteem them:

laws in velvet fur, but the least provoeation brings out one as quickly as the other and ill-natured people are always

other and in-hataret people disliked.

6. Be charitable in your conversa-tion. Persons of the female sex are generally put down as great talkers, and that little organ called the tongue and that little organ cannot the tongue is a very dangerous weapon. Gossip Town is a dangerous place and contains many dangerous shoals, such as "Falsehood bay," "Don't Care" cape, "Mind, Don't You Tell" point, "I Heard" breaker, etc. Speak in kindness and charity of others as you would like other to speak of you. Never forlike other to speak of you. Never for-get the golden rule of charity at all times and in all places.

# GERALD GRIFFIN AS A CHRISTIAN BROTHER.

The little pamphlets published by the Catholic Truth Society of Ireland are noteworthy publications in many ways. The primary object of the society is to rom the homes of the lowest possible prices, and in a popular form, pure, whole some literature. It also aims to spread, by the same means. Catholic truth by the same means, Catholic truth nong non-Catholics.

among non-Catholies.

One of the latest and best of the Society's pamphlets to reach us is "Gerald Griffin as a Christian Brother." Gerald Griffin as a writer is pretty well known to readers of English literature, but his life as a member. lish literature, but his life as a member of that noble religious institute, the Irish Christian Brothers, is little known. His term of service in the order was brief. He entered the instiorder was brief. He entered the histo-tute in 1838 and died at the North Monastery, Cork, June 12, 1840, aged thirty-six years, "leaving behind him, with his reputation as a graphic writer, the memory of a genial, lovable and saintly companion."

Up came the black hull, and scrambling up on top of her was Dick.

Tom swam for his life, but came up a long way from the boat.

"Help, oh, Tom!" cried Robert's voice, going down as he screamed.

Tom plunged away after the disappearing black speck, while the gusts of wind tossed the hull of the Thistle about like an egg. The waves rose higher, but the black speck appeared again, and Tom gave a more frantic leap forward, grasped it with one hand and drew Robert toward him, and then swam with him for the boat. He was almost breathless as he spluttered out, "Reach down. Dick and here a continuous properties and the school of Lish the s temporary, gives it the first place in the school of Irish, if not European, fiction. It has been dramatized by Boucicault in his "Colleen Bawn," and

produced on the lyric stage by Benedict, in his "Lilly of Killarney."

It was such a record of high literary achievement which Gerald Griffin left behind him when, in the prime of life, he gave himself wholly to the service of God in religion. When a member of the Christian Brothers his fame as a writer (overvloody was then reading writer (everybody was then reading The Collegians) excited the curiosity of many persons of distinction to see him and have the pleasure of speaking with him, but his detachment from the with him, but his detachment from the world was complete. He was desireus of living unknown and of placing him-self in every respect on a level with his brethren. He requested the master his brethren. He requested the master of novices and the director of the house of novices and the director of the least not to call him to people coming to see him. His immediate friends and near relatives came occasionally to visit him, but while he received them cordially and affectionately, he did not remain long with them nor encourage their

requent visits.

His indifference to literary reputation
was particularly striking. During the
whole time he was with the Brothers
he was never heard even once to speak of his writings, except in private conversation with the master of novices, who was himself a literary character, and who had even then to introduce the sabject himself. He was sensibly

## ALCOHOL AND DRUG USERS.

Victims of the above habits will be interested in the discovery of a harmless antidote which quickly and permanently removes all desire for liquor and drugs. This medicine has been publicly endorsed before Congress of Bishops and at Father Matthew's Anniversaries, also by Clergy, men from their pulpits and by temperance societies of all denominations. Interested persons can obtain full particulars from Mr. Dixon, 81 Willox St., Toronto, Canada. Victims of the above habits will be in-



affected and blushed like a child at the least word said in his praise, and he himself avoided everything, directly or indirectly, that could incite it. As for writing new stories, or in fact doing any literary work, poems or historical matter, religious or otherwise, from the moment he had fairly entered on his moment he had fairly entered on his new mode of life, he manifested the greatest disinclination to take a pen in his hand. The Brothers did not in the least urge the subject upon him, but left him altogether to himself. They hoped that this feeling would gradually die away, and that a fondness for literary work would return in due time. In this they were not altogether disappointed, for while stationed in disappointed, for while stationed in Cork, Brother Joseph (as he was known Cork, Brother Joseph (as he was known in the order) received a letter from Mrs. Rheda White, of New York, wife of Judge White, his nephew, which set him to work on a story called the "Holy Island," which was unfinished, however, when he died. The original manuscript is preserved in the Cork house of the Brothers. It is written on carbonized paper which he used to prepare himself, and he wrote with an ivory style. In this way he could procure several copies together by the one impression. The manuscript is nearly written, letters small but distinct, few erasures or corrections. The tale, as erasures or corrections. The tale, as far as it goes, is most interesting. The tar as it goes, is most interesting. The last sentence he wrote is very remarkable. It runs thus: "Of all the things of this world they (the druid priests) are well informed, but of the abyss that lies beyon—." When he had proceeded thus far the bell rang; he laid down his pen, leaving the last word unfinished. His fatal illness began soon after.—Sacred Heart Review.

### IMITATION OF CHRIST.

Of Learning Patience, and of Fighting

against Concupiscence.

It is but just that it should be so with them; that, since they inordinately seek and follow their pleasures they should not satisfy them without confusion and uneasiness.

Oh, how short, hew deceitful, how nordinate and base are all these pleasures !

Yet through sottishness and blindness men understand this not; but, like brute beasts, for a small pleasure in this mortal life they incur the eternal death of their souls.

But thou, my son, go not after thy sts, but turn away from thine own

(Eccli, xviii, 30.) Delight in the Lord, and He will give thee the requests of the heart. xxxvi. 4.)

LANCE STORY OF THE STORY OF THE There are no more important organs of the body than the bowels

If they are irregular, health must

Constipation is the common all-Nothing is worse for the bowels Nothing is worse for the bowels than the frequent use of cathartics. They do not cure Constipation—they aggravate it. A laxative does cure.

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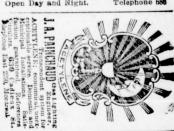
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