Presson! surmount the rocky steeps,
(Climb beldly o'er the terrents arch;)
He fails alone who fee by creeps,
He wins who dares the hero's march.
Be thou a hero! let thy might
Tramp on eternal srows its way.
And through the coor walls of night,
Hew down a passage unto day.

—Park Benjami -Park Benjamin

Our Obligation. An old song of Charles McKay's has a refrain, "I find myself very good on nan-ee." With this disposition it is easy to made of life a succession of happy years. Not that it is worth while to engage in the pursuit of happiness for ourselves. Stevenson sums up our obligation in a few noble words:

"One person I have to make good: myself. But my duty to my neighbor is much more rearly expressed by saying that I have to make him happy, if I

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or, in the less positively Christian and more negatively Confucian philosophy of Felix Holt: "This world is not a very fine place for a good many of the people living in it. But!'ve made up my mind it shan't be the worse for me, if I can help it."

The Keynote of the Century.

The radical evolution in business methods, the long strides in civilization, the ods, the long strides in civilization, the multiplication of inventions and discov-eries, along all lines, which the past half-century has witnessed, necessitate an infinitely broader with better training for men and women in every walk of life than was requisite twenty-five or even ten years ago. The watchword of this century is "Excelsior." Each successive year, for example, in

order that the best results may obtained, demands a higher standard of education than before for the youth who would become a merchant. A knowledge of "the three R's," unless supplemented by unusual shrewdness and foresight, no longer suffices to enable a man to conduct a business successfully. Orison Swett Marden, in Success.

Good Resolutions.

Never a man made so many resoluson's meditation and prayer :

'I have now spent fifty-five years in resolving, having from the earliest time almost that I can remember been by passion; in a particular time it may the time of doing is short.

O God grant me to resolve aright, true.

ubsisting under the covert of Thy atience. Be patient still; suffer us et awhile longer; with our broken patience. Be patient still; suffer us yet awhile longer; with our broken purposes of good, with our idle endeavors against evil, suffer us awhile longer to endure, and help us to do better."

mains unattered. The great cathedrates of Europe were the fruit of life-long labor. And these are but instances of a general rule.

We go into the workshops in which to endure, and help us to do better.'

used to warn men against the use of intoxicating liquor because of the impetu-osity of the American character. It is said that the American goes wild over he undertakes; becomes too enthusiastic, and the drinks liquors as enthusiastically as he does anything else. The certainty of his losing control of his appetite, if he drinks at all, olute.

Facts do not seem to sustain the opionion, once prevalent, that the drinking people of other nations are safe from the results which follow indulgence here. The French, so often cited as a sober people, although indulging in the lighter wines, are becoming addicted to intemperance, and are substituting stronger wines for the lighter ones. Appetite is about the same everywhere. The Chinaman becomes a slave to the opium habit as will any one, of whatever nationality, who uses it. With indulgence, the appetite for intoxicants grows: and while it may take the grows; and, while it may take the Frenchman a little longer to become a drunkard than it does the high strung, nervous American, he reaches the level at last. The German may stick to his beer for a longer time, but he, too, will reach the end in time. The only safe rule is to let it alone. If men will not drink, there will be no drunkards, but if they do, beginning ever so lightly, they will find it grow harder and harder to subdue the craving until appetite will rule them to their destruction.

Father Sheehan on Reading.

some excellent advice as to reading is found in a letter written by Rev. P.
A. Sheehan, D.D., author of "My New Sheehan, D.D., author of " recommended discrimination in the choice. "The Church," he wrote, "wisely forbids the reading of a certain class of books which, essentially false in method and conclusion, are often, however, written in so attractive a style that a young reader is carried out and does not know till too late the fatal consequences of being imbued with false principles of thought and action. And very few minds are proof against the seduction of this class of literature, because so few are prepared by a solid training in philosophical principles to recognize error, no matter under how

Shakespeare, Wordsworth; and to such poets and essayists in modern times as have written for the edification, not for the destruction, of their fellow beings. For it it must always be remembered that true culture is a province and de partment of the moral, rather than the intellectual, powers of man; and a simple peasant in a country district may be a more refined and cultured person than a great savant who knows not God, and whose conduct is not guided by religion. For religion is the great civilizer, not only of nations, but of individuals; its teachings, its re straints, its clevating influence tell more in the formation of human character and the guidance of human conduct than any science, art, or masterpiece in literature, which lacks moral power and with it the faculty of strengthening and elevating human character.'

A Sunny Disposition.

If men only smiled more and frowned loss, how much happier would the world be! If we only could persuade our-selves to believe that gladness is our rightful inheritage, and that happy hearts are the most acceptable to God, and the most conducive of good, then and the most conducive of good, then
we would find it easy to cultivate a sunshiny disposition. "Oh," you say,
"it is impossible for me to be happy
with such circumstances as mine!".
This is the very reason why you should
culivate happiness in order that you
may overcome circumstances and not let
them over-come you. It is surprising
what a different aspect things will assume when one endeavors to better
one's self. Selfishness and unhappiness go hand in hand, while thoughtfulone's sell. Seithsmess and unhappiness go hand in hand, while thoughtfulness and kindly consideration for others prepare the way for joy. We are of ten the cause of our own unhappiness, although we may not be willing to put the blame on ourselves. Where there is the desires to be harny the means are is the desire to be happy the means are always within reach.

Success the Reward of Merit. Disappointed authors and artists often talk as if they were the victims of the world's stupidity or malice—as if men were unable or unwilling to appre ciate them. Now, I know it is said that such things have been. There have been men of rare promise, but of a sen-sitive nature, who have been crushed by coldness or neglect, or by the hard and unfair criticism with which their first attempts were met. But this is far from being a common thing. The world likes to be amused and pleased. It is really interested in having some-

thing to praise.

This being so, how is it possible for a man of real merit to remain long un-recognized? Who can imagine that the great masterpieces of painting, or Never a man induce so many result in the great poems that have come down the great poems that have come down to us from the past, could have failed with good intentions." At this season it is interesting to read Dr. John-it is fact, human judgment, when you take its suffrages over wide tracts and through the lapse of ages, is infallible. forming schemes of a better life. The need of doing, therefore, a pressing, for give it time and room, and it is sure with unerring accuracy to detect the

It is as far as possible, then, from Stevenson, too, understood how easy it is to form good resolutions, how much easier to break them. His last prayer, written the day before his death, is hope-witten the day before his death. been favorable circumstances. There ful rather than resolute in resolve:

"We beseech Thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, folk of many families and nations gathered together in the peace of this roof, weak men and women subsisting under the covert of Thy many erasures that scarcely a line remains unaltered. The great cathedrals

Human nature is very much the same verywhere. In America we have been look and the same of the beautiful articles of merchandise are manufactured, and see a great fire, and hear the clank of machinary and manufactured. stained with dust and sweat. Now something like this has been going on to give birth to those beautiful creations in letters of arts which have de-lighted the world. There has been a great fire in the furnace of the brain, and each faculty of the mind has toiled to do its part, and there have been many blows with the pen, the pencil, or the chisel, until the beautiful conception is complete. Such men are successful, because they deserve it. The approbation of the world did not create their expects. success, it only recognized it.-Rev. F. S. Baker.

> Religious Controversy in Arkansas. The amenities of religious con-troversy were hardly observed in a recent debate between a Campellite and a Baptist, which took place near

Marmaduke, Arkansas, and which is reported in the Arkansas Baptist.

Both men are fairly educated, Mr. Tucker (the Campellite) has his lesson on Campellism well memorized, and is regarded as a representative man. He made strenuous efforts to save himself and his doctrine; but Brother Nunnery (the Baptist) drove him from every position and turned Tucker's efforts at ridicule against him effectually. He had splendid self-control, but when Tucker realized his discomforture he became desperate and called Numery a liar, a thief and an infidel. I have never heard the Baptist faith more forcefully presented, and the way he

exposed Campellism was a caution. At the close of the discussion, we are At the close of the discussion, we are Curate," to a young man in England who had written to him in regard to who had written to him in regard to club work. After speaking of the necessity of reading with an object, he a basket of fruits and nuts. He reshe wrote, ponded in a very kindly speech. closed," says the report, "one of the most helpful debates ever held in this region." Helpful seems to us hardly the word to describe this strenuous polemical battle.-Sacred Heart Review.

Youth is sweet, with its fiery enterprises, and I suppose mature manhood will be just as much so, though in a calmer way, and age, quieter still, will have its own merits,—the thing is only have its own merits,—the thing is only to do with life what we ought, and "Hence, I think that a young Catholic's studies should be limited to the great masters, such as Milton, Dante, Hawthorne."

what is suited to each of its stages: do all, enjoy all,—and I suppose these two rules amount to the same thing. what is suited to each of its stages : do

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. CROOKED HANS.

SIMPLE STORY BY WHICH ONE HERO RECOGNIZES ANOTHER.

By Helen F. Huntington.

Not all heroes are on the rolls of the Legion of Honor.
"Ten days more of this!" grumbled the Hero. looking about at the bare rough walls of his prison. "And te

It was the first time he had com at was the first time he had com-plained of anything. The three men smoking by the stove looked over at him collectively.

"Got misery?" demanded the man

in the leather shoops.

The wounded man nodded mutely and put his hand to his breast. He sat bolt upright in the stiff little stretcher, his head swathed in bandages, and a frieze greatcoat loosely buttoned ever his shoulder, for the room was draughty in spite of the roaring fire. He was a hero in the hearts of his rough companions, because he had risked life and limb by standing at his post when all others de serted: but the men of Murdoch were a silent lot; their deepest thoughts seldom passed their lips, wherefore no one had told him how he stood with them.

The door opened suddenly, letting in a driving gust of wind and a big, gaunt lad, who shuffled into the room with a lurch that emphasized his awkardness of figure and carriage. His big hands were crooked and stiff, and several fingers were bentalmost double. But for all that he could swing an axe at the lumber camp as well as the best of his fellows. Every night since the stranger's advent, Crooked since the stranger's laveled. Crosses than shad appeared at the shack at the same hour and taken his seat behind the rusty stove, always hoping to hear something of the great world beyond the silent, snow-bound forests of his

Well, Hans, what news?" asked the Hero, unenthusiastically, knowing very well that Hans had no news to "News don't come this way between

remarked the man of the leathern jacket. "Then tell me a yarn, one of you, to

speed the time along.
"We don't have much use for storyoks, neither."
"I don't care about make-up stories. Give me something true. Things hap-

pen even out here, I suppose, don't they? Come, talk up, the youngest first. I'll do my part when my turn

first. I'll do my part when my turn comes. Hans, tell us a story."

Hans grew very red of face and thrust his great feet further under the stove. "I dunno none, meester, he stuttered apologetically.

"Tell 'im about the Norris kid you found in the snow the winter you got your crooked hands and feet," commanded the man in the leather coat. manded the man in the leather coat, whom nature and habit had made

whom nature and native had spokesman.

"Oh, heem jus' a lil babby," said Hans awkwardly. "an' I not fetch heem home. Th' half-breed do dat."

"Tell him how you found 'im," the other man admonished austerely. To the Hero he added, soberly, "'Twas then he got his crookedness, savin' a midday's got fram freezin' to death."

vidder's son from freezin' to death. "Yes, tell me about it," urged the Hero, drawing his coat closely about

"Ain't nuttin' much to teil, Hains began haltingly; "jus' 'bout a lil boy five year ole wad got strayed off 'um hees mudder when we work up at Grand' Reeber where not much peoples

lives. De wolves putty hongry dat year, foh de deer all been gone sout t'ward Gran' Prix, where de moss ain't all ben covered wid freeze. It been so col' de trees snap lak glass w'en de shuffled back to his place behind the win' strike deem hard. "Nobody couldn't see de babby's tracks, foh de snow been freeze hard, but he been so lil dey tink it been easy to fin' heem foh he not walk fas'.

'n fader work till dark an' wen de job been done I wan' go look foh de babby, foh all de time I tink I hear lil voice foh all de time I tink I hear in voice callin' way up de devide, an' once I tol' fader listen; but he laugh an' say I been crazy, foh no lil boy couldn't cross dat greet snowbank. Fader he eross dat greet snowbank. Fader he not let me go. He say I been too young, an' no good. I save mab supper and wrap it up w'en he not lookin' an go to bed ve'y early, jus' waiting foh heem to been sleep, but he sit up long time befoh de fire smokin', an' bym'by I get up and creep out. Mah shoes been dryin' befoh de fire, so I tak de mocasins wad mah fader fine in de camp, an' dey been so ve'y light I go

fas' an easy.
"All time I hear day lil voice, ve'y far time I near day in voice, ve y sof an low, lak de sob of de win' ve y far off, an' I go swif across the greet snowbank t'ward de nort'. I t'out 'bout day lil boy way off in de col' an' ran so fas' till mah blood boil an' keep me ve'y warm, an I stop an' listen often, foh dat sof' voice in de fores'. Bym'by it cum clear, lak a chil' cryin' How I hear it, meester? I dunno. I many miles off, an' de col' been snapmany miles off, an' de col' been snap-pin' de trees when I run pas' lak glass breekin' in camp. I don't hear it wit' mah ears, but here," putting his crooked hand to his heart.

"An' so I fin heem, a lil black heap in de snow, cryin' toh here mydden

in de snow, cryin' foh hees mudder, an' mos' freeze. I jus' grab heem in mah arms an' run, I been so glad he not freeze dead. But bym'by I mek heem walk foh to save hees life, foh he been 'most stiff, an' de poor lil tiling cry an' cry till meh heert ache. t'ling cry an' cry till mah heart ache But bym'by, wen he gin to git warm, I sit down an' feed heem mah supper, an' he eat an' stop cryin' and feel

"Meester, I been so glad to see dat ill boy I forget to watch de road, an' bym'by I got fraid we been los' in the greet white forest. De lil boy been so ye'y sleepy he cry an' beg me let heem lle down, an' w'en we foun' too greet pile lumber where de col' win' don' come, we creen in between 'em an' and most disgraceful features of the come, we creep in between 'em an' cuddle up foh lil res'; an' de babby he say hees lil prayers, an' go fas' sleep till mornin'.

"Dere been only jus' a scrap of bread lef' foh day lil boy an' he been so hungry | conformists.

e cry foh more. But he good chile He stop cryin' wen I tole heem hees mudder been waitin' for heem wit' nice g ood t'ings an' big fire foh heem warn heeself, so we start out, which way I dunno, wen dere been no stars to look by. Long time we go on, stoppin' often the listen, but couldn't hear nuttin.' Mah old mocasins give out, an' de ice and not modeshis give but, in the foot till it make me limp, why food I not walk ve'y fas.' De lil boy he been so ve'y tired, I carry hoem mos' te way till dark 'zin to fall—and heem cryin' foh hees mudder an' so hongry its

os' breek mah heart.

"Wen we cum to de reeber, I t'ink I aear wolves, jus' a lil cry lak a baby's voice, cumin' creeping 'cross de snew. No, meester, I not 'fraid den. Why de Lord let me fin' dat lil boy if He don' want me save heem? Pretty soon I hear de boom-boom of breekin' ice way down de reeber, so I hurry fas' as mah eet can go, but t'ain fas' lak de wolves. Befoh dey cum up we foun' lil hut where de trapper leave in fall, built where de trapper leave in tank batte wid big logs, strong an' tight, but de door been gone. Anyway, I tak de babby in an' wrap heem in mah coatan' tell heem stay inside while I watch foh hees mudder an' keep de wolves out. Den I call an' call so loud, seem lak

Den I call an' call so loud, seem as mah fader mus' hear me.
"De wolves dey smell humans and go mad foh taste of blood, but I get out mah knife an' wen one jump up close mah knife an' wen one jump up close mah knife an' wen one jump up close mah knife an' aut heam had. o de door, I slash an' cut heem bad in' de res' llk lick hees blood an' kill em. But dat wasn't nuff foh de hor gry pack! Dey howl an' screech lak debils, an' de half-breed cuttin' ice vay down de reeber hear 'em an' cun up quick. He been 'afraid foh to use eem home, so he kill tree wolves an' care de res' away till he can tek de abby an' caary heem off down de ree ber.
"De ice have cut mah feot so bad I

not walk fas' nuff foh de half-bre I tell heem I wait in de hut till he tak de boy home an' sen' mah fader back foh me. He look scare an' try mek me come, but he have hurry foh fear de wolves ketch heem, an' so he lif' me up de rafters so de wolves can't get me,

leave me. Bym'by de wolves cum back an' tear an' crunch de de id wolves in jus' bout a meenit. Den dey howl an' screech an' rush into de hut an' try clim' de wall foh to git me, de greet, hongry pack. Yes, meester, I been 'Iraid lil while, but bym' by I stretch on mah stomach easy-lak, an' watch 'em lak dey been kittens; den I fall 'sleep. wen I wake, mah fader been carryin' me house on hees back."
"And then?" said the Hero very

softly.
"De lil boy's mudder nurse me lak

she been mah mudder too, an' I ain't don nuttin' 'tall, foh de half-breed brung de babby home, meester.''

The man in the leather coat looked at the speaker, without visible emotion; then he turned to the Hero and said alcele. 'I Twee then he are his grouped. almly: "Twas then he got his crooked-less. He was in the worst fix I ever aw—his hands an arm clawed an hewed by the wolves, an' feet frozen to the bone!'

"Hans, come here," said the sick

man imperatively.

The lad rose and shuffled over to the bed, and the Hero raised himself and looked first at the great awkward feet and the misshapen hands, then at the queer, homely, old-young face. Then he took both the crooked hands in his his shoulders and looking intently at the stolid, homely face of the young and pressed them hard.

You are the bravest lad I ever "Ain't nuttin' much to tell," Hans knew," said he in a voice of caressing

tenderness.

A sob rose in Hans' throat and a strange, unaccustomed smile lighted his face for an instant, like a flash of sunlight upon dark still water, ing a glimpse of unsuspected beauty hidden in the depths of his mute heart. by to his place behind the stove.-The Criterion.

THE POWER OF AGGRESSIVE PROTESTANTISM.

The unreasonable and dogged persistency with which the Non-conformists opposed the new Education Bill in the British parliament furnishes another and most striking illustration of the power of the Protestant spirit which still lingers among the English people. The Bill was originally designed by the government to do at least a modicum of justice to the voluntary or denomina-tional schools, which, since 1870, had

ority. The Bill had been very carefully prepared by the government so as to avoid all reasonable criticism from any party. Yet the Non-conformists attacked it from the start and fought it throughout with the greatest energy and with obstinate determination. Their whole conduct seemed to go upon the supposition that they alone had a right to be considered that their conscientious scruples should alone be consulted. It did not ence to the law if it should pass, that Premier Balfour, who at first seemed determined that the Bill should pass with all its essential features, was apparently alarmed, and was induced to approve of certain amendments which so modified the Bill in favor of its opponents that its friends felt that

and most disgraceful features of the case is that the representatives of Catholic Ireland in Parliament, in spite of the unanimous appeal of the English and Irish Bishops, sided with the Non-



To us the case furnishes another strikng illustration of the power of agitating, persistent, aggressive Protestantism. May it not also furnish a lesson to Catholics in contending for their rights? If persistent determination rights? If persistent determination and unflagging perseverance can give success to a mistaken minority contending against justice and right, what might not be expected from the same energy, perseverance and pertinacity of purpose in advocating and insisting and right? Sacred Heart of purpose in advocating and insisting upon justice and right?—Sacred Heart Review.

A NOTED CONVERT DIES IN ENGLAND.

The Athenoum says of the late John Hungerford Pollen, the "accomplished artist and man of letters who suddenly and painlessly passed from among us on the morning of Tuesday, Dec. 1," that he was born Nov. 19, 1820, in London; educated at Eton and Christ Church later obtained a fellowship at Merton and became Senior Proctor of the Uni-

"Taking orders, he joined the re wned Dr. Hook at Leeds, and acting under him there showed much devotion during a terrible outbreak of cholera.

"The Gorham judgment, controver-sies concerning Tractarianism, and other influences led to Pollen joining the Roman Catholic Church at Rouen. After this he traveled, especially in Italy, and studied painting in Rome for two seasons, also becoming ver inti-mate with Thackeray and Aubrey de Vere. Returning to England in 1854, he married Maria Margaret, daughter of Mr. La Primaudaye, and, removing to Dublin in 1855, was appointed pro-fessor of the fine arts in the University on St. Stephen's Green.

"In 1863 Thackeray introduced Pol-len to Sir H. Cole, and this led to his becoming one of the first superintendents of the South Kensington Museum, for several years much to do. He was the complier of that stupendous and valuable 'Catalogue of Books on Art'

104N ERROUSON & COMP. which still awaits completion. . . . and at various dates was a frequent contributor to the Saturday Review, the Month, Chambers' Cyclopædia, and other publications, concerning him almost wholly with art, its practise, remains and history. . . . Amor larger decorative works we may the mural pictures at Blickling, the original Oratory at Brompton, and series of twelve oil paintings (eight of which have been carried out in full) at Alton Towers. Each of these is 14 it. long by 8 wide, and they illustrate events in the wars of Henry V.

"It remains to testify warmly to Pollen's sincere and honorable character, his numerous accomplishments and considerable learning, his excellence and generosity as a friend, and his unfailing diligence as a student. Of his eight sons, two at least are distinguished in the country's service, and another is known as a writer of history."

A WINTER SCOURGE.

LA GRIPPE OR INFLUENZA RESPONSIBLE FOR HUNDREDS OF UNTIMELY DEATHS. La grippe starts with a sneeze-and

ends with a complication. It lays a strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, headaches and backaches. It leaves him a prey to pneumonia, bronchitis, consumption and other deadly diseases. You can avoid ia grippe by fortifying your system with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They protect you; they cure you; they up-build you; they banish all evil after effects. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ward off all winter ailments. They cure all blood and nerve disordors. They are the been laboring under g eat disadvartages. It is a noticeable fact that the large majority, say three-quarters, of the schools are voluntary, while the Non-conformists are in a decided minority. we do not ask you to take our word alone. Ask your neighbors, no matter where you live, and you will learn of someone who has been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, after other medicines had failed. It is upon the evidence of your problems. dence of your neighbors that we ask you to five these pilts a fair trial if you are sick or ailing. Mrs. Emma Doucet, St. Eulalie, Que., says: "Words can hardly tell how pleased I am with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had an attack of the grippe which left me a sufference. sidered that their conscientious serves sidered that their conscientious serves to occur to them that the friends of denominational schools had conscientious scruples in favor of imparting positive religious instruction to their those scruples were not entitled to the least consideration. So persistent, so energetic and thoroughly aggressive energetic and thoroughly aggressive were they in their opposition to the were they in their opposition to the were they in their opposition to the serves and pains in the stomach. It is defined as several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of Pills of Pills williams' Pink Pills of of la grippe which left me a sufferer of la grippe which left me a sufferer from headaches and pains in the stomach. I used several medicines, but nothing helped me until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When I began them I was weak and very much run down. The pills have completely cured me and I not only am as strong as ever, but have gained in flesh." The genuine pills always bear the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," on the label around every box. Substitutes can't cure and to take them is a waste of money and endangers life. a waste of money and endangers life. ----

Got Lame Back or Lumbago?

No need of that now. That sort of pain can be knocked out in short order, for Polson's Nerviline, which is five times stronger than any other, penetrates at once through the ussues, reaches the source of suffering drives to ut and thus gives relief almost insbantly. Not magic, but surength that gives Polson's Nervillnethis power. You will this ki mayle nowever if you try it, pain goes so quickly. So d by dealers everywhere. In large 25, buttles.

bottles.

They are a powerful nervine—Dyspersis causes derangement of the nervous system, and nervous debitive once engendered is difficult to dest with. There are many testimonials as to the efficacy of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in treatity this disorder, showing that they never fail to produce good results. By giving proper tone to the digestive organs, they restore equilibrium to the nerve centres.



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KOENIG MED. Co RVETORIC Sold by Druggists at \$1 per bottle; six for \$5;

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