### OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. THE HEART OF ROSES.

BY VIOLET. Just now, and the varied shades of green, Stood out against the soft May sky full

clear, The like bloomed and the chestnut waved, And the fragrant thorn hid blushing near. All day came the cornerake's twisted note The swallow's song with the stream made tune, While the summer hours kept chiming sweet Their prelude low for the coming June."

The last night of May had come, and the people of a picturesque little vil-lage at the foot of the Pyrenees, were nsly awaiting the dawn of the sweet Month of Roses.

For years it had been the custom, on the first morning of June, to have a rocession to a wayside shrine of the acred Heart, previously prepared for the occasion, and to place upon it a heart formed of the richest and rarest of the roses of June.

Moreover, nestling among the flowers was a letter to the loving Heart of Jesus, written by the fervent pastor, in behalf of his faithful flock, relating the many acts of devotion, which they promised to fulfil during the current month. once witnessed could

This scene once witnessed could never be forgotten.

The priest, sanctuary boys, the people, all singing hymns of love and thanksgiving, would cause sweetest memories to linger around them. But, perhaps, the ones on which the eyes of the beholder would look the longest and with the deepest pleasure, were the two little boys who carried the heart of

As one gazed on their angelic faces As one gazed on their angelia lates crowned with aureoles of wavy curls, the morning sun glistening over their crimson velvet cassocks and surplices of snowy lace, bearing in their baby hands the heart of roses, sparkling with dew, one would whisper involuntarily"May the Sacred Heart ever keep them in His sweet and tender care!

The two, Raymond and Louis, were great little friends, being constantly together. Time only augmented their friendship, and if we witnessed the June procession five years after the opening of this story we would recognize at once the two handsome boys, carrying the heart of roses, as Raymond and

They were the honored ones for many years, and although the priest often said he would select two smaller boys, still when the day came around the same two would be in their usual places, which seemed to belong to

Years passed on, and one bright day, the beginning of June, they were absent, for both had gone away to school; and as the procession slowly wended its way, many prayers were breathed for the absent ones, now exposed to the temptations of a great city.

Dear anxious ones, fear not the Ray-mond and Louis are loyal subjects to the Sacred Heart, and though perils may surge around them, they will rest securely in that never failing refuge! At last, Raymond announced his intention of studying for the priesthood; he accordingly entered college, and in due the happiness of being or-

But where is Louis all this time? Far across the sea, in a prosperous city of our own dear America, he is an ored and wealthy citizen. ried an American lady, beautiful, ac-complished and above all a devout Cathic, so their home life was a truly

He had corresponded with Father Raymond until a short time after his arrival in America, when business cares occupied the greater part of his time, aside from his religious duties to which he was ever faithful, and when after a ne was ever latthful, and when atter a year's silence he wrote to his friend and received no reply, he concluded he had been stationed elsewhere.

Although losing trace of Raymond he did not forget him, and each month of June, he visited, in spirit, his native will be and more did not forget him, and the heart of

village and wondered if the heart of roses were carried to the shrine the same as of yore, and I am sure it was the remembrance of that happy childhood it in his fashionable parlor.

And it was the same remembrance And it was the same remembrance that whispered to him, when his two little boys, Raymond and Louis would ask for a story, to tell them about the June procession and Father Raymond. How often he thought—"Shall I ever see my dear old friend of boyhood days again?"

But the Sacrad Heart is over ready

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But the Sacred Heart is ever ready to make Its faithful children happy. On a certain last bright evening of May little Raymond and Louis were carrying a heart of roses to the parish church in order to enhance the altar of the Sacred Heart on the morrow, and

in hurrying along they let it fall.

They found to their great dismay on picking it up that several of the roses

were crushed.
"I am so sorry," said Raymond,
"mamma and papa will not let us take
it again, I am atraid."

Coming toward them were two priests, who had witnessed the mishap, and as they approached the little fellows, one of the priests, who was a favorite everywith children, said-"What is the matter, boys?'

"We were taking this heart of roses to the church," said Raymond, and we have let it fall and it is ruined."
"Let me see it, perhaps I can arrange it again," said the priest, with such a bright smile that all trouble flew before it like mists before the sun-

before it, like mists before the sun-By a few dexterous touches, the heart appeared as sweet and fragrant as ever.

'Thank you, ever so much,' said both boys tipping their velvet caps in

a most polite manner.
"Perfect little gentlemen," thought
"What fancies my imagination con"What fancies my imagination con-

the priest.
"Now, what are your names?" he asked before saying good-night.
"Louis and Raymond," said the lat-

ter.
"A namesake of yours, Father Ray-

"Where do you live?" he asked as a flood of memories swept o'er him.
"No. 139 Fifth Ave." was the re-

ply.;
"Thank you" said the priest, "and now I must say good-night with the request that you say a little prayer to the Sacred Heart for Father Raymond

to-night.

On retarning home the boys gave an interesting account of the priest they As their father listened to their de-

scription he thought—he has the man-ner of my friend, oh if it were only he. The next afternoon Mr.—was seated in his library in a deep reverie when a visitor was announced and on entering the reception room he met—Raymond. "Louis!" was all the priest could

say.

"Raymond, dear Raymond," said
Louis as they clasped each others hands
after the lapse of many, many years.

Can any pen do justice to the moments that follow such meeting, which are like golden sunbeams amid life's

shadows! Father Raymond then said that he was travelling for his health, and he added "The Sacred Heart must have added "The Sacred Heart must have guided my steps last evening towards your two charming little boys, and the heart of roses they carried led me to you of whom I have often thought and for whom I have frequently prayed.
"Oh, thank God," he conti

"Oh, thank God," he continued "for the many sweet acts of piety practiced by our dear Mother, the Church. such as processions, crown ing our Mother the last night of May, decking the shrine of the Sacrec Heart

"They are as perfume to the flowers, not necessary it is true, but oh, how much sweeter and lovelier they render our Holy Faith." Father Raymond remained a month in

the city, during which time he became a great friend with little Louis and Raymond. He departed for France in the beginning of August, followed by the fervent prayers of his affectionate

Father Raymond is now pastor in the little village, where he and Louis, for so many years carried the heart of roses, and many affectionate letters are exchanged between them, and it is our fervent hope that their two little name-sakes may live as good and noble lives.

Louis is contemplating a European trip as he is very anxious his wife and children should witness the June pro-cession in his native village, and as we bring this story to a close we will say to our friends "A pleasant journey and

#### PICTURES IN THE FIRE.

M. R. TAYLOR IN CATHOLIC COLUMBIAN. The month was June and the weather warm, even for the season. The long

purple twilight shadows were just displacing the golden sunbeams, and the Convent children, exhausted by play, came in groups of twos and threes, to a large chair in the center of the green sward. It was an evening custom, per formed as regularly as they said their prayers, for the occupant was dear to their hearts and in after years, when Convent life had become a memory, the face, the voice, and gentle counse this aged religious separated themselves from the misty time-dreams and became living realities.

Four score years had passed over the head of Sister Veronica and death's angel stood near the bent form, but not yet had life's sun set, and as often as the day dawned it found her in the sweet silence of the chapel; as often as it closed it saw the venerable pet of Sisters and children, the center of an attentive group; a sweet picture it was, the morn and evening of life.

She was a famous story teller, this "Dove of the Cloister," and her listeners were many. For years she had welcomed new faces, and after they had grown familiar, with her gentle kiss upon their brows, she sent them forth to fight life's battles. Others, like Mary in the Scriptures, choosing the better part, still sat at her feet, wear-

ing a habit like her own. As each session brought its influx of youthful students, the older and wiser remembrance of that nappy entances seen that caused his fervent love of the Sacred Heart, and which incited him to procure a most beautiful statue counts of how dear Sister Veronica was counts of how the status of the status once a beautiful girl whose parents wished her to marry a foreigner of title, who had sued for her hand, and how she refused the offer, coming to the convent instead; all of which was most

romantic. The story came to them second-hand, The story came to them second-hand, however. From her own lips they had never heard a word concerning the affair. They had listened with rapture to her accounts of hospital service during epidemics, of field duty during war, to anecdotes of school life, for time had not robbed her of her powers, and to the usual gentle request. "Sister, please usual gentle request, "Sister, please tell us a story," she willingly com-

This evening there was a variation in the command when a sweet girlish treble said :

Sister, dear, please tell us how you found your vocation—how you came to be a Sister of Mercy.'

As a smile played about her lips and a far off look stole into the soft brown

she obeyed. "My story shall not be long, chil-"My story shall not be long, children: It seems strange to speak of winter, fires and snow, at this season, but it all came about, or mostly happened, as Margaret there would say, through pictures in the fire. I was a dreamer, and my earliest recollections are of pictures in the fire. I was a dreamer, and my earliest recollections are of lying upon a great tiger skin before a huge log fire in my father's cosy library. For hours I would remain in that position, until my old colored nurse would come to take me away muttering with a shake of her turbaned head, "Dis here chile ain gwine I ve I toll yo, 'tain natral fer a baby ter do so 'culiar;' but she was a noor prophetess, as you all she was a poor prophetess, as you all

"Now, what are your names?" he asked before saying good-night.
"Louis and Raymond," said the latter.
"A namesake of yours, Father Raymond" said his companion, with a merry laugh.
But the former was too interested to reply. throng that invaded palaces and courts, tion of society.

fair ladies swept past me on the arms of gallant knights and I witnessed a thouand things that crowd the mind of a

dreamer of twelve.

"My good parents sent me to school here at this very place. Oh, how I missed my fire and my favorite occupation! Nothing could entertain me quite as well. Each vacation I returned home, of course, but was back at school before the time for blazing logs. school before the time for blazing logs. Finally came my graduation day and I said farewell to the dear\_convent, as I imagined, forever.

That year we had an early autumn, and I soon discovered I had not out-grown my childish fad. To all the so-ciety that crowded our home, my father kept open house. I preferred my fire even though seemingly engrossed by the gay life I was expected to lead as the only child, and for the nonce the great arm chair and flaming brands knew me little.

knew me little.

"One evening, after a day spent with a party fox hunting, and I had indulged, as it seems to me now, in more than usual frivolity, I sought the old place. Events had made me thoughtful. I had learned, just as the dusk was beginning to sadden the sweet suntiles. shine, I must decide, within a brief in-terval, upon my path in life. I was as pious as the average girl and, true to my convent teaching, had prayed for enlightenment, even while I turned for

clothes, people paying me court, in fine, everything that could charm or enchant the superficial. On the other where there was less flame and more smoke mist, I entered the solitude of a garden and a lonely, deserted, od-stained figure looked toward me with eyes bathed in crimson drops, and a voice said, "Will you, too, leave

"I saw a pilla" beside which lay a mangled body, and a whisper came,

For your sins."
"My tearful eyes were then lifted to a balcony where stood a bleeding God with thorn crowned brow, jeered by the populace, and I followed the 'Man of Surgean' 'slears' the stood of the bar, and without interest June "Success." Sorrow' along the streets of Jerusa-lem to Calvary's Mount. At the foot of a rough cross I knelt until a last gasp told the death of Him who hung thereon and I heard breathed through

darkening silence 'For love of you.'
"My decision was made. I came
here and this has been my home. I see nere and this has been my nome. I see no pictures in the fire now, but looking to the shrine I behold a vision of the Great Beyond, and I long to hear a voice repeat 'Well done—enter thou.'"

The sun had long since set, and as a black-veiled Sister hurried towards her charge, the now thoughtful girls, murmuring thanks, began to stroll away, but paused to listen to a tot whose dainty head had leaned against the Sister's chair during the narrative.

"Sister Veronica, you see that beau-Well, when I die and go to Heaven I'm going to beg our Lord to Heaven I'm going to beg our Lord to let you and me live there together."
"Dear child," said the tender voice of a Sister, whose hand rested upon the brow of the aged nun, "that must be

## home to rest forever in the joy of the CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN

her prayer, for the dear saint has gone

Every man must bear his own burden, and it is a fine thing to see any one trying to do it manfully, carrying his cross bravely, silently, patiently, and in a way which makes you hope that he has taken for his pattern the greatest of all Sufferers.

For Business Success. President Forgan, of the First Naional Bank of Chicago, says every boy who wishes to succeed should be master of three educational qualifica-

First. To be able to write a legible hand and to make good figures and place them correctly.
Second. To add, subtract and mul-

tiply and divide rapidly and accurately.
Third. To be able to write a clear, brief, grammatical letter with every

word spelled correctly.

Mr. Forgan says the young men who Mr. Forgan says the young men who can do all these are rare. He has employed many boys fresh from the grammar and high schools and even from the colleges, and all of them failed in some of these simple tests.

Monthly Confession.

One of the obligations of membership in the Young Men's Society of Great Britain is monthly confession. In this country it seems to be so only in the Sodalities, whilst young men seem to think they have outgrown the need of think they have outgrown the need of it, though quite the contrary is the ease. The sacrament of Penance is not only the means of purifying the soul, but is a source of grace, of power, of strength, of encouragement to subdue the rising passions, which are so much more dangerous as they are fascinating. At no time is frequent confession so At no time is frequent confession so necessary as at the age of adolescence, and the benefit and consolations derived from it can be told only by these who practise it perseveringly. We do not object to the innocent amusements provided for in our young men's associations, but consider it a great mistake to make them the chief end. Let the associations be truly Catholic: let monthly confession be the rule.—Southern Messenger.

Southern Messenger.

To Young Men Who Read. Addressing a great gathering of Catholic young men at Cardiff the other day on the trend of modern literature, a learned Franciscan concluded his discourse with the following pieces

1. Begin with Catholic literature and make good use of it.

2. Don't waste valuable time in excessive newspaper reading, nor in por

ing over silly, vulgar or questionable magazines and journals. 3. Never read books, periodicals or papers directed against religion in general or the Catholic Church in particular; or those whose aim is the destruc

4. If you require fiction for self-im provement or honest recreation do not stuff your mind with the rubbish of the book stalls, but read Catholic tales and the works of standard authors.

Lost Hours. We have all wasted many precious minutes. Perhaps it has been over a foolish book, maybe mere indolence. A gentleman traveling in England was reminded very forcibly of his "lost hours" as passing through an old castle he saw these words on the wall

of the nursery: LOST. Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, Two golden hours Each set with sixty diamond

minutes. No reward is offered As they are gone forever.

The very uniqueness of the idea startled him. He read it again. "I is true, they are gone forever," said he sadly. "All, those hours I wasted at sadly. "All, those hours I wasted at school instead of studying, are lost. The many opportunities I have had for dood are neglected and gone. When you are inclined to waste the mo-ments which are so valuable, think of the lines in the English castle and the sorrow of its reader.

Unfold Your Natural Faculties On the side where the wood burned brightest I beheld a picture of what I thought represented the world—pleasures, pastines, loved faces, splendid ciothes, people paying me court. There is no honest calling so humble that it may not be raised a thousandmolecules of the bar; he knows of their motion, while the other man sees only a dead mass which, he thinks, would not interest anyone. The former understands the laws of force, attraction, repulsion, adhesion, and cohesion; the properties of the molecules in various etals are, to him, sources of entertainment and pleasure, while the other man understands nothing of the chemical ingredients or natural philosophy of the bar, and stares at it blankly, without interest.—O. S. Marden, in

> Lay Co-operation Needed. The Catholic Transcript calls at-ention to the fact that Bishop O'Connell's first public pronouncement on returning to his native land with the episcopal consecration fresh upon his hands, was a plea for lay co-"The topic is a vital one," comments

our esteemed contemporary. "It is well that the prelate touched upon it at a moment when his hearers were only too glad to give him benevolent attention and before an audience that can and that should lend important can go to the Church \* \* \* It is service to the Church. evident to all who follow the Catholic progress of the country that the layof this section are not phenom enally active in matters which apper-tain to the external well being of religion. It is true that here the Church is more prosperous and apparently more capable of caring for itself than in some other parts of the country. But however strong and progressive and successful, it cannot do its work when deprived of the laity—and by the laity let us not understand the pious female sex and the drooping ectogenarian, but the robust and ablebodied members of the present generation. \* \* \* When men of Bishop O'Connell's standing remind eration. Bishop them of their duty and call them afield there should be no hanging back. To prove remiss in this particular is to court that religious indifference which has made it possible for an anti-Christain minority to enact tyran-nous laws in France and subject the unoffending religious of Spain and Portugal to the howling insults of a godless rabble?"

Be Alive. If you expect to accomplish any-If you expect to accomplish anything in the world, you must be alive — very much alive — alive all over. Some people seem half dormant. They impress you as partial possibilities—as people who have discovered only a small part of the continent within themselves. Most of it are mains undeveloped territory.

remains undeveloped territory. A man who does things is one who is He is alert, always on the watch for opportunities. He does not give idleness time to dissipate him. He fights against that common wall to the fights alive to the very tips of his fingers.

ness time to dissipate him. He fights against that common malady known as a "tired feeling," and conquer it.

Many a man is wondering why he does not succeed, while his dosk, at which he sits, tells the story of his life, and shows the limitations of his capability. The scattered papers, the unfiled letters, the disorderly drawers, the dust in the pigeon holes, the layers

of newspapers, of letters, of manuscripts, of pamphlets, of empty envelopes, of paper, are all tell-tales.

If I were to hire a clerk, I would ask no better recommendation than would be afforded by the condition of his desk or table, or room, or work-bench, or counter or books. We are all surrounded by tell-tales which are constantly proclaiming the stories of our lives, cover them up as we will. Our manner. our gait, our conversation, the glance of the eye, the carriage of the body, or the eye, the carriage of the body, every garment we wear, our collars, neckties and cuffs, are all telling our life-stories to the world. We wonder why we do not get on

faster, but these tiny biographers often tell the secret of our poverty, our limitations, our inferior positions.

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blood they clear the skintof imperfections. TRY DR. HAMILTON'S MANDRAKE PILLS.



The Truly Independent Man. Herbert M. Sylvester, in Donahoe's His income is more a dependable ne than that of the urban wageearner, for trade may stagnate and the bottom drop out of business, yet his erops do not know it, and grow on into the harvest-time. If money, by one of the sudden fluctations of business, dependable frequently upon the political status, actual, or probable, of the country, is withdrawn from circulation so that the times become stringent, when business houses go to wall, and ot even the blanks are immune against

the general uneasiness, our farmer pur-sues the even tenor of his way, content, sues the even tenor of his way, content, indifferent, and possibly ignorant of the commercial disturbance. Nature is his banker, and she never repudiates or dishonors her contracts. All this may mean a slower market, and lower prices but his crops are just as good money, deduct shrinkage and cost moving. So, it is easy to be seen that independence, as the tiller of the soil knows it, has no equivalent among the urban wage-earning population. The farmer employs himself, pays himself is never discharged, bosses himself, works, or goes a fishing, suits himself, and pities everybody in general and particular whose lot is not as fortunate as his own—nor is my farmer apt to be an optimist, -rather the opposite. enerous where he wishes to be, but generous where he wishes to be, but ordinarily if you get anything out of him without paying what he thinks it is worth, you are like to be smarter than I have ever been, for no man knows the value of a thing better than he whose energies have produced it. When he , it is with the same shrewdne whether law or groceries. He invariably counts his change—in fact, he is very independent.

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and keep Them Well. If your children are subject to colic. indigestion or any stomach trouble, if they are troubled with constipation, diarrhoea, or any of the ills that afflict little ones, give them Baby's Own Tablets. This medicine will give re-lief right away, making sound, refresh-ing sleep possible. It will put children on the highroad to health at once. It is doing this so-day for thousands of children in all parts of the country. R. L. McFarlane, Bristol, Que., says: "I take pleasure in testifying to the merits of Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them for my baby since she was three months old, and previous to using them she was a delicate child. now quite the reverse, as she is plump, healthy and strong. I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones.' These Tablets are good for childen of all ages and dissolved in water or crushed to a powder they can be given with absolute safety to the youngest, weakest baby. Guaranteed to contain no opiate or harm-ful drugs. Sold by all dealers at 25c a box, or sent postpaid by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

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all danger is soon ended.

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minator. Children like it.

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