The Cradle-Song of the Poor.

ADELAIDE PROCTOR Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
Dear, I have no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain!
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud and thankful too was I;
Now, my daring, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die,
bleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I have watched thy beauty fading, And thy strength sink day by day, Soon, I know, will Want and Fever Take thy little life away. Famine makes thy father reckless, Hope has left both him and me; We could suffer all, my baby, Had we but a crust for thee. Sleep, my darling, thou art wea Sleep, my darling, thou art weary; God is good, but life is dreary.

Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than in helpless sin and sorrow
Vainly live as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace, were flown.
Than thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

I am wasted dear, with hunger.
And my brain is all opprest,
I have screely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God will help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to His heaven,
Where no want or pain can be,
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary
God is good, bu: life is dreary.

Such the plaint that, late and early, Did we listen, we might hear Did we fisten, we might hear Close beside us.—but the thunder Of a city dulls our ear.

But the control of the

DIED A BRIDE OF CHRIST.

Story of Sister Marie Josephine, Child of the Livingstons.

While other girls as beautiful as she, as lovely in mind and soul as she, of family almost as good, says the New York World of Sunday, leaned their white arms on the velvet rail of the box and heard the sensuous, sweet strains of Romeo wooing Juliet, she, in the world Anna S. Livingston, in the world Anna S. Livingston, in religion Sister Marie Josephine, lay on her death-bier with her cold hands folded across her nun's habit, and by her side, all through the night, knelt those who prayed that God would grant her eternal rest and a place of

light and refreshment.
What sounds she might have heard from the confines of heaven, what faroff murmurs of the songs of countless hosts and the harpings of the harpers, none may tell; but those in the convent chapel, with the red light of the sanctuary lamp shining upon the coffin, only heard the whispered words from the watchers' lips: "Out of the deep have I cried unto Thee; O Lord

hear my voice. HAD WEALTH AND BEAUTY. She might have chosen the life of a woman of society, for she had fortune, she had beauty, she had accomplishments, she had travelled, she had seen the world, yet she had put them all from her and become a bride of Christ. and now she lies in the little cemetery at Mount St. Vincent, and there is wooden cross at her grave's head, with her name on it, and only the initials

upon her. There is hardly an older family in New York State than the Livingstons, certainly not a more honored one Her father was Ludlow Livingston her grandfather was Anson Livingston, of the manor of Livingston; her great grandfather was Justice Brockholst Livingston, of the United States Supreme Court, and her great-great-grandfather was William Livingston,

Governor of New Jersey.

These were staunch Episcopalians away back in the days when the pre-fix Protestant was not avoided in speech as it is now. She was a Roman Catholic and a nun, and those of her family who hold to the faith of her fathers say

If ever there was a clear vocation to the religious life, it was hers.' EDUCATED IN THE CONVENT.

Her mother died when she was very young. She was educated in the convent perched upon Mount St. Vincent, overlooking the broad Hudson and the stone castle which Edwin Forrest built for himself and gave up. It is now the residence of the chaplain of the convent. She grew up to young womanhood with the nuns. She saw women who had given up the things of this world, the marrying, the bear ing of children, the delights of society, of travel, the power of wealth, and to her it seemed that they had chosen the

She was graduated from the academy in 1889, a favorite among the members of her class. Life lay before her. What should she do? She chose. She entered the novitiate. The door of entrance to a religious community is narrow. The gate of exit is wide. It is all very well for a young woman outside to think she would like to be a Sister. But will she not tire of the narrow bedchamber, with its bare floor, its plain chair, cot, wash stand and prayer bench? Will she like getting up at 4 o'clock in the morning? Will she relish the daily meditation? Will she submit without rebellion to every word of her superior, for obedience is just as important a vow as poverty and

chastity? The novice has two years of the view from the inside. Anna Livingston's resolve survived those seasons of despair and petulance which come to every religiouse, and last summer she took the final vows and was professed There are those to whom the words "taking the black veil" suggest gloom and sadness only, and truly it is a saddening sight to see young girls lay off the garments of a bride and array themself in black, but no one who has seen the newly-professed kissed with deep affection by the older nuns and

witnessed their tears of joy as they welcome the newcomer to their ranks, can feel that it is any other than a day of gladness. The world may not know how a wedding cake is baked for this bride of Christ, and how the plain, every day fare is replaced by rich food as for a feast, but so it is.

CONSUMPTION DEVELOPED. But, unfortunately, Sister Marie Josephine, Miss Anna Livingston no more, was not to give a long life to her vocation. She caught a severe cold the day she was professed and was taken with pneumonia. She recovered from that, but was never well. Consumption developed itself, and Thursday morning she died. But one day longer and with the other Sisters she would have joined in the privilege of renewing her vows. Every year on December 8, the feast of the Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary, the Sisters of Charity renew their vows if they choose. If not, they may honorably withdraw from the community.

Sunday morning at 9:30 o'clock, Father John J. McNamee, the chaplain of the convent, offered a Mass of Requiem for the repose of her soul, and the Sisters sang the responses and the old, old, plain chant, "Dies ire." There were there to witness the

simple funeral Mr. Charles Ludlow Livingston, of Pittsburg, brother of Sister Marie Josephine; Mrs. Mary Livingston Harrison and Miss Ann T. Livingston, the aunts of the dead nun Mr. Van Brugh Livingston, Mr. Edward B. Merrill and Miss Mary Tillot-

After the Mass the coffin was borne from the chapel to the cemetery in the grounds, where other Sisters sleep. The body was committed to the grave and the Sisters sang with sweet voices the "Miserere." Then earth fell upon the coffin lid and nuns and kin in pro Then earth fell upon cession turned away while the fine rain fell upon fresh turned soil, and back to memory came the words :

Happy is the bride the sun shines on; Blessed are the dead the rain falls on. Both blessings were hers.

ANNOYED THE MASONS.

Father Elliot, the Missionary, Stirs Them up in Detroit.

Rev. Walter Elliot, in the Catholic World, writing of his missionary work among the non-Catholics in Detroit, says: The hall was formerly a roller skating rink, seating about four hundred and fifty persons. Our young people decorated it as if for a Fourth of July celebration, lining the walls with fine evergreens and adorning the little stage with bright rugs and carpets, the centre occupied by a large and gorgeous certificate of membership in the Independent Order of Foresters! We had a good choir of eight or ten girls who sang the hymns vigorously, and helped to adorn the platform with their gay colored dresses and hats. The national colors were draped and

hung plentifully in all directions. The Catholics of this neighborhood entered into the spirit of the meetings with great ardor; unfortunately so, l of a prayer that she may rest in peace and that light perpetual may shine might almost say, for they took up much room that could have been filled with non-Catholics unable to obtain entrance. But whatever inspires Catholics with such courage and confidence is good missionary work anyway From far and near the country people drove in, and packed and jammed into the hall till it was a solid mass of humanity.

answering of the questions seemed to be of peculiar interest to the entire audience, savoring as it did of an exchange of belligerent compliments under our flag of truce. A slight unpleasantness with the Free-masons was occasioned by somebody wanting to know, through the query box, why the Church is opposed to Freemasonry. Among other reasons I assigned the death penalty invoked Masonic oath. This annoyed the Masons, who are strong here. Privately they denied the accusations to their Catholic neighbors, and the night following put into the query box a long list of the excellencies of their "order" taking care, however, not to deny any specific accusations. I repeated it, and challenged denial over the signature of some responsible member of the fraternity. That was the last of it.

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B. B. B. Cures Sick Headache

GENTLEMEN.—Having suffered for a

B. B. B. Cures Sick Readache
Gentlemen.—Having suffered for a
number of years with sick headache I concluded to try B. B. B., and by the time I had
used two bottles I was cured, and have not
had any symptoms of it since. I can safely
recommend B. B. B. for sick headache.

MRS. A. A. GAMSBY, Orono, Ont.

MRS. A. A. GAMSBY, Orono, Ont.

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A High Valuation

A High Valuation

"If there was only one bottle of Hagyard's Yellow Oil in Manitoba I would give one hundred dollars for it," writes Philip H. Brant of Monteith, Manitoba, after having used it for a severe wound and for frozenfingers, with, as he says, "astonishing good results."

GOD'S WONDROUS WAY.

Authentic Story of a Conversion in Virginia.

How different are the outward or apparent causes leading to conversions to the faith! Shifting our researches now to Virginia we will relate a mysterious conversion. Were the facts not vouched for on unquestionable evidence, they would be incredible. But there is also a significant lesson in this instance, a warning that no one in the case of a dying human being should deny the services of a minister of religion to any one asking for them in extremes, whatever may be the relations of the survivors to the departing one. About the year 1790 a well-to-do and

intelligent farmer, Adam Livingston, moved with his entire family Pennsylvania and settled near Middle way, in Jefferson county, Va. He belonged to the old Dutch stock of Pennsylvania and was a Lutheran in faith In Virginia, by dint of industry, honesty and thrift, he acquired a valuable estate, and he and all his family were worthy people, being honest, kind, hospitable and moral. It happened that on one occasion a poor Irish Catholic was taken ill near Mr. Livingston's house while travelling through the country, and was most generously taken into his residence and there received from him and all his family the most tender care and nursing. Yet, after all, he died in their arms and was reverently buried.

But there was one request made by the dying man which not one of the Livingstons would grant. He asked just before his death that a Catholic priest should be sent for. Possessing, as they did, every natural virtue, this Lutheran family had been edu-cated in the belief that Catholic priests were monsters — the emissaries of Satan—that they had horns on their forehead like their master and would bring disaster on a Christian house-hold. From their standpoint they From their standpoint they thought they were doing a charity to the poor man dying in their home by refusing his request, for the Living stons were never known to do an unkind or an unjust act. Still their refusal was against natural justice.

But, strange to relate, Mr. Living ston, so far from escaping the machina tions of the devil by refusing to send for a priest for the dying Catholic, soon afterward began to experience the most distressing persecutions of countless devils. By some unknown means his barns and granaties were burned to the ground, his horses and cattle died, the family's clothing and peds were burned, or were, by invisible hand, cut into shreds or into little strips in the shape of crescents Even the boots, shoes, saddles and harness were burned or cut into pieces The burning logs of wood rolled from the fire-place across the floor of their own motion; noises the most appalling resounded in their ears; their furni ture and crockery held high carnival in dancing, jumping and crashing together and breaking to pieces. Sleep became impossible, the food was dashed away from their months at the table and every torture was inflicted upon them. The whole family were reduced to the stage of extreme nervous and physical illness. The neighbor hood was horrified, and no amount of sympathy could relieve their sufferings.

Mr. Livingston sent for ministers of different Christian sects, and, failing of relief, he even sent for conjurors, but their presence only provoked greater outrages from the satanic powers in visit the Livingston house, and all returned with their clothing clipped to

Finally, Mr. Livingston, who had never seen a Catholic priest, saw in a dream a beautiful church, and on entering it saw a venerable man dressed in vestments such as he had never seen, and he heard a voice saying: "This is the man who will give you relief." After relating his dream to his family and many of his neighbors he finally met a person who, to his amazement, informed him that the dress he saw in his dream was such as worn by Catholic priests in church.

The exhortations of his family and neighbors to send for a Catholic priest were strenuously resisted by him. Finally, finding his miseries increase, he vielded and travelled some distance the nearest church, and on the following Sunday attended Mass. soon as the priest appeared in the sanctuary robed for the service, he exclaimed aloud in the hearing of the congregation, "This is the man I saw in my dream!"

After Mass, accompanied by Mr. Richard McSherry and Mr. Minghini, members of the congregation, he besought Father Cahill with tears to go to his house, and after much entreaty the incredulous priest reluctantly went with him to the infested house. soon as Father Cahill entered the Livingston house, he saw and heard the proof of Livington's story, which he had disbelieved, and immediately sprinkled the house with holy water, knowing satan's dislike for it, whereupon the disturbance ceased for a time, and as he left the house a purse of money long missing was mysteriously

laid at his feet for the family.

In the summer of 1787 Father Gallitzin was relieved of his laborious mission that he might visit Livingstone house, and he went there perfectly incredulous. He remained from September until Christmas, mak-He remained ing a thorough iavestigation, and he, too, recorded his conviction of the more free who is the more certain, and

exorcism of the Church, but such were the noises he heard, as of rolling wagons that he could not be heard. and he was overcome with nervous exhaustion from the struggle. when he called in the stronger man-Father Cahill-the religious exercise were resumed by the two priests and Mass was said in the house. Now, in obedience to the voice of the Church, the demons departed, the Livingtons had no more trouble, and in their stead a sweet and gentle voice was

heard to instruct and console them, and

it remained with them for many years.

Father Gallitzin also received from a

gentle and unknown voice a remark.

able and prophetic account of his future life, which he lived to verify. The Livingstons received a visit from an unknown youth, who fully instructed them in the Catholic religion. and who said, "I come from my Father. and I go to my Father." Bishop Car-roll, Father Gallitzin, Father Cahill, Father Brosius, Father Pallentz and other clergymen visited and examined Mr. Livingston and were convinced that he had been instructed super-naturally in Catholic dogmas. It is needless to say that Mr. Livingston and his family became devout members of the Church. The Rev. William Sherry, S. J., who was president of the Georgetown college from 1837 to 1840. repeatedly related the above facts, as he nad received them from his father. Richard McSherry—who was an eye-witness of them.—Richard H. Clark, in American Catholic Quarterly Re

A WORD ON THE ROMAN INDEX

view.

All the critical utterances of non-Catholic journals that I have seen on the placing of St. George Mivari's article on "The Happiness in Hell" among the prohibited books by the Index Expurgatorius are based on the assertion of one or both of these general propositions: It is contrary to reason, and an unjust abridgement of human liberty to forbid any one expressing and publishing any opinion of his own; or, to restrict any one from reading anything that has been printed irrespective of its truth or moral good ness; or, what is to the point in the present case, its liability to scandalize In the language of one of these critics, such inhabitions "seem hard to Americans who have lived under the fond impression that they were reasonably free denizens of the

Why must we be forever called upon to demand that when the reasonable-ness or unreasonableness of the actions of the Catholic Church are in question one should first of all state the Catholic standpoint. Why judge her as if she were bound to assume that Protestant or secular principles are the only guide she may follow, and that she has no right to make any claim which they do not feel obliged to assert for themselves? It ought to be plain to any one who gives the subject the least rational consideration, why the Congregation of the Index exists, and why it prohibits the circulation and reading of certain books and other publications treating of faith and morals. In criticising the action of the Church one should consider: What authority she claims in the matter, and what that

authority is based upon.

She claims to be, not only the teacher, but also the guardian of Christian faith and morals. She claims that her authority is divine, by virtue of possession, and the ministers were driven by invisible furies from the and definition of Christian truth and house. Visitors from near and far went from sympathy or curiosity to principles and laws. Therefore, when doctrines of the Catholic Church any ccasion demands, she points out and denounces false opinions and dangerous doctrines put forth by writers and teachers. Being a vigilant and wise guardian she properly prohibits, not only what plainly is, but also what seems to be, erroneous, or what, in her judgment, is inopportune. Her mission is to conserve the purity of faith and morals; and when such spiritual food is offered to her faithful children, and especially when it is forcibly thrust upon them, it is her duty to analyze it and find out if it is adulterated with any matter likely to poison them or in any measure injure their soul's health. Her right is unquestionable, then, to fling out the signal, and to positively prohibit them from holding or reading what is, in her judgment, false or of a nature to lead their minds into doubt or distrust of the truth. She is bound so to act, because she cannot for a moment admit without self stultification, that the Christian truth is so left that every one is to find out for himself what he can and is competent to judge in a particular case between her assertion and the contradictory from the mouth of some one else, be he Catholic or unbe That is why Catholics are liever. properly forbidden to read Protestant religious books or to hear Protestant sermons, both of which are seldom free from misrepresentations of or contra

dictions to, her teaching. I know we are reviled for this as being subject to intellectual slavery. This is a point made against the Index. One often hears: You Catholics are not allowed to hear the other Of course not; there is no other side. side that has a right in our eyes to be heard. God alone is to be heard. "He that heareth you, heareth Me. (St. Luke, x. 16). He that knoweth God, heareth us. He that is not of God heareth us not. By this we know the spirit of truth and the spirit of error. iv. 6). And as to freedom, he is the reality of these diabolical proceedings. he only is perfectly free who is The troubles of the Livingstons hav- feetly certain. God is most perfectly

ing commenced again, Father Gallitzin determined to resort to the absclute intellectual freedom, being absolutely free from the possibility of thinking or saying what is untrue or He enjoys absolute moral liberty, being absolutely free from the possibility of desiring or of doing any thing wrong. That is the sort of in-tellectual and moral freedom Catholics enjoy, and in a higher measure than their revilers dream possible in this We know the world of error and sin. truth, and the truth makes us free. Converts who have come from the en-joyment of their once boasted "free thought" in faith and morals, - the liberty of intellectual and moral uncertainty — experience the joys of emancipation in mind and heart which even those who were born free can with difficulty realize. Let unbelievers boast of their liberty of free thought. It is a liberty we can joy fully forego, —the liberty to be uncer tain. We never yet heard of "slav ery to truth," but we have heard of slavery to doubt.

To understand the wisdom and ben efits of the prohibitors and penalties of the Roman Index it will be quite sufficient to note a like application of its principles and acts made by the State of New York as being the supreme guardian of public morals, and its ap-pointment of Mr. Anthony Comstock and his force with power to seize and hale the offenders before the courts for fine and imprisonment. A parent is the divinely-appointed guardian of the faith and morals of his children, and he is bound to prohibit them from keeping and reading false and immoral literature, and to thrash them if they do, even if they are "free denizens of free America." I know a physician who keeps a private Index in his library, a book case locked against the eyes of his sons and daughters, for evident reasons. Our Index critics, if consistent, ought to stand forth and denounce Anthony Comstock, the parent and the doctor as tyrannously abridging the liberties of the free denizens aforesaid.

I think that any further elucidation of the subject would be superfluous ex-cept to say, that I think every one ould allow that the existence Index prohibiting the publication and reading of books tending to debauch the morals of the community would be a good thing. Now Catholics equally recognize the good of having a Court learned and pious men whose duty it is to guard the purity of truth knowing that the debauching of one's own or another's mind by the accept-ance or circulation of falsehood, espec ially religious falshood, is the sir sins, the crime which Satan loves above all crimes, leading as it often has done to direful consequences which after generations seek in vain to repair. Rev. Alfred Young in the N. Y. Cath-

Rev. Dr. McGlynn.

The following appeared in the New York Sun a few days since:
One of Father McGlynn's old assist ants in St. Stephen's Church, the Rev. Father Bechger who has renounced the Roman Catholic Church and embraced Protestantism, had said that he did not pelieve that the Rev. Father McGlynn, although he had gone back to this Church, secretly believed its doctrines any more than when he was denounce ing the Pope from the platform of the anti-Poverty Society. Dr. McGlynn was apparently annoyed over this assertion, and to the representative of

the Sun he said: "I have read the article, where the Rev. Mr. Bechger, says that he did not Pope from the platform of the anti-Poverty Society. I, repeatedly, at the meetings of the anti-Poverty Society, professed my faith in the doctrines, and my veneration for the sacraments of the Catholic Church. The Rev. Mr. Bechger was never an assistant at St. Stephen's As well as I can remembe he was a visitor from Holland, with permission from the Archbishop of New York, such as is usually given to visiting priests, to say Mass, and he visited St. Stephen's church a few times for that purpose."

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Son of

Mayor Tillbrook of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula bunch under one ear which the physican lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by crysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

Hood's Sarsaparilla

the sore healed up, he became perfectly well and is now a lively, robust boy. Other parents whose children suffer from impure blood should profit by this example.

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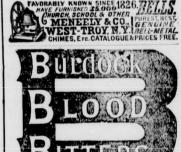
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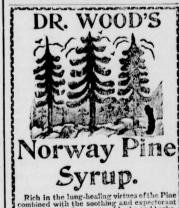
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