OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Written for the CATHOLIC RECORD.

Saint Agnes.

"Deep on the convent roof the snows Are sparkling to the moon; My breath to heaven like vapor goes; May my soul follow soon!

The shadows of the convent towers Slant down the snowy sward Still erceping with the creeping hours.

That lead me to my Lord.

How vividly these words of the poet come to us this morning, reminding us of the noble young Roman martyr who nearly sixteen hundred years ago counted with such ardent longing the counted with such ardent longing the dawning hours of the day which was to set her pure young soul free to wing its flight back to its Creator and Spouse. And as we look out on the newly fallen snow (which like a spot-less veil seems thrown o'er a sinful world to hide it from the eyes of Heaven) can we help thinking how emblematic it is of our lovely St Agnes, who, next to the Immaculate Mother of God, is special patroness and model of all virtues? Surely we could not find the three Graces more per-fectly united than in her! Oh how unworthy are we weak mortals to even ear her gentle name who with so little fortitude and so slowly climb the path-way of the cross! Oh how weak is our Faith and how inconstant our Hope and how imperfect our Love compared to the example we find in the sketch

"In that grand old city, Rome, while its beautiful temples, now used for the worship of gods and goddesses, nnworthy of the love or respect of any good man, woman, or child—while the rich, the learned, and the noble laughed at the few Christians, who, they supposed, lived among them as vagabonds, or, worse still, as knaves and deceivers; while the em perors, who dressed in purple and gold and jewels, when they gave banquets and festivals, knew that the sport that would most please the Roman people was to give a few Christians to the lions or the panthers; while Rome was thus corrupt, pagan Rome, instead of what it is now, "The Holy City," of what it is now, "The Holy City," of the world—at this time, this dark time, as it seemed for the persecuted Church of God-there lived in this very Rome,

a lovely girl whose name was Agnes.
"The parents of Agnes were of ancient and noble family, soancient and so noble that no one supposed they could belong to the despised followers of a crucified Jew; but ancient and noble as the house was from which they they prized above all this worldly distinction the holy and venerable name of Christian.

The little Agnes grew up a flower of Christian grace, an example of Chris-

When Agnes lived in Rome Christians could have no grand churches, no choirs of singers, and it was not even safe to have one's nearest friend know one to be a Christian ; for to be known as a Christian was to be thrown to wild beasts, or beheaded, or burned to death. The Church, therefore, watching then as now, with supernatural prudence over the wel fare of her children, advised all the Christians to avoid the least display of their religion; to live quietly; to attend the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass not in public places, but in the houses of these nobles, who, like the parents of St. Agnes, could easily receive large numbers into their houses with Or in still out exciting suspicion. darkerdays of persecution, in roomsdug Holy Ghost," was buried a short disunder ground, with large apartments Christian martyrs; and the ranks of the martyrs included nearly all the faithful departed in those days, since few comparatively died natural deaths, and thus while Mass was celebrating, instead of having fine relics in the altar stone, as every priest must now have when he says Mass, there were hundreds of relics all around, bodies and bones of the martyred saints.

Agnes was often obliged to appear at the luxurious banquets of her rela tives and friends. But it was not for such scenes of revelry and splendor that Agnes ever pined. She loved, oh, how infinitely better that early gathering around the altar in her father's palace, or among the dark chambers of the Catacomb, where long before daybreak some good priest, at the risk of his life, consecrated the Host and distributed it to the faithful, who at the same risk had flocked around their pastor to receive this "Bread of the strong," this body broken and this blood shed for sinners. May we not be lieve that among these worshippers none received more frequently or with greater eagerness this "Holy Food "than the gentle Agnes?

The companions of Agnes, dressed in wore jewels beyond price and used costly perfumes, devoting the greater part of their time to decking their persons. But the noble Agnes followed none of their vain customs She always appeared at their gay banquets among the richly attired guests, in a plain robe of white-a mystery to her pagan friends, but easily under stood by a Christian as the white rob

of the child spouse of Jesus Christ. "She never wore jewels. Jesus wa her jewel, her crown. No diamond, no sapphire, no emerald, ever shone to her eyes as the face of her Beloved; no opal in its changing beauty, no pearl in its soft loveliness, could rival the mild look of her Redeemer, who seemed to be ever at her side or about her as a vision-the present beatitude, as He was to be the eternal joy, of the blessed Agnes. No for the sweet sacrifice of that unspotted life, if when a motive of envy or hatred of extraordinary goodness moved some reckless, wicked pagan to dog her quiet footsteps under the suspicion of her being a Christian until he could prove her to be so, and then report the

only daughter of a noble Roman house as a follower of the lowly Nazarene, crucified between two thieves-no wonder if when the time came, it came to her not as a trial but as a triumph! It was not the tender girl torn from a sheltering home, from doting parents to be given over to the dungeon and to the torturers; but the exile at last setting sail for her native land; the bride going forth to meet an eternal

Spouse.
"The bloody command of the Roman emperor, Diocletian, against the Christians, appeared in March, 303; and the next year, on the 21st of Jan., the name of St. Agnes was added to the list of Christ's martyrs. "The Acts" of this darling saint, this cherished virgin who has been, ever since the martyr, who has been, ever since the year 304, the admiration of Christendom, were written by no less a person than the learned doctor, the holy confessor and renowned Bishop of Milan, St. Ambrose.

"These wonderful Acts of St. Agnes prove how dearly our Lord prized the innocence of this holy child, since an angel defended her from the sinful approaches of the wicked man. They also prove what courage is given to the most tender and timid when Jesus calls on them to suffer for Him. St. Agnes was only thirteen years old when she was taken before the Roman tribunal to answer to the accusation of being a Christian; and if we wish to know how the little ones of the household of Christ can look their persecutors in the face, we may study the Acts of this young

"The night before that morning in January when she appeared before the dreadful tribunal, partly in prison, partly in the midst of human beings worse even, one would think, than the demons themselves. Yet when she comes before the judge her face has lost none of its serenity, none of its celestial beauty. "We are told that a murmur of dis

pleasure ran through the crowd when his mere child was brought in between armed guards; but the harsh pre fect, who had steeled his heart against all pity, seeing that her hands were free, ordered them to be put in irons. The jailor took the smallest pair of manaeles, and put them on her wrists, but as she playfully depend her hands the agust income. fully dropped her hands the cruel irons fell to the floor. With a face deeply moved, we may believe with a heart far more so, the jailor said to the pre-fect, "such infant wrists deserve other bracelets." Finding that she could not be put in irons, the prefect showed his severity by his rough questions, to which she returned only celestial answers in praise of her Heavenly Bridegroom; but she could not be compelled to move her hand, slight as it was, excepting to make the blessed sign of the cross, until, exasperated by her courage and constancy, he ordered her to be beheaded. Agnes, transported with joy at this sentence, still more at the sight of the headsman-'she went to the place of execution. says St. Ambrose, "more cheerfully than others go to their wedding." Every means was tried to break her noble resolution of suffering for Christ, but in vain, and having said a short prayer she bowed her beautiful young

head to the stroke of the sword,

united forever in heaven to her Divine

Spouse. Her body, that innocent body which has been "the temple of the

tance from Rome. "Every year on the feast of St. Agnes the Abbot of St. Peter's blesses two lambs which are thence carried to the Pope who blesses them again. After this they are sent to the Capuchin nuns of St. Lawrence, who make of their wool palliums, or small white tippets, decorated with plain Roman crosses in block wool, which the Pope blesses and sends to the Archbishops, in all parts of the world, as an emblem of the meekness and purity that should adorn their sacred office. Next to the repre-sentations of the Apostles and Evan-gelists there is no saint who appears in pictures as early as St. Agnes. She is always represented with a lamb beside her or in her arms, and she is distinguished in this way among the virgin martyrsin the "Coronation of the Blessed Virgin," by Fra Angelico. Her name, which signifies chaste in Greek and lamb in Latin, is found in the Canon of the Mass and is thus invoked by every priest in saying Mass Not only St. Ambrose but St. Augustine write the praises of St. Agnes. a Kempis speaks of many miracles wrought, and graces received, through her intercession. St. Martin of Tours, also, was devout to St. Agnes; and to this day there are few, even among those denying the power of her pray

ers, who do not love St. Agnes.' This is but a short synopsis of the holy life and death of our saint, but is it not enough to prove how dear she must be to God? Let us ask her then to teach us to love Him as she did, and not to let that love be allured or cooled by any changing thing in this uncer-tain world for "how true it is" that

"In God alone the heart will find A source of endless joy;
"Twill find an object then to love—
An Eden to enjoy."

"Aver's Cherry Pectoral has given me great relief in bronchitis. Within a month I have sent some of this preparation to a friend suffering bronchitis and asthma. It has done him so much good that he writes for more." — Charles F. Dumterville, Plymouth, England.

A General Overcome. A General Overcome.

DEAR SIRS,—I suffered from general weakness and debility and my system was completely ran down and I found B. B. B. the best medicine I ever tried. I would not be without it for a great deal.

MISS NELLIE ARMSTRONG,
Dublane P. O., Ont.

AVARICE AND HYPOCRISY.

Sins that were Repeatedly nounced Because they Kill the

Catholic Columbian. "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypo-crites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier mat-ters of the law, judgment, mercy and faith; these ought ye to have done, and not to leave the other andone. the other undone.
"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat and

"Ye blind guides, which strain at a gnat awallow a camel.
"Woe unto you scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye make clean the outside of the cup and of the platter, but within they are full of extortion and excess.
"Thou blind Pharisee, cleanse first that which is within the cup and platter, that the outside of them may be clean 180.
"Woe unto you, scribes am Pharisees, hypocrites! for ye are like unto whited sepulcihes, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full or dead men's bones, and of all uncleanness.

ncleanness.

Even so ye also outwardly appear righteousto men, but within ye are full of hypocrist

unto men, but within ye are fulf of hypocrisy and iniquity.

"Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypo-crites! because ye build the tombs of the pro-phets, and garnish the sepulchres of the right-cous. To one who studies with loving care

the life and teachings of our Saviour, there is surprise at first, that while the more atrocious crimes are merely re-ferred to, the heaviest denunciations are bestowed upon avaricious moneygetting and hypocrisy. A better knowledge of human nature teaches us, however, that our Lord knows us better than we know ourselves. The atrocious crimes of murder, cruelty, arson, robbery, and all that are born of violence, are unnatural and exceptional. They are more in the way disease or sudden passion, and humanity, from a sense of self-preservation, guards against them without divine admonition. From all ages, in all climes and conditions, we find the criminal code reading nearly the same How much soever we may differ on other subjects, this receives the same The man of violence is treatment. reated the same as the wild beast pos sessed of appetites dangerous to life and destructive of peaceful security.

And how much of this is disease no me can tell. Scientists of late years profess an ability to distinguish the kull of a murderer from that of ordinary heads. A learned superintendent of an asylum for the insane called our attention to the fact that disease or malformation lies probably at the base of much that we call crime. He had a lad of twelve years of age brought to him for treatment. The boy, up to a certain late period, was affectionate From this he changed and obedient. to a condition of great irritability, tha increased until he became dangerous having attempted the life of his mother It became necessary to confine him in an asylum. The doctor made a study of his little patient. He found on shav ing his head a place where the heat indicated inflammation, and on further investigation discovered a fracture, with bone pressing upon the brain. A surgical operation lifted this indenta ion, and the poor lad returned to his normal, quiet, affectionate disposition

and conduct.

How terrible the thought that in our cruel pursuit and punishment of crimi-nals we are sometimes hunting down sick and insane people

To say a word in their behalf is to incur the charge of mawkish sentinentalism. How the money-getting hypocrites of to-day would sneer at our Saviour, who promised the heaven to the thief writhing in agony upon th cross that he denied to those respectable matter-of-fact people who pride themselves upon being free of sentiment Ah, friends of Mammon, there is little in this world worth struggling for that cannot be stigmatized in this way What is the love of parent and child, all that makes the household dear and holy; what is patriotism itself, that lofty virtue praised through all ages by orators and sung of by poets, but sentiment? Who has seen a people rise in their wrath to lay waste and kill for the honor of their flag, and not wondered? for the flag is a painted rag and their emotion nothing but senti-

When we have passed from this brief existence of mortality to the life hereafter, we shall find heaven's foundations based on the feeling we have been taught to despise, and we may see Howard, who went through loathsome prisons striving to mitigate the sufferings of criminals, sitting near the right hand of the God who or earth made the poor and wicked His friends and associates.

Christ warned us against that which is a part of our normal condition-our poor human nature-that, if left unre trained, will inevitably degrade us to a condition where the more horrible offenses are possible. From the selfishness of money getting comes the desire to do wrong; from the necessity of a process through which wrong may be done with impunity, comes hypocrisy.

Slavery was said to be the sum total

of all villainy, and the slavery of sin is its worst form; and this horrible con-dition can be traced back in nearly all cases of selfishness, that has its most common phase in money-getting, and to hypocrisy, in which a man, striving to deceive his fellow-man and his God, ends in deceiving himself. The great curse, the curse of all curses that afflict humanity to day, is intemperance in the use of intoxicoting drinks. War, pestilence and famine are as nothing to this foul, insinuating disease, that degrades the body and destroys the soul. The tears it has wrung from broken hearts would make a sea; the crime it has created would fill a hell; the disease it is the author of would make the earth a loathsome pest-house

of toul disorders. And yet Christ did not specifically denounce intemper-ance, because He struck at its root in the selfishness of the money-getter who traffics for gain on the miseries of humanity, and the selfishness of the man who walks over broken hearts to the gratification of a vile passion.

Small wonder that women grow frantic and men wild in the face of this terribly curse; for the drunkard's grave is found in the utter ruin of the beneated could be knowned. The standard of the late Wm. J. hold. Could it be arrested, peace would fall like sunlight on our homes; our prisons would be almost depopu-lated and poor-houses needless.

God gave us wisdom to treat, and strength to conquer, this horrible curse, that misery may be lifted from the wife, wretchedness from the children and agony from gray hairs!

Hypocrisy, which means, we are

Hypocrisy, which means, we are told, stealing the livery of God to serve the devil in, assumes the worst form when the wearer deceives himself. It is a law of our nature that we can

not assume the unnatural long without making it a part of our nature. The man who says, and repeats for the purpose of impressing others "I hate," ends in hating. The fish of the Mam moth Cave are without eyes, and the hypocrite passes inevitably to moral blindness. The hypocrite, as we have said, begins in an attempt to deceive his fellow men and his Maker, and terminates in making a monster of himself. Who has seen the rich hypocrite, in his velvet-cushioned pew, listening devoutly to that other hypo-crite preach from his marble pulpit of sins two thousand years old, and not felt a sense of shame at a mockery that makes the devil laugh and angels weep? The two have eyes that see no duty, ears that are deaf to the cries of distress, that go up in wails of despair about them, while their feelings anticipate death in their foul decay.

And what is the meaning of that

terrible warning of Christ to beware of that which kills the soul? Can the soul die? Is there a suicide of crime? Yes, just as the body has its life, so the soul lives by grace. When grace departs the soul is dead, and is fit only to be cast into exterior darkness, wher is wailing with gnashing of When the soul is dead, it is no teeth. longer fit for eternal life, no longer worthy of Heaven. And only repent ance can bring about its resurrection. For Christ, who denounced the sin pitied and promised forgiveness to the repentant sinner. And yet He has uttered that terrible warning that comes ringing throught the ages like the voice of fate, to beware of that which kills the soul.

DONN PIATT.

Blessed Thomas More.

England's martyr-chancellor was put o death because he refused to follow Henry VIII. in his apostacy from the Catholic faith. Many of the chief nobles went to see him for the purpose of winning him over; but when they could not succeed in the slightest de gree, they entrusted the matter at last to Alice his wife, who was to persuade her husband not to give up his children, his country, his life which he might still enjoy for many years to come. As she kept harping on this theme, More said to her:—"And how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?" "If God will," she answered, "you may live for twenty years." "Then you would have me barter eternity for twenty years! You are no good to make a bargain, my wife; if you had said twenty thou sand years, it might have been some thing to the purpose; but even then, what is that to eternity?"

The Soul of the Church.

The soul of the Church is as old as kind. It embraces every soul of man who has lived, or at least who has died, in union with God by the in-dwelling of the Holy Ghost. Nearly thirty years ago I published all this in answer to my friend, the late Dr. Pusey, in a letter on "The Workings of the Spirit in the Church of England." This letter has been lately reprinted by Messrs. Burns & Oates. Thus far, then, I can lay a basis on which to write and to hope with all your con-tributors. We believe that the Holy Ghost breathes throughout the world and gathers into union with God and and gathers into union with God and eternal life all those who faithfully coperate with His light and grace. None are responsible for dying inculpable out of the visible body of the Church. They only are culpable who knowingly and willfully reject its divine voice when sufficiently known to them .- Cardinal Manning

Talking of patent medicines—you know the old prejudice. And the doctors—some of them are between you and us. They would like you to think that what's cured thousands won't cure you. You'd believe in patent medicines if they didn't profess to cure everything—and so, between the experiments of doctors, and the experiments of patent medicines that are sold only because there's money in the "stuff," you loose faith in every

thing.

And, you can't always tell the prescription that cures by what you read in the papers. So, perhaps, there's no better way to sell a remedy, then to tell the truth about it, and take the risk of its doing just what it professes to do. That's what the World's Dispensary Medical Association, of Buffalo. N. Y., does with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and Dr. Pierce's Favorite

Prescription. If they don't do what their makers say they'll do-you get your money

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Croup, colds, sore throat and many painful ailments are easily caught in this changeable climate. The never failing remedy is just as easily obtained in Aagyard's Yellow Oil, which is undoubtedly the best of all the many remedies offered for the cure of colds or pains.

PALE, WEAK WOMEN need a tonic, to strengthen giving, flesh building medicine like Milburn's Beef, Iron and Wine.

Florence, Rev. Dr. Brann spoke of the love of the Church for the stage, and related a characteristic story of the de parted actor. He said that Florence never saw an ambulance go by with a dead or wounded man but up a "Hail Mary "for the unfortunate Father Brann then asked all present to join with him in a "Hail Mary" for the soul of the departed. The prayer was said fervently, thus realizing the return of charity to him who failed not himself to pray for others. No doubt that devotion to the Mother of God ever burned in his heart, and means by which the faith of his childhood was kept alive, and he received the grace of the last Sacraments

The Garb of Nuns. In a letter to the Pioneer Press, Rev. Martin Mahony says that the Sisters garb may be beaten in modishness but not in modesty. Nor does the reverend gentleman see that beads hanging by a ister's side should be more objection able than beads strung round the neck of the worlding. A cross dangling from a Sister's hips, he says, is not more unsightly or otherwise objection able than a cross worn on a woman's breast. Evidently Father Mahony does not play to the galleries as Rev. Mr Butterick does. be a better judge than Father Mahony as to the fashions in feminine drapery, but Father Mahony is certainly that gentleman's superior in the philosophy

Scotch Wit.

The Scotch people have always been particularly happy in what might be called the ready retort, an answer not only witty, but wise. Takethe exquisite humor of the old maiden lady of Montrose, who, when asked to subscribe to a volunteer-corps fund, in that town, replied:

"Indeed, I'll dae nae sic thing! ne'er could raise a man for mysel, and I'm no gean to raise men for the king.' And the delightfully shrewd answer of the good wife of Prof. Robson, who disliked the cant expressions of the religious tongue of that day. She had invited a gentleman to dinner, and he had accepted with the reservation. "If I am spared."
"Weel, weel, 'said Mrs. Robson, "it

ye're dead I'll na expect ye."

In the death of the Right. Rev. Eugene O'Connell, Bishop of Joppa, at Los Angeles, Cal., the Catholic Church on the Coast has lost a good, learned and holy man. For fifty years the venerable Bishop had labored in the cause of the gospel in California. His death was a poem, a hopeful, gentle yielding of the pure soul to its Creator. His devotion to the Blessed Virgin during his life seemed to be rewarded by the fact that as the Angelus bell was ringing and that beautiful prayer was on the lips of the Catholic world, the good Bishop, with the names of Jesus and Mary upon his lips, passed away

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co., Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 18, residing in the Province of Ontarlo, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, 819, 2nd, 26; 3rd, 85; 4th, 81; 5th to lith, a Handsome Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 19 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 43 Scott St., Toronto not later than 20th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

day in each month.

Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes Pimples and all Eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Olinda, writes, "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

Bud. Worse, Worse

Bad, Worse, Worst.

Cold, cough, consumption, to cure the first and second and prevent the third use Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam, the never-failing family medicine for all diseases of the throat, lungs and chest. A marvel of healing in pulmonary complaints.

Mr. John Anderson, Grasemere, Ontwrites: "The Vegetable Discovery you sent me is all gone, and I am to say that it has greatly benefited those who have used it. One man in particular says it has made him a new man, and he cannot say too much for its cleansing and curative qualities."

"August Flower"

Dyspepsia. There is a gentlethe-Hudson, N. Y. named Captain A. G. Pareis, who has written us a letter in which it is evident that he has made up his mind concerning some things, and

this is what he says:
"I have used your preparation called August Flower in my family for seven or eight years. It is constantly in my house, and we consider it the best remedy for Indigestion, and Constipation we Indigestion. have ever used or

known. My wife is troubled with Dyspepsia, and at times suffers very much after eating. The August Flower, however, re-lieves the difficulty. My wife fre-quently says to me when I am going to town, 'We are out Constipation of August Flower, and I think you had

better get another bottle.' I am also troubled with Indigestion, and whenever I am, I take one or two teaspoonfuls before eating, for a day or two, and all trouble is removed."

OUT OF HARM'S WAY



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