

higher affairs on his mind. Now we will go."

Their drive took them through the town by its longest avenue, Main street, which followed the Saranac half-way to its source. School children in Crichton looked on Main street as their meridian of longitude, and were under the impression that it reached from pole to pole. It crossed the Cochecho by the central one of three parallel bridges, climbed straight up the steep North Heigun and stretched out into the country. The convent grounds were on the west bank of the Saranac, twenty acres of rough land, roughly enclosed, with an old tumble-house that had been a tavern in the early days of Crichton. It was a desolate-looking place, with not a tree nor a flower to be seen, but needed only time and labor to become a little Eden.

In the eyes of Sister Cecilia it was even now an Eden. Her ardent and generous nature, made still brighter by a beautiful Christian enthusiasm, saw in advance the blossom and fruit of unplanted trees, and seeds yet in the paper. Full of delight to her was all this planning and labor.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PILGRIMS TO LOURDES.

Sermon by His Grace the Archbishop—
Scene in the Church of the English Martyrs.

London University, Sept. 19.

Pre-Reformation customs have been vividly recalled to our minds by the events which have recently taken place in the Catholic Church in England. The investiture with the pallium of our new Archbishop at the Oratory on the day following the Feast of the Assumption of Our Lady was said to mark an era in the history of the Catholic Church in England. Of no less significance was the procession which took place throughout the parish of Tower Hill on Sunday afternoon, when nearly 2,000 Catholics assembled eager to testify their veneration for her holy name. At 4 o'clock the handsome Church of the English Martyrs—a worthy monument in commemoration of those heroes—was well filled by an immense throng—men, women, boys, and children. Beautiful banners, many colored and varied in their designs, waved just beneath the statue of Our Lady of Grace ranged in a semi-circle, while around the statue of Our Lady numbers of the faithful thronged with prayerful lips and upraised faces.

The procession, which was witnessed outside the church. Numbers of people of various classes, creeds, and nationalities had assembled to view the array. There were stately dockers, wharfingers, old and young men, women and children—seldom was seen a more motley assemblage. The men on whose behalf Cardinal Manning had fought looked on in silence, and showed respect for the creed of which he was so staunch an upholder. These stood along the side paths, and waited patiently for the procession, while order was maintained by the Cardinal's Guards. At 5:30 the cross-bearer, followed by acolytes in scarlet cassocks and white surplices, issued from the church. In the meantime the members of the Tower Hill band of the League of the Cross had taken up their position outside, and, leading the procession, played the hymn, "Faith of Our Fathers." Then the strains were caught by the entire multitude, and as they ceased the Peckham band played the Litany of Our Lady, the vast throng accompanying, after which the Rosary was recited aloud. Then the Lourdes hymn, with the beautiful refrain, *Ave Maria*, arose upon the silent air and died away in a deathlike silence as the processionists moved into Trinity Square. Once more the Litany of Our Lady was rendered, the women and men singing it in alternate trisyllables. The hymn, "Martyrs of England" was then played and sung. "Hail Queen of Heaven," and again on returning to the church the "Martyrs of England." Rarely has a more enthusiastic or picturesque display been witnessed, and seldom has a more respectful crowd viewed a Catholic procession. Upwards of 6,000 people watched it either from the parapets or balconies, or windows of their houses, or the footpaths, but nothing occurred to disturb the entire harmony of the proceedings. The Cardinal's Guards kept order along the entire route, and a policeman occasionally walked alongside, but police vigilance was entirely unnecessary. Father Fletcher, with his numerous train of Ransomers, was there, and walked in company with Father O'Brien, O. M. I., in the rear of the procession. The numerous confraternities of the mission joined it, and their bright ribbons and banners contrasted favorably with the badges of the Ransomers and the Guild banners. Major-General Pearce and Major Kelly commanded.

THE SERVICE.

Soon the church was densely packed, and Father Matthew O'Reilly recited the Rosary. The scene was devotional in the extreme; every available spot was appropriated to the use of the faithful, and the responses to the Rosary were given with a heartiness and fervor which amply testified to the faith of those who participated in the devotions.

At the conclusion of the service His Grace the Archbishop spoke as follows: "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us sinners now and at the hour of our death."

It was a woman that brought about the misfortune of the human race. It was the first woman—the mother of our humanity—that led her partner Adam into disobedience against the command of God. All of our woe, our ignor-

ance, our weakness, our malice, our sinfulness may all be traced up to that first great fault committed by our mother Eve when she drew after her the head of the human family into sin. Picture Eve going forth out of the Garden of Paradise accompanied by the partner in her sin. Her dishevelled hair hanging over her face and shoulders, her eyes bathed in tears, her countenance cast down upon the ground, her heart beating heavily at the immense crime which she had committed. All this forms a picture of woe and misery of a heartrending distress, such as has never been found in any of her children. This is the picture of the first Eve.

CONSCIENCE AND HEART OVERWHELMED.

WITH GRIEF AND REGRETS.

Her children come from her generation after generation, century after century filling the world with crime, with violence, with ignorance, with wickedness, and filling not only the world, but after death the land of woe and misery, fire and brimstone, with a great mass of its inhabitants. It would indeed have been evil and unspeakably miserable for us if we were able to look back upon no other mother than that first mother who brought sin into the world: but the infinite goodness and mercy and tender love and passion of our Father in heaven determined to reverse the woe which would come upon the human race through Eve; and as a woman had brought this sin into the world so a woman must bring into the world the remedy. A woman was to come who should reverse the crime of Eve—who should become the mother of the living, the mother of those who would live for God—and hence in the Divine Providence of God Mary was born without sin—aye, conceived without sin. The first instant of her existence her soul was flooded with the grace of God. She had become the chosen instrument of God's mercy; for our sake He had created her; for our benefit, for our consolation, for our strength and encouragement He brought her into the world. And what was it that she was to give to us? Not merely the riches of her own immaculate heart, not merely the tenderness of a mother's love. She was to give us more than this; for had Mary only been able to give to us a mother's heart, she would not have given sufficient to reverse the curse that had fallen upon the human race. What, then, had she to offer? In the providence of God she had an offering which she made as quickly, as easily as possible. See the poor men coming down from

THE MOUNTAIN SIDE IN THE DEAD OF NIGHT.

from their night watches; see them enter into the cave of Bethlehem and behold that mother. What was she to offer them, the poor ones of the earth? A little infant, a speechless Babe, but the King of Heaven and the Redeemer of the human race. There He was in His infancy—in His helpless infancy—upon His mother's arm. He is offered to the poor working man who came to give Him their hearts on that night of His birth. The wise men, the wealthy sages of the East, are travelling day and night. Weeks and weeks passed by, and they hasten on their journey, following the course of a wondrous star which led them; faith lighting up their minds, charity stirring up their hearts, until at last they find themselves in the presence of this wondrous woman—this wondrous Queen—and upon her lap they find seated their King, their Redeemer, their God. It is this King, it is this God-made man, that Mary has to present to the human race—to the poor and to the rich, to the ignorant and to the wise, to men who seek salvation and life eternal. This is the manner in which she reverses the great curse that had fallen upon our race, and from Mary, receiving as we do our Lord and our God, we receive from her in the main every grace and blessing. All our salvation and happiness here and hereafter are contained within the heart of Jesus Christ, our Saviour and our God. And it is Mary that offers the whole of this unto us. How loved she was by her Son and how God she. How favored, how powerful she became through bearing her God, and how wondrously enriched was she. What a mighty Queen, what an extraordinary sovereignty, what an universal sway of King's weakness and power did she not exercise through those thirty-three years of the most affectionate intercourse which she had with her Son and her God. If the reward given for a cup of cold water in His name should be so great, what must have been the rewards our Blessed Lord heaped upon His Blessed Mother for watching over Him during the years of His helpless infancy?—for the unceasing care which she bestowed upon Him during His early boyhood, during those years spent in the dark land of Egypt, and during the eighteen years that He spent under her authority, under her care at Bethlehem? What must have been His gratitude to her for all that she had done for Him—for all the love that she poured upon Him? It was the gratitude of a God, and He was to reward with the generosity and with the wealth of a God, and as Mary had done for Him, her God, more than any other human creature, more than any angelic being, more than the whole universe put together could have done for Him, as she had given Him her substance, carried Him in her womb, and watched over and loved Him for thirty-three years—she, I say, was rewarded in proportion not only to the greatness of her love, but in proportion to the infinite power of her Divine Son. We look up to Mary as Jesus looked up to Mary, and we call her mother as He called her mother,

and she is to be unto us all that she was unto Him, and that by a special privilege granted by Jesus Christ Himself out of love for us. We received it all from Jesus. It is all the gift of God, and I say that the greatest that God gave unto us after the gift of His own Divine Son is the gift which He has made us of His own Mother to be our Mother. And now we say the "Our Father," the prayer which Jesus Christ taught us—that "Our Father" which has the summary of every prayer that can be offered to God—the richest, the most perfect, and the fullest of all prayers that have ever been given to men to say—the most perfect petition that can be offered to the Eternal Father, a petition which the Eternal Father can never refuse to accept. He never can say the "Our Father" is not perfect. He never can say I have found in one or other of the principles of this petition a flaw which must be corrected or improved. So far for the petition. Why, then, do we add to the "Our Father" so constantly the "Hail Mary"? Is it in order to perfect the words of our Lord's prayer? God forbid. Is it because the words of the Lord's Prayer are not sufficient in themselves? God forbid. Why, then, do we say the "Hail Mary" so often, and repeat it constantly after the "Our Father"? Not because the petition is imperfect, but because of the weakness, the sinfulness, the imperfection of the petitioner. And who is the petitioner? The petitioner is the child of Mary. The petitioner looks to his mother for aid, for favor; looks to her who is the Queen for assistance, and having said the "Our Father," we say, "Holy Mary, pray for us now." Why now? Because we have been praying to God; we have spoken to the Eternal Son; we have pleaded with the Holy Ghost, and we say to Mary, "Pray for us now and at the hour of our death." That is to say, pray for the poor petitioner. Help us, who cannot help ourselves aright, because thou art our mother, because we are thy poor and failing children. He knew our frailty, and what He has made us, and therefore she has been given to us to be our mother. He knew He would give us that which our hearts had needed and thirsted after. Well, now, dear children, many of you are about to start out to night upon

A HOLY PILGRIMAGE.

A pilgrimage is a journey to a sacred shrine, and that shrine to which you are about to direct your steps is one of the innumerable shrines of Mary. In this land in former days at Walsingham, at Willesden, and elsewhere, even within this City of London, there were shrines dedicated to Mary; there were pilgrimages made from distant parts to honor and praise the Mother of God; but there came an evil day, and all the sanctuaries of God and Mary were laid low by a ruthless hand, and for three centuries they had ceased to be frequented in this land as they were of yore. But such sanctuaries exist in Catholic lands, and there is one to which the pilgrims to-night are about to go. That is to Lourdes; to that grotto, that favored spot, where Mary appeared years ago—within the lives of living men—where she appeared to Bernadette, where from that time unto this she has not ceased to obtain for her devout clients innumerable and unspeakable graces. Many have been the miracles wrought at that shrine of our places?—why not that same miracle and same graces bestowed in other blessed image of Our Lady, such as that which graces and beautifies this church? Why take a distant journey? Is God to hear our petitions in one spot rather than another? No; it is not so. For St. Augustine tells us that it is perfectly certain, and experience demonstrates it in the very earliest ages—aye, and even in the Old Testament—that God is pleased to be worshipped in certain particular spots rather than in others, and that He is pleased to attach special graces and favors to one shrine rather than to another. So we say that even the church is more holy than the street; that the sanctuary is more holy than the body of the church, and thus it is that there are places which are unspeakably holy, and which God, who for His own reasons, and without consulting us or placing Himself under the dictate of human reason, has bestowed upon those places special grace. Now, Lourdes is one of those, and you are going to Lourdes because it is a special shrine of grace and blessing. You are going for a grand and noble purpose—for an apostolic purpose, on an apostolic mission. Nothing less than to obtain from God, through Mary, the conversion of this country. Outside the Catholic faith there are some TWENTY-EIGHT MILLIONS OF NON-CATHOLICS.

And we are now about to entreat our God, through Mary, to bestow upon this country the grace of conversion, so that multitudes may be brought to the knowledge and love of the faith, and to eternal life. Therefore, dear children, go forth from this sanctuary with the blessing of God. Take with you as an angury the blessing of the Church and the blessing of your Archbishop. Take with you my warmest and most affectionate blessing upon the course of your pilgrimage. May God reward you for your pains and sufferings on the way. May He grant your prayers. May He shower down upon every one of you His special grace, and may you, through the intercession of Mary, the Mother of the living, the Mother of all Catholic children, may she obtain for you, through your intercession and prayers—may she obtain for this country the grace of the knowledge and love of Jesus Christ, and the blessing of eternal salvation.

On the conclusion of the sermon

Benediction was given by the Rev. Father Gahagan, O. M. I., His Grace the Archbishop being enthroned within the sanctuary. At the close of service the party left for London Bridge, numbers who could not gain admittance to the church joining in the procession. On the platform, the multitude sang "Faith of Our Fathers." At 9 o'clock the train steamed out of the station and tumultuous cheering, and many "God speeds." Fathers O'Reilly and P. Fletcher accompanied the pilgrims. May we not reasonably hope, after this peaceful demonstration in honor of Our Lady, held in the very centre of Protestant England, where but a short time ago her name a mockery and a byword, and Catholicism was ridiculed, for a return of England to the Catholic faith, and for a renewal of those happier days when her sacred image adorned many niches throughout the land, and churches were dedicated to her honor.

The following branches of the League of the Cross furnished Guards for the procession: St. Thomas's (Fulham), Bow, Somers Town, Tower Hill, Peckham, Limehouse, Kensal Green, St. John's Wood, Ely Place, Bunhill Row, Corpus Christi, Clerkenwell, Islington, St. Philip's, Woolwich, Deptford, Camberwell, and Commercial Road. Peckham, being the mission wherein is situated the headquarters of the Ransom Guild, sent not only a body of Guards, together with the brass band of the Peckham League of the Cross, but also representatives of the various grades of Ransomers, the Children of Mary, the Young Men's Society, and other confraternities.

The Old Question of Indulgences.

The following conversational explanation of Catholic teaching on Indulgences is from Father Book's "Short Lines to the Catholic Church":

Thomas: "We Protestants, strange to say, always considered the doctrine of the Catholic Church very immoral. But, when we hear a Catholic expound them, they seem reasonable, natural, and, to our great surprise, scriptural. We do know, however, that not even a plausible reason can be given in favor of *granting a license to commit sin*. It is so outrageously immoral that the very attempt at a defense would be blasphemous."

Father: "You are right, Thomas. It is a permission beyond the power of God Himself to grant. I hope, you are not casting insinuations at the Catholic Church."

Thomas: "To be frank, I am. What is an Indulgence but a license to commit sin?"

Father: "You are mistaken in the meaning of an Indulgence. It is not even a forgiveness of sin, much less a license to commit it."

"Hear what our catechism, a standard work, says: 'An Indulgence is a remission of the temporal punishment of our sins, which the Church grants outside the sacrament of penance.' I have told you before: a temporal punishment remains due to sin, after the sin itself has been forgiven. If, as we have seen, sins can be forgiven by man, why should it be so hard, to remit the punishment due to sin. Should there be any difference, the latter must be easier than the former. St. Paul exercised this power in case of the incestuous Corinthian; parents exercise it, when they mitigate or remit the inflicted punishment; governors exercise it when they release a convict, imprisoned for five years, or an imprudent condemned for ten years. If parents and state officials are empowered to remit inflicted punishment, why not the Pope, successor to St. Peter, to whom Christ said: 'Whatsoever thou shalt loose on earth, it shall be loosed also in heaven.' (Matt. 16, 19.)"

Thomas: "Taking for granted, that the head of a well organized body enjoys privileges of this nature, it must be conceded that the *sale of Indulgences* is an unpardonable crime."

Father: "It is a crime: therefore the Catholic Church always has and always will put on it the seal of her condemnation. Your ideas, Thomas, about Catholic teachings and practices are exceedingly warped. It seems, you never read a Catholic work. If you cannot lay your hands on one, ask any child coming or going to a Catholic school. He can tell you that Indulgences are not for sale."

"It is true, the Holy Father often grants these spiritual blessings on condition that alms be given. But alms are highly commended in the Scriptures."

A Big Trouble.

The great sciatic nerve, when disturbed, can give more pain than any nerve of the human body. Fortunately it is easily subdued by the right remedy at the right time. On this subject Mr. William Bladen of Edensor, Bakewell, Derbyshire, England, writes: "I was a sufferer from sciatica for two years. St. Jacobs Oil completely cured me when all other remedies had failed."

The N. B. A. Act.

The great British North America act now-a-days is to buy a bottle of N. B. A., and cure yourself of dyspepsia, constipation, headache, liver complaint or bad blood, and it is an act that always attains the desired result. If you feel languid and bilious, try Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and you will find it one of the best preparations for such complaints. N. S. B. Maginnia, Ethel, used Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and cured a severe bilious sick headache which troubled him for a long time. A. M. Hamilton, Warkworth, writes: "For weeks I was troubled with a swollen ankle, which caused me much pain and annoyance. Mr. Mayhew, of this place, recommended Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil for it. I tried it, and before one bottle was used I was cured. It is an article of great value."

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GARFIELD ON THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The late President Garfield was, perhaps, the most scholarly President we have had. He was not only a man of great learning but he was also a man of broad intellect; and as the youthful fires of tawdry ambition began to die out his utterances on matters of statesmanship showed a generosity and a breadth that few in his party to-day, if any, compass.

At Arlington, opposite Washington City, on Decoration Day in 1868, Mr. Garfield in the course of his oration on that occasion paid the following tribute to the Catholic Church, which the reader will observe the speaker seemed to recognize as the Church:

"The view from this point seems to bear some resemblance to that which greets the eye at Rome. In sight of the Capitoline Hill, up and across the Tiber, and overlook the city, is a hill, not rugged nor lofty, but known as the Vatican Mount. At the beginning of the Christian era an imperial circus stood on its summit. There gladiator slaves died for the sports of Rome, and wild beasts fought with wilder men. In that arena a Gallican fisherman gave up his life a sacrifice for his faith. No human life was ever so nobly avenged. On this spot was reared the proudest Christian temple ever built by human hands. For its adornment, the rich offerings of every clime and kingdom have been contributed; and now, after eighteen centuries, the hearts of two hundred million people turned towards it with reverence when they worship God. As the traveller descends the Apennines, he sees the dome of St. Peter's rising above the desolate Campagna and the dead city, long before the seven hills and ruined palaces appear to his view. The fame of the dead fisherman has outlived the glory of the Eternal City. A noble life crowned with heroic death, rises above and outlives the pride and pomp and glory of the mightiest empire of the earth."

"The soil beneath our feet was watered with the tears of slaves, in whose hearts the sight of yonder proud Capitol awakened no pride, and inspired no hope. The face of the goodness that crowns it, was turned toward the sea, and not towards them. But, thanks be to God, this arena of rebellion and slavery, is a scene of violence and crime no longer. This will be forever the sacred mountain of our Capitol. Here is our temple. Its pavement is the sepulchre of heroic hearts, its dome, the bending heaven; its altar candles, the watching stars."

The reader will observe where the great orator and statesman found his figures of speech, whence he drew illustrations, with which to move the souls of his hearers. Ah, Mother Church, truly you are the reservoir of the spiritual waters of the soul! From you come all true poetry, all noble sentiment, all heroic inspirations, and as the great Protestant, Garfield, knew, so much better do we know, we sons and heirs of your treasures of grace, and of your abundance of that sweet spiritual sentiment that makes this life sweet here, and that illumines the hereafter with the light of hope, and with the assurance of divine promise!—*Catholic Sentinel*.

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WEST BROMPTON, QUEEN, Oct. 1, 1901. The Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I ordered was for a young lady of my household who was at most useless to herself and others, owing to nervous prostration, sleeplessness, weakness, etc., etc. Today there is quite a change. The young person is much better, stronger and less nervous. She will continue to use your medicine. I think it is very good. P. SALVIE, Catholic Priest.

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Willie Tillbrook

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Mayor Tillbrook

of McKeesport, Pa., had a Scrofula lanch under one ear which the physician lanced and then it became a running sore, and was followed by erysipelas. Mrs. Tillbrook gave him

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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.

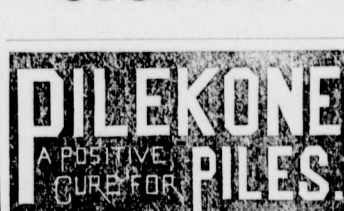
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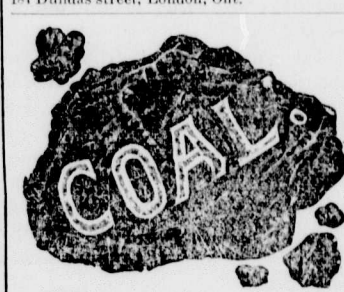
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