MARCH 17, 1900.

### THE CATHOLIC RECORD

you know a boy named Japheth ?" "No, mother. Why ?"

adavs.

laugh

long.

other boys.

matters to himself.

vagant.

seems queer to call a boy that now

The bot blood rushed fariously to

Marshall's face, but his mother went on,

unnoticing : "Your Jack is a good boy, Marshall.

He didn't think it was extravagant for me to come. He seemed to understand

Marshall did not speak. There was

her ; but why had she come to make

him ridiculous with her queer looks

and her queer ways? It was sport for

the boys, and Jack-how Jack would

Mrs. Bradbury sprang up.

Just then a big bell rang loud and

Marshall sat through the opening ex-

ercises without hearing a word. He

was not a bad boy, nor a mean one ; he

was hour bud bud bey and a favorite ;

out he was proud. His tuition at the

II Ta

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. HOW SHE WAS REWARDED.

There is nothing more beautiful in There is nothing more beautiful in the character of the young than kindly deference to their elders. This story tells of one young girl's kindness and how she was rewarded. It was a beautiful spring morning.

In the middle of a large shaded yard stood a low, rambling farm house. The neat walk leading to the front gate The neat walk leading to the front gate was bordered with flowers, lilies, roses, and masses of modest, old-fashioned annuals, all abloom and scenting the morning air with delightful perfume. Along the walk, an elderly woman,

Mrs. Markham, the mistress of the house and yard, wandered, bending admiringly over the flowers, and occasionally touching them with loving hands.

She was evidently attired for a trip, She was evidently attrea for a trip, and her dress was quaint and old-timed. Presently she turned and lifted tear dimmed eyes from the flow-ers, as a comfortable little wagon driven by an old man, her husband,

drove up to the gate. "Are you ready, mother ?" he asked gently, as he looked into her face and saw her efforts to hide the tears. "Yes," she answered. I was only

looking at Annie's flowers, while I waited for you." "You love the flowers as much as

Annie did." he said as, slipping the reins over his arm, he came and opened the gate for his wifs to pass out.

gate for his wife to pass out. Yes," she answered again, " and Yes," she answered Annie's. Every because they were Annie's. Every root in the beds was planted by he hand, and every flower came from seed she saved. And now they are all blooming and she is dead."

The old man's voice broke as he said, when his wife had been lifted to her seat beside him in the wegon, "Don't fret, mother. It is hard, but it will all come right in the end "

come right in the end " "I know," she answered, "but she was our only one, and everything we had was for her. Of what use is it all now ?

One brown hand was taken from the reins and laid tenderly upon hers, al-most as toil worn as the one upon it, and in sllence they drove on. Annie, of whom they spoke was their

only child, who had died a few months previous, just as she had grown into womanhood. To day the oid people were going into the neighboring city to do some necessary shopping. When they reached town, "Mother,"

as the old man always called her, was left at a dry goods store to make her simple purchases, while he went else where to attend to his.

There was something in the appearance of the old lady which immediately attracted the amused attention of the clerks in the store and to one or two of them, there appeared opportunity to have a little fun out of the antiquated country woman.

One young girl, particularly, found amusement in taking advantage of her simplicity. This went on for a little while, when the old lady began to suspect she was being ridiculed. The color flushed in her pale, patient face and she turned from the girl be fore her to another who just then came

from a distant part of the store. "My dear," she said, "will you come and wait on me? I think this young lady does not know what I voice, but the girl's quick ear took in bury.

baskets of fruit, brought to Mary by

the old man in his trips to town. "How beautiful it all is," said Mary,

as she shared these treasures with Lucy

at their cheap boarding house? "And how lovely it must be to live always

Mary, '' if we had only one day of real

cool, quiet country life, it would seem heavenly." Her vacation was to begin

the next day. When she reached the

where such things are.

greeting, the joy in her own heart was so great. "My boy!" she cried, as she clasped him close, her face aglow. and welcomed her with motherlr love. But amid the rapture of the succeed ing days with their delights, the trees flowers, the grass, the comfortable old house, the brook, the jorchard, the birds calling to each other in the morning, the cows lowing, the chick-"You didn't know your old mother was going to give you a surprise ! It's for the speaking, Marshall. Mother's come to hear her boy. I guess I'll have to sit down, Marshall. I've kind ens crowding around to be fed, there was one bitter thought, "it must all of give out. You see, I got up at 4 so as to get the work out of the way. was one officer thought, "It must all end, and again I must be cooped every night and every Sunday in a crowded boarding house, and stand from morning till night all other days in I didn't sleep much, anyway. The train left at 7. I'll be all right in a minute, dear; but I feel sort of tired." "Why, mother, you are shaking all over ! It'll be too much for you !"

that tiresome store." The night before her visit was to an end. Mary was sitting on the vinewreathed porch looking out into the ous quiet night, as she thought, for the last time. Her dear old friends sat in the broad hall, just within the door, and your old mother not see it !'

talking softly and earnestly. Presently the old lady came out and seating herself beside the young girl said, hesitatingly, "My dear, we want to ask something of you, if it is not too much. We want you to live with us, to be our daughter. Will you let this be your home, and take as far as you can, the place of our lost Annie ?" some pictures at home a deal prettier some pictures at none a desi pretter than those lettered things that look like store signs. You better let me send them up. It won't cost much and they will light up your room just won-In a moment Mary's arms ware around her friend's neck, her head upon her motherly breast, and she derful. wept as if her heart was breaking. But not for sorrow. Oh, no ! she felt Marshall, with just a trifle of impati-ence in his voice. "Well," continued Mrs. Bradbury, as if every care and anxiety of her life were gone, in that dear home, with the love she had never known before, tak

ing her into its blessed keeping. CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

#### HIS CHUM'S MOTHER.

She was small and shabby. Her black gown, plain and old fashioned in cut, was as neat as careful sponging and brushing could make it, but it was rusty from long use. Under the antiquated bonnet was a

face which, in spite of wrinkles, was soft and sweet, hair which lay smooth and silvery as a white dove's wing, eyes which long service had dimmed, but could not rob of their gentle, lus-

But the boys did not see under the it perfectly bonnet; they saw only the funny figure -and they laughed. They considered no telling what his mother had said. She was a good mother and he loved -and they laughed. They considered anything comical legitimate game for their mirth.

was the hour between breakfast It and the opening of school. Some of the pupils were in their rooms study. but those who knew their lessons ing, and those who did not care whether they knew them or not were out on the

playground. The little old lady came up the drive that for the speaking ?" she cried, looking about for her bonnet. "No-no-mother !" said Marshall, irritably. "The declamations are not between the big stone posts and stopped, confused, near a group of

until this afternoon. That's for pray-ers. I must go now, but I'll be back in boys. "Well, if there isn't Mrs. Noah !" said one of the lads. "The ark must have run aground !" half an hour.

Fortunately, the tone was too low for her to distingnish the words, but at the sound of the voice the old lady's eyes wandered from her bewildered scrutiny of the academy premises to the boys about her, and her face brightened.

"There !" she said, as if in relief, "I was so tock up wondering where I was to go that I didn't see there were plenty to tell me. I want to find my

"Might his name be Japheth ?" inquired one witty youth. The old lady loaked puzzled. "Jap

lady does not know what I heth ?" she repeated. "Oh, no; my boy's name is Marshall —Marshall Brad

The boy began a reply; but a tall the tone of hurt dignity. The term, "my dear," addressed to The term, "my dear," addressed to made his way through the group and a shop giri by a customer brought a giggle of laughter to the first girl's lips, as she said in an aside, "See, Mary, what you can do for this old

said the newcomer. "That's kind of you," responded the

Let me get you something to eat. That'll make you feel better." "I'm not hungry, dear; but I've got a lunch in my bag. I declare, I clean forgot it! There it is under all those books, and the doughnuts will as flat as pancakes

"I wonder," said Jack, as he res-cued the bag, "if there is just one extra doughnut in that lunch-one you couldn't possibly eat if you tried?' The old lady brightened visibly. "Well," she said, laughing, "you just look in and see. You don't suppose I was coming up here with only one doughnut, and Marshall fond of them as he is? I guess they're fair," Marshall's tone was not over graci-

she went on, as she piled the crisp circles on the box cover Jack brought "I'll get rested in a minute, son. Why, I couldn't let you take a prize "I know they're fresh, for I her. fried them before daybreak this morn-The old lady grew more tranquil as she lay back on the sofa and gazed at ing. Jack gave proof of their merits ; he

she lay back on the sofa and gazed at her son's apartments. 'So this is where you live !' she went on. 'It's a nice room, but dreadfully messy. Now, Marshall, you know we've got some pictures at home a deal prettier '' Bother !'' exclaimed the old lady, '' Bother !'' exclaimed the old lady,

gazing at the big fellow with admiring eyes ; " why, I feel as if you were

my own boy ! I was so disappointed when you couldn't come home with Marshall last vacation. He said you had to go somewhere else. I was "No, thank you, mother," answered

"I am sorry, too," said Jack. He did not tell her that he never got the Dr. Minot Savage has been apotheinvitation.

"I suppose you know what you want, but I should think you'd like 'The " Just one thing more," continued Mrs. Bradbury, fumbling in her pocket. "Marshall told me about the Maiden's Prayer,' or 'Signing the Death Warrant of Lady Jane Grey' better than 'T. Cowes, Grocer,' or pocket. "Marshall told me about the flowers they give to the speakers. I'd like him to have some from his 'Smoking strictly, prohibited,' though that last is a good sentiment. Son, do mother, even if she doesn't hear him. Would you get some for me? Get the handsomest bunch you can find." She laid a quarter of a dollar in Jack's "One of the boys in the yard asked me if that was my son's name. It broad palm.

The big fellow stared at it for a moment. Then a little mist blurred it before his eyes, and he got out of the room as fast as he could. As Marshall came out from his recit-

ation he was captured by Jack and led off behind one of the buildings. "I've been to see your mother," said Jack "Look here, Marshall Bradbury, ' I've "Look here, Marshall Bradbury, that's a low trick you're playing !" "What do you mean?" exclaimed

Marshall ; but his eyes fell before Jack's clear gaze. "You know what I mean ! I've half a mind to shake you off and never have another word with you ! Now, you listen ! I will shake you off for good and for all if your mother doesn't go to the speaking and have one of the best seats in the hall. And if you make her sorry she came, I'll give you the biggest punching it was ever your luck to get ! Oh, you needn't kick out nor lock mad. You know I'm

right !" Marshall's face was fiery. "I don't see what right you-"he began, but Jack interrupted him.

" Perhaps I haven't any right, but I'm going to take it ! I know what " and the good seats will all be

taken. " Oh, drop that !" cried Jack. Then

academy was paid by an uncle who lived in the West. The rest, his pocket money, his club fees, his he went on very clearly and steadily : "The truth is, Marshall Bradury, you good clothing, were all earned by his mother, who made butter, took are ashamed of your mother !" Marshall turned fiercely ; but Jack,

in sewing, worked early and late that her son might "bave things like who with true wisdom had gone directly to the root of the matter, kept on mercilessly. "Ashamed of her old clothes and her hard work-oh, yeu Marshall was not extra-He wasted none of the hardearned money, but he kept family -" Jack's disgust got the better of him None of the boys, not even Jack, knew of his home life. They knew he came from Ashfield, a forlorn little

for a moment and he stopped. Then he went on, with a curious break in his voice : "Why, boy, if I had a mother like that who would coddle me and cars for me-well-the that day of all others, in her snaboy could he and care for me-wen-the old gown? The boys would poke fun and the girls would laugh. Marshall winced as he thought of Florence Jack broke off and turned away ab

# LABATT'S ALE PORTER

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said Mrs. Bradbury to herself, as she gazed out into the gathering dusk. Treated like a queen ! looked so handsome and spoke so nobly! They say he never spoke so well before. Perhaps it was because big old mother that the because well before. Perhaps it was because his old mother was there !" and she gave a happy little laugh.

"To think I got it into my head one time he didn't want me; silly old woman that I am, when it was my com fort he was thinking of all the time, bless him! That Jack's a good boy, too, though I guess he isn't much of a scholar. I shouldn't wonder if it was a real good thing for him to have a roommate like my Marshall !"-Church man.

Dr. Minot Savage has been apotheosizing Abraham Lincoln and using his memory as a club wherewith to be labor all the churches from the Vatican even to Piymouth Rock. Now, we yield to none in respect for that "great, gentle, magnanimous, tender, helpful man," but, really, isn't it carrying hero-worship to the verge of blasphemy when Dr. Savage proclaims that "next, perhaps, to Jesus Himself Lincoln is entitled to be called the Saviour " and that, " the Nazarene " alone excepted, Scripture who, for one moment, can be compared with the "Martyr Presi dent" in greatness and goodness dent" in greatness and goodness! Our most extravagant hagiographers have never gone quite as far as this. But now for the practical part of Dr. Savage's discourse. Lincoln, he says, was not a religious man ac cording to the standards of the various Churches. Therefore Lincoln is "tast-ing the cup of torment pressed to the lips of the lost." But all Churches, which so teach, insult the common sense of humanity and the sacred in-stincts of the American people stincts of the American people Therefore the American people ought to depart out of such Churches and be-come Unitarians. That is what Lin-coln would do were he alive to day. What the mischief is coming next? Isn't there something in St. Paul about the impossibility of pleasing God with out faith and something else about the

inutility of good deeds unless they be done in charity? But, perhaps, God will revise His old rule about respect of persons, and think twice before He damns American citizens. - Provi-

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Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 21st February, 1900.

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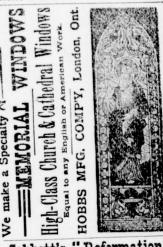
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guy. She certainly came out of the ark. I have exhausted myself." old lady, looking up at the pleasant face. "Are you a teacher ?" Mary noted Mrs. Markham's flushed

face. "Are you a teacher?" At this question the boys should At this question the tays while Jack turned scarclet. "I'm just one of the fellows," he "I'm just to reply. "My name is your son's cheeks, and understood the situation in a moment. "For shame, Lucy," she replied, and turning to the old lady made haste to reply. "My name is Dean - Jack Dean. I'm your son's with unaffected politeness and all the deference she would have shown to her

room-mate." "Are you Jack ?" exclaimed the old own mother, had she had one, she at-

lady as they walked toward the dormi-tory. "Why, I know Jack as if he was my own. I know every game you tended to her every want. When Mr. Markham came for his wife and her purchases, Mary followed her to the wagon, saw the bundles win, too. The captain of the foot ball team nicely stowed away and then bade them both a cordial good bye. "Good-bye, my dear," said the old

smiled down into the old face. Why hadn't Marsh told him he had lady, "I shall not forget youf" and she such a jolly little mother? A mether was the one thing Jack didn't have. "Well, that's first-rate," he an-

The remembrance came in the form of frequent gifts of lovely flowers, dainty pats of butter, fresh eggs and

swered, heartily. "Marshall never can say enough about you," she continued. "I've come to hear the prize-speaking ; he doesn't know I'm here. You see, I couldn't tell till last night whether I was coming. The Peters didn't pay up till then. They take butter of me. But perhaps you know about them," she added, in a happy confidence that hor son's intimate friend must be fami. The hot and trying days of summer were on hand, and the two weary girls

were beginning to wonder what they would do during their brief vacation. liar with his family affairs. Jack did not smile. "No," he said, gently, "I'm afraid I don't remember 'O, for just one breath of air which has not been parched by the heat of this about the Peters, but I'm glad they dusty town," moaned Lucy, one day as they sat together. "Yes," answered paid up.

"Yes, they did ; so I came. I suppose it's dreadful extravagant, but somehow I couldn't let my son's prizasomehow 1 couldn't let my son's prize-speaking go by. I wanted him to know how proud his old mother was of him. You don't think it wasteful, do you ?" she asked, wistfully. "Wasteful!" responded Jack, cheer-fully. "Not a bit! It's just what you store a note was given to her It was from her dear old country friend ask-

ing her to make her a visit. "If you will come," she wrote, "father will bring you out. It is just a simple, old-fashioned country the simple, old-fashioned country use to be simple and the simple as a simple as a simple and the simple as a ought to have done. Here we are ! and he threw open one of the many doors which led out of the corridor. home, with only father and me. But Then he disappeared that he might not interfere with the meeting. At the opening of the door Marshall there is everything to give you rest, and that I know you need. Will you and that I know you need. Will you come ?" The girl went with delight

from the hot town. The ride in the wagon, beside father, listening to his Bradbury sprang out of his chair. "Why, mother !" he exclaimed, with

why, mother: he exclatined, with shall had fragile. more surprise than pleasure in his tone; 'where did you come from?" Mrs. Bradbury felt no lack in his said, suddenly, ''you must be hungry. kindly talk as they drove through the woods, invigorated her in body and in mind. When they reached the house %irs. Markham stood on the cool porch

winced as he thought of Florence Whittier's black eyes and saucy tongue. She was the principal's daughter. Marshall liked Florence, but he was

place twenty miles down the railroad, but that was all. Why had she come

that day of all others, in her shabby

afraid of her. And then Jack-Jack !- the most aristocratic and the most popular boy in the school. Jack-of whose friend-ship he had been so proud !

About the middle of the forenoon Jack went to his room.

Marshall was at recitation, and Mrs. Bradbury sat alone by the window darning something which Jack recognized as one of his own manly socks "Hello!" he said, putting his big, strong fingers over the work. of that, Mrs. Bradbury. Y You must save your strength for this afternoon. The white head bent a little lower over the work. Then Mrs. Bradbury looked up. Her face was pale and weary and the light had faded from it.

"It doesn't tire me," she said. "And I needn't save my strength ; I'm not going." "Not going !" exclaimed Jack.

"Not going to hear your son speak his little piece? Nonsense, Mrs. Bradbury

"Marshall thinks it's better not;" the voice trembled a little. You see it will be crowded there and the air will be bad, and, like as not, I can't hear him ; though that wouldn't matter so much as long as I could see his face. Bat there won't be any good seats, and it's really better not. all his thought for me," she added,

bravely. A sudden light broke upon Jack's mind. "The puppy!" he muttered, under his breath.

under his breath. "I don't suppose I ought to have come up at all," continued Marshall's mother. "It's a long day's jaunt for an old body like me. I'll sit here quiet till it's all over, and then per-bans you'll tell me about it." There haps you'll tell me about it." was a quaver in her voice and her eyes were full. She looked very small and fragile.

ruptly. Then he came back and laid his hand on Marshall's shoulder. "Chum," he said, "let's give her the biggest kind of a time !"

About noon Jack dashed into his room, his arm full of bundles.

Mrs. Bradbury was busting about in an excited way. "I'm going !" she announced. "My dear boy has secured the very best seat in the hall for

me-right next to the principal's wife, and she's coming to get me. I declare, I didn't know how bad I felt about not

or Company holding a Free Miner's Certificate: but no hydraulic claims will be included in the sale. Sosoon as the purchase moncy has been paid in full, entries for the claims will be granted in accordance with the provisions of the placer mining regulations of the status of claims, and to placer mining regulations. A survey of the claims sold will be made by the Department at as early a date as possible, and the claims shall include ground the Gov-ernment Survey or may define by survey in accordance with such Regulations as may be made of that behalf and the decision of the Gold Commissioner shall in respect hereof be in case for any reason it is deemed inpossi-ble by the Gold Commissioner to give tille and no claim shall the against the Crown in respect to failure to give tille or possession. A second auction sale under the conditions above set forth, will be held at Dawson on the posed of at the auction sule and act and prove define sale under the conditions above set forth, will be held at Dawson on the posed of at the auction sule of the 2nd 40 UN 1900, and of any other claims which have in the meantime become the property of the Crown under the regulations in that behalf. Beartment of the Interior, Outawa, 21st February, 1900, going until I knew I was going !" "But you must eat a lot first," said Jack. "We are going to have a joily lunch up here; regular spread Here's a lot of stuff for it, and Marsh is coming with more. Before he gets here I want you to see if these will

do. Jack uncovered a long box and dis

played the contents. "Well, those are just elegant !" exclaimed the old lady, inhaling the fragrance. "I didn't suppose you claimed the old lady, the pose you fragrance. "I didn't suppose you could get so many. But you needn't tell me you got all that pick ribbon, too, for what I gave you?" she added, softly touching the pale satin stream ers with which the flowers were tied.

"Oh, that," confessed Jack, "is just a bit I took the liberty of throwing in.

"It's kind of you," said the old lady,

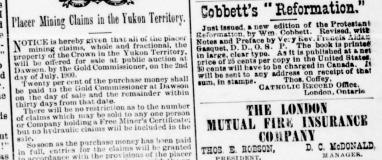
sighing for very joy. Jack covered up the roses. He did not think it necessary to state that each of those long stemmed, heavy-headed, pale tinted buds had cost more than twenty-five cents. "We'll ge them out of sight before Marsh comes," "We'll get

That evening the train speeding toward Ashfield bore a tired but very happy old lady laden with hothouse

long pink ribbons. "Mother "was on the card attached. That he kept.

I've had the very best kind of a time : Kingston, 56th February, 1990.

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JOHN FERGUSON & SONS, 180 King Street. The Leading Undertakers and Emba mere Open Night and Day. Telephone-House 373 ; Factory.541.

CEALED TENDERS addressed "The Warden O of the Penirentiary, Kingston, Ontario." and endorsed "Tender for Twine," will be re ceived until the 20th of March next, inclusive, for the twine on hand and unsold at that date, together with the output of the Penitentiary factory between that date and the 31st July next. Inclusy between that take and the state and next. next. Kingston. in quantities to suit the purchaser. Terms, cash on delivery. Particulars as to quality, grades, etc., may be obtained by in-spection at the Penitentiary warehouse. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque for \$2,000, which will be returned to un-successful tenderers. was all he said. Which will be received also successful tenderers.
 Tenders for fifty ton lots will be received also Tenders for fifty ton lots will be received also if accompanied by an accepted cheque for \$500, on the terms before mentioned.
 Orders from farmers in pursuance of the ad-vertisement dated January 22nd will be ro-ceived and filed until the 20ch of March, in stead of the lst of March, as stipulated in the former advertisement. J. M. PLATT, Warden,
 Kingston, 36th February, 1900. 1116-2

Many a costly bunch had been cast at Marshall's feet as he made his finishing bow. He had given them all to her : all save one that was tied with