CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Life's Benediction. VERY REV. J. F. CALLAGHAN, D. D.

The least, the humblest, the most un-

the migration of lower animals from one region to another; and then to come up higher in the scale of creation,

the restless activity of man's soul and body — an activity that begins at the moment of union of soul and body, and

ceases on the part of the body when the immortal spirit has left its house of clay—what do all these phenomena of

eloquent nature proclaim, but the fact that all forms of life have a work to do,

that all forms of the have a work to do, an end fitting their nature to strive for, an end which when reached, will make toll give place to rest, and cause seeking to be swallowed up in enjoy-

The Young Man and the Future.

The Young Man and the Fature.
Two traps in which young men in
business often fail are a disregard for
small things and an absolute fear of
making mistakes. One of the surest
keys to success lies in thoroughness.
No matter how great may be the enter-

prise undertaken, a regard for the small things is necessary. Just as the little courtesies of every-day life makes

life worth living, so the little de-tails form the bone and sinew of a great

tails form the bone and shew of a great success. A thing half or three-quarters done is worse than not done at all. Let a man be careful of the small things in business and he cau generally be relied

upon for the greater ones. The man who can overcome small worries is greater than the man who can override

comes so ambitious for large success

that he overlooks the small things he is pretty apt to encounter failure. There is nothing in business so infini-

tesimal that we can afford to do it in a

slip shod fashion. It is no art to answer

slip-shod tashion. It is had a twenty letters in a morning when they are, in reality, only half answered. When we commend brevity in business letters, we do not mean brusqueness. Nothing stamps the character of a house

so clearly as the letters it sends out.

The fear of making mistakes keeps

young men. The idea that an employer has not control over a young man's time away from the office is a dangerous fallacy. An employer has every right to ask that those into whose hands he entire that the second of the control of th

trusts responsibilities shall follow social habits which will not endanger his in-

The Country Boy has the Advantage

A city boy, brought up where great things are coming to pass right before

his eyes every day, is apt to become opportunity-blind; he cannot see the

ances near him: whereas, a country
y learns to make the most of little

forward, and some other, equally remote and obscure in origin, receives the

The New_York Times, in commenting

The New_York Times, in commenting on this, lays the blame on the familiarity of city boys with all arts and culture, so that no element appeals to them as an object of a life passion. A country boy, fresh and eager, perhaps filled with a longing for one kind of artistic expression alone, throws himself with his whole soul into that line, and rises to eminence, while his city

and rises to eminence, while his city brother dallies with all, feeling mild pleasure, but having no great, creative

sacred fire from him.

terest upon the morrow.

reat obstacles.

When a young man

LIFE

ONT. LAIKIE, President.

ains. capacity 2½ barrels per ainer and brass nezzie d to any tank pump on ughly satisfied with it, a Myers pump in place he Windsor pump comne Windsor pump com-suction hose, made by ad 10 ft. discharge hose, cour price is \$15. set made. Our Veteran e rows of stitches than light 5 to 10 lbs. heavier, 1 it is fully 20 per cent, ice for the 6 inch. 4 ply 21½ cents per ft., and for

is made for us by the concern making rubber teed by them to be the prices for them are, 6, 42 cents per ft.; 8 inch 4

Windsor, Ont. SIVE

2anada

.424.521.63

764,462.31

1,177,061.77 859.570.51

for the security of its ing a grand total paid 43. This sum largely evidence thirty-three insurance.

H. RIDDELL,

hentic sources. Published on of His Eminence Cardi-48x22; 4 of an inch thick; ppe; seal binding; printed umb index. cts. Post Paid CATHOLIC RECORD Office,

d Montreal Line. Ontario Nav. Co.

2 King-st. E., Toronto. Monday Excursion

Port of Rochester, 1000 rescott and Return. turday at 4 p.m., returning

and still keeps up REACHED ITS

h Thousand in than a year.

demand for er Essiott's

of Obrist sely illustrated, ages in cloth for

Dollar C RECORD OFFICE,

ONDON, ONT. or Canada. MARVELLOUS SALE

stion Box

. Bertrand Conway.

answers over 1000 ques-y Non-Catholics. It runs

forbidding surroundings; that his restess ambition should picture the great riumphs of cities as compared with the possibilities of villages or farms. He thinks he is throwing away his time among the rocks, in the forest, and on the hard soil. He should realize that The least, the humblest, the most un-learned know, from the teachings of the catechism, that life is worth living; that God stamped upon its golden face an inestimable value; that He gave it to each one of you for your own work to render service to one legitimate Master. Life is more clearly defined for even the most untaught, than for the moral preacher of pagan Athens the granite hills, the mountains, and the brooks, which he looks upon as stumbling-blocks in his path to success, are every moment registering their mighty potencies in his constitution, and are putting iron into his blood and stamina into his veins which will make his future success all the more certain. for even the most untaught, than for the moral preacher of pagan Athens, who read upon every line of the volume of life the duty of following God, and making Him the beginning, middle and end of all things. He should realize that he is storing up energy in his brain and muscles, and bottling up forces which may be power end of all things.

Since life has been clothed with the great honor of serving a Divine Master, it is, for the pitifulest of all the sons of earth, not an idle dream, but a solid reality. We come into this breathing world to work, and God has assigned to each individual a task that He has assigned to no other. The nations of the earth have their mission—the material universe, from the highest limits botting up forces which may be powerful factors in shaping the nation's destiny later, or which may furnish backbone to keep the Ship of State from foundering on the rocks. He should realize that the reserve power should realize that the country reappears in our successful bankers, lawyers, mer-chants, railroad men, and statesmen. He should never lose sight of the fact that the greatest good fortune that could befall him is the boon of being the earth have their mission—the material universe, from the highest limits of its power and beauty, down to the lowest extreme of comparative insignificance, has its mission. Work, making life a harvest to reap, like the wheat's tentiful ears, the striving to an end is born and reared in the country. He should remember that it is in rural life that he must store up the energy and reserve power which will enable him to battle with the grinding, competing forces of city life, if at last he yields to life a harvest to reap, the the wheat's fruitful ear; the striving to an end, is written upon all God's creation by a master hand.

Therefore, all true work, all lawful true work, all true work, all lawful true work, all true w the temptation to live, and work, and struggle with men alone, and not with nature, whose reward is sure, while human prizes elude thousands just as Therefore, all true work, all lawful service, is of a religious nature. It is the explicit confession of the sovereignty of a Creator; it binds the universe to the throne of God. The swift revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the increase of courses and counter-corrects. eager as the few who grasp them after long toil and sacrifice. Success. revolutions of the heavenly bodies; the incessant currents and counter-currents of the air we breathe; the ebb and flow of the restless seas; the earthquake that shakes and rends the earth;

OUR RELIGION.

Before proceeding further with the other articles of the Creed a slight digression at this time might be quite opportune. It is made for the purpose of briefly considering the doctrine of the Church on Purgatory. It is a distinctly Catholic doctrine and one of the greatest consolations to man in the un-certainty which shrouds a future exist-ence. It is also a part of our faith little understood by those outside of

Church. Sin is an offence against God and must be atoned for. Those who die with a single mortal sin upon their souls must atone for that sin in eternal pun-ishment. But all sin is not mortal. Therefore, all souls on leaving the body do not merit this punishment. Neither do they merit eternal reward, because Divine Justice has not been fully satisfied for the sins committed. Heaven is closed to them because nothing de-filed can enter it. Consequently there, must be a place or state in which these souls are purged or purified of this stain. This place we call Purgatory.

Both the Old and the New Testament furnish proofs for the doctrine. In the first we read that money was sent to Jerusalem by Judas Maccabeus to have Jerusalem by Judas Maccabeus to have prayers offered for those slain in war that they might be delivered from their sins. For it is added, "it is a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead." Again our Lord says, "He that shall speak against the Holy Ghost, it shall not be foregiven him, neither in it shall not be forgiven him, neither in this world nor in the world to come." If all souls of the just, however, immedlately on leaving the body entered heaven such prayer would be unneces-sary. The second text clearly points to the forgiveness of sin in the next to the forgiveness of sin in the next world. It is certain, therefore, that there must be a place other than heaven and hell where souls are satisfy-ing Divine Justice. If still further proof be needed it may be founded in the customs of pagans and savages, both of whom offered prayers and sacri-

fices for their dead. many a young man down. Of course errors in business are costly, and it is better not to make them. But, at the God's glory, charity, justice and self-interest prompt us to resort to such prayers. The first because procuring the release of these souls and their admission to heaven we add to same time, I wouldn't give the snap of the finger for a young man who has never made mistakes; some easily overlooked, others it is better not to blink at in any employee. A mistake of judgment is possible with us all; the best of us are not above a wrong decision. the choirs of God's perfect adorers. The second because they are our brothers in the spiritual order through Jesus Christ and also related to us in the order of the flesh. The third, for us are not above a wrong decision.

And a young man who hold back for the reason that we may have been the cause, through example or otherwise, that they are in their present state. The last, because they will, when fear of making mistakes loses the first A young man in business now-a-days with an ambition to be successful must also be careful of his social life. It is not enough that he should take care of himself during the day. To social dissipations at night can be traced the The last, because they will, when heaven is reached, intercede and pray for us. And in conclusion, if we would invoke the most powerful means in their behalf we will have the holy sachard for them from fice of the Mass offered for them frequently.—Church Progress. downfall of hundreds upon hundreds of young men. The idea that an employer

HATS OFF IN PASSING A CATHO-LIC CHURCH.

A writer in the New York Sun has discovered something in connection with Catholics which he gives to his

readers as follows:
"One of the oldest Roman Catholic customs is that of baring the head and drooping the eyes when passing the door of a Catholic church. It may be

door of a Catholic church. It may be noted in almost any part of New York from the Battery to The Bronx.

"During the firemen's parade last Monday, two women, viewing the procession from the steps of one of the Vanderbilt residences, asked: 'Why do they all take off their hats when they reach the middle of the block?'

"They're in front of the church,' answered the pinafored child on the sidewalk,' an' they know the Lord's in there.' chances hear him. whereas, or little chances which a city boy would ignore. William Dean Howells says: "But we find that it is not the child born amidst the refining and ennobling influences who most feels them. It is some child born as far as possible from them, in the depths of the woods, or amidst the solitude of hills, who comes up to the city and knows its grandeur for his own, the mate of his swelling soul, the companion of his high ambition. He and not that other child, native to the home of civilization, is heir to its light. It is the alien born who takes the torch from it, and runs forward, and some other, equally remote

"The same act was noticeable in the policemen's parade. The conductors and motormen on the elevated stations between the Battery and Harlem passed

and motormen on the elevated stations between the Battery and Harlem passed eleven churches on every trip, and many of them will bare their heads eleven times on that run. There are at least two Justices of the Supreme Court who never pass a Catholic church without removing their hats.

"The mark of reverence for women is the lowering of the head and eyes. This is not conspicuous, but it can be seen thousands of times daily in New York. In the districts given up to foreigners the women hurrying by a church frequenly pause a moment, and, crossing themselves, murmur some native prayer."

purpose.

It is perfectly natural that a boy on a farm should dream of great opportunities in cities; that he should chafe amid what seems to him narrowing and

She and I are very good friends-we understand each other.

PETER'S ROSARY.

MARY E. MANNIX.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

(Translated from La Semaine Religieuse.) I was spending my vacation with my uncle, a traveller in many lands, who had recently settled down in the country. Every evening after dinner he was in the habit of going into the garden alone, and once in the twilight I him in the act of replacing a Rosary

in his vest pocket.

"Do you say the Rosary every day,
Uncle?" I inquired, edified at the discovery of a piety I had not imagined he
possessed, although I knew him to be an excellent man.
"Yes, I say it every evening," he re-

"Yes, I say it every evening," he replied. "I have not missed it once since I was eighteen years of age, and now I am forty-seven. Up to that time I carried my beads in my pocket, and said them occasionally. Do you say yours every day, Robert?"
"No," I frankly replied. "At college we do, of course—the Jesuits are great sticklers for that, you know, but I'm afraid the fellows do not all keep up the daily practice during vacation."
"Probably not." rejoined my uncle, "Have you a Rosary in your pocket."
"Yes," I said, producing mine.
"That is well. I am gla1 to see it. I am going to tell you how I came to say mine every day, and perhaps you will do likewise. At any rate the story can not

likewise. At any rate the story can not fall to leave a good impression."

We walked on slowly side by side. "When I was about your age," said my uncle, "I went with my mother and sister to spend a couple of months at the sea-shore. My father had recently died. We shore. My father had recently died. We were all stunned and grieved by the suddenness of his death and the greatness of our loss. I had been studying hard that year, and was growing fast. I spent nearly all my time out of doors, and had made the acquaintance of an old boatman, whom I at once selected as my navigator, for I had had no practice in row-

Perhaps I thought it unmanly to have been detected in carrying a pair of beads, by this rough old mariner, whom, to tell e truth, I have never heard swear according to the accepted fashion of sea-men—but of whom, at the same time, would not have suspected any pious

"My face crimsoned a little as I took 'My face crimsoned a fitte as I con-it from his hand and replaced it in my pocket. At eighteen—when one is an under-graduate, almost a Bachelor of Arts, perhaps it seems a little like a girl to be carrying a Rosary, eh?" added my uncle quizzically, regarding me with a smile.

'-I understand," said I, also blushing slightly.
"Peter seemed to have understood,
"I have

perfectly," said my uncle. "I have never forgotten the look he fastened upon me, fixing my eyes with his blue and honest ones under their shaggy

brows.

"That is a very small Rosary,' he said. 'A very small one, but it is better than none, yet not half so satisfactory, or solid, or so pleasant to pass through one's fingers as mine. Let me show you, said Peter.

"Loosening one of the buttons of his shirt he produced an immense chaplet with wooden beads and strong chain of steel. Attached to it were several large brass medals and a delicate silver large brass medals and a deficate sincer cross that seemed out of place in such plebian company. That Rosary looked as though it had seen hard usage.

"Peter read my thoughts. 'Yes, it is a little worn and battered,' he said.

But what can you expect from a pair of beads that is always in conflict with the waves. And then one's hands can not be always clean. No matter; I would not change it for any other in the whole world, not if you gave me beads of jewels, strung on gold, as I have seen now and then with my own eyes. This is mine and the only one I want; I know it bead for bead. They have passed through these old fingers every day for thirty-seven years, since the morning of my First Communion. My mother gave it to me, poor soul, when she was lying on her bed during her last illness. She asked me to lend it to her that I might prize it the more after she had gone, when I would remember whole world, not if you gave me beads of her that I might prize it the more after she had gone, when I would remember that she had prayed on it to the end. It was in her hand when she died. You may believe that after that I would never have parted with it. And the little medals—they are all souvenirs. See, this pretty cross, isn't it delicate and fine? My wife gave it to me after we premised each other and fine? and fine? My wife gave it to the when we promised each other—before we were married, you understand. This medal was a gift from Brother Justinian, good man, when he prepared me for Confirmant, when he prepared me for Confirmant, we God rest his send recommendation. mation. God rest his soul, poor man,

mation. God rest his soul, poor man, he gave me as many wise counsels as raps on the head. And this—my godmother gave me this—she was a fine woman. Her bed is in Paradise. You see it has been broken just here, and mended it with a bit of waxed thread. It is very strong—just as good as the rest. My second little girl did that. She broke it one night trying to take it off her wrist where her mother had placed it when she was sickening with placed it when she was a scarletina. We thought her bound to die, Mr. Robert, but the Blessed Virgin saved her. But I tell you, Mr. Robert, I prayed on these beads that time till I raised lumps on my fingers. It is the

truth, I assure you.
"Very good man—I? No, no—not
at all. You are pious, now; I know by that cap of yours that you are a pupil of the Jesuits. I can talk to you without fear—freely—for you will not be a

bigot—from the Jesuits.

"I am not a very good man. I only go to the Sacraments once a year, Why? I can't sav. I never go—that is all. But the Blessed Virgin does not mind.

"New World.

I am sure that you are converted to God, because you speak t) me humbly of yourself.—Lacordaire.

"What did you say? Are they in dulgenced—these beads? I should say so; more times than there are Hail

so; more times than there are fland Marys on the Rosary. Just think of it—at every mission I have them blessed. Last year we had a Franciscan who had extraordinary faculties—nearly as many as the Pope. And I have been on several pilgrimages; they have touched the proper than the principality image. And more than one miraculous image. And at Lourdes—I took them with me to Lourdes five years ago-they have been dipped in that blessed water. You see I ought to value them. After all I have told you can you think it any wonder that II prize them? My Rosary is like my scapular—it never leaves me. I lost it one day and I tell you I was in Agercia, and in a range. My wife went. despair—and in a rage. My wife went to the church to complain to St. An to the church to complain to St. Anthony. About noon that day my little Peter found it on the board walk. Since that time, I assure you, I guard it as the apple of my eye. No longer it as the apple of my eye. No longer in my loose pocket, but in my bosom. And when I die it will be wrapped

around my wrist in the coffin.'
"Next day," said my uncle, "I wrote
to my favorite professor at the college as nearly as I can remember, in this

Dear Father Bronx-Open your big drawer and send me a big, strong, solid Rosary—not too big, but of a decent size. Send it to me by post—and be size. Send it to me by post—and be sure that it is well made, for I am to use it during the rest of my life. When I see you I will explain. Old Peter, my friend, the boatman, has preached me a sermon which was almost as good as yours, and so on."
"My uncle put his hand in his pocket

and once more drew forth his boads.

"There they are," he continued.

"The beads he sent me by the next sorts of pockets; as student, soldier, traveller, explorer, they have never left me. I have counted these beads man, whom I at once selected as in Natural States, for I had had no practice in rowing until then. We soon became fast friends. One morning very early I was strolling along the beach when Peter came in sight, or rather I heard his uniong desert marches. I have said them at Montmarte and at Lourdes, them at Montmarte and at Lourdes, when the selection in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the domitory, on the streets of Paris and in long desert marches. I have said them at Montmarte and at Lourdes, when the selection in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the domitory, on the streets of Paris and the matching the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the domitory, on the streets of Paris and the matching the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the domitory, on the streets of Paris and the matching the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the domitory, on the streets of Paris and the matching the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the college chapel, at the polytechnic school, behind my curtain in the college chapel, at the college chapel, at the college chapel, at the college chapel, woice behind me.

"Mr. Robert," he called, 'I bid you good morning. Is this yours?' I turned and saw that he held a small Rosary in They have borne to the Blessed Virgin my cries of anguish and of supplication, "It was mine. I had dropped it in taking out my handkerchief. Very foolishly, I can not exactly tell you why I felt embarrassed that he should have found it. Perhaps I thought it unmarks to have

medal is a precious relic."
Good Peter! Good uncle! Since
that evening I have said my Rosary
every day.—Rosary Magazine.

THE FUTURE OF THE CHURCH.

Catholics are not alone in foreseeing for their faith a splendid triumph in the United States. We have shown from time to time that the growth of the Church is not unnoticed by a numthe Church is not unnoticed by a num-ber of the most vigorous Protestant journals of the country. Some of our Methodist exchanges, especially, almost weekly tell their readers that Catholicity is becoming the dominant force in England and Germany and warn against the development in the United States. These aside, however, even leading secular periodicals are beginning to see a great light on the mountain. A re-cent issue of the Booklover's Magazine onished at least some of its readers

by saying:

"The growth of the Roman Church in the United States is one of the most striking facts of history. What makes it all the more noteworthy is its unexpectedness. And she has also gained the popular good will—or at least a favorable prepossession—and who has congulated the representation. by saying:

she has conquered respect. The attitude of the average Protestant toward that Church is an interesting toward that Church is an interesting study. He is about equally prepared. upon cause being shown, to become her active enemy or her submissive servant. . . At present those who look upon her most favorably are that large and very influential class of men whose antecedents were Protestant, but whose actual connection with Protestant churches is little more than nominal. ant churches is little more than nominal. They know enough of Protestantism to They know enough of Protestantism to make them alive to its faults, and they know just enough of Catholicism to make them admire its excellencies. These men care little for the theological and ecclesiastical questions which separate Rome and Protestantism. But they admire efficiency and hate slovenliness of method. They are legislators, city officials, railroad men, editors, managers of large business interests. Whenever their dealings bring them in contact with a Roman Catholic institution, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it tion, they find an organization which knows its own mind, knows what it wants, has some one who can speak for it officially and finally. They see that it maintains discipline among its own members, and seems at the same time to retain their affection. They are attracted, in a word, by its practical, busi less-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestantbusi less-like efficiency, and are repelled by the opposite qualities in Protestant-ism. They have not made their sub-nission, and it remains to be seen whether or not they will; but they are avorably disposed, so far as they are nformed."

This is a largethy quotation, but its

This is a lengthy quotation, but its value makes it excusable. In so many words it declares that men in authority admire that which comes to them clothed with authority—that the movers of organized bodies admire the perfect organization of the Church—that they organization of the Church—that they can see by this perfection it was founded and is directed by God—and that its universal and all-including discipline attracts the great disciplinarians of material civilization. It is a new way of predicting the ultimate triumph of the Church over the materialism of the are, but who shall say it triumph of the Church over the materialism of the age, but who shall say it has not a base of probability? One thing at least is certain: No well-ordered mind can admire the obvious disorder of twentieth century Protestantism. It is not strange that a system set up by men to appeal to gen of business should prove a failure. men of business should prove a failure.

New World.



THINKS IT IS A FIRST-CLASS MACHINE



"Enclosed find \$44.20 to pay for the 5 drawer drophead Windsor Machine you sent on trial and panother of the same kind. Prepay the freight charges and include Home Grinder. The machine you sent me is very satisfactory and works well-

you sent me is very satisfactory and works well.

I think it is a first class machine.

So writes Mr. John E. Connerv. Castieford Station Ont. under date of April 20, 1903. Our price for the 5 Grawer drophead Windsor Machine is \$1.50 each, and prepaid freight charges 90 cents oach to points east of To onto. This machine has more hardened and tempered parts than any of the high-priced machines, will last longer than any of them, and is guaranteed parts than any of the high-priced machines, will last longer than any of them, and is guaranteed parts than any of the second machine being wanted for some friend or acquaintance. However, anyone can test one of our machines for 20 days without any expense, as we send them out for that length of time on our S different styles of sewing machines and giving full information about prices, feeight rates, etc.

Windsor Supply Co., Windsor, Ont.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

IN WHAT THINGS THE FIRM PEACE OF THE HEART AND TRUE PROGRESS CONSIST.

what, then, O Lord? In offering thyself with thy whole eart to the will of God: not seeking heart to the will of God: not seeking the things that are thine, either in little or great, either in time or eter-nity.

nity.
So that with the same equal counten ance thou mayest continue giving thanks both in prosperity and in adver-sity weighing all things in an equal If thou shouldst come to be so valiant

and long suffering in hope that, when interior comfort is withdrawn, thou canst prepare thy heart to suffer still more; and when thou dost not justify thyself as if thou oughtest not to suffer thyself as it thou oughtest not to super such great things, but acknowledgest my justice in all my appointments and praisest my holy name, then it is that thou walkest in the true and right way of peace, and mayest hope without any doubt to see my face again with great

And if thou shouldst arrive to an entire contempt of thyself, know that then thou shalt enjoy an abundance of peace as far as is possible in this state peace as far as is possible in this state.

| Description of the peace of the peace as far as is possible in this state peace peace as far as is possible in this state peace peac

All the strength of the world and all its beauty, all true joy, everything that consoles, that feeds hope, or throws a ray of light along our dark throws a ray of light along our dark paths, everything that makes us see across our poor lives a splendid goal and a boundless future, comes to us from people of simplicity, those who have made another object of their desires than the passing satisfaction of selfishness and vanity, and have understood that the art of living is to know how to give one's life.—Charles Waghow to give one's life.—Charles Wag-

There is no possibility of too much culture. The more striving there is after perfection the more nearly is that state secured.

"In perfection of IRON-OX

TABLETS

ABSOLUTELY UNIQUE

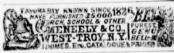
From the first they have sold as readily as the oldest estab lished remedies. My customers are delighted with them." H. A. DUPEE, Druggist ::: Bridge-

A TONIC LAXATIVE Price 25 Cents

port, Conn.

CARLING'S PORTER is unequalled as a pure, wholesome tonic. Every dealer in good goods can supply





PROFESSIONAL.

HELLMUTH & IVEY, IVEY & DROMGOLS

DR. CLAUDE BROWN, DENTIST, HONOR Graduate Toronto University, Graduals, Phone 1881.

DR. WAUGH, 537 TALBOT ST., LONDON. Specialty—Nervous Diseases.

JOHN FERGUSON & SONS 180 King Street
The Leading Undertakers and Embainers
Open Night and Day
Telephone—House 373: Factory

W. J. SMITH & SON UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMER® Open Day and Night. Telephone 596

O'KEEFE'S Liquid Extract of Malt Is made by a



Canadian House, from Canadian Barley Malt, for Canadians, It is the best Liquid Extract of Malt made, and all Leading Doctors in Canada will tell you so. will tell you so.

W. LLOYD WOOD, Wholesale Druggist, General Agent, TORONTO.

IT'S TOO BAD ...

that your Plumbing is not working right. Telephone us at once and have us put it in first-class order.

F. G. HUNT

PLUMBER, 521 Richmond St., C. M. B. A.—Branch No. 4, London.

Meets on the 2nd and 4th Thursday of every
month, at 8 o'clock, at their hall, on Albiou
Block, Richmond Street. T. J. O'Meara, Presdent; P. F. Boyle, Secretary.

000 during the t month of the

ee 20c., post paid. IC RECORD OFFICE, LONDON, ONT.