

FIVE-MINUTE SERMON.

"Go you also into my vineyard, and I will give you what shall be just." (Matt. 20, 1.)

The householder in the gospel went out at different hours of the day to hire laborers for his vineyard, promising them good wages for their labor. "I will give you what shall be just," said he, and kept his promise; for when evening had come, he told his steward to call the laborers and pay them their hire, beginning from the last even to the first. The reward came after the labor, the delightful evening rest after the burden and heat of the day. Just so will it be with us when the bell will toll the end of our earthly labors. If, during our days, we have faithfully worked in the service of the Lord, if with Christ we have carried our cross, if we have imitated the saints, worked and suffered, then also shall the delightful evening rest begin for us in Heaven, then we also shall receive from the hands of the Eternal and Just Rewarder the heavenly wages; the bright crown of glory; then, before the throne of God, we shall also rest from all labors, trials and sufferings, enjoying the reward of eternal bliss, the possession of heavenly gifts. There will be given us the consoling promise of faith for which the evangelist St. John vouches in the Apocalypse: "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and death shall be no more, nor mourning, nor crying, nor sorrow shall be any more; for the former things are passed away." (Apoc. 21, 4.) St. Paul also gives us the cheering assurance: "I reckon that the sufferings of this time are not to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed to us." (Rom. 8, 18)

The self-same truth appears in different illustrations under which the reward of the glorious future is represented. Here we see a royal banquet where unalloyed joy reigns, we hear of a divine inheritance surpassing the greatest expectations; then we behold a prize of victory such as no royalty can give, now we see a golden crown, the like of which no king or emperor ever bore; again we hear of an ocean of happiness and bliss, such as no earthly eye has seen, nor heart nor has ever entered into the heart of man. Truly, when we gaze on these Heavenly possessions purchased and gained for us by the precious blood of Jesus Christ, should we not rejoice and be glad, and with eager desire look forward to so beautiful a home which awaits us beyond the stars? But how earnestly and diligently should we not also labor as faithful servants of God in His vineyard, labor cheerfully for the greater glory of God and the salvation of our soul! How greatly should not the thought of this glorious and eternal recompense lighten every sacrifice, sweeten every cross, and make even death itself joyful and welcome! For what does dying signify to the child of God, to the true servant of Christ? Simply a cessation from labor, the beginning of the eternal holiday; it signifies the drying of our tears, the entry into eternal rest; it implies laying aside a frail and weak body tortured with pains, and putting on the glorious garment of immortality; it signifies leaving this valley of tears and entering our real, true and eternal home. But can I promise such a glorious future to all my parishioners? To all? To those who prefer to remain idle, instead of laboring in the service of God? To those who do everything for this world, who take the greatest care of their corruptible body, who suffer any and everything for it, yet who do not wish to do anything for Heaven, who do not wish to make any sacrifices for the salvation of their immortal soul? Oh! no, for such there is no heavenly reward, no ocean of eternal happiness and bliss. For such there is no eternal holiday, no home of eternal peace and rest. For such there is prepared a different abode, and it is called the house of pain and eternal despair. Of this abode the prophet Isaiah spoke when he said, "When you can dwell with devouring flames, which of you can dwell with everlasting burnings." (Is. 33, 14) Above the portals of this habitation the words taken from the Apocalypse of St. John are inscribed: Here "the smoke of their torments shall ascend up for ever and ever: neither have they rest day nor night." (Apoc. 14, 11) What a terrible, what a frightful lot! To be eternally cursed and rejected by God! To be eternally burning in the flames of hell; to be eternally lamenting and deploring—eternally denouncing and bewailing your existence; to be eternally in the sport and abuse of the devils!—Eternally! That is, as long as God, the All-holy, will exist, and He will never die! Ah! should so terrible a consideration not break our hardened hearts, should it not induce us, at any cost, to save our souls, by a life of penance and fidelity in the service of God? Ah! let this be the fruit of our meditation to day. Let us again renounce Satan and all his works and all his pomps, and resolve to live as children of God, in true innocence of heart and in the faithful performance of the duties of our state of life. Let us resolve to fight the good fight, and willingly sacrifice everything in order to save our soul. Only a short time, and the glorious holiday of eternal and happy rest will be yours, and you will also experience to your consolation and joy what the Apostle St. John said: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord. From henceforth now, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, for their works follow them." (Apoc. 14, 13) Amen.

Not That Kind. Scott's Emulsion does not debilitate the stomach as other cough medicines do; but on the contrary, it improves digestion and strengthens the stomach. Its effects are immediate and pronounced.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

"Give Me Thy Heart"

"Child, I've watched thy lengthened struggle. I have heard thy prayer for love; Hear'st thou not, My only answer?—Lift, oh! lift thine eyes above. Would'st thou lay thy whole soul's sweetness On a fleeting earthly shrine? For thy young heart's pure affection Who can give a love like Mine? Earthly loves may last a life time, Earthly hopes live shorter still; Can they quell thine inward longing? Child give me thy heart and will! I alone, with Love undying, Thine allegiance cannot repay; I can give thee Life eternal— I can guide thy feet in the way. I alone, can soothe thy heartache, In My strength thou'lt stronger be— Child, can't thou resist My pleading? Give, oh! give thy heart to Me." —Irish Messenger.

All Kinds. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said Guy, cheerfully, rubbing his elbow as Ben Jackson ran by him, bumping him up against the fence without looking back. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," he thought again, trying not to look conscious as Alice Dow looked hard at his long wrists and red hands protruding from the sleeves of his old coat, which he had outgrown before he could have another. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," he said to himself with a little sigh, as, after working hard for another hour all the afternoon, while the other boys were skating, she intimated that he had not accomplished as much as last week. "It takes all kinds of people to make a world," he said that night at bed time, with both arms about his mother's neck and his cheek against hers, "but such is the kind I know anything about."

Don't Snub. Don't snub a boy because of physical disability. Milton was blind, and also was deaf. Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pillgrim's Progress" was a tinker. Don't snub a boy because he stutters. Demosthenes, the greatest orator of Greece, overcame a harsh and stammering voice. Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name. Don't snub a boy who seems dull or stupid. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was slow at learning, and did not develop as soon as most boys. Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothing. When Edison, the great inventor, first entered Boston, he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter. Don't snub anyone, not alone because they may far outstrip you in the pace of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.

For Girls to Cultivate. If there is anything girls should cultivate is to repose, says a writer in Harper's Round Table. Simply do not allow your feet to swing and your brows to pucker, but compel face and feet to mind your will, and will to be calm and tranquil on the outside if not beneath the surface. A result of this will be that the looking quiet, and moving gently, and holding yourself in control, will bring about a restful condition of mind. You will feel better and less nervous if you put down the expression of nervousness. Indigestion is at the bottom of half of our maladies. School-girls should eat plenty of food at the right times, and should avoid too many sweets. Many a headache and fit of the blues can be traced back to a pound of candy, delicious candy, but too much for the stomach to manage. Buns and caramels, and all such tempting confections, should be eaten after a meal as desert, not munched all day between times.

A Curious Store. I know a very curious store. In the window is a sign which says, "Orders for—Laundry Taken Here," and just inside is another sign, "Mending Done at Reasonable Rates." Glass cases on the counter contain shoes that have been mended. Old books tied with rope are in piles. A partition divides the store, and here old furniture is lying about. At the back of the store, sitting cross-legged on a table, is a man, who looks like a poet. He has a very voice, and eyes that tell how gentle he is. The most remarkable thing is that, while shoes are mended, there is no shoemaker there, but the man who takes the orders for shoe mending looks like a minister. He, too, has gentle manners and a very pleasant voice. High upon the dusty wall behind the counter is this sign in black letters on a blue ground. Honor and shame from no condition rise; Act well your part, there all the honor lies. —Pope.

That is the right quotation, but the word "shame" was changed to "fame" in the sign. Beneath is: If a shoemaker, Be the Best Kind—Do every job of work faithfully well. Dignify your profession, and it will command Respect. Remember that Roger Sherman and Henry Wilson began life at this humble trade, and to the end were honored by the State and Nation.

Naturally, after I became acquainted with this gentlemanly shoemaker, I asked about the big sign. He told me to be a big shoe-manufacturer, employing a number of men. He found that the men did not take pride in their work, and he decided to call their attention to the men who, by faithful service at their trade and attention to their duties as citizens, won high places in the eyes of men. Roger Sherman was one of the committee of five to draft the U. S. Declaration of Independence, and one of its signers. Henry Wilson was the son of a farmer in New Hampshire. He was elected to the State Senate, then to the United States Senate. He was an anti-slavery man and wrote two books on the anti-slavery movement.

The Baby's Nurse. "Yes," said Mr. Hillier, as he carefully dug around my pany bed. "On! yes! I've seen elephants in India many a time. I was stationed at one point, with the English army, you know, where I saw one who used to take care of the children." "Take care of the children? How could he? What do you mean?" "Well, he did, ma'am. It was wonderful what the elephant knew. The first time I made his acquaintance he gave me a blow I have reason to remember. I was on duty in the yard, and the Colonel's little child was playing about, and she kept running too near, I thought, the elephant's feet. I was afraid he would put his great, clumsy foot on her by mistake, so I made up my mind to carry her to a safer place. I stooped to pick her up and the next thing I knew I had a knock which sent me flat on the ground. The elephant had hit me with his trunk. One of the servants came along just then and helped me up; and when I told him about it, said he: 'I wonder the old fellow didn't kill you. It isn't safe for anybody to interfere with baby when he has it in charge. I'd have you to know that he's that baby's nurse.'"

"Well, I thought he was just saying it for sport, but sure enough, after a while the nurse came out with the child fast asleep in her arms, and what did she do but lay it in the elephant's trunk, as though it had been a cradle! And that great fellow stood there more than an hour, watching that baby and rocking it gently, now and then. "He was real good to the other children, too. It used to be his business to take the family out riding. The Colonel's wife would come out and mount to her cushioned seat on his back; then one by one the three children would be given to the elephant, and he would hand them up to the mother nicer than any nurse or servant could, you know, because he could reach, and knew how to do it. Oh! an elephant is an uncommon handy nurse, when he is trained to the business; and faithful, I tell you. You can trust him every time."

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. There is nothing to be afraid of except that remorse and deep regret which come to one if he discovers, at any time, that his life has been, in the main, toward evil, rather than good, toward injuring rather than helping others; toward cheapening, debasing or in any way lowering the true standard of life; or toward making life itself of less value, dignity and nobility, instead of adding to it that amount of benefit which we are able to see as possible, in our clearer moments; and which can gradually be apprehended and made effective, if we choose never to abide in or yield to our darkest "visions."—John Owen Coit.

Forced Out of Beds. "As easy as an old shoe," is a familiar saying," said Mr. Stuybolt, "and there can be no doubt that an old shoe is a mighty comfortable thing. After we have worn the new shoes, close fitting, hard, and informal, how gladly we put them off, and with what joy we put on the shoes that are old and worn and familiar to the feet! Old shoes, however, are not the only thing that does that like. We like an old bed, if it is not too old, but just old enough, so that, while still soft and comfortable, it is also shaped somewhat to the body, which it supports at every point, yielding a degree of comfort which not the finest of beds can afford when it is new. "But it is so with all things old, that are not too old, including old habits. We cling to them, so long as they give us comfort, and we hate to change. We are creatures of habit, who would, if we could, follow to the end along the first comfortable rut we fall into, and never look out above its sides. And it is well for us that our shoes wear out and that we have to buy new ones and wear them; that we are in various ways compelled to change; that we are rooted out now and then and set going anew. "And some of us profit by the change. Once lifted out of the rut we stay up on the plain, where there is nothing to cramp us, and where we can lay about freely in any direction in accordance with our power, but more of us, I fancy, rather welcome the days when the shoes grow old again, and yield without much struggling to the enticements of ease and comfort."

Domestic Fidelity. Here is a young husband who complains to me that the wife whom he recently married has gone back to her mother's house. This does not surprise me so much as it would if I had not known of instances of the kind before. In nearly all domestic quarrels the newly wedded woman, according to humorists, goes to take tea with her mother. In the case under consideration she seems to have done more. She has left her husband's bed and board, a thing she had plainly no right to do, except for some very grave reason. But let not Mr. Young husband worry. I'll bet dollars to doughnuts, as the popular saying has it, that she will come back again. In affairs of this description there is generally blame on both sides. It takes two to make a quarrel, all the world over. This couple, to whom my attention has been called, have discovered what they should have found out before marriage. He has come to the conclusion that she is not an angel, and she has arrived at the opinion that he has no wings and is just an ordinary everyday mortal, after all. Well, what is it? This is no excuse for bickering. They were not intended to be angelic. If they were, they would not be here working out their salvation. Now I do not take sides in this matter, for I am not well enough posted regarding this disagreement to express at once a definite judgment. It may be that Mr. Young husband is more to blame than Mrs. Young husband. He may not have made sufficient allowance for the sensitiveness of woman kind, and may have treated her as he did his bachelor companions in the days when he was fancy free. He may have used the rude words in his intercourse with her which men receive without complaint, for they give as good or bad as they take. Perhaps he has even employed those blasphemous expressions which no gentleman and certainly no Christian should allow to pollute his lips. If he has I advise him to join the Holy Name Society without delay and remove at least one sufficient cause for offence. In married life there should be mutual concessions, and the man, being the stronger vessel, should be the first to concede. This he can easily do without loss of dignity. A soft answer turneth away wrath, and when a woman is irritable there may be some reason for it that he, in his masculine strength, can not fathom. One must overlook many things in domestic life if one would have peace. A man should not be always employing hot words when he is not satisfied with existing conditions, though there are times when only strong—mind you not profane—expressions can bring about a change. These, however, should be indulged in only sparingly. If they are constantly on the tongue they lose their force and value. The boy who was always crying "wolf," without good and sufficient cause, was eaten up at last. If Mr. Young husband will remember that a woman's life is made up of little things, and that it is in her nature to be annoyed by occurrences that he considers of little importance he will find that when his wife returns—and she will surely do this—that his regard for her feelings will be rewarded by an increase of respect and love. Many happy old married people have gone through the same experience that he is now passing. He should consider the lines which Doctor Johnson is said to have added to Goldsmith's "Traveler":—"Still to ourselves, in every place conigned, Our own faultiness we make or find. With secret course which no loud storms annoy— Guides the smooth current of domestic joy." —Benedict Ball, in Sacred Heart Review.

A NOVELIST ON DEVOTION TO THE BLESSED VIRGIN.

An old friend, himself an author, has directed our attention to the following passage to be found in a work of fiction recently published in Germany. It has created a sensation among all classes of readers. "Moribus Paternis" is a subject of conversation everywhere, and there is much speculation regarding its authorship. We are permitted to state that Augustus Albing—which is a *nom de plume*—is a native of Hamburg, who, some years ago, renounced the errors of Protestantism and became a priest. His book is so vigorous and so well written, so skilful in plot and so broadly sympathetic, that even non-Catholic critics have nothing to say against the author's ardent championship of devotion to the Blessed Virgin. It is gratifying to hear that "Moribus Paternis" is having a wide sale; and it is pleasant to think that such words as the following are being read by many non-Catholics who could not, perhaps, be induced to open a doctrinal work. "Only one who loves purity and strives after it can understand the holy emulation which springs up among the children of the Church when there is question of honoring the Blessed Virgin. Jesus, our highest good, is the hope of our souls, was presented to us by her. To redeem us, was God made man; to become man, He took Mary as His Mother. Therefore, after God, after Christ, as the principal instrument of our redemption, she is the Cause of our Joy. God chose her and no one else, because in His sight she was the purest of all creatures. And Mary freely consented. 'Be it done to me according to thy word,' she replied to the heavenly messenger. Is not this choice of God a high, an unspeakable honor? "Are we Catholics wrong in honoring Mary and doing her homage according to our powers? Are we not doing just what God Himself does? With all our efforts, can we possibly honor Mary as the Almighty has honored her? If we took the most costly metals, the most precious jewels, to adorn the grandest temple of the world; if we celebrated the most solemn ceremonies with the music of the first masters, and invoked the aid of the best artists—offered to Mary whatever we could produce or secure, would all this equal the honor which the Three Holy has conferred on her in choosing her for His Mother? Let us not hesitate then, in our impetuous love of Mary. The teaching of our faith is clear: it tells the enemies of the Church that we do not adore her—that we do not offer her the supreme worship and sovereign honor which are due to God alone. "He who looks for instruction can easily find it. But if the objection is made that in practice—in reality—our love of Mary oversteps those bounds which the doctrine of the Church prescribes, let it be answered: 'You are mistaken, you poor mortals, who display your ill-will toward so excellent, so amiable a Mother. You err. We do not adore Mary, and yet we are incapable of offering that measure of homage which is due to such an exalted dignity as hers. You are mistaken. We are far from reaching the bounds to which we might go. We are far from imitating God in our love and honor of Mary. Is not Mary a princess of this world more honored, more praised, more celebrated by unbelievers than the Mother of the King of kings? "Can it be possible that there are some who would wish to love and serve Christ but who will not love His Mother? She is loved by Him above all creatures. To love Christ and not love what He loved! Not to honor her, the only one whom the Eternal Wisdom honored as she was honored! Not to be willing to do homage to her whom the Creator of Heaven and earth obeyed with a child-like obedience! There are people who favor monuments and public honors to the heroes of unbelief and licentiousness, while they refuse every mark of external homage to the most faithful, the purest of virgins. Not even that sweet name which was so dear to Jesus Christ is sacred to them. Can such persons truly love their Saviour? "Let us pray for all the enemies of Mary, but above all for those who are of good-will. She is honored and loved on account of her relationship to the Redeemer whom she brought into the world. Whoever is zealous for Mary is zealous also for Christ."

COME BACK TO THE CROSS. In his book, "La Bonne Souffrance," M. Francois Coppee, the celebrated French literary man, who, not long ago, returned to the Catholic Church, in which he was baptized, says:—"Wretched one, who art staggering under the weight of a conscience burdened with impure and wicked remembrances, come and lay down all human respect. Thou has not to fear that thou mayst inspire with horror or disgust the unknown, the anonymous one whom thou art to choose for a confidant. Moreover, to keep thy secret his lips are closed under the sacramental seal. He who listened to thee, from that little cell, will not even recognize thy countenance; he will not see thee blush. Speak! confess to him all thy shameful deeds. He will answer thee only with paternal indulgence, to thee he will speak words of mercy and forgiveness. "For a long time had I been a poor sinner with a troubled soul like thee, my brother! No more than thee was I a great culprit. But alone the hypocrite Pharisee has the impudence to say, 'I am pure.' And Joseph de Maistre is right; even the conscience of an honest man is something abominable. Like thee, therefore, was I most wretched and did I instinctively seek for a confidant full of clemency and tenderness. I have found him. "Do as I do. Open thy Gospel again and come back to the Cross. Divested of all pride, present thyself before the tribunal established by Jesus, wherein is seated a mercy that surpasseth even our most sublime dreams of justice. It was but yesterday that we stood amazed at the pity of those magistrates who excused a poor mother for having stolen a piece of bread for her child. The minister of God who waits for thee in the confessional, requires of thee on his part only a few tears to wash away all the stains of thy soul; for he holds his power of the Master of infinite goodness."

Piles Cured Without the Knife, by Dr. A. W. Chase's Ointment. Mr. Geo. Brown, painter, of Woodville, Ont., writes:—"For thirteen years I was a sufferer from bleeding piles and the intense agony which I passed through during those years and relief obtained by Chase's Ointment prompts me to give this testimonial. My physician wished me to have an operation, but I felt I could be cured without the knife. Three boxes of Dr. Chase's Ointment stopped the bleeding and effected a permanent cure."

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Hamilton, Feb. 13.—"I never knew anything like the way these testimonials to the efficacy of Dodd's Kidney Pills, in Kidney Diseases, appear in the newspapers," said a citizen, a couple of evenings ago, as he laid down his paper, after having read one of the testimonials. "How is that?" queried his friend. "Well, no matter what paper you take up, you will find in it, the narrative of a cure of Kidney Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills. And, mind you, every time it is a new case that's talked about. They don't harp on the one case all the time, so, if they are all true, Dodd's Kidney Pills must be curing people by thousands."

"Don't you think the testimonials are true?" questioned his friend. "Oh yes, I know they are. Now here's a case that I've investigated: "Mr. C. S. Griggs, a carpenter, who lives at 151 Queen street south, Hamilton, says he was told, eight years ago, that he had Bright's Disease. He could get any relief, but alone a cure, till he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. He used three boxes of that remedy, and was completely cured by them."

"I don't know how many Hamilton people have been cured of Kidney Diseases by Dodd's Kidney Pills, but the number must be enormous, for hardly a week passes that I don't see a testimonial from one of our citizens, in the papers."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills are a great medicine—the only Kidney Cure under the sun."

In J. Fenimore Cooper's Leather Stocking Tales, we read stories of the wonderful agility, physical endurance and the unerring accuracy of the eye of the American Indian when he reigned supreme over this continent. Before he was debauched by modern civilization, he was a magnificent specimen of physical manhood. He lived in the open air, and knew no medicine, save the simple herbs gathered by his squaws.

Civilized man leads an unnatural and an unhealthy life. Unlike the Indian if he would maintain his physical and mental health, he must take reasonable precautions to combat disease. Nearly all diseases have their inception in disorders of the digestion, torpidity of the liver and impurity of the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is made of simple herbs. It restores the lost appetite, makes digestion and assimilation perfect, invigorates the liver, purifies the blood and promotes the natural processes of excretion and secretion. It sends the rich, red, life-giving blood bounding through the arteries and corrects all circulatory disturbances. It dispels headaches, nervousness, drowsiness, lassitude, and drives out all impurities and disease germs. It cures 99 per cent of all cases of consumption, rheumatism, chills, asthma and diseases of the air-passages. It gives sound and refreshing sleep, drives away all bodily and mental fatigue and imparts vigor and health to every organ of the body. Medicine dealers sell it, and have nothing else, "just as good."

"A few of my symptoms," writes Charles Book, of Climax, Kalamazoo Co., Mich., "were heart-burn, fullness after eating, pain in my bowels, bad taste in my mouth, and occasional fever and hot flushes. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured all these and I am perfectly well."

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are sure, speedy and permanent cure for constipation. One little "Pellet" is a gentle laxative and two a mild cathartic. They never gripe. Found at all medicine stores.

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