onto, Canada

amps and kindred com-their appearance at the weather, green occum-d many persons are de-heese tempting fruits but in if they have Dr. J. D. Cordial, and take a few cures the cramps and de-manner, and is sure to ce of the bowels.

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OUR BOYS AND GIRLS. QUEEN OF THE HOLY ROSARY.

BY MARCELLA FITZGERALD. By MARCELLA FITZGERALD.

By tolls oppressed, by caree dismayed,
Dear Mother, do we seek thy aid;
Life a shadows fall around our way,
Life a shadows fall around our way,
Be thou or guide from day to day,
Be thou fall the fall that the form shadows fall around our way,
End thou shadows fall around our way,
From shadows shadows from falselood;
From passion's frees, from falselood;
From shador's shaft, from evry's dartFrom shador's shaft, from evry's dartFrom ove of self, the vaunting pride
From torse our faltering steps asive;
The shadering thoughts in times of prayer,
From beguine's blinding dust,
From projudice's blinding dust,
From projudice's blinding dust,
From projudice's blinding dust,
From storu fancies that efface
The unpress of God's hely grace;
Ask of thy Son to set us fice,
Assen of the Holy Rosary. of thy Son to set us fre

The road is rough and rude and long, The road is rough and rude and long. The feeman's cohorts fierce and strong; Like feeble children, 10.1 we stand; Like feeble children, 10.1 we stand; Like feeble children, 10.1 we stand; Like feeble stand; Like feeble children, 10.2 we stand; Like feeble stand; Like feeble, Li

A HALLOWE'EN STORY.

"Say, boys, don't you know it's Hal-owe'en? Let's ask Father John for a holiday; we can have no end of larks

Away scampered the boys to ask the desired permission. They were the papils of St. Joseph's Academy, a thrivng school for boys situated on the outng school for boys situated on the out-kirts of a large city.

In a few minutes the boys were back,

breathless, laughing from their romp in the crisp air. Their indulgent Father director had given them not only exemption from the evening study, but that of the afternoon as well, so that they

es an old book dealing upon the

legends of Hallowe'en.
"Now," said he, "let me read you some of the tricks for to-night; Peel an "Now," said he, "let me read you some of the tricks for to-night; Peel an apple around without breaking the skin; then throw the peel backward over the left shoulder, and the letter it that will bring benefit to them and forms will be the initial of your future

I wish you fellows could think something real jolly," exclaimed Will Drexel; "something without girls." 've got no time for sweethearts,"

eried Harvey Lothrop.
"Well, everything in this book is to see ghosts?'

Not much," cried an indignant chorus. 'Well." continued Charley; "this

Herewith he proceeded to read the method of recalling long dead and de-parted spirits by burning mysterious lights and other foolish and superstiti-

'That don't suit us," exclaimed Ed Mason, when Charley had finished; " we don't care about seeing ghosts at mid-

night in the churchyard."
"I should think not," interrupted
Howard Mortimer; "but I say, boys!" The boys looked up eagerly.
"How would it do to scare somebody

The next question was what should be with he filled a bottle with linit

the plan of attack.

The book was full of ways and means tions for use. for invoking ghosts, but this was not the idea of these mischievous lads; they wanted to give somebody else the

They were too well raised, too thoroughly imbued with the respect due their teachers to think of playing pranks

upon them; so they turned their thoughts elsewhere.

"What a great scare we could give if we only know to whom!" they com-

Suddenly they became aware of voices on the other side of the hedge. This hedge, which divided the school from the church and the little graveyard behind the church and the little graveyard behind the little hind, was tall and thick, even in winter, when the closely matted twigs were leafless. The boys seated on the oppo-site side could hear without being seen. By peeping cautiously over the top, they saw that the speakers were two children of the neighborhood, little Annie and August Hockmeier. They lived in a miserable shanty with their widowed mother, who took in washing to supply the little ones with bread.

"Annie, this is Hallowe'en;?" the boys heard August say, a dark, handme lad of about eight years.
"What's Hallowe'en?" lisped the

little girl, who was probably a year younger.
"O, Annie!" exclaimed the boy, "don't you know about Hallowe'en? heard some of the boys at the academy talking about it. It's the night when

dead people come out of their graves."
Oh, my!' exclaimed Annie, opening her great, round eyes; "will father come out of his grave? Yes," answered August, so seriously that the boys on the other side nearly

etrayed themselves by laughing; father will come back to-night." betrayed "And nobody will be here to see n," cried Annie, disconsolately,

"Mother must work; she can't come."
"But we might," suggested August.
"Couldn't we, Annie? If we saw father we could tell him that we were hungry; and that poor mother cried because she couldn't earn enough to get us things to eat. Don't you think he would be sorry and bring us something?—father was always so good."

"O August!" said little Annie; "I'd love to the said of the said in the said of the said in the said of t

love to see father again." Then we must come to night," said gust. "We must wait until midhight because that's the hour for the dead to leave their graves. We won't in abundance.

tell mother; we'll surprise her. We'll come after she's asleep, and when she wakes she'll find the things father sent beside her.'

And lifting the basket of washing be between them, the two innocent children left the graveyard.

The boys looked at one another; their

eyes danced with suppressed meraient.
"Here's a lark," exclaimed Charley

Tiltson.
"I should say so," rejoined Harold Lothrop. "We know somebody who'll see a ghost to-night." see hoys were

See a ghost to-night."
You must not think these boys were bad or wicked at heart. They were young and thought more of their own amusement than they did of the sorrows of others. They passed the next hour discussing

their plan. Charles was to personate the father of the confiding children, and the remainder of the boys counted upon enjoying the consternation of the poor little things, when the terrible creature enveloped in white appeared from among the trees and demanded in sepulcheal tones what they wanted.

The boys during this amusing conversation were not aware of the presence of

young Father Sebastian, who had been seated reading his breviary on the old scatce reading his breviary on the ost stone bench close to the wall. He had been partly hidden by the tall under-brush, so that the little visitors to the graveyard had not seen him. He had heard their innocent talk and also the cruel plot of the thoughtless boys.

He resolved to appeal to their better nature. Leaving his retreat he went mong the lads, and as they closed about him, for he was a general favorite with them, he with great tact and discretion proposed to tell them of a little of his own for which he asked

The boys, all curesity, gave the prom-

ise.
"What I asked of you will require some courage," he said.
But the boys declared they were soldiers of the Lord and willing to follow iers of the Lord and willing to follow.

The question naturally comes: Are question naturally comes: Are question naturally comes: Are question naturally comes.

might have the opportunity to discuss their plans of amusement.

Charley Tilston, the merriest of the merry group, had unearthed among his merry group, had unearthed among his sation between the brother and sister, betraying by no look or sign that he saw or understood the embarrassed

great happiness to yourselves.

The boys winced, but the wise priest pretended to notice nothing.

"Let us fill a basket with good things

such as the poor woman needs, and when the hour comes, place it upon the father's grave so that the faith of these eried Harvey Lothrop.

"Well, everything in this book is about sweethearts," cried Charley Tilston, turning over the leaves of the volume in his hand; "and ghosts," he added. "Weuld any of you fellows like hadded. "Weuld any of you fellows like to added." "It is a dothis—let us help the little boy and girl and their poor mather"." mother.

So they all went to the priest's house and held a consultation with the Father superior, the consequence of which was book tells how you can see lets of that the housekeeper was sent for and told to pack a large basket with every-thing she could think of. She returned presently and showed

to the delighted boys a basket heaped with tea, coffee, eggs, butter, cakes and enough groceries to last the family a Then the boys collected from amongst

their pocket money all the silver, which they put in a purse and laid on the top of the basket.

Father Sebastain knew that the children's mother was also suffering from rheumatism. He went to the professor A capital idea," shouted the crowd. A capital idea, shouted the crowd. "Mortimer, you're a brick. To seare somebody else is quite different from being sacred yourself."

"Mortimer, you're a brick. To seare somebody else is quite different from being sacred yourself."

To seare gown. He related the facts, and the professor said he had just what was needed to cure rheumatism, and forth-

their yawning graves. They were the pupils of St. Joseph's, led by the good basket of gifts.

They secreted themselves behind a cluster of tombstones and waited. There was no moon, but plenty of starlight, and by the faint glimmer they could see presently enter the churchyard two

On they came, timidly, yet bravely, until they reached the mound beneath which their father lay.

Then the boys heard this prayer:
"Dear father," began Annie, "we're so lonesome without you, and mother don't carn enough money, and we're don't earn enough money, and we're cold and hungry; won't you please

cold and hungry; won't you please bring us something to eat?"

A deep, resounding peal suddenly broke from the old church tower.

"Hush!" whispered the boy to his little sister.

little sister.

Twelve times the peal boomed forth when suddenly the little girl cried:
"Here's father!"
The shildren reached out their hands The children reached out their hands

toward a tall figure that advanced swiftly through the gloom, but it escaped the grasp of the eager little fingers, and disappeared, leaving upon the grave be-fore the astonished children an object which they appeared at first too awe-The little girl was the first to investi-

gate. "O August!" she cried, with a little cream of joy; "see what father has sent us! O dear, dear father, I knew he would hear! How happy mother will be!"

Then the delighted children, carrying the basket between them, hastened

home with the joyful news.

And the boys crept back to the academy, their hearts filled with repentance and thanksgiving.

The good Father never told what he know, but he had the consolution that

knew, but he had the consolation that his wise lesson brought forth good fruit

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN. BISHOP CONATY TO YOUNG MEN.

At the national convention of the Catholic Young Men's National Union, held at Hartford, Conn., last week, a noteworthy address to the delegates was delivered by the Right Reverend Rector of the Catholic University, Bishop Conaty. He said:

There is something inspiriting in a gathering which marked the buoyancy of youth and the intelligence of mature manhood. It is always a privilege to meet representative Catholic young men, whose intelligence and character and energy count for much in the battle of life. The opportunities that present themselves can be best met by those whose principles of life are well defined, and the source of whose strength is in the virtue which comes in response to supernatural ideals and graces. The young man looks to the future for the field in which his activities are to be exercised, while from the past he gathers the lessons which come from the exper-

ience of others. The Catholic young man in America is face to face with magnificent possibilities; he has also tremendous responsibilities. Will he improve his opportunity? Will he be true to his duty? Upon the answer to those questions de-pends, not only his own success in life, but to a large extent, the future of his country. His religious life is the source from which his country will gain ower and honor; his civic life should be the expression of a manhood purified and ennobled by the highest ideals of life; for religion alone can save and pre-serve the individual, and lead him to the fulfilment of that duty which lies

before every man.

Every individual has a mission in life, however restricted it may be. He ful-fills it in so much as he realizes the ideals. Nations are but aggregates of

may call it, a providential idea.

The question naturally comes: Are we as a people doing our duty? Are we conscientiously and faithfally working out the problems of our mission? The law of life is service. He who serves his God and his fellowman fulfills his duty to life. Earth in man fulfills his duty to life. Faith i God, obedience to His law, are the test stones of true manhood. The service of God is the underlying principle by which fulfilment to the mission of life is to be judged. If the individual so. The individuals will be equally so. The level of public life is the level of pri-

environment.
We are in the age of the highest material prosperity. The duty of man-hood is to utilize material and national prosperity for the benefit of humanity and the glory of God. We may question present conditions as to the ful-filment of these ideals. Education never was more general than at present, and yet crime increases until sensible men are appalled at its general mastery in society. Human traditions seem in many quarters to be losing their force, and the evils of divorce are threatening society at its very foundations. Public honesty is at a premium, and want of confidence in those placed in positions

hese slow-moving, silent creatures were heir yawning graves. They were the upils of St. Joseph's, led by the good coung priest carrying the generous basket of gifts.

a forgetfulness of Christ, a weakening of his Church and its precepts; a reverential child of religion, his life should ance of immortality and the future of life. Disguise it as we may, there can be the bonds of society and the ruin of basket of gifts.

of his Church and its precepts; a reverential child of religion, his life should ance of immortality and the future of which American citizenship demands. The source of our knowledge is in our education. Let it be Christian. The

and man, duties to the family and to society. A bulwark against social disorder and anarchy; it unflinchingly assee presently enter the churchyard two little figures creeping hand in hand up the walk. They were the children of the widow, come to invoke their father's assistance for their unhappy mother. On they came, timidly, yet bravely, until they reached the mound beneath until they reached the mound beneath the religious and political bigot may the society works out its salvation. The religious and political bigot may true to the traditions of your Church and you cannot be untrue to the traditions of your Church true to the traditions of your Church and you cannot be untrue to the traditions of your church true to the traditions of your Church and you cannot have the properties of the properties and the properti The religious and political bigot may calumniate and misrepresent its dotrines, misinterpret its motives, yet the truth means that it is only religion, as made known to us by Christ and His Church, that the mission of the individual and State chn be properly fulfilled.

The Catholic young man faces his

responsibilities and his duties with a power which should make him a pillar power which should make him a pinar of strength in every community in which he lives. He has in his Christian training the traditions of twenty centuries of fidelity to the highest interests of humanity. The Church to which he is proud to belong has been the source of all that is good in our which he is proud to belong has been the source of all that is good in our civilization. It preached the sanctity of childhood, and made the child the angel of the hearth, and not the prop-erty of parent or State. It lifted women out of the degradation of man's lust, into companions in and consity lust, into companionship and equality with man; it broke the shackles from the limbs of slaves, and made haughty kings and proud tyrants see in every nan a fellow-creature, an equal before God, redeemed by the same Saviour and God, redeemed by the same savious and destined for the same Heaven. It ennobled labor, which pagan philosophy considered a disgrace, and taught that honest labor was an ornament and not a dishonor, and that justice between man and man was God's law. It healed the and man was God's law. It healed the wants of society, cared for the poor, nursed the sick, helped the abandoned and outcast, and began the organized charity of modern Europe, which for

ages has wiped away so many tears sent the white-robed Sisters to the fever-stricken and abandoned, and the black-gowned priests to the leper colonies to sacrifice life itself in order to give comfort to the outcast of society. Christian charity in every age since Christ has taught the world that there are no classes nor races, but one com mon through the long centuries is a his tory of the Catholic Church. She held the key to the treasures of learning, and instead of consigning them, like another Blue Beard, to destruction, she preserved them with sacred care and ransmitted them to the ages which

highest expression of education, date its establishment in the Middle Ages to the interest of the Christian Church to the interest of the Christian Church in knowledge. A Christian school in every age, and not more so than in our own, is an evidence of the love of the Christian Church for the highest education of the people. The Christian temples that dot the earth tell the story of her inspiration to the highest aspirations in art; the song that re-sounds through her aisles is freighted with the names of men who have seemed to have heard the heavenly strains and adapted them to earthly ears. blesses Columbus for discovering a world, and De Soto for finding the mighty ruler. She has ever been a friend to the true, the beautiful and the good; she has ever been a foe to the purely natural that would displease the supernatural. She is against the education which ignores God, for she is the friend of man, who alone through God can attain to his destiny.

The Catholic young man of to day finds his religion standing for the supernatural in life as the complement and the perfection of the natural. He is taught his rights and also his duties With no uncertain tone he is told that faith and not gold is the most valuable thing in life, that heaven and not earth is the end of his existence, that the struggle in life is not for material nor commercial supremacy alone, but only in so much as natural prosperity means a stepping-stone to the eternal. Duty. loyalty, are not mere sounding but they mean service, sacrifice, un-selfishness and devotion.

The careful observer must notice the tendency of the age, and prepare for the Solution of the problems presented. The evils of the day are glaring, as evils always are; but, yet, there is an be faithful, reverential, obedient, the people formed by the aggregation of flaunt its banner so brazenly. All citizens should interest themselves in the national progress and contribute to level of public life is the level of private life, just as the water rises to the height of its source. The principle that actuates private life is the principle that should determine public life. There is but one moral code, and it binds may be a small as a public still light, and archibens should be answered by the principle of the mational progress and contribute to make it a progress that is stable and beneficial. We are in the midst of the mational progress and contribute to make it a progress that is stable and beneficial. We are in the midst of the mational progress and contribute to make it a progress that is stable and beneficial. We are in the midst of the mational progress and contribute to make it a progress that is stable and beneficial. We are in the midst of the mational progress and contribute to make it a progress that is stable and beneficial. We are in the midst of the principle that actuates private life is the principle that actuates private life is the principle. There is but one moral code, and it binds men equally as a public official and a private citizen. God and religion should influence us in all the movements of life. The sacredness of home and its domestic, virtues form one of the sources of State and National success. Obedience to the decalogue should bind man, no matter what his environment.

We are in the meet them in the way of justice. Right is right, and truth is mighty and shall prevail. The light comes from on high; the principles of God rightly solve all problems, and the morality of Christ can alone make the moral man that the age needs. Not wealth but right makes law, and truth, not caprice, can make and preserve society. In the mighty and preserve society. In the mighty struggle between capital and labor, men need to realize that capital has its rights, and it also has its duties. Labor has its rights and its duties. Both capital and labor need religion to illumine their paths. We feel the tremor from every part of our social The great public must always be reckoned with, and humanity must be the touch-stone of benefit or suffer-

with he filled a bottle with liniment, which was put in the basket with directions for use.

Fifteen minutes before midnight a group of persons could be seen stealthily creeping through the little churchyard behind the academy. They carried a large white object between them, but these slow-moving, silent creatures were not spirits that had just stepped from their yawning graves. They was a compared to the conscience of immortality appears as an indication of weakness, the supernatural is ceasing to be regarded as essential, and as a result there is a growing loss of faith a forgetfulness of Christ, a weakening sense of the meaning of sin, an ignorance of immortality must be the touch-stone of benefit or suffering. Let us take warning from history. What men have done, men may do. Religion alone can save and protect us. The Catholic young man in all the problems of political and social life should carry with him the principles of his religious life. He should be the leader in virtue and integrity. A lover of his Church and its precepts; a reverential child of religions are considered.

free government.

In the midst of this disorder and chaos the Catholic Church stands as of old for unalterable and unchangeable old for unalterable and unchangeable of the rights of God and men duties to the family and to will come to you. Love the traditions will come to you. Love the traditions of your Church and you cannot be unyour duty. Fearlessly stand for the right, and fearlessly oppose the wrong.

MUSINGS.

When our day of life is ending, When our day of the is ending.
When its setting sun is low.
And the day and night are blending.
In the twilight's mellow glow,
Then we sit in meditation
On the markin of the stream
Over which our thoughts have wandered
Often in our famp's dream.

Sitting thus, we hear the voices Of our dear ones gone before, Sitting thus, we near the voices Of our dear ones gone before. Who have done with earthly sorrow And have reached the other shore And they seem to whisper to us, For our comfort by the way. Of the glories of the country Which shall be our home for aye.

As we listen, o'er the river
Come the voices of the past;
"Though your way be rough and thorny,
You shall reach your rest at last;
Sorrows come with early morning,
And your lives are often sad;
Joy shall be with you 's tevening,
And your hearts shall be made glad."

With their hallowed presence near us With their hallowed presence near ds
We are raised above the tide
Of the earthly cares and turmoils
Which we meet on every side;
And our souls are filled with longing
Which we never knew before.
And they soothe our hear's like breezes
Wafted from the heavenly shore.

When our life's last ray is fading,
And we're marching down the vale
Where death's sullen stream is flowing,
Where the bostmen, grim and pale,
Waits to take us o'er the river.
We shall cross the chilly tide.
And shall greet with joy our loved ones
On th' eternal morrow's side.
W. H. HARV

W. H. HARVEY.

SUPPRISE is SOMP malign her while using her gilts. The university system which is the Pure Hard Soap. SURPRISE SURPRISE

> THE WORKINGMAN DOES GO TO CHURCH.

Bishop Samuel Fellows, of St. Paul Reformed Episcopal Church, Chicago, in the course of a sermon on "The Workingman and the Church" last Sunday, made a statement which it is sale to assert will often be repeated as the years go by, says the Catholic Telegraph. It may be remembered that the Bishop a few days ago went up o the anthracite coal region to inves tigate conditions there and, if possible, to aid in settling the strike. Returnto aid in settling the strike. Return-ing to Chicago, he spoke on two topics now exciting great attention the coun-try over, viz.: "Why do not Working-men go to Church?" and "Has the Church Sympathy With the Working-men?" In graphic language Bishop Fellows said:

Fellows said:
"Workingmen in this country do go
to church. When we consider the fact
that the majority of the strictly laboring portion of the country are members of the Roman Catholic Church, and in general are constant in their attendance apon its ministrations, the positi ed by the first answer given above that the workingman does attend church

is a correct one.
"A striking evidence of this fact I found in my visit to the anthracite region. Score of thousands of the poorly paid miners are the parishioners of devoted Catholic priests who are consecrating their lives to their welfare. In the most squalid settlement I found in that region, at the head of the street of tumble-down shanties, was a little church, into which I was rever

ently conducted by the Italian sexton.

"The second answer, that the Church
does not sympathize with the workingman, is not correct. In the present
unhappy condition brought on by the coal strike the ministers in every have rung out their appeals for the arbitration for which the miners ask. The Church is with the workingmen and the workingmen are with the Church.

HOW RELIEF CAME.

AN INTERESTING STORY FROM AN ICE-LANDIC SETTLEMENT.

From the Logberg, Winnipeg, Man.
The readers of Logberg have long
been familiar with the virtues of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills through the well authenticated cures published in these columns each week. Many of our readers are also able to vouch for cures which have come under their own obser vation. This week "Logberg" has received a letter from one of its readers, wr. B. Walterson, a prosperous farmer living at Bru, in which he gives his own experience in the hope that it may benefit some other sufferer. Mr. Walterson says: "Some years ago I was suffering so greatly from rhuematism in my limbs that I was for a long time un-able to do any work. I tried in many able to do any work. I tried in many ways to obtain a cure, both by patent medicines and medicine prescribed by doctors, but without obtaining any benefit. I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised in the Logberg as being a care for this trouble and determined to give it a trial. I bought a dozen boxes and before half of them were used I felt a great change for the better. This improvement continued from day to day, and before I had used all the pills I was completely cured. Since that time I have never had an attack of this trouble. After this I used the pills in several other cases and no other medi-cine has been so beneficial to me. I feel it my duty to publicly give testi-mony to the merits of this wonderful medicine so others similarly afflicted may be led to try it,"

may be led to try to,

If you are weak or ailing; if your
nerves are tired and jaded, or your nerves are tired and jaded, or your blood is out of condition, you will be wise to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are an unfailing cure for all blood and nerve troubles. But be sure you get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post raid at 50 cents a box or six sent post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by writing direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

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