INTERESTING MISCELLANY.

How quickly one generation of men bllows another to the grave! We come ike ocean waves to the shore, and scarcely trike the strand before we roll back into strike the strand before we roll back into the forgetfulness whence we came "There is a skeleton in every house" Aye, in some, many. We can stand upon the corner of any street, and looking back, we shall see that all the houses have we shall see that all the houses have changed occupants in a few years. The old men have gone, and a generation that knew them not has taken their places. Yes, while we look, we ourselves grow old, and pass on to join the great caravan whose tents are almost in sight on the other side. In youth, the other world seems a great way off, but later we feel and realize that it is closer at hand, and what is better, Nature does the preparatory work for passing into it, so that easily we grow into it—are born into it.

A KING OF HEARTS.

Mr. Charles Bertram. at a private seance given before Dr. Walsh. the Archblehop of Dublin, in London lately, presented a pack of cards to His Grace, requesting him to draw one.

"The card you have drawn, your Grace," said B, "is the king of hearts."

"No," replied the A chbishop, "It is the five of clubs"

"Well," said B:rtram, in an astonished. said Bertram, in an astonished

"It is the first time I ever failed in that trick. Would you look at the card His Grace looked, and instead of the

five of clubs he saw a portratt of himself.
"I wasn't so much wrong after all,"

and Bartram, gayly, "for surely remarked Bartram, gayly, "for surely Your Grace is king of hearts in Ireland."

PREACHERS' YARNS.

"Breddern," said an old colored pastor, "de church am like a ship, an' de pa'son, which am yo' 'umble sa'vant, am like de sail dat propels de ship, an' de congregashun am like the sailors on board de ship. Now, breddern, w'en yo' hev' de ship ready, an' de sailors all in dere places, and de sails all up, what does yo' need fer to make de sails sil out and scoot de ship right along into de does yo' need fer to make up and out and scoot de ship right along into de hebbenly ha'bor? Hub?"
"Wind," said old Descon Topknot, in

"K'rect; jesso," shouted the pastor.
"Brudder Topknot will please circulate wid his high hat, an' raise de wind."

RESPECTABLE SINS. Beware of respectable sin! Not that any sin, however garishly arrayed or socially dignified, is in itself respectable; but that some sins are so countenanced by certain classes that they are held to be respectable. Mrs. Browning spoke truly, then, with epigrammatic force, she said The devil is most devilish when respect able." because he is then most dangerous able," because he is then most dangerous. His seeming respectability throws unwary souls off their guard and begulles them by begetting the thought that their objection to certain profitable and delightful courses of conduct is based, not on reason or on Scripture rationally interpreted, but on squamish or morbid conscientiousness. Hence, for example, when young men see social honors paid to rich financiers whose ovenflowing coffers were filled by means social honors pand to rice filled by means of transactions which involved lying deception and speculative trickery, they are need to think such dishonest practices are not so bad as they have been taught to believe. S) when members of Church indulge in some questionable or perhaps ungod'y practices, they throw the cloak of ungody practices, they throw the closed respectability over deeds which are in themselves injurious both to the moral and spiritual life. Thus they enable the

THE IDEAL WOMAN MAKES HOME BEAUTIFUL BY HER HANDS AND

devil to do his most devilish work of lur-ing young and feeble souls into the pit of

destruction. How needful, then, is the caution, Beware of respectable sins!"

PRESENCE. The fondest hope that every mother has for the innocent little daughter sleeping on her arm, nestled in her presst, is that she may in good time become the wife of own marriage has been a failure, wishes it; the happy wife, who knows how sweet such a life is, wishes it; the actress mother trudging home at midnight from the coarse environment of the theatre, prays for it; the plodding worker, with no time for it; the planting works, who have for domestic joys and domestic employ-ments, wishes it. To the women who have no homes, no earthly possession seems so precious and they regard with amazament the indifferent care that some women bestow upon the sauctuary in which is preserved and fostered all that is

God puts before us the duty He means us to do. We must cheerfully go to work plowing and sowing and blessedly reaping in the home field and not run away from that to try and gather grapes from thistles along the world's highway.

The most tremendous mistake a

wife can make is to begin to sigh for a nobler ambition than making home happy -a higher ambition than training he sons to be great men and her daughters to be the wives of great men. Life has no higher duty than this.

GOOD HUSBANDS ARE RARE. Even men who notoriously defend and stand up for each other admit this much, and for proof refer you to unlighted par lors in scores of homes, to the odor of peacemakers in the one o'clock cars at night, to the Adamless Eleus that are everywhere, and they will tell you that the woman who has a good home loving husband, a man who sincerely prefers to chum with his wife rather than to spend his spare time knocking around clubs, theatres or offices makes the fatal mistake if her home is not the brightest place her self the best society, her friends the most congenial he can desire.

There are young wives who in a year merge all their feminine graces into the easy going slattern whose bangs are in per manent curl papers and whose pretty matronly figure is swaddled in a greasy wrapper. There are young wives who get a notion of shining in something they

how if the little heart gets to aching over petty jealousies engendered by finer feasts and finer tea-gowns and a more fashionable visiting list than her own? How about John and the suppertable set for two, and the clink of two teacups on the tray, and the white apron and the little figure flying down the steps to meet and greet him on his way?

There are young wives who get into the habit of going away from home somewhere every day. They have engagements for the matinee, to shop, to visit, to trot along High street, finding to visit, to trot along High street, finding it a very good drawing-room, and who finally find that this sort of excitement has become as essential as air to them. Home, with all its dear comforts, with children to make happy, with a husband to fascinate, with books, music, pictures, pretty sewing and fancy work, ought to hold the heart of a woman as the north holds the magnetized compass needle. holds the magnetized compass needle.

holds the magnetized compass needle.

A PATH FOR EACH ONE

There are childless women who persist in living in a sort of domestic dry rot who ought to be helping in the world's works; there are others whose children, grown and married, no longer need their constant care, and manifestly the time has come for such women to do their share in teaching, comfirting and saving the young, the sick, the homeless and the unifrended ones. But the young wife's highest mission is to keep the torch of love burning on the home-hearth, to make home the pleasantest spot on the globe for thuse whose shelter it is at night.

ELEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

ELEMENTS OF HAPPINESS.

Domestic life need never be narrow or sordid if the domestic queen is all right.
Its highest elements are friends, books,
pictures, music and the enjoyment that
comes from their use. But the little fire
tender must not forget that her beautifullest role is that of the cricket on the husband will remain then always her lover, and her children will turn to her as flowers to the sun.

flowers to the sun.

When Nature falls in her duty to a flower it dies, and when a woman neg lects the vine of love a priest, a clergyman, or the law has planted at her door, it, too, will die. It is the woman's duty to keep the plant alive, the man doesn't know how; its natural food is feminine art, feminine grace, springhtliness, gentleness and patier

A WOMAN'S GRANDEST MONUMENT. Every cozy, happy, peaceful home in all this great America is some good woman's monument. Men build bouses, but women make homes. When the wife is away how cheerless all is, what depression falls on everybody if she falls to get home in time for dinner; how hopeless it is when she is gone never to come back again. A poor man's cottage is a nex for singing birds when he brings the right woman to live it. A rich man's palace is a Westminster Abbey without its storied urns and animated busts until the wife and mother puts into it the imperishable grandeur of her work.

ADMISSION TO "GOOD SOCIETY." Thackeray's satirical remark that "it takes three generations to make a gentleman" is usually treated as nothing more than a smart saying, but it has in it the germ of an elemental truth. Good society like a secret organization with passwords and grips, without which none may pass its portals. But the passwords and grips cannot be defined; there are no cificers, no committees to pass upon applicants; whatever is done in the way of plicants; whatever is done in the way of admission or exclusion is done, instinctively, by the whole society, and not by any one member nor a committee of members. Money by itself will not open the doors; familiarity with the rules of etiquette is not sufficient, for the dancing master has that to perfection, and so also has the servant who opens the hall door; great intellectual powers or high moral qualities may ual powers or high moral qualities may command an introduction, but are not alone a sufficient passport to constant association. Emerson says: "What fact is more conspicuous in modern history than the creation of the gentlea good man and the mother of beautiful man? Chivalry it that and loyalty is this children. The heart-broken wife, whose all the novels, from Sir Philip Sidney to Sir Walter Scott, paint this figure. The word gentleman, which, like the word Christian, must hereafter characterizes the present and the few proceeding centuries by the importance attached to it, is a homage to personal and incommunicable practices. Frivolous and fantastic additions have got associated with the name, but the steady interest of mankind in it must be attributed to the valuable properties which it designates. An ele ment which unites all the most forcible persons of every country, makes them intelligible and agreeable to each other, and is somewhat so precise that it is at once felt that if an individual lacks the Masonic sign, he cannot be a casual pro duct, but must be an average result of the character and faculties universally found in men." To this he adds: "The gentle-man is a man of truth, lord of his own actions and expressing that lordship in his actions and expressing that forceing in his behavior, not in any manuer dependent and service either on persons or opinions or possessions. Beyond this fact of truth and real force, the word denotes good nature or benevolence; manhood first and then gentleness." Popular fancy usually associates with these qualities, as an important, if not essential, element, ease or ortune, but this is a resultant of a force ful nature. The enterprising, self confident, forceful men of former days were the military heroes who won for themselves lands and titles on the battle field. They have their counterpart to-day in the merchants, politicians or manufacturers who put the same high qualities to other uses, but with the same result, the acquisition of fortune. But it is the quality that makes fortune, not the fortune itself, that helps to constitute the gentleman of the high society type. But while the forceful man is at work he may not be recognized by that mysterious fraternity know as good society. He is deficient in the other qualities required, among which is repose or self control. And so it happens that though he may not himself be initiated, his sons or later descendants may

dependence, and upon that development of gentility which comes of conscious power united with kindly feeling and sympathy. Fortune and power are born of these attributes, but the attributes themselves may exist when fortune and power have passed away, leaving the decendants of the man of independence of character still a recognized member of good society, though he may not be a man of personal force or fortuce, for it must be observed that good society could not exist but for the underlying strata. Even in a republic, where all men are supposed to be equal, there are recognized grades of society, higher and lower; but the higher cannot create themselves—they rest upon those beneath them. Men of sufficient moral and intellectual force to assert their independence are constantly rebelling and rising to the unpart sufficient moral and intellectual force to assert their independence are constantly rebelling and rising to the upper straits; they prove their fellowship by refusing to yield their independence, but they must do so in the proper manner, not in the brutal way of the French revolutionists, but with the courtesy associated with good nature. Society thus founded has its uses, and it may be affirmed that society as it exist in this country is so founded. The doors are not open to those who are ready to are not open to those who are ready to grovel to their superiors for the sake of admission; but they are always wide open to men of intellectual and moral force, who unite with the qualities tha constitute them leaders of men a spirit ce that lifts them above jealous, and a kindly interest in human-ity that stamps them as true gentlemen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A NEGLECTED DUTY.

We talk much about the duties of parents to children. We want to reverse the question and say a word as to the

duties of children to parents.

The first duty which the child owes to his parents is a happy acceptance of the his parents is a happy acceptance of the favors which a parent gives. The father and mother love more than the child loves. God has so made the parent and the child that the parent's love is stronger than the child's. The parent, therefore, finds great joy in giving to the child. Some insects willingly lay up food for off-spring which they shall never see. They do this by an unconscious impulse. But the parent joyously labors and sacrifices for son or daughter. In their turn son and daughter should as joyously accept these favors. Life they thus accept. All helpfulness they should thus accept. The son or the daughter is despising father and mother when their gifts are refused.

and not the daugster is despising stater and mother when their gifts are refused.

A second duty which the child owes to the parent is obedience. The parent has the right to command. Of course the command should be based upon the right and the true. But because the reason of the course the reason of the the parent is superior to the reason of the child, because the experience of a parent is broader than the experience of the child, it becomes the duty of the child to obey. To obey the command of a parent is a stepping stone to the obedience of the command of God Himself. Disobedience to the command of a parent is to foeter that self-indulgence which detroys the vigor of manhood or woman hood. Obedience to the command of the parent develops that self restraint which is the cause of noble vigor in manly and

womanly character.

A third duty children owe to parents is that of appreciation. Common is the re-mark that children do not appreciate their parents until they become parents them-selves. True is the remark as it is com-mon. But each child should do all that is mon. But each child should do all that is possible to regard with full regard the en-deavors of his parents. When you, dear reader, stand by the grave of your father, and hear the thud of the sod upon that coffin lid, you will know, as you have never known before, that he has been a far better father to you than you thought.
When at last you stand by the casket of
her who in pain gave you life, and your line kiss those white lips that never before refused their kiss of love to you, and when upon the silver hair your fingers linger for the last time you will know that your mother has been a good mother

OUR LADY'S CRIB.

It was a warm day in spring. The air a tenement house looking upon an alley, filled from basement to garret with famil-ies. But the second floor of the house to which we call attention, with its windows ooking south, had a certain inviting look. A few geraniums in pots were blooming in the window, and the curtains looked clean; the furniture within was scantity, but everything was tidy—as we might esy, respectable. Pacing back and forth through the two rooms opening into each other, was a boy of ten, carrying in his arms a baby less than a year old, which he tried in vain to soothe. The poor little baby was "cutting teeth," and even the bottle of milk held temptingly to its lips failed to console it. The little fellow tried his best, but baby would moan and give sudden cries, as if in sharp pain. It seemed a strange occupation for a boy, but he was used to it, and was certainly ery patient and very affectionate. Baby was still wailing, and Johnny still

pacing the floor, giving now and then a cooling carese to baby, when the door opened, and a kind-faced Sister entered

without even knocking.

"Ab, Johnny, what keeps you from school? You will lose your good place in your class, and all your good points for the prize, unless you can be more regular thought I would come around myself I thought I would come around myses; instead of sending the 'truant agent,' as we do sometimes. When a boy stands well in his class, we think something must be the matter if he is not regular. But where is your mother, Johnny, and what alls baby?"

what alls baby?"

Johnny had placed a chair with one hand for the Sister, at the same time trying to hush baby. When Sister repeated her question he said: "Ever since father hurt his foot in the big machine shop we have the trying her below the same. He have been in trouble, mother says. He lost his place then, and now he can get only odd jobs. The rent comes due in a notion of shining in something they call society and who are immensely proud if they can set up a reception day, wear a wrapper a they call a teagown and exhibit the pasteboard of a lady whom they call a society woman.

All this is well enough in its way, but how if the silly little head is turned,

The Sister took it all in at a glance.

Here was poverty, because regular work could not be had. Here was the poor teething baby, beref; of its mother, and here, too, was the bright little boy, losing all his chances for a good education, perhaps all his ambition for one.

"I see, Johnny," she said, after a moment. "You must take care of baby, just as mother says. I will see that you do not loose any more points than can be

do not loose any more points than can be helped; and tell mother I will call in a day or two and see her. We will talk it all over then. Perhaps there will be a way for you to go to school as usual. Be very kind to poor baby," she eald, careesing the moaning little thing. Then, as if a thought had come to her, "when will mother he home?"

mother be home? six o'clock," said Johnny, in a discouraged way; "and baby feels so bad, Sister. I don't know what to do for her!" and the tears ran down the little fellows's cheeks.

There was just a moment's pause, and Sister said: "I will rock baby in my arms. I think she will go to sleep arms. I think such will go to steep sooner than by carrying her. You are not tall enough or big enough to do that," and she smiled as she looked at Johnny, a small boy even for ten years.
As she said this, our Sister of Charity—
Sister Ann Regina — laid off her shawl,
put her cheek to baby's, and in a moment
she was out of Johnny's arms into Sister Ann Regina's, who sat softly down in the small rocking chair, rocking back and forth with a little sing-song that

and forth with a fitter sing-sold that soon put baby asleep. It was now half-past four o'clock Johnny's tired arms began to feel rested, and he was looking at Sister Ann Regina as one would at an angel, when Regina as one would at an angel, when she took a piece of paper from the memorandum book in her pocket, wrote a few lines, and then said to Johnny, very softly: "Run to the Sisters' Home with this, and they will hand you a bottle of syrup for baby, which you must be careful not to break."

must be careful not to break."
You may sure be Johnny did not need to be told to run. His young, nimble legs had been aching for a race all day, and, as he went to the Sisters' Home, his face lost all traces of tears. When he came back, his cheeks were like roses. "Very weil," said Sister; "you have not lost any time. Now bring me a teacup and a teaspoon." Johnny did as she said, as gently as Sister would have done herself. Then she laid baby into her little cradle. Then she laid baby into her little cradle, rocked her very softly to be sure she did not wake, whispering to Johnny: "When baby wake, if she cries— "O:, I know she will cry, Sister, she

feels so bad," whispered Johnny.
"Yes, I think she will cry," whispered Sister, "but when she does, put a little
—what she will swallow—of this pleasant
syrup into her mouth, rock her cradle, as syrup into her mouth, rock her cradle, as I do, very gently, sing softly, too, and she will drop away to sleep; and do this until mother comes home. Then ask mother to let you run to the Sisters' Home again, and tell me if she will be at home to morrow. If not, I will give you a message for her. Good-bye, Johnny!" and she patted the little fellow's cheek in a way that made him forget all about the way that made him forget all about the weary day. When she went out, he sat down by the cradle to watch the little one seleep, just as Sister Ann Regina would

when Mrs. Deegan came home, tired with her day of scrubbing, instead of finding the baby and the other children fretting, she found them as quiet as so many kittens. The little girls had tended the cradle, and Johnny had started the fire for supper; so that all would be ready by the time his father came home. It was such a pleasant surprise to poor Annie Deegan, whose heart had been heavy all day thinking about her sick baby, and Johnny out of school. The story was soon told, and Mrs. Deegan sent Johnny to the Sisters' Home to say she must go to her scrubbing again in the

morning
When Johnny gave the message Sister Ann Regins, she said: "Now, Johnny, run home to mother, and tell her to have the little girls go to school to morrow, and that you are to bring the baby to us. We will keep her until mother calls for her on her way from her work. In this way, you can go to school as well as the little girls, and I will see that all your points are all right. Tell father and mother not to worry about anything."

What a light-hearted household elept that night in the second story of the tene-

ment house! Our Anna, for she had been baptized by this name, was not the only baby that had kept the pupils from school. The visit to the Degans opened up Sister Aun R glaa's watchful eyes, and before a week a dezen mothers were having their little children, from mere infants to the age for going to school, with the Sisters. In less than a year a room, large and alry,

In less than a year a room, large and airy, had been fitted up with every convenience for the little ones, and a wing to the Sisters' Home was already planned. "What will you call it?" said merry Sister Laura to Sister Ann Regina. "Tae F ench name, Creche?"

"No, indeed! Who of our good women would know how to pronounce it? It shall be called 'Orr Lady's Urib." They will all know what that means, and will be glid to have their bables rocked in it," replied Sister Ann Regina.

be gia to neve their basics rocked in it, replied Sister Ann Ragins.

Before another year, a kindergarten had been opened for children too young for school and too old for the cribs, and how delighted the little children were! How delighted the looked as they played the pretty games, followed the exercise of their teacher, sang the simple songs, marched two by two, or singly, to the music of the small accordion played by their teacher! And how happy and more easy the mothers felt, as they scrubbed and washed the live-long day, half the weariness taken out of their bones to know their children were safe !

USED

Men and Women resort to stimulants sometimes; and they know its wrong. To feel good after a square meal or a lungful of nourishing ozone is all right. This is fuel for the engine. So with COMPOUND OXYGEN. It invigorates because it is food.

Two on the two ones of two ones of the two ones of two

It is oxygen ozonized; charged with electricity. When it gets to the breathing surfaces it is very quickly appropriated. COMPOUND OXYGEN makes strength, genuine strength, for it remains when you quit this remedy. After an inhalation you tingle and glow all over, circulation is quickened, the chest expands.

A book of 200 pages will tell you who have been restored to health and strength by the use of COMPOUND OXYGEN. This Book is worth reading. The patients do the talking in its pages—not Drs. STARKEY & PALEN. The name and address is at the end of each indorsement. You can find these revitalized men and women and get up a correspondence if you like. If you want the Book you get it FREE. DRS. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch Street, PHILADELPHIA, PA

But what of our Johnny and Baby Auna? Anna found a vecation, and, when she took the white veil of a novice, R gins, who had been dead many years, R gins, who had been dead many year, but never forgotten. Our Juhuny became a p lest, and when some one asked him when he and his sleter got their vocations, he said: "When Sister Aun Regins to k the baby, pressed the little check to her own, and rocked her to sleep."— Eliza

120 Sutter Street, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL

CATHOLIC PRESS.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

A correspondent of a secular journal sends word to his paper that the celebration of Holy Week in the capital of Costa Rica "is not calculated to inspire a newcomer with a sense of progress in the country. The processions have acted out all the old legends of the Lord's death, burialand resurrection, and crowds have thronged the cathedral and the churches from morning till night. But the prominent men, the representative minds of the

that the liberal and advanced thinkers who run away from representations of the legends of Christ are not in it anywhere! The Sun is responsible for the above correspondent. It will be wise for Catholics to watch the present course of this famous journal. It is sneering lately at everything which Christians hold in respect. A bigoted Protestant has charge of its correspondents column, and regularly insults the Catholic body. An infidel of the Ingersell type invades the editorial columns occasionally to sucer at Christianity. We would like to believe the Sun the greatest journal in America, but its spots are vill:anous, and with Mr. Dana's retirement these spots with Mr. Dana's retirement these spots will absorbe its greatness.

London Universe.

At a meeting near Gurteen, in Sligo county, on last Sunday the Rev. Mr. Keeveney, of Ballagbaderein, categorically and emphatically stated that he was authorized to announce that John Dillor ad sent out the message that there was no man in Ireland more determinedly opposed to Parnell's leader ship than he. That is good to know although, as it so happens, even if John Dillon were in favor of Parnell's leader ship, we should be grieved and disap pointed, but it would not affect the issue. Simply a man we admire would forfeit his it fluence and the weight we forfeit his in nuence and the weight we had attached to his judgment. The thing has been decided beyond the power of Dillon or any man else to alter. Parnell has committed political suicide is extinct as a dodo, impossible no only for the day but for evermore Those who side with him, either from mistaken chivalry, dire necessity, or wrong-headed stupidity, must share his fate. William O'Brien is reported to be fate. William O'Brien is reported to be with John Dillon in his opposition to the Pretender. We are glad of that, if it be authentic—as we sincerely hope it

Protestant Bishop Grafton of Fond du Lac is getting into trouble with his people because he wears a "cope and mitre" in some of his church caremonies, and because he seems to believe in confession, and in the burning of incense before service. These practices are objected to, of course, not for the reason that they are bad in themselves, but, because they are "Popish." Bishop Grafton will, we hope, in good time find relief from his troubles by following the example of many thousands of controlen-tious Protestants, who, after diligent seek ing, could discover peace only at the foot of the altar where incense is offered up daily to the Lord, and where the penitant comes from the confessional to eat the Bread that giveth life.

Marks of Patriotism

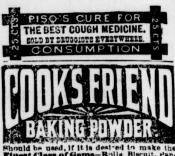
The old war-wounds of veterans are surely marks of patriotism, and the speedy surely marks of patrictism, and the speedy and permanent relief of such is as surely a benefaction. Mr. Harvey R. States, of Andalusia, Pa., U. S. A., January 31, 1889, writes: "I was wounded in the hip in the late war, and till within a short time have suffered with my wounds. I have been in hands of doctors often, but St. Jacobs Oil has been of more benefit, as after its use I have not had pain for months." It is a benefactor.

The Alugic Texture of the state of the

The Single Tax.

The single tax may relieve poverty but as a remedy for painful ailments it cannot compare with Hagyard's Yellow Oil the old reliable cure for rheumatism neuralgia, croup, sore throat, lumbago, colds and inflammatory diseases.

Minard's Liniment cures Distemper.





CONCORDIA VINEYARDS

ERNEST GIRARDOT & COMPANY ALTAR WINE A SPECIALTY.

Our Altar Wise is extensively used and recommended by the clergy, and our Claret will compare favorably with the oest im-ported Bordeaux For prices and information address,

E. GIRARDO! & CO.

Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions. Purifies the Blood and removes all impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

CURES CONSTIPATION HEADACHE SALT RHEUM. SCROFULA.
HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH
DIZZINESS. DROPSY.
RHEUMATISM. SKIN DISEASES



BUILDERS' HARDWARE. GLASS, PAINT4, OILS, ETC. AT BOTTOM PRICES.

ALSO FRENCH BAND SAWS. JAMES REID AND COMPANY, 118 Dundas Street. London, Ont.

W. K. MURPHY, . UNDERTAKER. FUNERALS FURNISHED AT MODERATE PRICES. 479 Queen Street West, TORONTO.



Purgative. Is a safe, sure and effectual destroyer of worms in Children or Adult. ONTARIO

STAINED GLASS WORKS STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES,
PUBLIC & PRIVATE BUILDING
Furnished in the best style and at prices
low enough to bring it within the
reach of all.

WORKS: 484 RICHMOND STREET. R. LEWIS.