

ARE  
YOU  
DEAF?



ANY  
HEAD  
NOISES?

ALL CASES OF  
**DEAFNESS OR HARD HEARING**  
ARE NOW CURABLE

by our new invention. Only those born deaf are incurable.

**HEAD NOISES CEASE IMMEDIATELY.**

F. A. WERMAN, OF BALTIMORE, SAYS:

*Gentlemen:* — Being entirely cured of deafness, thanks to your treatment, I will now give you a full history of my case, to be used at your discretion.  
About five years ago my right ear began to ring, and this kept on getting worse, until I lost my hearing in this ear entirely.

I underwent a treatment for catarrh, for three months, without any success, consulted a number of physicians, among others, the most eminent ear specialist of this city, who told me that only an operation could help me, and even that only temporarily, that the head noises would then cease, but the hearing in the affected ear would be lost forever.

I then saw your advertisement accidentally in a New York paper, and ordered your treatment. After I had used it only a few days according to your directions, the noises ceased, and to-day, after five weeks, my hearing in the diseased ear has been entirely restored. I thank you heartily and beg to remain

Very truly yours,

F. A. WERMAN, 730 S. Broadway, Baltimore, Md.

*Our treatment does not interfere with your usual occupation.*

Examination and advice free. **YOU CAN CURE YOURSELF AT HOME** at a nominal cost.

**INTERNATIONAL AURAL CLINIC, 596 LA SALLE AVE., CHICAGO, ILL.**

He always cherished a tender devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, and often expressed his wish of dying vested with her habit. In his last illness, although he suffered intense pain, he bore everything with heroic patience, and was never heard to utter a word of complaint.

We hope that through the prayers of the faithful, especially of his friends, and the intercession of the Queen of Carmel, he may soon obtain the reward promised by her to her faithful clients.

SONG OF HOPE.

Wm. J. Fischer.

Hope is a bright angel—Faith's twin sister fair—

On her face God's pure sunlight,—the smile we know well;

When she enters our hearts, grim-visaged Despair

Shrieking, wings a swift flight to her loathsome, dark hell.

AFTER HOLY COMMUNION.

I know thou are with me,

O heart of love divine!

Thy precious blood is flowing,

Like sweetest juice of vine;

To still the aspirations

That ever rise towards thee,

For light and love more ardent

And greater purity.

What need to speak my Jesus?

Thy sacred eyes so calm

See all these inward longings;

For each thou hast a balm;

O! may this day's Communion

Absorb my soul in Thee,

A glistening drop borne onward

To love's eternity!

Enfant de Marie.

"When Death, the great Reconciler, has come, it is never our tenderness that we repent of, but our severity."