House and Household.

FASHION AND FANCY.

It is too early for genuine novelties in spring wraps which can be accepted as the reigning style of the season, but a few models which are at least new may serve as suggestions of things to come Capes and jackets will both be warm, and the latter, cut with loose fronts and sack backs, seem destined to lead the style in coats. They are made in smoothfaced cloths and in velvet as well, when the yoke is usually trimmed with jet. The plaited back is much more graceful than the straight cut, and the yoke of the velvet coat is covered with colored silk passementerie, while black accor dion-plaited chiffon forms the epaulets and full neck ruche.

Another coat of black cloth is slightly curved at the side seam to fit into the figure, and the fulness is arranged in two decided box plaits. The epaulets are of white satin, closely beaded with black. Capes are cut reasonably full and more sloping on the shoulder to hang gracefully over the drooping sleeves, and finished at the neck with a ruche of ribbon and chiffon, unless made of cloth, when they have a high standing collar. One model is carried out in black duchess satin, decorated with applique figures of colored passementer e, and has a V of black velvet d wn the back and front edged with a mil of black kilted chiffon.

Another cape is decidedly a summer garment, and is made of gauzy black grenadine over a black glace silk lining. Chine silk flowers are applied at in-tervals with opal colored beads and black paillettes, and the ruffle on the edge and ruche around the neck are double, of black chillon over white. Tailor-made capes are in all the shades of fawn cloth, stitched around with white wilk, and a stylish high collar is cut out in squares around the edge, where it is faced with velvet.

HOME MATTERS.

Warm feet are an essential to happimess and health, and if proper footwear does not keep your feet warm you had better consult a physician and get a tonic for your system, which is in all probability run down. Generally, however, cold feet are the result of improper foot dressing, the shape or material being in fault. Ordinary leather is fit only for warm weather and low shoes, as it lacks both porosity and capacity for absorption-being in this respect too much like rubber. No toot can remain either comfortable or healthy if kept in a perpetual bath of its own emanations and excretions. Leather, especially that of the more porous varieties, may be tolerated for the outside, but for cold weather it should always be lined with woollen cloth, or better, with wool felt. In fact, for all cold climates, and for winter wear in all climates where there is any winter, a footgear made from all wool felt approaches the ideal. According to modern notions, any illness in one part of the body may be occasioned by some irritating cause far removed from the sent of trouble. Just how this is cannot always be clearly explained, but that such connection does sometimes exist is beyond dispute. In the matter whole body are irritated by a tight shoe, or the extreme coldness of the extremities makes extra demand up in the blood supply, there is neither nerve force nor blood enough left for other functions.

USEFUL RECIPES.

SERVING AFTERNOON TEA.

Afternoon tea may be served in a variety of ways. The hostes may brew it heraelf in a teapot upon her tea-table in the parlor; she may make it by pouring boiling water over a tea-ball, or it may be served by either a man or maid servant in the dining-room. Its proper accompaniments are sugar, cream, sliced lemon, and either wafers, thin sandwiches or cake.

ICED RICE PUDDING.

The following receipt for iced rice pudding has always proved satisfactory: Take one half cupful of rice, a tiny pinch of salt, and pour over it a pint of cold water, and boil thirty minutes (that is, thirty minutes after it commences to boil.) When the water has all boiled away add two cupfuls of milk, and put in a double boiler. When the mixture rooms in the peaceful shelter of a conhas cooked very soft, and no milk is left on the rice rub through a sieve and put back in the boiler; thicken with three her I was sending her to you on a visit. eggs, beaten light, and a half cupful of sugar. Set in a cool place. Flavor with yanilla. Whip a pint of cream and add vanilla. Whip a pint of cream and add to the pudding. Freeze as jou would ice cream.

PUDDING SAUCES.

A hard sauce made by creaming half a cuptul of butter and a cupful of sugar and beating with the juice and grated rind of lemon, is good as well as simple. A liquid sauce made by boiling the sugar with a cupful of water and pouring on to the lemon juce and rind, with a good bit of butter and a little grated nutmeg, is equally good. Another method is to pare a lemon as thinly as possible, then remove the white skin and cut the fruit in very thin slices, taking out the seeds. Cut the yellow rind into narrow strips of water. Pour over the lemon and thicker sauce is preferred.

MACARONI AND CHEESE.

Take two ounces of macaroni, break it water until tender. If the macaroni is chi'd."

fairly new, it will boil in half an hour; The letter, at this point water if old, it will take from three-quarters. and boil it in plenty of salted boiling one hour. When done, strain it and put aside. Melt half an ounce of butter in to the fire, and stir until it thickens and

and sprinkle over half an ounce of grated cheese. Place before the fire to brown, or in the oven for ten minutes. Serve hot, with small triangles of toast forming a border round the dish.

[WRITTEN FOR THE "TRUE WITNESS."]

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT,

THE LOST TOPSEYS. BY "WINONA."

In one of the many little hamlets that nestle by the shores of our majestic St. Lawrence live three happy and care-free people. The eldest, and, on that account, most important personage of this trio. is an old lady with snow-white hair and a kindly placid face; this is Grandma. She is sitting in a cosy room and from the window she can see her little grandchild at play in the garden. Presently the child comes in and seats herself on a low stool at her grandmother's feet. She is about five years old, a very pretty face, and dark hair and eyes. Grandma looks down at her and wonders if she ever finds it lonely to live by herself, and with this thought she says to Hilda, who seems to be in a "brown study," "What are you thinking of, Hilda, dear ?"

The child turned and looked up at the kind old face, and answered: "I was wishing, grandma, that I had some other girls to play with. Of course I have my rabbits and my lamb, but you know, grandma, they do not know when I am telling them my secrets, only my Topsey can understand."

Grandma was rather surprised that the same thought should have occupied both their minds at the same time.

" Never mind, Hilda, perhaps you may have some one to play with yet. But I see that it is near supper time, and papa will soon be in, so you must not let him see that you have been fretting, for that would make him sad "

"Hilda who is completely comforted with a ginger cake (which grandmothers seem always to carry about with them) takes her dear Topsey and sits down on had not explored. Grace was delighted the doorstep to wait her father's coming. She soon sees him through the bushes, short city life she had never seen aniand runs to tell him all the news of the | mals close enough to be friendly with day. He is a tall, soldier-like man, with them. Many, many pleasant picuics deep furrows in his brow, which even they had that first short summer of Time's unrelenting finger could not have Grace's new life, and perhaps it was betplaced there, for he is still in the prime | ter so, for she did not feel the loss of her of life, his hair and beard are prema- dear mother as much as she otherwise turely gray; but withal his is a prepossessing face and figure, no doubt an extra charm is given his expressive features by a pair of large soft brown eyes. After the death of his wife, he bought this home so that his little Hilda might they returned without their charges, have the benefit of pure country air, as she was a sickly child at the time. They tiens, they were not missed until the next had lived here quietly for some years, and when papa had spoken of leaving commenced for the lost pets without their snug home and returning to the city, grandma said it would be far better | solable, until papa promised that grandto remain where they were, and so we

But now to return to the others. They had taken their supper, and the next day but one. The town was a Hilda was put to rest for the night, when papa drew a letter from his pocket. But when they were allowed to choose a Grandma looked rather surprised at this, | doll their joy knew no bounds, and each as they seldom received any news from the great noisy world beyond, but waited their new treasures. They both felt that

faint at this unexpected intelligence. several weeks, while they were contined to but, controlling herself with an effort, the house by the heavy fall rains, they again waited for her son to continue: were kept busy dressing the dolls, with to us, and begs me to care her as my had worn off they longed for the sight of own, and," he added reverently. "with the old battered faces of the Topseys. God's holy help that is what I will do if Grandma, who had been watching them, it can make any attonement for the noticed the change, and secretly decided past." The strong man bowed his head to make them each a doll as above a very and a storm of emotion passed over clever at this work. The other two dolls

'Is that all, John, dear," asked grand-ma, partly to conceal her own agitation and partly to arouse her son. He looked

up, outwardly calm.

"No, mother, Loo says she will go to the convent near by and remain there until it pleases God to take her. The doctors say she can never recover, and so she has taken this means to let us know where she is. But, mother, I will read you part of her letter, and then you can judge for yourself: "I would not write to you now, my dear brother, only I know that you can bear no ill will tovent near here. Do not let Grace know when I leave this world, as I have told you should leave your home to come to me, because the end is so near that I shall have long ceased to exist ere you could reach me."

Grandma laid her hand gently on her son's arm, and he looked up to her face. He seemed to read her thoughts, for he said, although his eyes were dimmed with tears: "I am coming to it, mother dear." He referred to the letter again, St. Alexander street. Mr. J. J. Patter that the son, B.L., presided. Two well rendered that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitated condition of the blood or could scarcely read it, so he drew the lamp closer and continued: "I am happy that Grace is a Catholic, may she prove a better one than her mother, but Mr. Fred. McKenna. have repented of the past and am now and boil with a cupful of sugar and one at peace with all. I forgive you, dear brother, for your just anger with me, and serve. Either of these may be thickened I beg of you in return to pardon me for with a teaspoonful of cornstarch if a the pain I have caused you and my loving mother. Sister will not let me write any more to-day. In case I should never born in the year 252. At first, he lived finish this letter, I beg you and mother alone, in a cave on the shores of the Red to care my dear little Grace, who, as you

spent itself in tears. Mrs. Weathering the many monks, whom his reputation ton and her son sat long after their action for sanctity and holiness drew about a saucepan, remove from the fire, and customed hour discussing the daughter stir smoothly in a quarter of an ounce and sister, who, in spite of her open reof flour, add a teacupiul of milk, return bellion in marrying out of her faith, they both dearly loved; and although it had is smooth, add half a teasoonful of made been years since they had heard from mustard, a good pinch of cayenne and her, they still cung to the hope that she a guarter of a teaspoonful of salt. Boil would return to the grand old faith of well-and remove from the fire, and add her forefathers. It had been with this the macaroni and one ounce of grated object always in view that grandma had cheese, turn into a buttered soup plate offered up her numerous communions

and prayers, had sent intentions to the intention box, which stood in the chapel, and had taught Hilds to say an evening prayer for her unknown kinswoman. Her prayers were certain y answered to their fullest extent. "The child will be here in the morning if she arives safely, and I might take Hilda with me to the station," Mr. Weatherington said, before parting from his mother.

The morning broke clear and bright. Hilda, who was an early riser, was already at play in the garden, and when grandma called her to breakfast and told her that her little cousin from - was coming to visit her, and that papa would take her with him to the station, she danced for joy and was soon ready to start off.

The train seemed a long time in coming to the impatient child, who kept up a constant stream of questions about the new arrival, but her father was much too busy with his own thoughts to pay any heed to the child. At last the train steamed into the sta tion and a child was placed in Mr. Weatherigton's arms by the conductor, The little girl was about the same age as Hilda, perhaps a year older; but she looked the exact counterpart of her country reared consin, for she was very pale and there was a very sad expression in her eyes. When she saw Hilda standing beside her father, she kissed her fondly, and the trio was soon whirl ing along the pleasant road towards

home. Grandma was in the door-way to welcome the lonely little girl. When she caught sight of the pale, delicate child, her eyes filled with tears, for the little Grace reminded her forcibly of that other child that she had always loved so much.

"This is Grace, mother," papa said, and she has come to be Hilda's friend and sister.''

Grandma went up-stairs to unpack the newcomer's trunk, and was closely followed by the two children, who had now become quite chatty. They both watched the progress of the unpacking with interest, until grandma held up an old rag doll. Grace took it eagerly.
"Oh this is Topsey, and I love her so
much," she said, giving her pet a great
hug. "I have a dear Topsey too," said

Hilda, running off to get her treasure. Before many days had passed there was not a spot around that the children with the rabbits and lamb, for in her would.

Then, when autumn came, they went on nutting excursions, of course always accompanied by the two Miss Topseys. It was during one of these trolies that and, being weary with the day's exermorning, when a hunt was immediately avail. The poor little ones were inconma would take them into town the first fine day. They were well pleased with the prospect, so accordingly they set out ver; beautiful place to the little girls. for her son to speak, so he said: "Mother, Top say was not a pretty name for such this is from Louisa." his is from Louisa."

Grandma seemed as though she would should be tiladiys, and Hilda's. Reta. For gain waited for her son to continue: were kept busy dressing the dolls, with She says she is sending her little Grace grandma's help. But when the novelty were put away to be taken out when they were tired of the home-made ones. When the new rag-dolls were made the little than if obliged to tell their "secrets" to a waxen-faced "confidente."

When spring came they were gathering Mayflowers in a small woods near their home, when they came across their lost dolls lying side by side on a mass of leaves exactly where they had left them. How tenderly they carried the remains home, and had papa make a little coshn into which they put their dolls and buried them beneath a spreading rose tree. In this way the two Topseys were never quite forgotten, for the roses reminded the children of that long and happy summer when they first became acquainted one with the other. "WINONA" (ISABELLE WYNNE.)

Windsor Mills, Feb. 20, 1896.

ST. ANTHONY OF EGYPT.

HIS LIFE AND WORK THE SUBJECT OF REV. FATHER CALLAGHAN'S LECTURE.

The Catholic Y. M. S. Literary Academy held their weekly conference last Wednesday evening, in their Hall, 92 nerally known.

The President then introduced Rev. James Callaghan, who, according to money by promptly resorting to this promise, discoursed on the "Life and treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to Anthony, of Upper Egypt, the father of the monastic life in the Church, was Sea. A mat, made of reeds, was his bed. and a slice of bread, with salt, his daily pittance. A.D. 271. Later, he settled down beyond the Nite, amid the silence and sofitude of the Thebaid, in the heart of the Libyan Desert. In the outstart, him, tilled their own strip of hand and put up their leafy huts, and met together only for prayer and the rending of the Holy Scriptures. In 340, St. 1 acomius,

REAL MERIT is the character-istic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S. entire family, and when elected, as he is

an Egyptian too, enlarged on the Anthousan scheme, and founded in Tabenne Island, on the Nile, eight regularly constituted monesteries, with an Abbot for each and Superior General for all. In the meantime, as Anthony viewed, with an ill-concealed complacency, his vast dominion of holy souls, and prided in his | the elder of her handsome twin sons betitle of Father of the universal conobetical came heir apparent to the title. She sefamily, he was told, in a vision, that a three days' journey, through lands un-trod by him or by his disciples, would lead him to a cavern, watered by a fresh running brook and shaded by a row of palm trees. He sprang to his feet at once, and, with staff in hand, set out for the new hermitage, A.D. 341. He met there Paul the Hermit, twenty years longer in the wild woods than he, 113 years old, in his youth an eyewitness of the persecution of the Emperor Decius, living on the palm tree fruit, clad in a mantle of interwoven leaves, and cut off from all communication with the outer world. They conversed quite a while, and prayed all night together. Before the parting hour Paul remarked: I am now drawing to my end, and I desire my body to be buried in the mantle that Athanasius gave you. Anthony went ernment. back for it, but when he returned to Paul, he found him dead upon his kness, A D. 348. St. Anthony died A.D. 356, at the age of 105. At the time of his death there were, all in all, between monks and nuns, seventy-ix thousand.

In the 85 years of his solitary career, apart from his stupendous work of monasticism, he pleaded with St. Athanasius, at Alexandria, against the Arians, received congratulatory letters written to him personally by the Emperors in their own handwriting, and demonstrated practically to the pagan world that heroism can be found in the exercise of austere penance as in the shedding of one's blood for the faith.

At the conclusion of the lecture, the Rev. gentleman was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. His next lecture, to-night, is "St.

LA GRIPPE'S VICTIMS.

Benedict."

A SCOURGE MORE TO BE DREADED THAN PESTILENCE.

THE STORY OF A NOVA SCOTIAN LADY WHO ALMOST LOST HER LIFE THROUGH THE RAOVGES OF THIS TROUBLE—UNABLE TO FEED HERSELF AND HAD TO BE CARRIED TO AND FROM BED.

From the Acadian, Wolfville, N.S.

In the spring of 1894 the many friends of Mrs. Mary Freeman, in Wolfville, N.S., very gladly welcomed her return home after a long absence from her native town, but it was with the deepest grief that they beheld in her the prey of a disease of almost incredible severity. It appeared to all that the brightest future in store for her was but a few months of suffering existence. Not long atter her return, however, the people of Wolfville were surprised to hear that after using a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills she had become almost completely well. Auxious to hour the truth of this surprising report, our reporter waited on Mrs. Freeman at the earliest opportunity. From her he received a full account of her painful illness and remarkable recovery. In January of 1889, Mrs. Freeman, who was then living in Foxbury, Mass., was severely attacked by la grippe. She had partly recovered when a rerapse followed, and while recovering from its effects, she was seized acute rheumatism and neuralgia. The combined sickness resulted in completely breaking down her constitution. Spon recovering from neuralgia, she one day noticed a little pimple on her lett ankle which became exceedingly painful It grew rapidly, soon occoming as large as a gold dollar and breaking into a running sore. Others im-mediately tollowed and soon the whole body was covered, the limbs becoming terribly swollen. The most eminent physicians of Boston were appealed to, but beyond informing her that the ailment was due to a completely run down system, they rendered her no as girls passed a much pleasanter winter than if obliged to tell their "secrets" to a waxen-faced "confidente." sistance. In the spring of 1894, she came to Nova Scotia, hoping that a change of climate would effect a cure, but to no purpose. Bone ulcers, greatly exceeding in painfulness the sores which first appeared, manifested themselves. She soon lost the use of her limbs, be came unable to feed herself, and was compelled to be carried to and from her bed. Her eyes became weak and she was thus denied the enjoyment of reading. After many remedies had been tried and proved useless, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were finally appealed to. Scarcely six boxes had been consumed when the ulcers showed symptoms of healing, the appetite grew better and her general health greatly improved. Since that time her condition has steadily improved, and her health is now far better. than it was previous to her serious illness. Save a slightness of the limbs, she shows no signs of the terrible scourge she has passed through. Mrs. Freeman is not unmindful of the great obligation she is under to this remarkable medicine, and she is anxious that the wonderful cure which it has effected should be gen-

shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save take an imitation or some other remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pilis make rich red blood, and cure when other medicines fail.

AN IRISH SENSATION.

AN HEIR TO A PEERAGE BECOMES A HOME RULE CANDIDATE.

NEW YORK, March 20.-A special cable from London says :- Somewhat of a sensation was caused among both parties in Parliament by the announcement that James Burke Roche had been chosen the Home Rule candidate for Killarney, in East Kerry. His brother, Baron Fermoy, to whom he is the heir presumptive, is strongly Conservative, as has been his

sure to be, Burke Roche will be the only heir to a peerage in the Irish Home Rule party. Baron Fermey, it is said, cannot survive long, and he has no children. James Burke Roche married Fanny, daughter of Frank Work, of New York, and, on the death of the present baron c red a Delaware divorce some years ago, on the grounds of her husband's flagrant offences, but he subsequently got a decree from the British courts, establishing the principle t' at marriage to a British citizen makes a foreign wife subject alone to British laws, so that this American divorce was declared invalid in British law, and the husband can take the children whenever they are found within British jurisdiction. Until his present candidacy, Burke Roche was not suspected of Nationalist leanings, but he must have signed the usual stringent pledge imposed upon every member of the Irish party before he could have been selected by the convention. His brother, the Hon. Ulick, is married to a daughter of Mr. Goschen, the First Lord of the Admiralty, in the Salisbury Gov-

BOOK NOTICES.

"Christian Unity" is a little book by the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy, which carries the imprimatur of the Most Rev. Archbishop of New York. It is daintily brought out by the Catholic Book Exchange Company. Eighty-eight of its pages present sixteen chapters expressing the views and arguments of the writer on his subject, which is named in the title of his work, and in the remaining twenty-eight the Encyclical of his present Holiness on "The Reunion of Christendom" is set out.

In a graceful flow of words, along which felicitousness of illustration and accuracy of knowledge bears the reader to conviction that the trend of Protestant Christianity is towards that Christian Unity which is unattainable outside the fold guarded by Christ's Vicar, and that in the attainment of such unity rests its only protection against infidelity, a kindly spirit permeates the book. We refrain from referring further to it lest we should forestall the pleasure its perusai will afford our renders.

DO NOT DO THIS.

Do not be induced to buy any other if you have made up your mind to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla cures when all others fail. Do not give up in despair because other medicines have failed to help you Take Hood's Sarsaparilla faithfully and you may reasonably expect to be cured.

Hoon's Pills are purely vegetable, carefully prepared from the best ingredients. 25c.

HE, trying to play a trump card: As assed your house last evening I thought heard an angel sing. She stilly: I was at the theatre last evening. Mrs. Mulhooly and her twins were at our house visiting the cook.

Societies should make early application for their summerexcursions, as the choice dates. for Otterburn Park, Clark's: Island, Valleyfield, Ormstown. Iberville, Rouse's Point, etc., are being rapidly secured For rates and full particulars apply to City Ticket Office, 143 St. James St., or to D. O. Pease. District Passenger Agent. Bonaventure station.



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Boston, \$9.00 a.m., *s8.20 p.m.
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Ste. Anne's, Vandreuil, etc.—\$8.25 a.m., \$1.45 p.m.,
\$5.20 p.m., *9.00 p.m.
St. Johns—\$9.00 a.m., 4.05 p.m., *s8.20 p.m., \$1.85.40 p.m.

p.m.

p.m.
Newport—89 a.m., 4.05 p.m., *88 20 p.m.

Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., 188.40 p.m.

Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m. and 188.40 p.m.

Beauharnois and Valleyfield, S.10 a.m., 2.00 p.m. *\$4.25 p m. Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, z1.45 p.m.

Leave Dallemsie Square Station for

Leave Dalhousie Square Station for Quebec, \$3.40 a.m., \$3.30 p.m., \$10.30 p.m. Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m. Ottawa, Lachate, \$8.30 a.m., 6.05 p.m. St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m. St. Jerome, \$5.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m. St. Agathe and Labelle, 5.30 p.m. St. Rose and Ste. Therese, \$3.30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m.; Saturday, 1.30 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.

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DR. J. ETHIER.

Z. LAEOCHE, M D. Montreal, March 27th 1889

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