1902. SARY.

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It may be easily eads his life, that res wrought their I any latent pride od's glory and the nost at the last, he agonizing pain years a lingering g in every nerve eyebrows,'' as he phase of it, — an

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OCTOBER 4, 1902.

ST. BRIDGET. BY FATHER RYAN.

Sweet heaven's smile Gramed o'er the isle. That gens the dreamy sea, One far gone day, That scheday, One far gone day, And fash'd its ray. More than a thousand years away, Pure Bridget, over thee.

White as the snow, That falls below To earth on Christmas night, Thy pure face shone On every one : For Christ's sweet grace thy heart had won To make thy birth land bright.

A cloud hangs o'er Actor a chore— Tay Erin's chore— Ah ! God, 'twas always so. Ah ! virgin fair Thy heaven pray'r Will help thy people in their care, And save them from their woe.

Thou art in light-They are in light-Thou hast a crown-they a chain, The vary and The very sod, Made theirs by God. Is still by tyrants' footsteps trod; They pray-but all in vain.

Thou ! near Christ's throne, Dost hear the moan Thou: hear the mean Dost hear the means of all their hearts that grieve : Al : virgin sweet, Kneel at His feet, Where angels' hymns thy prayer shall greet, And gray for them this eve.

.... THE CONFESSIONS OF A PHYSI-

CIAN.

There is a period in the practice of every physician when he is baffled by the mystery of disease. At such a time he feels so helpless in the face of nature's forces that he asks himself: of course. So wiping my hands quickly I opened the door slightly and said: "Pardon me for a few minutes. I am busy with an operation." Then I closed the door and resumed Am I, after all, fitted for my profes-"Am 1, after all, fitted for my profes-sion?" No physician is so pride-stricken or blasphemous as to believe that he can always heal the sick. But portant to me. When it was concluded and I had removed all evidence of my every physician, sooner or later, comes with cases which he is unable to diagnose or to treat as they should be treated. This is a crisis in the life of a physician. If he is a weak man he will succumb; if he is a strong man he will fight it out. In any event, there is a might y struggle going on in that man's mind, and upon his decision and closed the front door with a bang. Quickly regaining my office, I opened rests his whole future.

I say this mental battle occurs in the ly : "Next, please!" life of every physician, in order that the allegation may be applied to the "Next, please!" A special opportunity comes in the life of every physician, which, if swiftly seized and securely held, leads to a good practice. My opportunity, the anegation may be applied to the medical profession in the most general manner. If you pin me down closely and say that, while I am correct, there and say that, while I am correct, there are still notable exceptions to the rule, I will, for the sake of argument, accept the amendment. I think I am generous, though, when I say that there is not more than one exception among every thousand physicians. This fact, which must appear so startling to the laity, is my chief justification for placing upon record a fragmentary story of some things that are supposed to be carefully guarded within college walls, consultation rooms and the sick chamber. Men who enter the sacred precincts

of medicine are supposed to have a vocation for this noblest of all protessions. Is it really true? I do not mean by the question to intimate that their life work are ruled by sordid motives. Heaven forbid! Many are attracted by the opportunities for bene-titing their followment is otherwork be. who select, medicine as fitting their fellowmen ; others are led by the allurements which are presented by the allurements which are presented to the student of science; others still like the dignity and respectability in-separable from the profession, and, finally, most of us regard it as an excellent way of making money. But, as I have said, the very great majority finally reach a point where they wonder if they are really fitted for the pro-I fervently hope that the time may

come when a real vocation for medicine will be the first requisite demanded before a student can begin his studies. It should be a matter for prayerful con-sideration. I can illustrate what I am trying to explain by saying that it should be something akin to the state of mind demanded by the Catholic hier-archy before they will consent to per-mit an applicant to enter upon his

divinity studies. I can begin my own story by saying that I never at any time had a "voca-tion" for medicine. But it was the

board hats

siness methods.

tice.

THE CATHOLIC RECORD.

enabled me to see her tongue. Then I could do so with a show of decency the Catholic system is better reflected but only for a little time. His argu-

hotels in my native city. Wheney guest was taken sick in the hotel I

used to drive at breakneck speed through the principal streets of the

my operation, which was certainly im-

crime, I opened the side door, as if dis

missing a patient, and said in a loud

"Now walk very slowly. Don't exert yourself unnecessarily. Good-

I walked down the hallway and opened

the sliding door and cried out distinct-

all things considered, came sooner than I expected. A street car turning a corner and giving a sudden lurch threw

a well-dressed, clderly gentleman into

the street. The usual crowd surround-ed him and the usual voice cried out:

"This is my home right here," he said, in a feeble voice, indicating a handsome brownstone house only a few

perience. However, it would never do to yield to such misgivings in the

presence of the patient. Assuming my

· Perhaps you have a family physic-

st pleasing manner, I said:

did flock to him.

tone:

by.

She did so. I put a tablet in the water, and she drank it. I want you to know that I take pride Whenever : in my original methods. I try to edu-cate my patients to like and not to dread the visits of the doctor. In this sent for as the hotel physician. I can assure you that I made the patients, who were generally well-to-do percase all of my work had been done with-out the direct knowledge of the patient sons, pay me handsome fees. The in-stallments of my \$500 purchase money for the practice had to be paid. And, and I felt very good over it. So I bade my patient good-bye with extreme chcerfulness. She looked surprised anyway, business is business. A colleague of mine, who boasted the ownership of a horse and carriage,

and then said : "Of course you will come up stairs and see my sister?" "Not to-day," I said. "Give her my recents "

town in which he resided. The neigh-bors all said: "What a tremendous practice that young doctor has! He scarcely takes time to eat his meals." It was all a ruse, but it inspired con-fidence in the people and finally they did flock to him my respects." "Why," she said, looking mystified and startled, "how strangely you talk." "Strangely?" I echoed. "Why?"

"Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her." So I resolved to "get busy." One morning I took the curtains off my parlor window and determined to be It flashed over my mind in an instant. I had prescribed for the wrong sister. I was entirely too clever. Fortunately no harm was done. The medicine given the well woman was simply to my own laundryman, for that day at least. Just at that awkward time two patients came in, one atter the other-the first I had in ten days. My coat was off, my sleeve: rolled up and I was deep in my work. What was I to do? Why, turn the incident to advantage, head off possible fever and could do no harm. I was too mortified to confess my mistake, and, after giving the right medicine to the right woman, I left the

house. One day a wealthy Chicago man came to me to be cured of heart disease. He had fainted in his office and thought he was surely going to die. A hasty ex-amination convinced me that his heart was all right and that he was troubled with an acute and peculiar form of indigestion. He would not believe that. Should I tell him and be laughed

at for my pains? My conscience, my tact and my judginty conscience, my fact and my paragram ment were in a turmoil. But the habit of quick decision, which I had acquired in the hospital—and the saving grace that helps a man who tries to be as honest as circumstances will allow—

came to my aid. " My dear sir," I said, emphatically, " whatever trouble you have with your " whatever trouble you stomach. And the trouble in your stomach originates in your mouth. And the trouble in your mouth originates in too much

whiskey and tobacco." I returned at the appointed time, the coachman was there with a team of fine "Is there a doctor present?" diagnosing I But the usual number of physicians did not step forward, and I felt it my "Stomach

"Stomach, Hades ?" he rejoined, and "Stomach, Hades? he rejoined, and his face turned white with anger. "Look here: I have been to seven other medical jackasses who knew about as much as you do. I've got heart disease. If you want to cure me you can, and I can afford to pay you. But if you are going to load me up with duty to push my way through the crowd and proclaim my profession. I compelled the gaping spectators to fall back and give the injured man air. Then I tore off his collar and tie and opened his shirt front. After that I administered a stimulant. The man, who had been in a faint, revived at But if you are going to load me up with bread bills and charge me \$1.00 a visit, I'll drop the whole lunatic asylum of physicians and cure myself." Thus far I had been successful. A

If he attempted to cure himself he would be a dead man within six months. "This is a remarkable case," I said, runs is a remarkable case," I said, very slowly and very gravely. "I nail of my experience with disease I have never come across anything exactly like this."

He was carefully carried to his room, and then the first crisis in my career confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while in common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while in common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while in common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while in common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and not a surgical doctor; and while in common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and solution of a tremor in his common with others of my confronted me. I was a medical and solution of a tremor in his solution of a tremor in his solution. At odd times, and when not otherwise are confronted me. "Do you think there is any hope for common with others of my profession

possessed an elementary knowledge of me? all the branches of the healing art, I feit some doubt about my ability successfully to set this particular broken arm, which presented unusual "Y-e-s," I replied, drawing out the vowel of that simple word in the most painful and reluctant manner. "Yes; if you will subscribe to my conditions." difficulties dismaying to my small ex-'What are they?'' he asked anxi-

ously. "That you will place yourself unreservedly in my charge—that you will follow my directions to the letter." "I'll do that! I'll do that!" he

cian and would like to have him take cried out with eagerness that was truly cian and would like to have that the second and the

ments satisfied me. He said they all did it; it was simply a game of "you tickle me and I'll tickle you." After that I paid \$500 in install-ments for the privilege of being the official physician of one of the largest Wheneye attraction we have a function of the largest batels in my pattraction of the largest batels in the my pattraction of the largest batels in the statels in the largest batels in the statels in the statels in the largest batels in the statels in the st propose to take any risks. The young physician I speak of, filled with lofty ideas of duty, determined to devote himself entirely to smallpox practice. He took all the precautions bractice. He took all the picture call by science and human reason, but otherwise he was absolutely fearless. He used to vaccin-ate himself every other week, and as the siege lasted nearly three months, his surge more almost covered with

his arms were almost covered his arms were almost covered with sears and scabs from the virus. He did wonders for humanity. He waited on poor and rich alike. If they had no money he looked for no compensation. Where they had, he expected a fee in proportion to his work. He saved many lives. It is such men—and they are too rare—who ennoble the profession. It is a profession whose days are made

rare—who ennoble the profession. It is a profession whose days are made of diplomacy and whose nights are com-posed of crises. There is always a high daty calling, and there is usually a mere human man trying to respond. Had L researced in the hostinning the Had I possessed in the beginning the vocation for my profession which belonged to my friend, who built a great career upon the foundation of a small-pox epidemic, I should long ere this have been either famous or dead. Such fame comes to a Jenner; such death comes to a Damien, who, if he had not been a priest, would have been a physic-ian. All that I would say is that the physician should possess the intellect of

Jenner and the heart of a Damien. As for me, I am a doctor, practicing medicine.—The New York Independent.

WHY THE CARDINAL WROTE "THE FAITH CF OUR FATH-ERS."

The distinguished Texas missionary, Rev. P. F. Brannan, writes interesting ly to the Southern Messenger of his recent visit to the East where he called

on Cardinal Gibbons : "I went about 4 p. m., presented my name, and in a few moments he was present. After talking for some fifteen minutes he invited me to return at 5 o'clock and go out with him for a ride.

versation, and he told me how he came to write it. When Bishop of North Carolina, he and Father Mark Gross, Carolina, he and rather Jank Gross, brother of the late Archbishop Gross, were frequently out on the missions preaching to the Protestants as well as the Catholics. The interval between their visits to the mission was sometimes very long, and one day the pres-ent Cardinal said to Father Gross that he would like for him to write a kind of

he would like for him to write a kind of a brochure on dogmatic subjects, have it printed and distributed so the people would not forget what they had preached about before they returned. Father Gross replied: 'Bishop, why don't you do it yourself?' His sugges-tion was the initial, impelling force that led to the writing of a book which will be read to the end of the world.

times, and when not otherwise engaged, he worked upon that book day and night, uatil it was finished. He says he did not think much of it and dis-

posed of it to publishers who, doubt-less, have made many thousands of dollars by its sale. When I suggested that he would live and work in this book as long as the English language is spoken, the serene and happy smile which illumined his countenance was

most pleasing to see. " I have known the Cardinal for some ried out with eagerness that was truly ughable. But I was not through with him. I

the Catholic system is better reneticed in the composition of the Res.ry, per-haps, then in any other prayers recom-mended by the Church: and it is need-less to remind any one who seriously considers the nature and object of prayer that that attribute which makes it most acceptable at the Throne of Grace is the absolute and implicit faith of the the absolute and implicit faith of the supplicant in the Divine mysteries as taught mankind in the birth of the Redeemer and the teaching which fell from His own in-fallible lips. Now, all these things are comprehended in the prayers of the Rosary. They tell in detail the mar-velous story of the Redenption in every section of the five joyful mysteries and the five sorrowful, and bring home to the devout mind more forcibly than the the devout mind more forcibly than the most eloquent efforts of the orator can, the boundless love of God for His the boundless love of God for Fils human family, the awful abomination of sin and the tremendous power of virgin purity, as crystallized in the being of our Blessed Lady, to turn aside even

the justice of heaven and overthrow the uttermost powers of man's eternal enemy. The efficacy of the Rosary, so often proved by nations as well as in-dividuals since its institution, may seem to spring from the intense affection in which it is held by Catholics, because it furnishes them with a substantial and imperishable link between Divinity and imperishable link between Divinity and humanity, and so brings home to the mind more vividly than would be pos-sible by any other means known to man the actuality of God and the actuality of their own share in the glorious fabric of His kingdom on earth and in para dise. All the principal truths of reve-

lation are condensed and have their culmination in the events which are im-mortalized in the prayers of the Rosary; and if our separated brethern could only realize it beauties and its efficacy, they surely would hesitate before they would describe it devotees as ignorant or unin-tellectual.—Standard and Times.

HELP FOR MOTHERS

Baby's Own Tablets are What You Need When Little Ones Are Cross, Fretful and Sleepless.

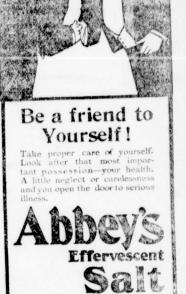
If a child is cross, fretful and sleeps badly, the mother may feel absolutely certain that some derangement of the stomach or bowels is the cause. And And she can be just as certain that Baby's Own Tablets will put her little one right. These Tablets cure all the minor ailments of little ones, such as indigestion, constipation, simple fevers, diarrhoea, worms and teething troubles They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and can be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most feeble child. Every mother who has used them speaks of these Tablets in the warmest terms. Mrs. E. Bancroft, Decrwoed, Man., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for stomach and bowel troubles, for simple fevers and toething, and I think them the best medicine in the world. They always strengthen children instead of weake ing them as most other medicines do. You can get Baby's Own Tablets at

any drug store, or by mail post paid at 25 cents a box by writing direct to The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-ville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

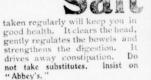
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of his cross. And is God.

g Eyes.

e we value it, this g love! How little b take our "unre-long the paths He for ushave trod them, eached upward for other eyes have too, have sorrowed and the very stones he tears of weary go onward with dull indful of the whisch tell us of God's around us-of His the earth beautiful

ce and be glad. ny's Clients.

receive an envelope ner with the mystic G." and when, upon you find a request be within your power u grant it with the are privileged to be of St. Anthony? Unheard of inswer! Unheard of of mortal eye, mil ons rise to the foot of Throne between the dawning. It is so othing of the supery of the human for nce. But the answerterrifying in what is ess! What imme appeal of faith through aints is approved in fightiest! Praver is nothanswer can b than a flash of light he odors of Paradise.

nothing more pleasing ive Him frequently in of the altar. — M.

fond desire of my parents that I should one day attach "M. D." to my name.

I obeyed the command and ignored the query. The job was a hard one, When my profession was decided upon but it was not to be compared with the I interposed no objection. I received mental struggle that I underwent. my authority to practice in the shape of a very small diploma with a very large seal. I had my photograph taken in a group with my classmates, all of Suppose I should bungle the case and Suppose I should bungle the case of "Because it will take up so material are the man for life. This and a score of similar thoughts flashed through my time—and my time, you know, is of similar thoughts flashed through my time—and my time, you know, is very valuable—" us attired in gowns and wearing mortarf you will-was necessary, and I ance, After that solemn ceremony was over

ance, if you will—was necessary, and I nerved myself up to it so well that my work was completed without a flaw. I received a handsome see and more free advertising than any young man of my we were turned loose on an unsuspect ing world. I hung out my shingle and had a long and weary wait for patients. age in our town. The papers spoke of They wouldn't come to me, and profesmy skill, and my distinguished patient informed all of his friends that I was a sional etiquette forbade my looking forthem. One of the objections urged wonder. Little did they dream of the against me was my youth. I waited on, satisfied that time would remedy nervous trepidation with which I approached a task which was to bring this fault. My money, however, gave out before I had acquired years enough to satisfy the carping critics. I realme so much unearned praise. One of the most valuable experiences

was in a hospital, If I do say it myself, ized that the time had arrived for sound I performed some good work there, and gained information that could not be My first step was to call on a drug-ist in my neighborhood, and gently minuate my desire for a little praclearned from the text books. The best thing I loarned was the importance of decision in emergencies. One night, while I was on duty, a nurse came to

But you have some patients ?" he me with blanched face and whitened lips to say that she had accidently given the wrong medicine to given the wrong medicine to two patients. I rushed to their bedsides,

"Oh, yes; a few," I replied. "But scarcely enough to talk about." "Well," he said, with the tradesand found that the mistake was likely man's laugh, " I had no way of discovto prove doubly fatal. Both cases required the instant use of the stomach

"What do you mean ?" I asked, perplexed at his tone. nump. "I mean," he responded, frankly, "that none of your prescriptions ever and there was only one stomach pump

in the room. come here. "Well," I said, weekly, "I can't help that."

Simply operate on the man nearest to me. The nurse ran for assistance and

Well, "I said, weekly, "I can be provided to be provided

again with that professional slowness and exactness. "I do not know in the United States ! and exactness. "I do not know whether I should undertake this case." "Why not?" he exclaimed, in some alarm. "Because it will take up so much of He was on the Federal side in the Civil

So is my life," he interrupted, with He told me he was captured in the valley a feeble attempt at humor.

"Very valuable," I continued with-out a change of muscle and as if I had

can pay me afterward." "How would \$500 do?" he asked.

"Sir!" I said, in a voice that was absolutely meaningless. It might have meant that the amount

vas entirely too much, or that it was ridiculously low. 'I will give you \$1,000 !'' he shouted

with the air of a man at a public auction, I cured him in a month and received

\$1,000 for it. Did I do right or wrong? I leave

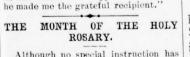
you to decide. One night I was called in to see a

little child suffering from malignant diphtheria. It was a bad case. I did Two men were dying from poisoning, not think she would last until morning. From all of the conditions I can say What was I to do? What could I do? rom all of the controls I can say now that I would have been justified in leaving that child to its fate. Did I' Not at all. I was affected by the violent grief of the mother, and I re-mained at the bedside of the tiny

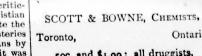
"1 met in New York the big, earnest,

thorough cure. IT RETAINS OLD AND MAKES NEW FRIENDS.—Time was when Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil had but a small field of distribu-tion, but now its territory is widespread Those who first recognized its curative qualit-ies still value it as a specific and while it re-tains its old friends it is ever making new. It is certain that whoever once uses it will not be without it. Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It re-moved ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do ag sin. War and I was a Confederate. We spent pleasant time talking over the NO PILLS LIKE DR. HAMILTON'S.

of Virginia at Port Republic. I wa there at the very place where h there at the very place was captured, and as I the prisoners I must ha have to see you twice a day for several weeks." "How much do you want?" he asked, excitedly, as if eager that I should not get away from him. "The true physician," I said, "has no price. I will cure you first; you "How would for the true physician," is and as I saw all the prisoners I must have seen the embryo priest, author and mis-sionary on the 9th of June, 1862, forty years before I met him in New York City. He asked me if I was ever a handful of men like he was captured, as it took all of Grant's army to cap as I saw all as it took all of Grant's army to cap-ture me at Appomatox. We are now in the same army, under the same Gener-al, the Prince of Peace, a life of Whom he has written of a copy of which work more the article accelulate "



been issued regarding devotions for this month, the fact that it is the month of the Rosary is so widely known as to necessitate no reminder to the body of the faithful. Since the wonderful victery of the Christian arms over the hosts of the Moslems at Lepanto the Church has signalized her belief that the triumph was due to the intercession of our Blessed Lady by consecrating the month which witnessed it to her honor and erjoining the recital of the Rosary free.



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