

consumption

There is ease for those far gone in consumption—not recovery—ease. There is cure for those not far gone.

There is prevention for those who are threatened.

Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil is for you, even if you are only a little thin.

SCOTT'S EMULSION has been endorsed by the medical profession for twenty years.

Lines presented to M. J. Roche on his departure for Ireland, Aug. 22, 1896.

God speed the ship that bears thee, Roche, across the swelling sea,

And may the winds and waves unite to make it sweet for thee.

May sun and moon smile brightly down upon thee night and day,

Till thou shalt feast these eyes again upon thy native bay.

Oh! what a joy and pride will fill the heart of Innisfail

As to her breast she presses thee and fondly bids thee "hail!"

How Millstreet's soul will thrill with joy to see the loved one come,

And Clara wave her heather flag to bid thee welcome home.

Though years sixteen have rolled adown the current of the past

Since to the hills of Innisfail a ling'ring look you cast,

Your absent love for motherland has but the stronger grown,

As, through the days and months and years, your burning pen has shown.

God speed the ship that bears thee, Roche, across the heaving sea,

And may the angels night and day keep watch and guard o'er thee,

May rosy hours around thee smile and sorrow ne'er intrude,

And mayst thou come to us again with health and strength renewed.

But we will miss you, gentle Roche; ah! we will miss you here,

While yet we envy you the joy of treading Innisfail, dear,

We'll miss you in the meeting hall, we'll miss your tireless pen—

"God keep you safe" is prayer of all, till you come back again.

The above beautiful poem incribed by the writer of "Our Irish Letter" was presented to him on the 22nd of August, as he ascended the cabin gangway of the Gunard steamship "Pavonia" for the purpose of revisiting dear old Ireland after an absence of more than sixteen long and weary years.

What tongue can tell or what pen can describe my feelings as the steatally hooped vessel steamed into the channel and turned her bow eastward bound for the Emerald Isle? All through the sixteen years of my exile on Massachusetta soil it had been the fondly cherished dream of my life to revisit once again the loved scenes of my boyhood amid the encircling hills of rebel Cork, to grasp the hands of those who were then my boon companions, to attend the morning Mass and the evening prayer in the parish chapel where I served as an altar boy, and to see all who were near and dear to me from childhood to youth.

Soon the "Pavonia" with its living canvas, as it were, speckled with the dark of the sea, and when darkness at length settled down on the deep blue sea, the much dreaded seasickness put in its appearance and the ship's motion only revealed to us a cloudy sky and an expanse of black gloomy waves.

The record of one day was that sometimes the turbulent ocean was less restless, and sometimes wilder and more angry, dashing its mountainous waves over our good ship as if it desired to bury it and its precious freight in its depths.

Early in the afternoon of Aug. 31, the seamen informed us that land was visible, and it was not long before the dim outline of the great and joyously exclaimed:—

"This one brief hour pays lavishly back for many a year of mourning, I would almost venture another flight, there is so much joy in returning, watching one for the hallowed shore, all other attractions seeming;

Oh! Ireland, don't you hear me shouting I bid you the 'top of the morning'!

Shortly the sails of the fishermen were in sight, the waters of the ocean gradually changed from their dark color into the most beautiful green, we sweep past the Pasture Light, the old Head of Kinsale and Gaiety Head, while the coast became more settled and cultivated, we could see houses and trees and hedge rows and soon green fields, which up to the present had appeared brown to the naked eye.

Our steamer gradually slackened speed, then came to a stop as the tender, which would convey us to the shore, hove in sight. We were now in Queenstown harbor, one of the finest and most picturesque harbors to be found anywhere, and as the tender, appropriately named "Ireland," with its cargo of Erin's sons and daughters, parted with the "Pavonia," we gave three hearty

observers for the gallant captain, John J. Atkins, his good ship an acre of hardy tars, that brought us safely across the Atlantic within sight of the Promised Land.

A fond adieu to our fellow voyagers who continued on the line to Liverpool, and instantaneously, as it were, everything about us is Irish.

We drink in with eagerness the invigorating Irish breeze; the voices, the merry laughter, the comely countenances and the scenes were all Irish to the backbone, and never, perhaps, during our existence did we, the homeward bound exiles of Erin, more thoroughly enjoy the sights and our surroundings.

The custom house quay is soon reached; we cross the gangway and once again tread the shores of dear old Motherland, the custom officers examine our baggage for dutiable articles, a sub-constable of the Irish constabulary, colloquially known as a "peeler," registers the names of the returning Irish-Americans and we are free to roam at will through Ireland—our home.

Here again there was another scene of adieu and partings, for in the assembling of returning Gaels every county of Ireland was represented, and as the crowd had to disband and organize into small parties according to the routes to be taken the final good-byes and God-speed you, were said again and again.

It was now past midnight, in fact early morn, Sept. 1, and as the vessel lay at anchor upon inquiry that there was no train leaving Queenstown for Cork before 5 a. m., in company with his friends he mounted a jaunting car and proceeded to the residence of Mr. J. J. McDonnell, who keeps a most respectable rendezvous for Atlantic voyagers at 31 Harbor row.

A first-class repeat served by general Mrs. McDonnell, in true Irish style, a full hours of much-needed repose, then breakfast, and I started out for my Irish home by the heath-clad hill of dear old Erin.

A journey of twenty-eight minutes by rail and I was once again in Cork—dear old Cork; no place like it with all its faults—it was a fine day and Cork was its best.

A few minutes have elapsed and I am once more enjoying the entrancing pleasure of that magical contrivance, a jaunting car, to see the sights of the rebel City by the Lee.

Corkians are good specimens of the Celt, in fact, no better can be found in all Ireland, and the people were well dressed and respectable looking, with happiness and contentment depicted on their countenances.

Cork is thoroughly Irish, and to realize that we were in an Irish city, if any further evidence than the vehicle on which we sat was needed, we had only to read the signs on the different business houses.

The smallest shop as well as the largest establishment had on its name of an Irishman, a fact which forcibly demonstrated that all around us, the worst and the best, the poorest and the richest, the most humble and the highest of the land, were Irish.

The itinerary of our drive included King street, Patrick street, the Grand Parade, Great George's street, the corner of Queen's College, the Mar-lyke, Mercy and Ophalmite hospitals, Sunday's Well Road, Shandon church—with its world-famed Bells of Shandon.

"That sound so grand on the pleasant waters of the river Lee," Parnell Bridge, South Mall, Model School, Cornmarket, North and South infirmaries, and the never-to-be-forgotten coal quay.

We had not as yet seen the mournful sights of ruined houses, empty cabins and towns falling into decay as the sequences to the cruel evictions during the past score of years.

Soon, however, we were confronted with the ruins wrought by the nefarious crowbar brigade as the locomotive which bore us from Cork to Malrow sped over the rails.

The engine merged from the tunnel than the sight of a house in ruins, with wall crumbling and roof gone, meets our vision, and sometimes only a few piles of stones mark the site of a once happy and hospitable Irish home to which a family love of centuries clings.

Ask where are the people that inhabited those ruined homes and the invariable reply is "Gone to America," which only brings additional sadness to our exiles of Erin.

Passing by meadows and groves a solid, romantic ruin, built by Cormac McCarthy in the fifteenth century, attracts our attention. It is the world-famed Blarney Castle in the walls of which lies imbedded—

"The Blarney stone, whoever kisses never misses to become eloquent." An hour's drive from Cork and the train has arrived at Malrow, and as the writer's destination was "Mill street on the borders of Cork and Kerry, it was necessary for him to change trains here, Malrow being the junction.

A stop-over at Malrow for twenty minutes and the Kerry train comes puffing into the station. I heard it gladly, the guard signals, and it glides out of the station; fast and faster grows its speed, as it bears me onward to home, sweet home.

Another hour flies by with the never-varying flight of time, and I can discern the outlines of the loved hill of Clara, at the base of which lies the home of my boyhood—dear old Millstreet.

I had not grasped home from Cork informing my father and friends the train on which I was to arrive, and as the locomotive approached the platform my cup of joy was filled to overflow.

For there before my vision was my dear old father, my tutor, and the comrades of my boyhood, eagerly awaiting to give me the Irish middle finger home. A few brief seconds elapse; the train stops, I emerge from the railway carriage; my tutor springs to me with a hand to grasp the hand of his old pupil and to give him the kindly welcome.

My father's loving arms are around me in a tender embrace; my old schoolmates and comrades surround me, each vying with the other to do honor to the exile and in their own way to recompense me for all the long years that I had been away, far from home and friends, and to escort me to the old house on the bridge of Millstreet in triumph.

A ten minutes' drive on a jaunting-car and we arrive in the town of Millstreet and I enter the old house where I passed the happy days of my boyhood, the old cot which I have never forgotten for a moment during the long years absent in a foreign

land. The reception home and the kindly greetings of the dear friends of olden days have left an indelible mark on my memory which time can never efface.

Next week I shall describe my visit to the island of Gough Barra, where St. Finbar, founder of Cork, lived and labored for many years, and my other visits to historic places in the green Isle will form the subject matter of future Irish Letters.

—M. J. Roche, in S. H. Review

A Protestant Preacher on Purgatory.

Special services, in which it was easy to discern imitation of Catholic ones, were held on All Souls' Day in Mark's Protestant Episcopal Church

of Philadelphia, and a notable course was delivered by Rev. G. H. Moffet, the rector of St. Clement's, another Protestant church of the Quaker City.

We give the subjoined summary of his sermon, and indicate how Protestant Episcopalianism in part at least, is returning to Catholic ideas and teachings.

Dr. Moffet said that those who have gone before us have advanced somewhat in the way of purification, and others are waiting in the place of expiation, going through pains, trials and punishments after death.

He spoke of the three great provinces of Almighty God—namely, the earth, and the abode of the dead who have not yet reached heaven.

This middle abode is a place where we are all interested in. Those who enter into this place of waiting, of pain, punishment and sorrow are able to complete their atonement or expiation. It does not matter what you call this place; you might call it purgatory—perhaps that is the best name for it. It is not heaven, it is not earth, but a place whose occupants are deprived of the beatific vision.

We should strive to be worthy to enter the first place by the way of Christ, and in his justice and mercy are sent to the place of expiation to stay until they expiate the stains of sin that remain, or until God in his justice and mercy, punishing and pardoning, giving us pain and giving us joy.

Here the preacher spoke of the classes that would go to purgatory. First, those who had attended Communion regularly, but had not sufficiently prepared themselves, who made self-examinations carefully, who pray and fast, but who are not bad. They are not entirely out of grace, but they are not completely in it.

They are indifferent about religion and care, and about the things of God, and are not living entirely for the devil, but they are not given over to the devil. Suppose such a one is taken away to-day and has time to make one perfect act of contrition, then he appears before Jesus Christ he will be in a state of grace, but he must expiate his sins. This sense of justice within his own soul will prepare him to seek the grace of God, and to be purified by that indifference, that his soul may be tried by pain and the loss of the beatific vision.

Then there are those who have had all the joys of life and none of its sorrows, and the soul needs to suffer as well as to rejoice. If you and I, said he, do not fill up the measure of suffering for our sins here, it must in justice be filled up by ourselves there. There must be a place of condition of this kind. At the time of particular judgment God's justice and mercy are manifested in us. Then there will be no sinning, no uncertainty regarding our future state. We will have consolation of the love of God and the yearning for the company of the saints of God. There are two things we must believe—first, that there is such a place, second, that the souls detained there are helped by our prayers and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. Do you pray for your dead? Do you remember the days of your sorrow? Or do you let them drop out of your lives or pray for them in a half-hearted manner? Or do you go on like a raving maniac for a while when some loved one is taken away and then forget them, find other cares and other sympathies to fill up your life? That is the way of the world. Your sorrow has not helped them. It has not done them any good. You rebelled because you did not love God, and you really did not love them. Real love is of a different kind. It does not go on that way. If we loved them it is not to our own gain, but on the day of their burial and offer the Holy Sacrifice for them; to come and pray before God's altar for them? That is the sign that you really love them. Day by day at your own altar. Rise up to God's justice and unite with God's mercy. We have to die, and we will need prayers and the offering of the Holy Sacrifice. We know by those who have studied the subject, by the church and by faith, that our prayers do avail. Have you ever thought what a happy death means? What it means to receive the last Sacraments, or do you prefer to put yourselves under the command of this material rather than the spiritual? It is the unhappy practice and custom to do dull the life and energy of dying people that they don't know they are going to die. The knowledge is kept from them altogether, and they are let die like dogs. Here the speaker pictured a happy death. Speaking of funeral customs, he urged his hearers when they go into a house of mourning to say a prayer for the one that is dead, instead of devoting all their attention to the appearance of the remains. Instead of a wreath of flowers that will wither and decay, the best tribute of affection is to have their names remembered at the altar. —S. H. Review.

What Canterbury Was Once.

The present is a fitting opportunity of reminding our Protestant friends of a few historical facts in connection with the See of Canterbury.

It appears to have forgotten that the chair of Canterbury was founded by the Pope, who placed St. Augustine on it as its first Archbishop, and that in olden times the Archbishop of Canterbury was a most influential and most powerful prelate.

He was Papal Legate in virtue of his office, and from the year 1049 took rank in Rome immediately after the seven Cardinal Bishops; he was occupant of a chair more ancient than the throne of England, while his authority stretched far wider than the boundaries of the realm. In England no great was this authority that in the absence of the King belonged to him to rule the kingdom, while he only could presume to crown a King of England. This last privilege the post-Reformation Primates still possess, but they have no authority outside the Church of England. The ancient is robbery of all its glory. Gone, too, is all its prestige. No Protestant occupant of the chair of Canterbury can ever have a tithe of the power, the influence, the rank of the old Catholic Archbishops.—Liverpool Catholic Times.

History of St. Monica.

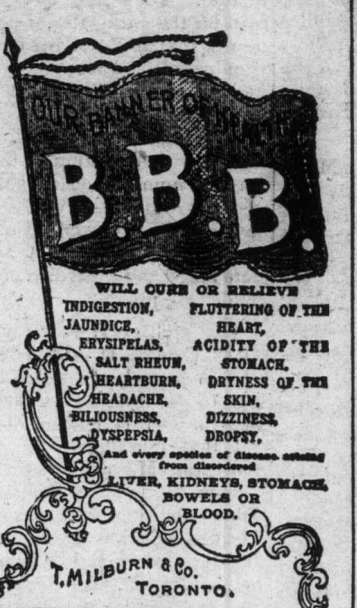
The most useful, delicate and noble of all St. Monica's works, to which she devoted herself wholly and for which God had specially fitted her, was that of consoling widows and married women. The former met at some consolation, for she thought of consoling the latter; or indeed, who could do so? For though no wound is more painful than theirs, be none is so secret; however poignant the soul's anguish, the lips must never be wreathed in smiles. How many a heart where love has never dwelt. How many a union, even sadder still, where the flame of love burns brightly for a brief instant, then expired, leaving nought save indifference and neglect. How many a one envied by the world, whose heart is the home of abiding sorrow.

St. Monica, knowing that from her own experience, did her utmost to console these suffering ones, and that with marvellous success.

Official statistics from Wales show that there are 12,500 Catholics in Monmouthshire, 25,000 in Glamorganshire and about 6,000 in the remaining eleven Welsh counties. In the year 1840 the Catholics had not a single chapel in Glamorganshire. We know by those who have studied the subject, by the church and by faith, that our prayers do avail. Have you ever thought what a happy death means? What it means to receive the last Sacraments, or do you prefer to put yourselves under the command of this material rather than the spiritual? It is the unhappy practice and custom to do dull the life and energy of dying people that they don't know they are going to die. The knowledge is kept from them altogether, and they are let die like dogs. Here the speaker pictured a happy death. Speaking of funeral customs, he urged his hearers when they go into a house of mourning to say a prayer for the one that is dead, instead of devoting all their attention to the appearance of the remains. Instead of a wreath of flowers that will wither and decay, the best tribute of affection is to have their names remembered at the altar. —S. H. Review.

Restored Spiritual Violon.

In the gallery at Bergamo there is a fascinating picture of the Virgin Mother and the Holy Child by Raphael. That picture has a history. When Napoleon the Great was conquering Italy, Milan fell before him, and with it Bergamo. Napoleon was taking all the rare and precious pictures and sending them to adorn Paris. Lest this picture should be seized and lost to Italy, someone painted on its face a coarse and ugly daub, which, of course, Napoleon, not knowing the treasure underneath, did not desire. When he was de-throned, the rifled pictures were sent



WELL CURE OR RELIEVE... B.B.B. MEDICINE... T. MILBURN & CO. TORONTO.

THE HERALD FOR 1897.

Just Arrived Fine Japanese Awata VASES.

During the coming year the HERALD will contain religious selections from the highest authorities and the most approved sources; brilliant and interesting stories from the best living authors; accounts of the proceedings in the Dominion Parliament and the Provincial Legislature; the news of the world; condensed for busy people; accounts of all local happenings of importance. It will also discuss in clear and terse language, the different living issues as they present themselves.

Now is the time to subscribe, Price, \$1.00 a Year in Advance.

ALL KINDS OF JOB WORK

Performed at short notice at The HERALD Office.

Tickets Posters Dodgers Note Heads Letter Heads Check Books Receipt Books Note of Hand Books

Executed with Neatness and Despatch at the HERALD Office.

Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Send in your orders at once, Address all communications to the HERALD.

Satisfaction Guaranteed

DEPEND UPON IT!



We cannot too strongly recommend our new stock of BOOTS. Our Felt Boots, hand-made, are just the thing for winter. See them

Goff Brothers Boot Factory.

Just Arrived

Fine Japanese Awata VASES.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York

marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each. One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

These are the same vases you will see in the Fancy Goods stores of New York marked \$5.00 to \$25.00 each.

One of our firm while in New York last March arranged with a Japanese manufacturer's agent for a direct shipment of these fine vases.

They have now arrived. They came via C. P. R. Steamer and Railway line. We have marked these goods at same rates of profit as other Chinaware. Only one pair each in the finest goods. Samples in our show window this evening. This is a chance to get exclusive patterns of fine goods at less than half usual prices.

GEO. CARTER & CO. Fancy Goods Importers.

KING BRUCE OF SCOTLAND

Flung himself down in a lonely mood to think. Had he lived in this day he would not have found it necessary to think long in order to tell the best place to get his suits and overcoats made, for he would go at once to D. A. Bruce's, high class goods, high class workmanship, and the best fitting garments to be had on P. E. I. at away down prices.

D. A. BRUCE, Canada's Famous Tailoring Establishment.

Charlottetown, May 6, 1896.

GENTLEMEN:

Your attention for one moment, please.

We are sure you like to wear good fitting clothes, and be it either a business or dress suit, you want it to look as if it was made for you and not for some other fellow. This we can do. We have this season turned out the best

MERCHANT TAILORING ever done in Charlottetown, as many of the best dressed men in this city will testify to, and at prices to suit all. Give us a trial order and be convinced that this is true.

This is the season to provide yourself with a well-fitting

Warm Overcoat

to protect you against the colds of winter. We are the men to furnish you with the best article in this line AT THE LOWEST PRICE. Our stock of Overcoatings is immense, and of the greatest variety.

Our stock of MEN'S FURNISHINGS is the largest we have ever shown. For number, variety, elegance and low prices, our stock of ties cannot be beaten in this city. In

Shirts and Underclothing we take the lead. No trouble to show goods. Come in and see our stock.

John MacLeod & Co. TAILORS AND FURNISHERS,

207 Queen Street, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

The Most Exacting

Admit that even their ideas of what constitutes "Good Matches" are surpassed by THE E. B. EDDY CO'S

TELEGRAPH and TELEPHONE. MATCHES.

John T. Mellish, M. A., LL. B. Barrister & Attorney-at-Law, NOZARY PUBLIC, etc. CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. ISLAND. Office—London House Building. Collecting, conveying, and all kinds of Legal business promptly attended to. The investments made on best security. Money to loan.

BURDOCK PILLS

A SURE CURE FOR BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, INDIGESTION, DIZZINESS, SICK HEADACHE, AND DISORDERS OF THE STOMACH, LIVER AND BOWELS. THEY ARE MILD, THOROUGH AND PROMPT IN ACTION, AND POSSESS A VALUABLE AND BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS IN THE TREATMENT AND CURE OF CHRONIC AND OBSTINATE DISEASES.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, CRAMPS, COLERA INFANTUM AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS IN CHILDREN.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, CRAMPS, COLERA INFANTUM AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS IN CHILDREN.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, CRAMPS, COLERA INFANTUM AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS IN CHILDREN.

DR. FOWLER'S EXT. OF WILD STRAWBERRY HAS A RECORD OF 40 YEARS OF SUCCESS IT IS A SURE CURE FOR DIARRHOEA, BILIOUSNESS, COLIC, CRAMPS, COLERA INFANTUM AND ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS IN CHILDREN.