

how did they teach you st?"
done put me in the sh, nailin' pasteboard ont leather soles, sah." S nailin' pasteboard onto

THE TROUBLE.

Flora was complaining the nach felt badly.

pps it's because it's empty, mother. "It might feel be used to had something in it."

ng afterward the minist in reply to a question as the, he said that he was that his head felt rath at day.

aps it's because its empty is it's because its empty in an analysis it's because its empty and a something in it."

IVALROUS JOHNNIE.

s the matter, dear?"

be just had a fight with over dividin' the candy y here no one to take y

; Johnnie took it."-Hor

estimated that over 50 will be ordained in Ronar future.

WOULD WEAR A ROBE

tory is told of Bisho ue, who is shortly to a rom Indianapolis to tal the Louisville diocese, the the Louisville diocese, the issited one day by a negro of a Protestant denomine is characteristic of Bisho to the everyone, and the inister was shown in do like to borrow one of s," said the colored manns of a beautiful red robe

hang yourself?" said th etiously.

no siree; I don't wan
yself, but I thought
loan me one I'd have m

red the Bishop.

pshaw, Mr. Bishop,

rtainly make the colore

congregation sit up an

cor de kingdom come."

s News.

RENGTH

IN THE SPRIM

eds Aid in Making No th-Giving Blood.

spring the system nee In the spring to

spring the system nee
In the spring to
I strong you must ha
just as the trees mu
ap. Nature demands
t this new blood yeak and languid. Y
winges of rheumatism
tabbing pains of neur
there are disfiguri
reptions on the ski
ses there is merely
iredness and a varias
any of these are si
od is out of order—th
ife of winter has to
What is needed to p
a tonic, and in all a tonic, and in all is no tonic can equipink Pills. These Piles new, rich, red bloom to need in the springed drives out disease in and makes were

to deed in the spiritude of the solution of th

HORRISON & MATCHETT Advocates, Barristers, Solicitors, oth Floor, Banque du Peuple Chambers, 97 ST. JAMES STREET.

KAYANAGH, LAJOIE & LADOSPE 7 PLACE D'ARMES

ossard, K.C. H. A. Cho. H. A. Cholette, L.L.B.

BROSSARD, CHOLETTE & TANSEY 160 ST. JAMES ST. hone Main 1490

barnara & Dessaulla ADVOCATES

Savings Bank Building, 160 St. James

Bell Telephone Main 1679.

Bell Tel. Main 3552, Night and day service. Conroy Bros. Practical Plumbers, Gas and Steamfitters

Jobbing Promptly Attended To Lawrence Riley

ressor to John Riley. Established in 1860, and Ornamental Plastering. Repairs of adspromptly attended to. 15 Paris Street, Point St. Charles.

I. H. WELSH & CO Caterers and Confectioners 10-12 HERMINE STREET, MONTREAL

Manufacturers of the Famous D. H. W. Brands Caramels and Everton Toffee. Basquets, Wedding Suppers, etc. Personal stention. PHONE TIAIN 5301 W. G. Kennedy

DENTIST 419 Dorcnester West

HRS. 9 TO 5.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

T. PATRICK'S SOCIETY.-Estab Mahed March 6th, 1856; incorpor ated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's ated 1868; Meets in St. Patrick's Rall, 92 St. Alexander street, first thousay of the month. Commattee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Rev. Chaphain, Rev. Gerald McShane, P.P.; Prestéant, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K. C.; let Véce-President, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, W. G. Kennedy; Treasurer, Mr. W. Durack; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Bermingham; Recording Secretary, Mr. M. E. Tanssy; Marabal, Mr. B. Campbell; Asst. Marabal, Mr. P. Conxolly. shal, Mr. B. Compbell; shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

NY even numbered section of Domi-m Land in Manitobs, Samuelobs sion Land in M-saitoba, Saskatiobe-ma and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homestracked by say person who is the sole head of a lamily, or any male ever 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter sec-tion of 160 acres, more or less. Buty must be made personally at its local land office for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, to made on certain conditions by the siter, mether, son, daughter, bre-ther or sister of an intending home-flader.

plans:
(il) At least six months' remdence spon and ould/retion of the land in sah year for three years, (2) If the father (or mother, if the lather in deceased) of the home-deady resides upon a farm in the distinct the land externed for, the

reactive types a farm in the risinity of the land extered for, the sequencement as to residence may be middled by such person residing with the inther or mother.

(4) It the settler has his personant residence upon farming hands sound by him in the vicinity' of his knustend the requirements in to reidence upon mid-land.

But mouths' metics in writing thesis mouths hand, and, and the given the Commissioner of Bandeno Lands at Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

The proper limitation of the Enterior.

R.S.—Unauthorized publication of the advertisement will not be paid by

SELF RAISING FLOUR brodie's celebrated Self-Raising Flow

is the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office.

Bleury Street. Montreal.



BEYOND THE LINES.

The tides of war were at the flood when the surge reached the home of Martha Winthrop, away up on the Kennebec River in the old State of Maine. Abner Winthrop had called her "Mother" ever since their boy was born, and she had grown so used to it that she readily answered to the name, even when some of the neighbors caught the habit from the father and son.

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up

Martha read in the weekly farm paper the call for volunteers, and gave a queer little gasp that caused the rather slow Abner to look up at her in wonder.

at her in wonder.

"What is it, Mother?" he managed by ed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork.

sakes alive! If—"
The foreseen possibility was too much for Martha Winthrop, and she threw her apron over her head and rocked back and forth in her chair rocked back and forth in her chair with a faint moan. This unusual demonstration was not lost upon Abner, but he never permitted any thing seriously to interfere with his meals, and therefore calmly proceeded with that important func-

lip. Sometimes Abner's density got on her nerves. "My soul! Abner Winthrop, can't you recollect telling Jennie Sykes last week that Charlie could follow the plow with any man in the coun-try? Oh, I know what was running through your head. You was athrough your head. You thinkin' of Jennie's Cynthy. always was forward at match-mak-in'. But that's all a waste of time. Charlie don't care fer her. Not a bit. He thinks more of that city bit. He thinks more of that city girl that was up last summer than he does of all the Cynthys in the land. More fool him, I know. fer she's likely to forget all about him long ago. An' it don't make a bit of difference now; he'll go an' voluneer for three years, sure's he knows Mr. Lincoln wants him to.'

A quick step came up the garden path, and Martha turned eagerly to greet her son. Her fears were alert and the glow of excitement in Charlie's face struck her dumb. Her lips moved thickly, but no words

"Well, Mother, have you heard the news? President Lincoln has called for volunteers. Lots of the boys are going, and I—"

He stopped abruptly at the sight of his mother's face of his mother's face. Never had he seen such an ashen pallor on her florid cheeks.
"Why, Mother! What is it? What is the matter?" he inquired anxious-

"You haven't been so foolish, narlie! Tell me you haven't." The words were almost a cry.
"No, Mother, I haven't enlisted—

"Yes? Oh, Charlie! Then you're

going?"
"Not unless you say so, Mother."
The reply came clear and decided.
Martha Winthrop clasped her hands

"That's like my boy!" she exclaimed. "But, Charlie, what made think you ought to go?"
'Mr. Lincoln wants me," replied

"Mr. Lincoln wants me," replied the youth simply.

"How do you know that?"

"He says the young men of the country should rally round the flag and sweep the enemy fron the field, and give peace to the land. I'm one
""Here, Abner Wintrop, let me condition to the postman."

"For me, Jim? Yes? I don't know the writin'."

"Here, Abner Wintrop, let me condition to the postman."

and give peace to the land. I'm one of 'em, Mother. You know that."
"Don't you be a 'tarnal fool, Charlie," broke in Abner, at last waking up to the seriousness of the situation. "You better stay at situation. "You better stay at home and take care of your mother when—well, when I'm laid by,!"
"Now, Father," replied Charlie brightly, "you ain't laid by, not by a considerable. You're here to take care of Mother. Somebody's boy must answer that call from Mr. Lincoln; and it seems to me if I don't do it I'll be a sneak and coward."
"Do you feel that way, Charlie?" asked Martha, in a hard, strained voice.

"Yes, Mother; I do, for sure."
"And you won't enlist unless I say

'No, Mother, I won't. But-but,

"No, Mother, I won't have mother has got to say'go, or the country's lost."

Martha Winthrop swallowed hard and rose to her feet. She laid one hand on her son's shoulder and hard and rose to have son's shoulder and hard say the same will call by the son to have the same will be say the say the same will be say the same wil

and rose to her feet. She laid one hand on her son's shoulder and said, calmly:
"All right, Charlie. I love you, my boy, better'n anything in this world: but God's given us this grand country of ours and I ain't going to play traitor. If Mr. Lincoln wants you, Charlie, I'll—her voice caught in a sob—I'll let you go."

II.

Martha Winthrop and Abner never forgot the last good-by as the mi-litary train pulled out of the sta-tien at the State capital; the growded cars, with soldier boys lean-

ther! Good-by! Mother! Good-by, Mother! Good-by!"

The little home was very quiet and very desolate as the days dragged by. There was no one to call in the upper room, though Abner caused Martha a sharp pang by forgetting this when, on the next morning, he went to the foot of the stairs and called out, "Charlie! Time—" He did not finish the familiar words, "Blamed if I ain't forgot!" he muttered apologetically while Martha buried her face out of human sight and wept many bitter tears.

In the evening when the choses. at her in wonder.

"What is it, Mother?" he ed to ask, as his potato hung suspended on the three-tined steel fork.

"Don't you go an' tell Charlie.
You hear me, Abner Winthrop?"

"How can I tell him, when I don't know what's up?" queried Abner cogently.

"It's the President," said Martha gravely. "What he says goes, you know, Abner. An' Charlie just worships the ground his feet stand on."

"What does Mr. Lincoln say?" in quired Abner, helping himself to another mess of savory country-fried potatoes. "I ain't hitched on to your thread yet, Mother."

"The President has issued a call for volunteers; wants 'em for three for volunteers, wants 'em for three for volunteers, wants 'em for three for volunteers, wa

porarily refused to notice his oats, raised his head, and whinnied long and loud, Martha turned and went into the house, while Abner suspiciously wiped his eyes on his red cotton handkerchief before he locked the stable door and followed his wife to the kitchen, where the two sat silently as Martha knitted, with many a smothered sigh.

ceeded with that imposed to the control of the cont spend the evening, after the supper dishes had been carefully washed and put away, in absorbing the story of the great war as given in the day's dispatches from the front. Martha read, and Abner listened, his mouth drawn in curious shapes as his emo-tions were stirred by the narrative. And so the second year added its months to the first, and Charlie's regiment was with the Army of the Potomac in front of Fredericksburg. Letters came at very irregular intervals, though Charlie said he tried

to write once a week, at least, and the old couple had come to recog-nize these delays as among the ne-cessary incidents of war. But Mar-tha always expected several at the always expected several at once whenever the time passed beyond a month, and, with patient finger on the big map of Virginia, she followed the regiment as best she could, leaving a little pointer lying constantly on the spot that had been named in the last letter.

"Mother," said Abner slowly,
"how long has it been?"
"Five weeks," replied Martha,
with a grave nod.
"An' there's been a big battle nigh

Fredericksburg," continued her hus-band, uneasily.
"Yes, The rebels have got the

city."
"So they have. H'm!" Abner was silent a few minutes; then he looked at his wife across his

then he looked at his wife across his big "spees" and inquired: "There's been time since the battle to hear? Eh, Marthy?" "Yes, Abner."
"What d'ye think, Marthy?" Of

late Abner had sometimes called her by the old name of their court-

"The Lord is good, Abner."
"H'm!"

The dinner dishes waited on table. Abner rose and walked

see," demanded Martha, taking see, demanded Martina, taking the letter from his trembling grasp. She tore it open hurriedly and read:

"Near Fredericksburg,
"Sunday Morning."

"Mr. Winthrop—There has been a

big fight. We're whipped off for just now, but we'll get in at them again. Charlie hurt again. Charl:

again. Charlie hurt—
"Oh! Oh!" The cry came straight from Martha's bursting heart. But she went bravely on:
"Charlie was hurt in the last charge. We had to run, but I promised him to let mother know. Tell my folks I'm all right.
"James Barton."
Abner's voice failed him utterly when he tried to speak. "He looked at his wife in dumb terror. But she only moistened her lips and whis-

when he tried to speak. He looked at his wife in dumb terror. But she only moistened her lips and whispered hoarsely:

"My boy, Charlie! My boy, Charlie!" Then she shook herself and began a hasty inspection of her wardrobe. From the closet she took down her best plum-colored dress and brushed it carefully. Then she reached up and brought out the big bandbox containing her Sunday bonnet, and then produced her knit gloves and her best shoes. Abner watched her with dilating eyes.

"Mother!" he said at length, "What be you goin' to do?"

"What am I going to do, Abner Winthrop? I'm goin', of course."

"Goin'? Goin'?" repeated her husband. "Where?"

"The thin lips shut tightly, and Martha went into the next room and shut the door won herself and

her preparations, while Abner sat in despairing wonder. Presently she returned, attired for her journey. Producing an old, thin "carpet-sack" from its hidden retreat in the

attic, she said sharply:
"Abner, don't set there gaping at
me. Go down to the store an' buy

me. Go down to the store an' buy me a place in the stage for Augusta. It starts at four, an' it's 'mos' three now. D'ye hear?"

Abner heard and obeyed. When he came back, his wife sat on the little porch, carpet-sack by her side, gazing down the road where the stage would be first seen. At last he ventured a remonstrance. ventured a remonstrance.
"Mother!" She did not heed. "Mo-

mother! 'She did not heed. 'Mo-ther! Don't you know it's mighty far to Boston, an' Charlie's a long way from Boston?''
"Yes, I know."
"Mother!" after a minute. "Char-lie's a line of the charles.

"Mother!" after a minute. "Charlie's a big piece from New York.
Don't ye know?"
"Yes, Abner."
Her husband waited a while, and then mustered his forces.
"Mother, I reckon this here Fredericksburg's a hundred miles from Washington, even. It's a terrible journey, an' you've never been fifty miles from, home in your life."
"My boy, Charlie!" sighed Martha," apparently not hearing her husband's voice.
Abner got on his feet and went over to her side. Putting a trembling hand on her shoulder, he said, finally.

finally

"Mother, it costs a heap to go to

Mashington. An' you can't travel for nothin'.''
Martha looked at him sharply. Her oice had a ring in it that knew belonged only to special

casions. "I know it, Abner," she said. "I "I know it, Abner," she said. "I have got all the money in the old stocking that I've been saving for a rainy day ever since we were married. Lord have mercy! I reckon it's rainin' as hard this day as it ever will." Her lips closed tightly. "I hope the good Lord won't let it rain any worse!" he ejaculated gravely.

gravely.

Then the stage came.

On the way from the village to Augusta, Martha Winthrop made the acquaintance of a kindly old gentleman, and naturally told him tleman, and naturally told him of ner undertaking. Her new friend advised her to make some effort to secure letters of introduction and asked if she knew any one of influ-ence in Portland and Boston.

"No, not one," said Marthe, sad-

ly. Governor Andrews has a heart," remarked the old man.
"Suppose you try to see him in
Boston. Just possibly he may help
you to see the President in Wash-

Martha gasped. "That's just what I was a-dream-in' about," she confessed, "but I couldn't see any way. I'll try the

Governor."

Massachusetts' famous "War Govmassachusetts famous war Governor' was at breakfast next morning when his bell rang decidedly. The butler, opening the door, saw an elderly woman in very modest dress, and at once began to say formally:

"Governor's sat breakfast con't

"Governor's at breakfast; can't

see—"
"My boy, Charlie, is dying down
there in Virginia," exclaimed the
woman in a strained voice, pushing
past the astonished butler. "I've got
to see him!" to see him!'

The way to the dining room was straight ahead, and in another me straight anead, and in another mo-ment the door was flung open and Martha entered. The Governor sat with his face turned partly toward her, and in an instant she spoke, holding out both hands imploring-

ly: "Governor Andrews, my boy,

Eczema Must Yield to

THE WONDERFULLY SOOTHING, **HEALING INFLUENCE OF** DR. CHASE'S CINTMENT

There is one thing you can depend on Dr. Chase's Ointment to do every time, and that is to cure eczema. There is no more severe test to which an ointment can be put, and because Dr. Chase's Ointment triumphed over eczema it has ment triumphed o

Charlie, is dying down there by Fredericksburg, and I've come all the way from Augusta. I must go to him, Governor. Won't you help me?"

The sad, earnest face, the tearful eyes, and the touching appeal in the broken voice went to the Governor's heart.

COULD GET NO RELIEF

Till "Father Morriscy's No. 10"

Cured Bronchial Trouble.

Picton, N.S.

PATHER MORRISCY MED. Co., LTD.

I can testify to the benefit derived

heart.
"My dear madam," he said, grave

my dear madam," he said, gravely, "if there is anything I can do I will do it. But, let me ask, is it wise for a lady of your years to undertake this journey?"
"I'm going, Governor, if I have to walk."

walk."
Governor Andrews smiled approvingly. "I think you will get there," he said. "All I can do is to give you a note to the President. If any one can help you reach your son, Mr. Lincoln is the man."

He rang for pear and ink. Mr. Lincoln is the man."

He rang for paper and ink and hastily wrote a brief letter, which

ne addressed to the President Washington Washington. The thanks that Martha gave him were of the sort that are not soon forgotten, and there was a mist before John A. Andrews' eyes as he sat down again to finish his inter-

rupted meal. From Boston to Washington seem ed an endless distance to the trou-bled mother, but she pressed Gover-nor Andrews' precious letter in her hand, even while she tried to sleep through the tedious hours of the

night "I must not get played out she said warningly to hersoon,

Washington was reached in morning, and Martha soon found her-self standing on the steps of the White House a feeling of awe in her breast, but with courage undiminished

"Can't see the President. dam. He is in a Cabinet meeting."
The stately official waved his hand with finality.

But Martha pushed resolutely on

saying in a high key:
"My boy, Charlie, is dying down
there in Virginia. I will see the
President. I—"
The first official and another had

started forward and grasped the offender against rule, their voices raised in emphatic denial. A door opened at a short distance, and the President looked out inquiringly. In an instant Martha recognized the sad, kindly furrowed face, and held

out an appealing hand.
"Oh, Mr. Lincoln," she cried tense tones, "my boy Charlie dying down by Fredericksburg, I've come all the way from Hollow, in Maine, to sa' Won't you help me?" to save him

The man of the great and sorrow-ing heart stepped out into the cor-ridor and closed the door behind him.
"Come with me," he said kindly,
taking her arm and drawing her
into another room." The Cabinet

into another room." The Cabinet can wait a little."

She looked up at the gaunt, tall figure in amazement, but with the instantaneous confidence of a child toward one whose mien inspires it. Mr. Lincoln," "Oh, she gasped while the tears flowed freely, "is it true? Can you help me find my boy?"
"Where is he, madam?" asked the

President.
"He was hurt near Fredericksburg
Barton wrote

last week. Jimmy Barton wrote they had to leave him when the rebels drove 'em back."

Mr. Lincoln shook his head doubtfully. Martha saw it and cried:
"Don't say no, Mr. Lincoln! Charlie wouldn't enlist unless I said he could; but he kept tellin' me that could: but he kept tellin' me that Mr. Lincoln wanted him, an' he said

Mr. Lincoin wanted nim, an he said if somebody's mother didn't say.go, the country was lost. Then I weakened. I couldn't stand that."

The tears stood in the President's eyes. He leaned his elbow on the mantel, towering far above his com-

panion.
"What did you tell him then?" he

asked.
"I said, 'Charlie, if Mr. Lincoln wants you, you can go.'"
The President's hand covered his

brow for half a minute. Then he sat down at a table and wrote a brief note, and after that another, then tapped a bell. An orderly appeared, and Mr. Lincoln gave him

one note, saying:
"Forward that at once to General

Picton, N.S.
I can testify to the benefit derived from Father Morriscy's cure for Bronchial trouble.

For several processing the process of t

For some time I was a sufferer from this trouble, and could get no relief from it, until I used his medicine

prescribed.

On taking Father Morriscy's medicine, to my surprise, I began to improve, and was completely cured.

With a grateful heart, I give this testimony, to the great value of Father Morriscy's prescriptions.

Morriscy's prescriptions,

I remain,

JOHN GRATTAN.

This is simply a sample of hundreds of letters which were received by Father Morriscy during his lifetime, and since then by the Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd. Do not despair, even though your cough has defied ordinary cures, but get a bottle of "Father Morriscy's No. 10" and experience yourself the relief it has brought to so many sufferers. Trial bottle, 25c. Regular size 50c, at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co., Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 13

ate sentry challenged her, she press-ed right on till his second order and leveled musket arrested her at-

tention.
"Halt, woman, or I will shoot!" Without slackening her pace, Mar-tha cried, as she waved one hand

distractedly. "I tell you, young man, my boy Charlie is over there on yon hill. I'm going to him. You'll have to shoot, if you will. I'm going to my boy."

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?"

"Why didn't ye shoot, Randall?" queried a companion round the camp fire that night.
"I just couldn't, Tom," answered Randall. "She looked too much like my old mother I left down there in Georgia. Blank it all! She couldn't do any harm."

On the crest of the hill Martha found an improvised hospital camp. Everywhere the men lay thick, under slight shelters of boughs and scraps of tent cloth. Groans and scraps of tent cloth. Groans and scries of anguish saluted Martha's straining ears as she eagerly. scanned every face, but all were strangers. At length a negro woman, acting as attendant, answered her reing as attendant, answered her peated requests for news of

by saying:

"Mebbe he's ober dar, down in dat corner, Missus. Dar's a mighty sick sojer dat's allus callin' fer his mammy."

Under a scrap of tent-cloth, in the

extreme corner of the rude camp, Martha Winthrop fell on her knees with a great hungering cry, grasp-ing one thin, sun-burned hand in both her owr

"My boy Charlie! My boy Char-The light of reason conquered the fiercer fires of the fever, the eyes turned upon the beloved face, and the boy saw what, in the twentyturned upon the beloved face, and the boy saw what, in the twenty-five years of his subsequent life, he never forgot. Stretching up both feeble arms, he cried, with all his heart and soul in his voice: "Mother! I knew you'd come! I knew you'd come!"—Orr Kenyon, in the New World.

Comfort for the Dyspeptic.-There Comfort for the Dyspeptic.—There is no ailment so harassing and exhausting as dyspepsia, which arises from defective action of the stomach and liver, and the victim of it is to be pitied. Yet he can find ready relief in Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, a preparation that has established itself by years of effective use. There are pills that are widely advertised as the greatest ever compounded, but not one of them can rank in value with Parmelee's.

A Distinguished Visitor.

His Grace the Archbishop of Westminster, head of the Catholic Unur in Great Britain and suite, ha signified their attention of attendi the Eucharistic Congress that will minster, head of the Catholic Church in Great Britain and suite, have the Eucharistic Congress that will be held in Montreal next September. It is probable that His Grace will be accompanied by the Duke of Norfolk the leading lay head of the Catholic Church in England.
While in Canada, this distinguished party will visit Ottawa, Toron-

Hamilton, Niagara Falls

tion extended by President Chas. M.

Hays, for himself and suite to be the guests of the Grand Trunk on their Canadian tour.

Was All Run. Down. Weighed 186 Lbs. Now Weighs 186.

test to which an ointment can be less than the work of the standard Cintment.

When another ointment is praised it is said to be as good as Dr. Chase's. And this illustrates the high position held by this preparation.

Mrs. Oscar Vancott, St. Antoine, Sask., writes: "I have found Dr. Chase's Cintment to be a permanent cure for eczema and other skin diseases. One son while nursing broke out with running, watery sores all over his head and around the ears. Many salves were prescribed to not effect. The child's head became a drail, would not eat and we thought we would lose him.

"Providentially we heard of Dr. Chase's Cintment and it soon thior roughly cured him. He is seven years old now and strong and well. An older boy was also cured of a cezema by this Cintment and well hope more people will learn about it so that their poor little ones may be saved from suffern."

To not be satisfied with the experience of others, but put Dr. Chase's Cintment to the test when occasion arises. Try it for chaffing and irritation of the skin, for chapped and cracked hands, for chilbilains and frost bites, for sores and huves. It is cellightfully soothing and healing. 60 cts. a box. all dealers or Edmanson. Bates & Co., all dealers or Edmanson. B Mrs. M. McGann, Debee Junetien, M.J. writen:—"I wish to tell you what it bears's Heart and New Pills have defer me. Three years age I was as a down I could not do my own weak, want to a doest, and he tell me I heart trouble and that my nerves were mustrurg. I took his medicine, as cuciosed me to do, but it did me no get I then stayled to take lifthware's limit and Herve Pills, and had only taken to box hadres I started to feel better, and therve Pills, and had only taken to box hadres I started to feel better, and the work of the me with the me would be to be the me with the me would be to do my own weat. VI I commenced taking your pills I wish 125 pennels, and new weigh 126 and he given birth to a lovely young decay which was a happy thing in the feel which was a happy thing in the feel which was a happy thing in the feel that and Herve Pills. I continued the me a happy thing in the feel that and Herve Pills. I got with not upstain without runting below I get the top. I can new go up without it intention."