If You Are Poor.

If you are poor you share the lot
With many of earth's best;
Not what you have, but what you are,
Is the touchstone and the test;
The Workingman of Nazareth
Toiled for his daily bread,
And was so poor He had not where
To lay His weary head;
His life ennobled poverty,
And He this truth preserved,
That tis a grander thing by far
To serve than to be served.

If you are poor you know the pinch
Of cold, and want, and pain,
But you can judge, as none beside,
What is true loss, what gain;
And you can estimate the worth,
To one who is cast down,
Of the neighbor's iriendly word and act,
Or the rich man's half-crown;
And you can give most generously
That which your brothers need,
And raise your life of poverty
By many a noble deed.

If you are poor—but not in heart—
The rich you envy not;
You know he is not really rich
For all that he has got.
Unless he owns those riches, too
Common to all mankind—
A generous nature, a true heart,
And an exalted mind.
If you have these, and crown them all
With stalwart honesty,
It is not you who are the poor.
Though few your coins may be.

If you are poor, with faithful hands, Clever, and apt to work, The servants of a ma-ter mind That will no duty shirk; Too proud too make the long day's work As small as is the wage, Too high too clean, too true to let Base thoughts the hours engage—If thus your conscience you obey.

Base thoughts the hours engage—
If thus your conscience you obey,
Youown for your estate
That which uplifts you in the world,
And makes you truly great.

And makes you truly great.

If you are poor, you cannot kill
Your soul with luxur,
Nor waste God's good best gift of time
In idle vanity:
Nor lie a useless, atmess life,
Nor lose in ease your health,
Nor say that life is nothing worth,
Nor sareter love for wealth;
Nor spread a covering of gold
Over a deed of sin,
Nor hope to buy with money that
Which honor may not win.

If you are poor, in all life's good
You yet may have a share—
The peace that teaches you to sing,
The faith that breathes in prayer,
The air, the sun, the stars, the flowers.
The joy of children's love,
And with the Father fellowship
In things of life above.
Oh, keep the highest, richest, let
The poorest, meanest go,
For no man needs be truly poor
Who does not will it so.

—Marianna Faranach.

-Marianne Farningham

LUDWIG AND ELOISE.

A Story That Tells of the Pathos of Broken Heart.

Once upon a time there were two youths named Herman and Ludwig and they both loved Eloise, the daugh ter of the old burgomaster. Now, the old burgomaster was very rich, and having no child but Eloise, he was anxious that she should be well mar-ried and settled in life. "For," said he, "death is likely to come to me at any time; I am old and feeble, and I want to see my child sheltered by another's love before I am done with earth forever."

Eloise was much beloved by all the village, and there was not one who would not gladly have taken her to wife; but none loved her so much as did Herman and Ludwig. Nor did Eloise care for any but Herman and Ludwig, and she loved Herman. The burgomaster said: "Choose whom you will-I care not! So long as he be honest I will have him for a son, and thank Heaven for him."

So Eloise chose Herman, and all said she chose wisely; for Herman was young and handsome, and by his valor had won distinction in the army, and had thrice been complimented by the general. So when the brave young captain led Eloise to the altar there was great rejoicing in the village. The beaux, forgetting their disappointments, and the maidens seeing the cause of their jealousy removed, made merry together; and it was said that never had there been in the history of the province an event so joyous as was the wedding of Herman and Eloise.

But in all the village there was one aching heart. Ludwig: the young musician, saw with quiet despair the maiden he loved go to the altar with He had known Eloise from another. childhood, and he could not say when his love of her began, it was so very long ago; but now he knew his heart was consumed by a hopeless passion. Once, at a village festival, begun to speak to her of his love; but upon his lips and told him to say no further, for they had always been and would be brother and sister. So Ludwig never spoke his love after that, and Eloise and he were as brother and sister; but the love of her grew always within him, and he had no

thought but of her.

And now, when Eloise and Herman were wed. Ludwig feigned that he had received a message from a rich relative in a distant part of the kingdom bidding him come thither, and Ludwig went from the village and was seen no

When the burgomaster died all his possessions went to Herman and Eloise : and they were accounted the riches folk in the province, and so good and charitable were they that they were beloved by all. Meanwhile Herman had risen to greatness in the army, for by his valorous exploits he had become a general, and he was much endeared to the king. And Eloise and Herman lived in a great castle in the midst of a beautiful park, and the people came and paid them reverence there. And no one in all these years spoke

of Ludwig. No one thought of him. Ludwig was forgotten. And so the

years went by.

It came to pass, however, that from a far distant province there spread the fame of a musician so great that the king sent for him to visit the court No one knew the musician's name nor whence he came, for he lived alone and would never speak of himself; but himself was called heart-music, and he himself was called the Master. He was pold and bowed with infirmities, but his

music was always of youth and love: it touched every heart with its simplicity and pathos, and all wondered how this old and broken man could create so much of tenderness and sweetness on

But when the king sent for the Master to come to court the Master re-turned him answer: "No, I am old and feeble. To leave my home would weary me unto death. Let me die here as I have lived these long years, weaving my music for hearts that need

Then the people wondered. But the king was not angry; in pity he sent the Master a purse of gold, and bade him come or not come, as he willed. Such honor had never before been shown any subject in the kingdom, and all the people were dumb with amazement. But the Master gave the purse of gold to the poor of the village wherein he lived.

In those days Herman died, full of honors and years, and there was a great lamentation in the land, for Herman was beloved by all. And Eloise wept unceasingly and would not be comforted.

On the seventh day after Herman had been buried there came to the castle in the park an aged and bowed man who carried in his white and trembling hands a violin. His kindly face was deeply wrinkied, and a ven erable beard swept down upon his breast. He was weary and footsore but he heeded not the words of pity bestowed on him by all who beheld him tottering on his way. He knocked boldly at the castle gate, and demanded to be brought into the presence of Eloise. And Eloise said: "Bid him enter:

perchance his music will comfort my breaking heart. Then, when the old man had come

into her presence, behold! he was the Master,—ay, the Master whose fame was in every land, whose heart-music was on every tongue.
"If thou art indeed the Master,"

said Eloise, "let thy music be balm to my chastened spirit."

The Master said: "Ay, Eloise, I will comfort thee in thy sorrow, and thy heart shall be stayed, and a great

joy will come over thee."

Then the Master drew his bow across the strings, and lo! forthwith there arose such harmonies as Eloise had

never heard before. Gently, persuas ively, they stole upon her senses and filled her soul with an ecstasy of peace. "Is it Herman that speaks to me?

cried Eloise. "It is his voice I hear, and it speaks to me of love. With thy heart-music, O Master, all the sweetness of his life comes back to comfort me!

The master did not pause; as he played, it seemed as if each tender word and caress of Herman's life was stealing back on music's pinions to sooth the wounds that death had made.

"It is a song of our love-life," mur-mured Eloise. "How full of memories it is—what tenderness and harmony—and, oh! what peace it brings! But tell me, Master, what means this minor chord—this undertone of sadness and of pathos that flows like deep, unfathomable current through-out it all, and, wailing, weaves itself about thy theme of love and happiness with its weird and subtle influences?

Then the Master said: "It is that shade of sorrow and sacrifice, O Eloise, that ever makes the picture of love more glorious. An undertone of pathos has been my part in all these years to symmetrize the love of Her-man and Eloise. The song of thy love is beautiful, and who shall say it is not beautified by the sad undertone of Ludwig's broken heart?" "Thou art Ludwig !" cried Eloise.

"Thou art Ludwig, who didst love me, and hast come to comfort me who loved

The master indeed was Ludwig: bu when they hastened to do him homage he heard them not, for with that last and sweetest heart-song his head sank upon his breast, and he was dead.-Eugene Field.

HOW FAITH IS LOST.

The modern unbeliever, as a rule degrades reason and denies its capabil ities; there is, therefore, no basis for faith in his soul. Those who have inherited the faith lose it in proportion to the misuse they make of their reason It is the old story, "esteeming them selves wise they become fools." The would not read Catholic books, listen to instruction; they were above all that. Not having been grounded in the first principles of true philosophy they undertook to discuss its most knotty questions; they read the glib but superficial writings in current literature, in which style appears to make up for absence of ideas and connection of thought; and, imbued with its fallacies and neglecting their religious duties, they easily fall under the tempter's sway. Having abused and in part denied their reason faith was Having abused and sapped, and soon destroyed. This is the genesis and the abridged history of the fall from the faith of some young men in our day.—Archbishop O'Brien.

Aver's Pills, being convenient, efficacious, and safe, are the best cathartic, whether on land or sea, in city or country. For constipation, sick headache, indigestion, and torpid liver, they never fail. Try a box of them; they are sugar-coated.

Victory at Vivian.

"In our family faithful work has been done by Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry as a sure and quick cure for diarrhoea, dysentery and all summer complaints. I can recommend it to all as a family friend, always true and faithful."—Mrs. W. Bishep, Vivian, Ont.

WHERE THEY LEFT "DADDY."

A cart drawn by a single ox drove up to the depot platform and a middle-aged colored man and his wife and five children got out, writes M. Quad, in the New York World. They had bundles and were going to some point in Georgia. The cart was driven away by a negro boy, and twenty minutes later one of the queerest old darkies you ever saw came down the street it had taken. He was bow-legged, humpbacked, gray-haired and lame, and he looked to be a hundred years old. "Thar comes daddy!" exclaimed the woman as she caught sight of him, and

each one of the children echoed the cry The old man hopped and hobbled in a queer way, and he looked scared and envious as he finally arrived at the platform. Just then the husband came

up and demanded:

"Now, what yo's doin' yere, old daddy?"

"I dun can't stay—'deed I can't!"

replied the old man.
"But yo's got to! Didn't we talk it all ober? Didn't we dun say we couldnt take yo'?"
"Chillens!" said daddy, as he reached

out his hands, "doan leave the ole man yere! He's dun gwine to starve to death if yo'do! Moses—Mary—take de ole man long up to Gawgia wid

We began to make inquiries, and we found the family to be squatters on a piece of land four or five miles from Moses was his own son and for four or five years the old man had been almost helpless, and consequently a To get rid of him they were burden. going to journey to a new location, leaving him entirely alone on the 'squatt" to live as best he could. They had talked it over two or three

times with him, but he was so old and childish that he had not fairly understood. They had secretly laid their plans and had slipped quietly away in the early morning leaving him fast asleep. When he awoke and missed them he set out for the depot, and here he was to appeal to his own flesh and blood not to be left behind.

The daughter-in-law seemed to be bitter against him and to exercise a strong influence over the son. While he stood there begging for his life, as it were, she rose up and gave him a slap and said:
"It's no use, old daddy! We hain't

dun gwine to take yo', an' if you doan' go back I'll hurt you powerful bad!" Several of us interfered to prevent further assault. The old man took it

meekly, and turned to the son with:
"Moses, yo' was de only chile I got.
Was yo' gwine to leave yo'ole daddy to die in de bresh?" "We dun can't take yo', 'cause yo's

too ole an' it costs too much."
"I'll work, Moses—I'll work hard if yo'take me!" 'I say we ain't gwine to take yo','

bluntly exclaimed the woman.
"Gran'chillen!" he pleaded, as he turned to the little ones, "is yo'all

gwine to leave yo' ole gran'fadder to starve an' die?" They were silent.

Yes ; yo' cla'r right out, now, yo useless trash," shouted the woman, looking around in a defiant way; and after looking from one to another in hopes to arouse pity, the old man half fell, half rolled off the platform and walked down the track. It was straight away for two or three miles, and he had shambled off to a distance of about forty rods when he saw an express coming. He was facing it. He hobbled a few yards farther and then halted, faced about, and dropped on his knees right in the centre of the track. It was a half minute before we understood. Then it was too late. The engineer whistled and we saw the fire fly as the air-brakes hugged the wheels, but the heavy train could not be stopped. When it drew up at the depot there were splashes of blood on the pilot, and the limp and broken body of old "daddy" was lying in the hazelbushes up the track.

Rev. Mr. Alyward, of the Nativity parish, Chicago, Ill., made a raid August 31, on a Chinese opium den. Passing along Halstead street, not far from his church, he saw two young girls enter the apartments kept by a Chinaman named Wan Chung. The priest, suspecting something wrong, went to the place, and, being refused admission, promptly knocked the door down, took a revolver out of the hands of Wan Chung, the proprietor, and found the girls in a little back room, smoking opium. They confessed that they were frequenters of the den and implicated many of their companions. The priest reported the case to the police, and a warrant was issued for Wan Chung, who in the meantime, however, had escaped.

Chapter 1; Weak, tired, no appetite, Chapter 2: Take Hood's Sarsaparilla. Chapter 3: Strong, cheerful, hungry.

Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls, Monthly Prizes for Boys and Girls.

The "Sunlight" Soap Co. Toronto, offer the following prizes every month till further notice, to boys and girls under 16, residing in the Province of Ontario, who send the greatest number of "Sunlight" wrappers: 1st, si0; 2nd, si; 3rd, si; 4rt, si; 5th to lith, a Handsonne Book; and a pretty picture to those who send not less than 12 wrappers. Send wrappers to "Sunlight" Soap Office, 48 Scott St., Toronto not later than 29th of each month, and marked "Competition;" also give full name, address, age, and number of wrappers. Winners' names will be published in The Toronto Mail on first Saturday in each month.

O. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N. Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

to using the On."

Is there anything more annoying than having your corn stepped upon? Is there anything more delightful than getting rid of it? Holloway's Corn Cure will do it. Try it and be convinced.

Minard's Liniment cures Diphtheria

Salvation out of the Church.

Some of the Protestant papers attempt to relieve the dullness of the heated term by misrepresenting the Catholic doctrine about "exclusive salvation," as they call it. Now we may distinguish four classes of men in this matter:

Those who never heard the true doctrine.

2. Those who had heard it, but not in such a way as to convince them of their duty of believing. Those that heard and were con-

3. Those that heard and vinced, and accepted the teaching. 4. Those that felt that they could not rightly refuse belief, but who maliciously refused to do that which they knew to be right.

These last of the fourth class alone

come under the condemnation that attaches to want of belief. Any ignorance afterwards is merely "affected." They are not in bona fide; in such a state salvation for them is impossible We believe, however, there are millions of Protestants who do not belong to this category .- New York Sunday

THE REVERING OF RELICS.

Our Protestant friends, says the Glasgow Observer, are very often guilty themselves of practices which they affect to reprehend strongly in us. The latest case in point is furnished by a Methodist Conference which is about to meet at Washington. The collection of relics brought together for veneration is truly described as "formidable." The collection includes famous docu ments written by the Fathers of the Church, locks of hair from the heads of noted bishops and preachers, and spectacles worn by the pioneers of American Methodism. Bishop Asbury's old tea-canister, his travelling companion for so many years will panion for so many years, will occupy a prominent place, and "Among other article are the old-fashioned razor cases of the Rev. Jacob Gruber; Bishop M'Kendree's clothes-brush, worn down to a stump; the Sunday cane of the Rev. Henry Smith made from a timber of the first Method ist church among the Indians at Sandusky; a cane from the timber of Strowbridge church at Pipe Creek; another cane from the rigging-loft in New York City in which the Methodists first worshipped, before the building of Wesley chapel in John street; a cane from Mount Olive, once used by Bishop Beverly Waugh; one made from the wood of the original pulpit of the old Eutaw church of Baltimore; another that was carried by Bishop Francis Burns, of Africa; one cut from a cherry tree under which Strowbridge preached and one from Wesley Grove, City Road chapel, London."

The "relics" it will be noticed are

not extremely ascetical in character. The clothes brush and the canes compare rather oddly with the hair shirts of Catholic saints, but Catholicity and Methodism show no nearer parity.

What Does It Mean?

What Does It Mean?

"100 Doses One Dollar" means simply that Hood's Sarsaparilla is the most economical medicine to buy, because it gives more for the money than any other preparation. Each bottle contains 100 doses and will average to last a month, while other preparations, taken according to directions, are gone in a week. Therefore, be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla, the best blood purifier. Aunty's Advice.

"My brother had severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelaide Crittenden, Baldwin, Ont. Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was hardened and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me, a not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, until she tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured."

WORMS CAUSE MUCH SICKNESS among children. Freeman's Worm Powders prevent this, and make the child bright and healthy. Minard's Liniment is the best.

August, Flower"

Mrs. Sarah M. Black of Seneca, Mo., during the past two years has been affected with Neuralgia of the Head, Stomach and Womb, and writes: "My food did not seem to strengthen me at all and my appetite was very variable. My face was yellow, my head dull, and I had such pains in my left side. In the morning when I got up I would have a flow of mucus in the mouth, and a bad, bitter taste. Sometimes my breath became short, and I had such queer, tumbling, palpitating sensations around the heart. I ached all day under the shoulder blades, in the left side, and down the back of my limbs. It seemed to be worse in the wet, cold weather of Winter and Spring; and whenever the spells came on, my feet and hands would turn cold, and I could get no sleep at all. I tried everywhere, and got no relief before using August Flower Then the change came. It has done me a wonderful deal of good during the time I have taken it and is working a complete cure."

G. G. GREEN, Sole Man'fr, Woodbury, N.J.

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through the week's washing in the

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one's-self. "Sunlight Soap" enables you to do this. No hard work ; lovely white clothes; nice soft hands! What can be more desirable? Try "Sun-

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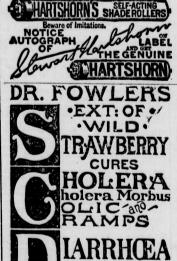
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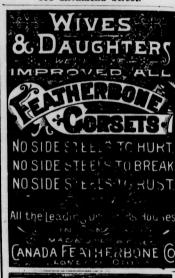
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OUR BO

OCTOB

the throne Lo gundy, grands France. He thoughtful boy eleven years. is one of man nobility of cha One day Lor skelter down tl so afraid of frig so anxious tha charge of him he told no one

He suffered

time, and at la his mother a found that an the knee. tation, and the into the next the matter ove an operation m When the da arrived, the paper him for it "I hope you quietly," he sa Louis smiled "I knew all

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get well again

Chloroform days, and the

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Dear Tour

At last those fering came to hearted boy di with his arms neck. There is on well describes l serve as a mott much, but I wi

It was a love relief after the going out to m Alice. 'I 's since I was the "Not quite s amma, smili little daughte sweet lips ; "b your swing all

Al

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her. "Shall I get Alice wanted she had not ha you remember

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> directions for p keep the feet w the bowels open our day, he m rilla ; for he ce it the best.

The great D

MILBURN'S At fortifies the syste chills, bilious fe troubles.