A True Story of the Sacrifice Made by a Faithful Heart.

By Beatrice Bancroft, in the Catholic Columbian. of Ohio.)

Jubilantly chimed out the bells that morning and the joyful notes were reechoed in each listening heart, for the long penitential season was over and Easter, with her gladness, her beauty, her promise, had come. Like the allembracing smile of God, was poured the mellow sunlight over the chill old Boglish town, making a golden frame for the ever-varying scenes its narrow streets presented; while the shrill chirp of the robin and twitter of the sparrow, -why.dwelling there having light wings to carry them to open fields and leafy solitudes no man knoweth,—were Nature's expressions of her great heart rapture. Beyond the city, where she dwelt, the thousand choirs sent forth long drawn out notes of gladness, her stately hills bedecked themselves in verdant mantles, crocus broidered, and her vales smiled through violets' eves joy at their awakening. To the dwellers in the city her rapture is but waking echoes of music heard in dreams; but Easter's voice is still the same. Here it speaks by thrill of bird and flowers blooming; there by silvery notes sent out from lofty steeples.

From almost every point within sound of the alleluias failing from its many pillared belfrey came flocks of worship pers to old St. Mary's shrine, there to offer fealty to their Risen King. Fashion. wealth, and power, side by side with misery, pain and woe, passed up the marble steps and through the fretted doorway nor said the lordling to the slave: "Stand thou aside!" for in His court all men are equals. The light from the hundred tapers was for all; the rich perfume of flowers, mingling with the pungent odor of swinging censers, was for all; and for all were the songs borne downward on the organ's

Where the humblest of these prayed far back under the gallery's rounded floor, knelt a woman whose garb and mien proclaimed her lowly station, but whose reverent attitude and faith-enlightened eyes told of a soul made rich in the spiritual blessings trials bring.

Ten years had passed since she, then a slip of a peas nt girl, whose laughing voice was as sweet as the whistle of a blackbird whose blue eyes were as clear as the sky over-hanging her, had left her father's cot on an Irish hillside, within sound of the sea's continual call ing, to face the overcrowded English city in search of a fortune to lift her loved ones from the poverty into which they had fallen. They had been long years of texable repression and endless toil. She had found the road from the start harsh and painful to feet accustomed to springy, dew soaked mountain grass, the work strange to fingers used to mending fishing nets or gathering in the drip-ping seaweed. She had eaten of the bread of the stranger and had found it more bitter than Dead Sea fruit. She had sunk her plummet into the world's. heart to quickly find a bottom of cruel, exacting selfishness. She had trusted friendship and had been betrayed; she had given her love and it had been slighted. In the unsuspecting innocence of her heart she had confided in humanity only to learn in bitterness and soreness of spirit that if there is no height it this one and take my money. iere is, alas vile to which it cannot descend. The world had taught her its lesson well and the knowledge thereby gleaned had shown | her—had the unquestionable faith of Ireland's children ever descried her-the laugh. futility and delusion of all hopes centered on the fleeting things of earth.

But now the years of toil were over and she was going home! The next sun to raise for her would be across the purple tinted hills of Ireland; the next | she told her story. words to greet her hungry cars would be the "caed mille failthe" of her people.

The price of her freedom lay in yellow gold in her pocket. True, she had given in exchange her wouth and booth said, without a quiver in her voice; and in exchange her wouth and booth said, without a quiver in her voice; and in the time on foolish erin exchange her youth and health. True, the ring had gone from the voice, the light true in the eyes, and the simplicity and trust she had brought with sterrifice made by that loyal heart yieldher lay buried in the cold English town. But even this remembrance could not a peace, passing all understanding, made dampen her joy as over her mind surged a dwelling-place in her soul. As the dampen her joy as over her mind surged | the thought of that home-going. She | years were on the heard again began to would feel again the moist grass beneath her feet, hear the melody pointed from to this story. I was standing by her side the wild thrush's throat, and look on the as she sat on the steps of her childhood's ocean's "gray and melancholy wiste." How the fisher girl's heart had longed for the ser! How often had she waked crept the restless, foam capped, whisperin the hush of the early morn with its calling in her ears! Now she could anse rise summons. She wis at last going back to it and to her people.

It is no wonder that as she knelt on the cold tiling that Easter morning, the great joy in her heart reproducing itself on the pide, thin face, that still retained signs of its former comcliness, made folk with reverently bowed heads as over them the aged priest pronounced the words of benediction.

With the sudden recalling from a musing mood by the remembrance of where she was she slightly turned her head; life comes to each individual, and that and in doing so her eyes fell on the face of a man near her whose expression as | and aid in forming the character of the bailling as it was fascinating, held her budding man or woman must make a captive. His gaze was fixed on the offi- special effect to do so. ciating priest with an intensity that was startling. She quaited before it. With an effort she removed her eyes and, forteited friendship of their sons and crossing herself devoutly, re-commenced | daughters. Some women persist in treather rosary. In vain she strove to keep her eyes from wandering to the man, they are grown men and women, and re-

more prenounced; it was like hatred fanned to maniscal rage.

He is a madman! she thought, instinctively pushing from him into the crowd at her other side. It yielded slightly and she felt more secure. A

the intensity in his gaze had deepened,

hundred thoughts concerning him passed her mind without fashioning themselves into anything definite; but he was un-

conscious of her gaze.

The tinkling of a bell aroused her, and, rising with the crowd, she passed down the aisle to the sanctuary railing. Never wholly divested of the nameless fear calling for the vigilant watch the man had inspired, her heart became calmer, her thoughts became prayerful, as she knelt to make that sublime act of faith and receive the sacramental Lord into her soul. Then she turned from the altar, but stopped short and all but shricked out at the act she beheld. She saw the man take from his mouth the Sacred Host he had but a moment before received from the hands of the priest, and fold it in a handkerchief, which he placed carefully in his pocket. He darted through the crowd and was gone.

Had the dread abode of the eternally lost opened under her feet, the loyal Catholic heart of the woman could not have been more appalled. All the evil she had ever seen or heard of seemed shaped suddenly into that one act. She knew him now, an emissary of the Satan worshippers, and she knew the purpose of the awful theft. She forced a way through the dense crowd, in time to see him, as she left the church, turn a distant corner. After him she flew, possessed of but one thought, to rescue the Sacred Host from his sacrilegious hands. But the race was long and her feet seemed leaden-weighted. One wild prayer after another went up from her quickly throbbing heart that she might overtake him before he should pass into any of the wicked haunts toward which the street led. Gradually she gained on

him and was beside him.
"You wretched man!" she cried, as catching the quick fall of her feet on the stones, he glanced around.

"What do you mean, my good woman?" he asked, the evil eyes looking down on her flushed face with a sinister smile.

"I saw you," she cried, between gasps of breath, "stealing the Sacred

"Did you?" he sneered. "And what are you going to do about it?" "You must give it to me!" she wailed. "You must! You must! You

air as he turned away. Deapa'r crept all, but a funny little brown head with into her heart, for she knew she was sharp eyes and a smooth chin that lookpowerless to move him. Again she call- ed like an acorn. ed to God; and it was then she thought of her preciously hoarded money.
"Wait!" she cried. "Will you give

it to me for money?

"I can give more than you think,"

the wailed. "How much?" She named half the smount in her

pocket, but he shook his head and again walked on.
"Wait!" she sobbed." "I have more,"

and she held out to him the savings of you can spell polite," the ten long years. He looked at the pile of yellow gold then at the white, wrung face of the pleading woman. "This is all you have?"

" Yes!" "You have worked all your life to

amass it ?" " For ten years."

"And yet you offer it to me for this little fellow laughed loudly. Hest: Why, woman, I can steal an "No, how should I?" other, as many as I want, before the day is over!"

He looked at h their unbuttoned his coat and handed her the handkerchief.

"You fool!" he said, taking her gold along in the water. and turning on his heel with a mocking

Possessed of the Sacred Host, the woman fell on her knees in gratitude and adoration, then she arose and retraced her steps until she reached the rectory. To the hastily summoned priest

" But what will you do now?" he ask-

so she did, working as faithfully and un- rands." ed her no rich reward? From that time, grow, grow rapidly, and when I listened as she sat on the steps of her childhood's hom, her dim, blue eyes resting on the long, lonely reach of beach, toward which ing sea

THE GROWING CHILD.

A WARNING TO MOTHERS AGAINST OVER-CONFIDENCE WITH THEM.

A mother is too apt to take for granted the confidence of her growing son and more than one of her companions look | daughter. She has led them through at her in surprised serviny. She trid childhood into young manhood and to but ish ail distracting thoughts, but womanhood, She unravelled all their when her eyes would rest on the distant little perplexities, and has been the realtar, an exquisite poem wrought out in eighent of all their childish joys and marble by some artist centuries agence sorrows. As children they concealed a picture of the simple wo den shrine nothing. She assumes, without think before which herehildish lips had whist- ing, that this state of affairs continues ered their earliest prayer, would come into their abox life. She is sure she before her mind, and instead of the great | 'knows all about her children," wheremingling of wealth and poverty, she as the fact may be that she knows would see the scattered groups of fisher- nothing at all. They outgrew her long

ago. When this difference began the young boy or girl could scarcely say. Some times it is sudden, sometimes gradual. It is certain that with adolescence a new the mother who would retain the trust

It is here that mothers often make grave mistakes, and never regain the ing their children as children long after and who a she looked again she saw that | quire the implicit obedience and belief of a child from an adult of reason and the expression on his face had become experience. Other women make an

> REAL MER'IT is the characteristic of Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures even after other preparations fail. Get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

equally unfortunate error in, metaph- man. "You can tie any sort of knot orically, "washing their hands" of the child they have reared so soon as it tries to act upon its own judgment. "I have nothing more to do with your actions. Now do as you please." That is their "But you wished to," said the little man twining his loss like one of Harry."

position. One attitude represses confidence; the other rejects it. Children must become men and women, and we have no right to be angry at or to repel the idea that shaped body and he knew that his head it is so. But surely we may value the must be baid—it was so cold. friendship and trust and love of these men and women as highly as we valued the child's faith and loving reliance. That parent is wise who perceives in time the change, and who studies the needs of this formative period, who adapts herself to the new phase, and who begins by new methods to retain the child's trust, while gaining the man's confidence.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

HARRY'S TWO WISHES.

There were two wrinkles in Harry Cole's forehead. They were only little wrinkles, but they were growing. One of them appeared first when Harry began to say "I wish," and the other came

soon after to keep it company.
"I wish" was always with Harry. If his pocket were full of marbles, and he happened to see Tom Quinn's big agate, he'd say, "I wish I had an agate like that," and then the two wrinkles would begin to work. When Bert Cole sailed away with his father, Harry said: "I wish I was going too." And then he wished for \$1,000,000—for a boy could do so much if he only had \$1,000,000—and so much if he only had \$1,000,000-and he wished he could go exploring in Africa, and he wished for a new bicycle. and he wished dozens of times for a kodak. And all the while the little wrinkles grew.

One day Harry went off down by the creek to fish. He scated himself on a log where it was nice and shady and lazily watched the cork-bobber dance about on the stream.

"I wish I could get a bite," he said. At that instant a very queer thing happened to the bobber. The top of it rounded out until it looked like a little baid head. And then Harry's heart almost stopped beating, for he suddenly A mocking hugh rang out on the soft | saw that the bobber wasn't a bobber at

"What are you staring at me for?" spluttered a voice that seemed very much too big for the little body.

Then the bobber man shook himself "Not for the little you may have," he sneered, looking at the poorly clad of the water and curled himself up on a lily pad.
"I say, what are you looking at me

for ?" and the sharp eyes grew round and fierce.

"I was only watching for a bite," replied Harry, meekly. "Well, I don't like it. It's impolite to stare at a man that way. I don't believe

"Polite." "Correct!" said the little man, smiling pleasantly. "Now we can talk. I was

afraid you couldn't spell it." By this time Harry had recovered from his surprise. "Who are you, anyway ?" asked.

"I? Oh, don't you know?" and the

"Why, you called me so often the last few weeks I thought you'd know me. "I cannot prevent that. But give me I'm I Wish. See how long my legs

Harry looked. For the first time he saw that the green legs ran oil from the lily pad and be could see them wriggling

"Long legs are necessary to my business," said the little man. "You see I have to travel lots. People abuse me. They say, 'Wish I was in Africa,' and I have to trot over there. That takes long legs. I don't often bring anything back with me, so you see my arms are small."
Harry looked. The little fellow's arms

were not much larger than a tin whistle.

"That's too bad," said Harry. "Why don't you get a bicycle?" "That's an idea," roared the little

Then he pushed an electric button on the fily pad and up jumped two or three other little creatures, blinking their

"Get me a bicycle," he commanded.

"Have each wheel as big as the Ferris wheel-I'll have to ride fast, you know." When I Wish's funny servants had disappeared, I Wish drew out his notebook, and, wrinkling his forehead, made this, entry, writing with a bit of clam

shell:
"Harry Cole, credit, by one idea" "When do you want your pay?" he

asked. "Pay?" questioned Harry, astonished.

"Yes, pay, p-a-y-isn't it in your speller. I always pay for ideas. It'll be two wishes. Wish anything you want

and you shall have it. But be careful how you do it. I'm sometimes a dangerons fellow to deal with." Harry's heart throbbed. Visions of millions of dollars and bicycles and trips to Africa flitted through his head. It wasn't every boy who could have two

wishes and get anything he wanted. He might have a big house or a ship all of his own "Could I wish to be president of the United States?" asked Harry, doubt-

"Yes, anything you want. Make you

president in two minutes," and the little fellow leaned back on the lify pad, tied his long legs into a scannin's knot and tickled a white-aproned trog under the

Harry watched bim cagerly. He had never seen such wonderful gymnastic performances even in a circus.

"Wish I could perform that way," he said, the wrinkles coming in his lorehend; "would'nt it make Tom Quinn green with envy."
Hardly were the words out of his

mouth when a most terrible thing happened. Harry's logs grew suddenly long and he felt them reaching out into the water. His arms withered up and he felt the buttons bursting off his jacket as he became the shape of the little man on

the fily pad. "Now you're fixed," roared the little | other preparation will suit your case. | could be fully res.ored.

man, twining his legs like one of Harry's

grandmother's doughnuts.

Harry felt the fish about his legs and the cold water pouring around his kettle-

"Oh, I wish I was a boy again," he gasped. Instantly the little fellow faded out of

sight with a borrible grin and Harry found himself at the side of the take. He had slipped off the log, his feet were in the water and his head was bare. As he stirred a big frog plunged into the lake. Harry rubbed his eyes and got up slowly. His bobber still danced on the water. It didn't look a bit like the funny little man. And his two wishes were gone.

Since that time the wrinkles have stopped growing in Harry's forchead.

THE TREATING HABIT.

The social drunk is born of the treating habit, an evil indeginous to America, and which the most virulent Prohib will hardly charge to the debit side of the saloonist's account with society, as it prevails equally at the restaurant, the cigar-stand,- everywhere. The American sovereign still feels that he may properly purchase a pair of shoes without asking every stranger in sight to walk in and be shod at his expense, and kiss his wife without inviting the world to sample the sweetness of her lips; but in pretty much all things else he imagines that he must share his bounty with bystanders or deny himself, says the Iconoclast. The result is that when a business man slips into a saloon at midday for a refreshing glass of beer, expecting to spend five cents, to be absent from his desk five minutes, he probably finds a dezen chance acquaintances fringing the bar,-called up by a previous victim. Of course he must drink with them, willy nilly. Then a second man "sets 'em up." a third, fourth, fifth, -he must drink with all or be voted uncourteous. Then his turn comes to make a play,"--which spoils a dollar -and he escapes to his business half intoxicated, and finds himself utterly worthless for the rest of the day. His condition, his loss of time, and expenditure of twenty times the sum he contemplated, are not the fault of the saloonist or the saloon. That single glass of cold beer would have been a luxury, have done him good. That the saloonist provided, but, yielding to the slavery of a foolish custom which he helped to make the patron allows himself to be injured where he should have been benefitted.

AN IRISH GARLAND.

'It is not while beauty and youth are thine own,

And thy cheeks unprofance by a tear, That the fervor and faith of a soul can be known, To which time will but make thee

more dear; No; the heart that has truly loved never

But as truly loves on to the close, As the sunflower turns on her god, when

The same look which she turned when he rose."

MILLIONS FOR DEFENCE!

NOT ONE CENT FOR TRIBUTE.

Safety of Canadians Assured

When Paine's Celery Compound is Used

It has ever been the boast of Britons that they never shall be slaves. The Briton's heart warms to freedom; his blood is aroused when human beings be come mere chattels—bought and sold like animals. British subjects will suffer twenty-eight Bishops and Archbishops patiently even extreme taxation for the raising of millions for detence; but, never, never will they pay tribute to any foreign muster.

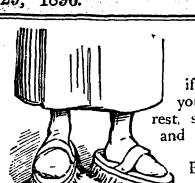
British subjects--men, women and children—are slaves too often! What do we mean? Just what we say-that we are too often too miserable bondmen and bondwomen, when we might revel in freedem and strength.

Thousands of us are slaves to some trouble or disease that makes this earthly pilgrimage burdensome and oppressive. Why suffer longer? We have near us a mighty and powerful deliverer and res-ener known as Paine's Celery Compound that quickly banishes our assailing and tormenting cuemies that come too often in the form of rheumatism, neuralgia, dyspepsia, indige-tion constipation, heart disease, nervousness, sleeplessness and blood discases.

Why encourage and pay tribute to such death-dealing masters? Our bodies should be tree, clean, pure, and fitted for the full enjoyment of true life. That world-renowned prescription, Patne's Celery Compound, gives perfect health, strength and life. It removes every trace of discuse from the body, and parities the blood.

This is the season to banish every weight and oppression. Let the renovating work be commenced now, so that summer and the hot weether may be met with strong and vicorous bodies and dear heads. Paine's Celery Compound has in past spring seasons saved thou sands of suff rers; it will do the same for you to-day, weary and sick mortal.

When you decide to use the great health-giver see that your dealer gives you the kind that cures. Ask for Paine's Celery Compound, and see it has the gress of pulmonary consumption, but, trade-mark, the "stalk of celery." No by its continued use, health and vigor



Better use them. this way,

if you don't use Pearline. Giveyour tired arms and aching back a rest, somehow, when you're scrubbing and cleaning.

"An absurd idea?" Of course. But when a person has cleaned house with Pearline, year in and year out, and knows how much

work it saves, and time, and rubbing, nothing seems more absurd than to try to clean house without it. Pearlineno soap with it-just Pearline-makes house-cleaning easy.

Millions row Pearline

MEXICO AND THE MEXICANS.

A DEVOUT AND INTENSELY CATHO-LIC PEOPLE.

BISHOP LEMMENS, OF VANCOUVER, SAYS THE COUNTRY IS MALIGNED BY TRAVELERS

Bishop Lemmens of Vancouver Island, was in San Francisco, recently, on his homeward journey from Mexico, after an absence of five months in the southern republic. He was a guest of the Paulist Fathers in their residence at St. Mary's thurch, on California street. During his stay in Mexico. Bishop Lemmens went out of the beaten track, and saw much that is new to other lands. As a result of his careful observation of Mexico and the Mexicans he unhesitatingly declares that the country is badly understood in the United States, and is, in fact, maligned by many travellers. The Bishop had more than one interesting experience in his travels, most of which were in the State of Jalisco, on the Pacific coast. "I went to Mexico." said the miraculous proure of Our Lady of Guadaloupe, when many thousand people gothered at Gundal care, near the city of Mexico. After the coronation ceremonies I went to Guedalajara, in the State of Jal isco. Archbishop Loza, at that city, is very old-about 82 years of age-and could not travel over his diocese so I went through Jaliseo, administering Confirmation. In three and a half months I confirmed 23,000 persons. My work was in the backwoods,' where I had to travel rough, and travelling over it tired one more than you could imagine. The people there I found most devout and intensely Catholic. Their manner of receiving the Bishop was characteristic. They would come out of the villages to

> "The people of Mexico have been grossly misrepresented in the United States. They have been accused of being ignorant, superstitious, and of living in darkness. I found them very nice people, intelligent, honest, and deeply religious. They have very good schools, and plenty of them free, throughout the land. For instance, in Guadalajara there are one hundred schools, half of which are free. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart have an immense institution in Mexico where they have boarders at school, day scholars, poor children and or phans. I went through these schools, and all the classes were full of children. These Sisters have many institutions of learning and charity throughout Mexico. In the City of Mexico there is an excellent school for the deaf and dumb and

Howers, and in one place, where oranges

"All the people seemed anxious for Diaz for president. They wanted him to continue at the head of the nation, and in this sentiment there seemed to me to be practically no dissent, for Catholics were united with the other party on this point. They were all very anxious that the country should progress in peace under his leadership. They don't want revolution any more, and they know that he can give them contimied peace.

"They have a Papal Delegate, Mgr. Averardi, a Bishop who will occupy the same relative position as Mgr. Satolli in the United States. He is known as in Mexico. In the archdiocese of Condalajara there are 600 priests, and over 2 000,000 Catholic communicants, with Bi-tiops at Topic and Colima. There are 40,000 to 60 000 Catholies in each parish there.-- N Y. Catholic Review.

CARDINAL MANNING.

There is a significant passage in ar article which Mr. Bernard Holland writes in the March issue of the National Review, of London. Alluding to Carolina Manning's conversion, Mr. Holland says:

"M my roads, it would seem, lead to the spiritual city of Rome. Some men have taken the road of historic Farning, others that of a deep and mystic platosophy. Some have been led, apparently by love of the beautiful; others, by the desire to belong to the widest trat mal assectation on earth, extending to people of all classes and all countries. Others again have followed the road of human affections and the lead of those whom they love or admire. Others, like Alexandrine de la Fteronays, in the touching Recit d'une Sour, in terrible suffering or affliction, have sought divine con sention in a form of religion which, more than others, recognizes the power of intercession and spiritual communion between the living and the departed The road taken by Manning was that of high policy, the theoread route. He

EXPERIENCE HAS PROVED IT.

A triumph in medicine was attained when experience proved that Scott's Emulsion would not only stop the pro-

was attracted by the greatness and system, the antiquity and continuity of the Imperial Church of Rome. The nature of this attracting force, taking so many various forms, this kind of homesickness, which outsiders of very differing kinds have so often felt, is at least a fact which deserves careful study. Does the Anglican church exercise this indrawing power, or does the Russian?

SEND FOUR CENTS

For Six Fancy Dolls With Extra Dresses.

The manufacturers of the popular Dia mond Dyes have a taking novelty which they are sending out to every city, town and village in Canada. This novelty is known as the Diamond Dye doll with extra dresses.

Six of these dolls, with six extra dressewill be sent to any address upon receipt the Bishop, "to attend the coronation of of four cents in stamps. These dolls are very artistic and ornamental, and deligit the young people.

When you order the dolls, ask for earl of forty-five samples of dyed cloth, and book of directions for dyeing with Diamond Dyes; these are sent free of cost. Wells & Richardson Co., 200 Mountain Street, Montreal.

The reliability of the testimonials published by us for Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is particularly proved on horseback, as the roads were not lit thereby, that the Company offers to pay for wagons. The country was frightfully \$100 to a benevolent institution for any one testimoni I not being genuine.

THE MOTE AND THE BEAM AGAIN.

Sterne, the author of the "Sentimental Journey," who had the credit of treating meet me, 200 men or more on horse back his wife very ill, was one day talking to and thousands of people afoot. They Garrick in a fine, sentimental manner. would cheer and strew the street with in praise of conjugal love and fidelity. Howers, and in one place, where oranges "The husband," said he, with amazing seemed to be growing everywhere, those people covered the ground with oranges that the procession might pass over them.

assurance, "who behaves unkindly to be wife, deserves to have his house burnt over his head." "If you think so," replied Garrick, "I hope your

Positively Cures COUGHS and COLDS in a surprisingly short time. It's a sci-entific certainty, tried and true, soothing

house is insured."

ling in its effects. W. C. McComera & Son, Fourchette, Que, report in a letter that Pynydectoral cined Mrs. C. Garcan of chemical dispersional conductal tubes, and also end by Consection her of a long standing cold.

long standin, cold.

Mr. J. H. Huttry, Claudet, 188 Young St., Veronto, writes: 258 Young St., Veronto, writes: 258 Young St., Veronto, writes: 258 Young St., Veronto, is a most invalvable preportation. It has given the unrest satisfaction to all who have tried it, more leaving space it to me of the lengths actived from its use in their tending. It is settinate for old or young, being placent, to the face. Its set with no leaving being placent, and I on adways recommend it as a safe and reliable cough neuking.

Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. LTD. Sol: Proprietors
Mongreat NAME OF BUILDINGS

GEO. R. HEASLEY,

PICTURE FRAMER, &c. Pictures, Photo Albums, Baby Carriages, Lamps

Cheap for Cash, or Weekly and Monthly Plan.

Clothes, Wringers, &c.

2087 ST. CATHERINE ST. 2 doors East of Bleury.

Doctor What is good for cleansing the Scalp and Hair, I seem to have tried everything and am in despair Why Mrs R. thevery best thing is PALMO TAR SOAP & it is splendid for Washing the head it prevents dryness thus puts an end to Dandruff and Freshens the hair nicely. 25 FOR A LARGE TABLET

VIATORINE

IS THE BEST REMEDY TO PREVENT CONSUMPTION.

DON'T FORGET

TO BUY A BOTTLE OF VIATORINE FOR YOUR SICK CHILDREN.

FOR COUGH.

VIATORINE CURES THE MOST STUBBORN COUGH.

For sale by all Apothecuries.