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# FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Palm Sunday.

THE WILLING VICTIM. My Father, if this cup cannot pass away pept I drink it, Thy will be done." (St.

Slowly the solemn hours of Lent have passed away, and we find ourselves once more with our dear Lord at the beginning of His Passion. With Him once again we shall journey to Jerusa-lem, where we shall see Him delivered by a traitor's hand to the fury of His enemies: we shall see Him in that upper room, ever thoughtful of us, lov-ingly prepare for us that most precious legacy, His Blood and Blood to be ever with us, the comfort of our hearts, our flower of the field," our "lily among thorns," who is all fair, in whom is not a spot-our Jesus, our love. We shall witness His agony in the garden, bearing the weight of our sins, alone. We shall follow Him before Pilate, and see Him condemned to a shameful death for us, and finally shall tread with Him the blood stained way of the cross, and with Him ascend "the green hill with-out the city wall," and there mingling our tears with those of His Blessed Mother — our mother now, His last dying gift to us — we shall see Him nailed to the accursed tree, and listen to His last cry of agony, as His loving heart breaks beneath the crushing burden of our sins, and redemption's work is done. Heaven's gates are un-

locked, and we may enter in. It is through no fault of His that He suffers thus. No; it is for love of us that he pays the price of sin. What wonder that as He stands in dark Geth semani, and sees the sins of the whole world—our sins, the sins of our fathers, of our posterity, sweep down upon Him like a great avalanche—the very face of God Himself obscured by the black-ness of that awful cloud of guilt — He shrinks back, for the moment appalled, and cries out from the depths of His tortured soul, "My Father, let this cup pass away from me;" but only for a moment, and then, filled with divine compassion for poor, lost humanity, He adds, "Thy will be done" thus setting us the example of complete submission to the will of God.

What is before us ere another Lenten season rolls around we know not, and well for us that it is so. Who among us, were it in his power, would dare stretch forth his hand and draw aside the curtain with which God in His infinite wisdom and mercy has hidden the future from our gaze. Woe to him who seeks to know what the next year, the next month, or even the next day has in store for him, until God in His own good time raises the veil. No; rather let us learn from our divine Master's example, and bitter though our cup shall be, accept and drink it to the very dregs in loving submission to His holy will. It may be that poverty, sickness, death, the loss of all we hold most dear, will be our lot; then let us pray as did our suffering Jesus: "My Father, if it be Thy will, let this cup pass from me

but Thy will be done And as we go with our Saviour during the coming week over the rough road of His Passion, let us seek to realze as never before the greatness of His sufferings, the extent of His sacifice. Let us feel that a lifetime of tor ture suffered by us cannot equal one instant of His agony, and though we may not endure His sufferings—in His love and mercy His does not require this of us - we may follow His blessed

Thy will be done " - Christ's own prayer wrung from His breaking heart. It was taught to us in childhood; is said by us throughout our lives: oh! let us learn during this Holy Week to say it, to feel it, to live it with our whole hearts. Let it be the closest tie that binds us to our God.

# Month of St. Joseph.

The month of March is the month of St. Joseph. St. Joseph, like all the saints of God, had but little thought of acquiring an enduring name, of living in the memories of the age to come God's wondrous grace made his whole life appear as of little value in his own The exalted virtue which he saw exemplified in the lives of Jesus and Mary but rendered him the more In comparison with them he looked upon himself as an unprofitable

Like all the children of men he had his seasons of joy and sorrow, but the joy of living with Jesus and Mary and the assurance of salvation, through the merits of His Divine Son, gave to his life a certain foretaste of the joys of

And meek and lowly though his life was, the whole universe resounds with the concert of his praise, thus verifying the saying of our Lord: "He who humbles himself shall be exalted." Look around you and see the number of churches and altars dedicated to his honor. Now, is there any other saint, after Mary, whom the Church invokes in her necessities with so much confidence, or to whom she acknowledges herself indebted for so many miraculous interpositions. In a word, as there is no other saint whom the faith of the Church places so near to Jesus and Mary, so there is none whom she associates so closely with them in her worship.

Help your children to grow strong and robust by counteracting anything that causes ill-health. One great cause of disease in children is worms. Remove them with Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It Mother Graves'

## OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

A Beautiful Swiss Custom

The horn of the Alps is employed in the mountainous districts of Switzerland not solely to sound the cow call, but for another purpose, solemn and religious. As soon as the sun has disappeared in the valleys, and its last rays are just glimmering on the snowy summits of the mountains, the herds man who dwells on the loftiest, takes his horn and trumpets forth—"Praise God, the Lord!" All the herdsmen in the neighborhood take their horns and repeat the words a This effect and repeat the words. This often con-tinues a quarter of an hour, while on all sides the mountains echo the name of God. A solemn stillness follows every individual offers his secret prayer on bended knees and with un-covered head. By this time it is quite dark. "Good-night!" trumpets from the herdsman on the loftiest summit "Good-night!" is repeated on all the mountains from the horns of the herdsmen and the clefts of the rocks.

Make your Mark.

Because you are without money, friends and talents, it does not follow that you are of no account in the world. Every school boy knows that Lincoln was a poor boy, that Grant was nobody n particular until the late war gave him his opportunity, that Livingstone, the great African explorer, was a poor weaver-boy, and Burns a plough boy

Application, industry and honesty were the magic keys that opened to them the doors of success. Others with friends, money and matchless talents, started in the race also, but came to naught because they lacked one thing -an unalterable determination to suc Like many boys of to-day, they said "I can't "and "I won't" instead of "I can" and "I will." You cannot make your mark in a day, you can not achieve success at a bound: some men have apparently done so, but in reality it was the work of years which had been patiently waiting its sure re ward. In a word, it is the patient endeavor and faithful work of every lay which enables a man to make his mark.

A Girl's Kindness

Early one clear January morning, few winters ago, a pleasing little inci-dent happened in one of our Eastern cities. Several pleasant days had been followed by a heavy sleet and bit cities. terly cold weather. Everything was sparkling in the bright sunshine; pavements looked like mirrors and the trees looked as though they were great masses of crystal, powdered with dia mond dust. But these mirror-like pavements were very treacherous, and many a careless step brought dire disaster to the pedestrian.

Helen Mayer, on her way to her daily work, after many slips and slides, reached a street car in safety. She had the good fortune to secure the last vacant seat, and smiling and warm in her plain, comfortable clothes, she sat watching her numerous fellow-passen-gers. At the next crossing the car stopped and a shabby, little old woman fell on the steps, and was helped by the conductor with rough good nature, on to the platform. Weak and dizzy from her fall, she entered the car trembling in every limb, and with a pitiful, appealing look on her pale, wrinkled little face, gazed round at

the passengers.

There were half a dozen or more men and boys in the car, but not one of them saw her-of course not, when example and bend our wills with that of His Father, and that too with cheer morning papers. But Helen saw her, ful countenances and happy hearts, read in an instant she sprang up and hard on earth, there is an eternity of rest beyond — an eternity spent with Him. led the old lady gently to her pl very kind, to a poor old woman. Many thanks, but now, my dear, you

have no seat. "I ought to be kind, ma'am," replied Helen, "I am young and strong and I should feel ashamed to keep my seat while you were standing. not at all mind standing, so don't worry about me."

Several gentlemen arose and offered Helen their seats, but her quiet "No, thank you," caused them to resume their seats and their papers. However some of them felt uncomfortable, for they felt as if a stigma had been put upon them by this pretty young

After riding several blocks the old lady wished to leave the car. Helen assisted her to rise, then said: "It is so very slippery that I am afraid you will fall.'

"It can't be helped, child, for must go. I will go very carefully and perhaps will not fall again. I must thank you again for your kindness,

and goodbye. The quivering voice of the age lady went straight to Helen's heart. She hesitated only a moment, for every penny of the \$4 a week which she received for clerking, counted in the small amount she and her mother could scrape for a living; and if she were late she would lose some of her But the old lady needed scanty pay. some one to help her, and so the next moment she said: "I will see you safely across the street and then walk

to the store. So, very kindly and carefully she assisted the shabby, uncertain little figure, which clung so closely to her irm, across the glassy street.

"Oh! dear heart, if I had known it

was so bad I never would have come out. But, now, I'm out, I must go on. Oh dear !" and as she slipped a little, she clutched more firmly the arm she

" How far have you to go?" asked Helen. "Just down this street. I forget whether it's two or three blocks."

"I will go with you," said Heler

In a little while Helen had her charge safely at her destination.
"Now, child," said the little old oman, as she waited for admittance, "teil me your name and where you live. I never want to forget the blessed girl who saved poor old me

from breaking my bones. Helen told her and added, "I am only a clerk, trying to make my own living, and may be glad, when I am old like you, to have some one help me But it's nothing at all," with a laugh for I should bave had the blues al day, if I had suffered you to go alone. After making Helen write down her name and address on a card, she said 'Good-bye, my dear ; I can give you

only an old woman's blessing. "I am grateful for it," reverently replied Helen. "Good-bye," and she hurried away as the door was opened, never noticing the street, house or name on the door.
She was late and was "docked," but

that did not matter to Helen. She could not and would not regret her kindness to the poor, dependent old lady.

A year had passed and Helen had never once seen the old lady or heard from her, and thus had almost forgotten her. But one cold bitter day, Helen came home, and, with tears, told her mother that she, with severa other clerks, had been discharged, as business was dull and they had no fail to be convinced of the dependent need for so many clerks. Her mother condition of man. Let us glance first soothed her and told her that perhaps she could find another position somewhere nearer home, and that to morrow they would start out to look for one. Then they sat down to their evening meal, but before they were through, Helen's mother jumped up from the table and in a moment returned with an officiallooking document addressed to Helen She handed it to Helen, say ing that the postman had brought it in the afternoon and until that moment she had forgotten it.

Helen opened it, and had the stars could not have been more astonished as she read; "Hannah Forth bequeaths \$17,000

to Helen Mayer, in remembrance of her great kindness to an old and helpess woman on January 8, 188—." Helen laughed and cried by turns as she again repeated to her mother the story of her kindness to the old lady,

whose appearance was far from that of a wealthy person. Now, Helen need not worry about finding another place in order that she and her mother might gain a living.

comparative poverty to affluence. Why Latin?

A kind act had not only made her heart lighter, but had raised her from

Why does the Church use the Latin anguage? For these reasons:
1. Because a universal community

requires a universal language. The Church of Christ is universal.

2. Because it does not change. If, for example, the Church should use French in one of her formulas alone that of baptism, she would have been obliged to change it over sixty times. In the so-called Anglo-Saxon of one thousand years ago she could not be understood now except by experts.

3. Because nothing can equal the dignity of the Latin language, its clearness or its beauty. It is the lan-guage of science and civilization, and deserves to be the language of an un-

changeable religion. 4. Because it lifts the liturgy of the Church above that every-day usage of words, which alters their senses and Padre Agostino. often debases it by licentiousness. This misfortune has actually befallen the English liturgy of the Auglo-Amer

ican Episcopalians.
5. Finally, a universal language speaks of a universal brotherhood, and makes a Catholic at home in all the Roman Catholic Churches of the world. Besides, he understands the language though unlearned, by the ceremonie of the Church or from his prayer-book which contains its entire his own tongue. It is a sign of great want of thought, if not of ignorance, to object to the use of this language in the liturgy of a Church which is the most learned and the most stable institution in the world. Like herself her language ought to be immutable

A Missionary Butcher.

There is a Sioux City butcher who holds out as an inducement to Catholics a "bargain counter" in boiling beef on Fridays. Course meat, such as is ordinarily sold at 5 cents a pound on other days and in other shops, sells for B cents a pound on Fridays at the bargain counter. Nor are the poor Catholics of Sioux City slow to take advantage of this missionary zeal on the part of the proselytizing meat market Several members of the same Catholic families patronize the shop every Fri day and lay in their stores of A. P. A. beef for the ensuing week. They, o course, at the same time, avoid the main purpose of the butcher by ab staining from the use of meat on Fri days. But the butcher's Friday bar gain counter is a laughable illustration of the funny ways employed for the de-struction of "Romanism." There is nothing new under the sun, and certainly nothing new in the tactics of Apaism. British benevolence and Protestant zeal united in a national scheme of this sort in Ireland nearly fifty years ago. They established soup schools, whose mission was to wash down the insipid pill of Protestant salvation with copious doses of missionar; soup. But the scheme did not succeed. People died of hunger rather than taste the proselytizing mess.—North-western Catholic.



### DEPENDENCE ON GOD.

When God had created this most beautiful world, and when He had set man in the midst of it, and made him its tenant, what was to be the condi-tion of his tenancy? Under what terms did he enter upon the possession of his dominion over it? Does the man reign as absolute master? The lower kingdom owes him obedience, no doubt; but is there nothing above him to which he must in turn be subject, and bow his head in reverence Science shows creation even in the ascendant : from the mineral to the veg etable kingdom, from the animal king dom to a man. One glance at man is suf ficient to prove that he is God's creature, and that God is his supreme Mas ter. Let us pass quickly in review our nature and condition, and we cannot at our nature. We did not ask to be born. Job said: "Why, Lord, didst Thou call me from my mother's womb?" We were not asked to live; we shall not be asked to We have no right to expect to know when our death may occur. We cannot choose either the place, or time, or manner of our death; and if we make use of our liberty to commisuicide, this act only throws us most certainly into a worse state than that it is within our present capacity to conceive. Therefore, my brethren, to come into this world without any volition on our part, to live a life of effort and often of misery, on this earth, which does not belong to us; to lose this life when, without knowing why, we may at any moment be summone hence-this is our lot upon earth. Let us glance at our condition: Nothing can be more dependent than our condition. We depend upon nature, against whose power we daily struggle, and which can at any moment destroy us. We work with effort, with diffi culty. Where is the man who has ever succeeded in effacing one wrinkle from his brow? We are dependent

upon the fruits of the earth for our sustenance, and upon animal food for strength to accomplish our work We are liable to the fury of the ele ments; we depend upon every varia-tion of temperature. What can be, apparently, of less importance than
the gas which is diffused in
the air from which vegetation
draws life? Its presence can
hardly be certified by decomposing the tmosphere which surroundsius. if this gas were to be absorbed by the sea, what would happen? Vegetation would be extinct; there would no longer be a blade of grass; animals would perish, and men, the victims of ravenous hunger, would devour one another. In less than one week our planet, de populated and desolate, wrapped in the lugubrious silence of death, would present nothing but a few calcareous patches, shaded here and there by clouds. You see now upon what deli

## Mr. Chamberlain and the Irish. Now it so happens that Mr. Cham-

berlain at the Colonial Office is very

far from being a persona grata with a very influential element in the governing of all the great dependencies. It may not altogether be a disadvantage that Mr. Chamberlain should have it borne in upon him by his experience of colonial administration that until the Irish are pacified the Empire can never be united. Irishmen outside Ireland are far more in fluential than in their native country They are not so powerful, it is true, in the British colonies as in the United states, but there is not a town in any part of the world under the Union Jack where there is not a section of men who are either Irish born or of Irish descent. These men would be less than human if they were to make the path of Joseph Chamberlain smooth. temptation will almost be overwhelming to do just the opposite. The Unionists may trample upon the Irish National movement at home ; but he sons, the brothers and the friends of Irishmen abroad will pay them out as est they can when their time comes. Mr. Chamberlain is to bind the Empire together, and to bring the olonies into a closer union with the nother country, he will find that in me way or other he must propitiate It is possible that in this he the Irish. may find an ally in the one colonial statesman whose fame is of imperial imensions.-From the Right Hon. oseph Chamberlain: a Character ketch, in the February Review of Reviews.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption. POOR DIGERTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspopsia and great misery. The best remedy is Hood's Barsaparilla.

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liss2. Revised and corrected accord, ing to the Clementine edition of the Scriptures, with amotations by the Rev. Dr. Challoner, to which is added the History of the Holy Catholic Bible, and Calmet's Illustrated and Explanatory Catholic Dictionary of the Bible, each edited by the Rev. Ignatius F. Horstmann, D. D., Professor of Philosophy and Liturgy in the Theological Seminary of St. Charles Borromeo, Philadelphia, and prepared under the special sanction of His Grace the Most Rev. Jas. F. Wood, D.D., Archbishop of Philadelphia. With references, a historical and chronological index, a table of the epistles and gospels for all the Sundays and Holydays throughout the year and of the most notable feasts in the Roman calendar, and other instructive and devotional matters. With elevant steel plates and other appropriate engravings.

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## LEO IS A GREAT POPE.

Marion Crawford Compares Him With

Of the Pope's statesmanship and atinity the world knows much, and is sure to hear more — most, perhaps — hereafter, when another and a smaller man shall sit in the great Pope's chair. For he is a great Pope. There has not been his equal, intellectually, for a long time, nor shall we presently see his match again. The era of individualities has not gone by, as some pre-tend. We, of middle age, have seen in our life-time, Cavour, Louis Napol eon, Garibaldi, Disraeli, Bismarck Leo XIII., and the young Emperor of after the death of Victor

At all events, there he stands, at the Woman desires to be cured of head of the Holy Roman Catholic and Apostolic Church, as wise a leader as any who in our day has wielded power; as skilled, in his own manner, as any who hold the pen; and, better than all that, as straightly simple and honest a Christian man as ever fought a great battle for his faith's sake.

Straight-minded, honest, and simple he is, yet keen, sensitive, and nobly cautious; for there is no nobility in him who risks a cause for the vanity of his own courage, and who, out of mere anger against those he hates, squanders the devotion of those who love him. In a sense, to day, the greater the man the greater the peacemaker. And so it should be; for if peace be counted among blessings, the love of it is among the virtues "Blessed are t is among the virtues the peacemakers."—"Pope Leo XIII. and His Household," by Marion Crawford, in the February Century.

The base of Ayer's Hair Vigor is refined and delicate fluid, which does not soil or become rancid by exposure to the air, and which is as perfect a substitute for the oil supplied by nature in youth and health, as modern chemistry can produce.

istry can produce.

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of Parmelee's Pills.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify, that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, Carswell P. O., Ont., writes: "I have tried Parmelee's Pills and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

To Cure Blushing.

Some one has defined a blush as the

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sign which Nature hangs out to show where modesty and purity abide. cording to Darwin, blushing is the most human of all acts. No animal except man is capable of it. The nearest approach to a blush in the brute creation is the downcast expression of an offending poodle. The missing link may blush, but the missing link is not in evidence. Heretofore a blushless woman was a term of reproach, and 'the rosy-tinted front' honor. But the end-of-the-age woman is different from her grandmother. She does not favor blushing; she will not have it appear that she is ashamed Germany. With the possible exception of Cavour, who died—poisoned, as some say—before he had lived out his life, few will deny that of all these the ridiculous complaint as many as seven present Pope possesses in many respects the most evenly balanced and cent issue of a London weekly paper. stubbornly sane disposition. That Men are not adepts at blushing,—be-fact alone speaks highly for the judg-sides, they have all they can do to sides, they have all they can do to ment of the men who elected him, in blush for themselves ; however, no true Italy's half-crazed days, immediately gentleman can fail to render himself roseate when he hears that the New Emmanuel.

> Ave Maria. Secret Societies. They require an oath or promise of

absolute secrecy and obedience. Such an oath, taken before knowing the nature of the secret or command, and without reservation as to its morality. implies a disposition to comply whether it be good or evil. This disposition is intrinsically wicked; so is the oath that implies it, so are the societies that require this oath. Such an oath is not binding before God or upright men; nay, if the secret or command be evil, its fulfillment is a crime, its violation a conscientious duty.

ridiculous complaint of blushing.'

You cannot be happy while you have corns. Then do not delay in getting a bottle of holloway's Corn Cure. It removes all kinds of corns without pain. Failure with it is un-



FOR THE

A warm shampoo with Cuticura Soap, and a single application of Cuticura (ointment), the great Skin Cure, clear the scalp and hair of crusts, scales, and dandruff, allay itching, soothe irritation, stimulate the hair follicles, and nourish the roots, thus producing Luxuriant Hair, with a clean, wholesome scalp.

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