

Marquette has now done all that was possible for the moment; so, promising to let them know when she had seen Narka, went away.

M. de Beauverillon, observant of the courtesies which French gentlemen never fail to the women of their family, saw her down-stairs, and then returned to the boudoir. He was struck immediately by the change that had taken place in Sibly. The strained, angry, perplexed look had entirely passed away from her countenance, and it now wore a resolute, almost a radiant expression. Was it the hope of saving Narka from a horrible fate that had suddenly flushed her pale cheeks and lighted those lamps of triumph in her eyes? What else could it be? And yet, M. de Beauverillon did not think Sibly beautiful.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE HAIL MARY.

The Very Rev. Mgr. Howlett, of London, England, answering some present day writers, dwelt upon the message delivered by the angel Gabriel to our Lady, taking his text from the first chapter of St. Luke's Gospel:

The angel Gabriel, being come unto her, said: Hail, full of grace: the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou amongst women.

Proceeding to consider the much disputed question, "At what period of the Church's history did the 'Hail, Mary,' first become of universal use?" Mgr. Howlett said there were not wanting writers who were inclined to minimize Catholic devotion in this respect, and state that the "Hail Mary" was never used before the tenth century. But documents that could not be gained proved that such a statement was absolutely false, and left no doubt whatever that the "Hail Mary," in its present form, was used as far back as the tenth century and still less, or as little doubt that the "Hail Mary," as far as the words of the first portion were concerned and the meaning conveyed by the words of the second portion, was used as far back as the fifth century, and probably even in Apostolic times.

The earliest manuscript of the prayer was to be found in the liturgy of Jerusalem, the origin of which was attributed to St. James the Apostle. The MSS. dated from about the ninth century, and the form of the "Hail, Mary," ran thus:

"Hail, Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with thee. Blessed art thou among women, because thou hast brought forth the Saviour of the world. Holy Mary, pray for us."

The Council of Ephesus, which assembled about the year 431, added to that form, commonly used in the Orient, the words, "Mother of God," and the reason for doing so was because about that period the Nestorian heresy sprang up, which declared that although Mary was the Mother of Jesus Christ she was not the Mother of God. But at this, the third General Council of the Church, it was determined that the doctrine of Nestorius was false and pernicious, and that Mary was the Mother of Christ, and that He being God and Man united in one person, she was actually the Mother of God as well as the mother of man; and in order that this should be perfectly clear and that there should be no room for equivocation in the prayer of the Church, the words, "Mother of God," were added. The sentence: "Pray for us sinners, now and at the hour of our death," did not add very much to the meaning of the words that went before, but were simply of an explanatory character, and were added at a more recent date. The form as it is used at the present time, became universal in the Church in the sixteenth century, for in 1568 Pope Pius V. published an Apostolic Bull by which he reformed the Breviary and the prayers used in the Breviary and commanded the universal use of the "Hail, Mary," according to the present day.

But in spirit and meaning, the "Hail, Mary," were concerned, it was used throughout the entire Church from the earliest ages. In fact, so much was this the case that there was no particular age in which it could be said that the prayer was first introduced. And as nothing could be introduced without observation and without comment in a great society such as the Catholic Church the only conclusion to be arrived at was that the "Hail, Mary," was used from the earliest ages of Christianity, and that it came down to the succeeding generations from, as the Apostolic age. As to the prayer itself, the words were pregnant with a deep and mysterious meaning. The very first word, "Hail," which in Latin was "Ave," was oftentimes used even in English, and was very probably the word used by the angel Gabriel himself. In the Syrio Chaldaic language it meant peace, which was an expression of friendship, of fervor, of distinction, and, above all, of the friendship and favor of God. Our Divine Lord Himself often used the word when speaking to His disciples. Thus, for instance, the first words He addressed to them after the Resurrection were "Peace be with you," and when He commanded them to go and visit the faithful in their own homes He said: "Into whatsoever house you shall enter say to the man, 'Peace to this house; and on other occasions He said: 'My peace I give you;' while the Apostle St. Paul, writing to the early Christians, used to say, "The peace of Jesus Christ, which surpasseth all understanding, keep your minds and your hearts." The words that followed the Ave Maria — "Full of grace" — conveyed another very beautiful idea,

for they meant nothing more nor less than sinlessness, while "Blessed among women" meant that Mary was exalted and favored by God. For it was a peculiarity of the Hebrew language that in order to express a superlative a circumlocution, or round about expression, must be used. Thus, for instance, when holy scripture wishes to express an idea of the most perfect of all things it used the words, "Song of songs;" and when it desired to express an idea of the greatest of vanities it said, "Vanity of vanities;" and when expressing an idea of the most sorrowful of all men it used the words, "Man of Sorrows." And so it was that when it desired to express an idea of the most exalted of all women it made use of the expression, "Blessed among women." As to the invocation added by the Church herself in the "Hail, Mary," Mgr. Howlett said there were not wanting men who claimed to be Christians, but who nevertheless said that this second portion of the "Ave Maria" was blasphemous, for it attributed to a creature a power which men ought to attribute to God alone. They said there was but one mediator between God and man—the Man Christ. He it was who gave Himself in propitiation for men's sins, and no one should come as mediator between Him and God. Such language seemed to suggest the idea of the Pharisee in the temple, who desired that no one should come between God and him, as though he would put himself above all creatures and next to God. But this was not the spirit of the Catholic Church. She placed herself with the poor, striking at the door of the temple, percuting her breast and saying, "Lord, I am unworthy to be heard, I will appeal to Thee not directly, but through those who have served Thee well." And in this she did not attribute any merits of the first mediatorship to the saints of God, and if Catholics prayed to them they did not pray to them to intercede for them by reason of their own merits, but by reason of the merits of Christ.

THE CATHOLIC PRESS.

Its Great Work and Why It Should be Supported.

Those who purchase and circulate Catholic periodicals, papers and books do a truly apostolic work. They give to human souls the divine truth of God. The Catholic press is the needle-gun of truth. In God's name let us use it to the full. Every good book is a missionary, and a Catholic paper is a perpetual mission in the house that receives it. Our Catholic newspapers set before their readers the record of the progress of the Catholic Church throughout the world. As mediums of thought they record the opinions, explain the views and defend the position of Catholics. They bring the influence of well-conducted weekly journals to enlighten all their readers as to the true character of Catholicism, its object and its worth, and thereby aid the cause which all Catholics have at heart, namely, the recovery of non-Catholics to the Catholic faith. They chronicle, without offending Catholic taste, the progress of the Church in her mission throughout the world, noticing in the proper spirit the great work that she performs and her mighty labors in the present no less than in the past for the elevation and conservation of the human race. They tell the story and reverently maintain the opinions of a Church which converts the heathen and confounds the "wise," which restrains the luxuries of civilization and teaches the barbarian the dignity of man, which found universities and provides schools for the poor which sanctifies Christian marriage, forbids divorce, elevates woman to her true sphere, strengthens constitutional government, defends the weak and oppressed, protects the orphan and gives aid to the needy; which teaches the duty of the employed, but does not forget that masters should be just and considerate, a Church which has never feared a tyrant or quailed before persecution; a Church which is adapted to all ranks, to all conditions and to all times.

Wicked men and sectaries spread everywhere countless publications against God, His Church and sound morality. We are not deserving of high praise if for the best of causes we do only that which the impious do for a wicked cause, and take for the salvation of souls only the same pains which they take for their damnation, but not in any way to oppose them were disgraceful sloth. In this conflict of good and evil we cannot remain neutral; we must take sides. "He that is not with Me is against Me," says Christ. In the face of such excessive danger to morality and to faith, not to struggle against the mischief is to become an accomplice in it; not to banish its contagion far away is to be infected with that contagion; not to forbid the admission of those writings which are filled with the impure filth of the most disgraceful passions into our homes is to defile ourselves with their corruptions and to disseminate that corruption among others. In a word, in this deadly way, which every vice sustained by every error is at present waging against virtue, not to take an open stand on the side of virtue is to embrace the cause of vice.—The Michigan Catholic.

Wise Men Know

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THE GOOD BISHOP.

Charles Bienvenu was once Bishop of D—. He was a man of seventy-five. His sister Baptistine lived with him and looked after the house. The Bishop's palace at D— was near the hospital and was a spacious and beautiful edifice. The hospital was a narrow, one-story building with a small garden. Three days after the Bishop's advent, he visited the hospital and said to the director: "There is a mistake here. There are twenty six of you in five small rooms; there are only two of us and space for sixty. There is a mistake, I tell you. You have my house and I have yours."

He received from the government as Bishop a salary of 15,000 francs; of this amount he retained only 1,000 francs for the expenses of his household and gave the rest to charity. I tell you this that you may know one trait of his character. He was always and in everything just, true, intelligent, humble and benevolent. Prayer, aims, consoling the afflicted, the cultivation of a little piece of ground, fraternity, frugality, self-sacrifice, study and work filled up each day of his life.

An hour after sunset, a man travelling about entered the little town of D—. In his hand he carried an enormous knotted stick, his stockings were in hobnailed shoes, his hair cropped, his beard long. He took the principal street, sinking near the houses and closed against him, he was a man who was a discharged convict. Everywhere he sought in vain, "I have walked since sunrise; for the love of God, give me something to eat." He passed the prison. An iron chain hung from the door attached to a bell. He rang. The grating opened. "Turnkey," said he, taking off his cap respectfully, "will you open and let me stay here to night?" A voice answered: "A prison is not a tavern; get yourself arrested and we will open." Then the grating closed.

That evening the Bishop of D— was busy writing up his work on "Duty towards our neighbor." His sister came in to say that the table was laid. The Bishop closed his book and went into the dining room. His sister had just begun to tell him that a suspicious vagabond had arrived and was lurking somewhere in town, when there came a violent knock at the door.

"Come in," said the Bishop.

The door opened. A man entered. His sister turned and started out half alarmed. The Bishop looked upon the man with a tranquil eye, but before he could speak the man said, "See here! my name is Jean Valjean; I have been nineteen years in the galleys. Four days ago I was set free. I have travelled thirty six miles. No one will receive me. I am very tired and hungry. I will pay. Can I stay?"

"My sister," said the Bishop, "put on another plate."

"Stop," said the man. "Not that—did you understand? I am a convict. This is my yellow passport, Jean Valjean, a liberated convict; nineteen years in the galleys; five years for burglary, fourteen years for having tried four times to escape. Give me something to eat and let me sleep in the stable."

"My sister," said the Bishop, "put some sheets on the bed in the alcove." Then turning to the man, "Sit down and warm yourself; we are going to take supper and your bed will be made ready while you sup. Bring in the silver plates and set them on the table, and put his plate as near the fire as you can." Then turning to his guest, "The night is cold. This lamp gives a very poor light." He went to the window and took from it two silver candlesticks, lighted the candles and placed them on the table.

"You don't despise me. You take me into your house. You light your candles for me, and you do not know who I am. You need not tell me who you are. This is not my house. It is the house of Christ. It does not ask any corner whether he has a name, but whether he is in trouble. You are suffering, hungry and thirsty. Be welcome! This is the house of no man except him who needs an asylum. I tell you, who are a traveller, that you are more at home here than I am. Whatever is here is yours. What need have I know your name? Before you told me I knew it."

The man opened his eyes in astonishment. "You know my name?"

"Yes, your name is my brother."

Meanwhile his sister had served up supper. He ate with the voracity of a starving man. The Bishop gave him some good wine, which he does not drink himself, because it is too dear. He asked him neither his country nor his history; for his crime lay in his history. Towards the end of his supper, he said, "You must be in great need of sleep." And after having said good-night to his sister, the Bishop took one of the silver candlesticks from the table, handed the other to his guest, and said, "I will show you to your room." He left him before a clean white bed and said, "A good night's rest to you."

"Ah! you lodge me in your house as near to you as that." He checked himself with a laugh, in which there was something horrible. "Who tells you that I am not a murderer?"

"God will take care of that." Then without turning his head he went into his own chamber.

As to the man, he did not even avail himself of the clean white sheets, but blew out the candle and fell on the bed as he was, in a sound sleep. As the cathedral clock struck two Valjean

awoke. He could not get to sleep again so he began to think. He had noticed the silver plates that were put upon the table. They took possession of him. They were within a few steps. They were solid and old silver. He arose to his feet. All was still in the house.

He turned and took from his knapsack a short iron bar. Then with stealthy steps he moved toward the door of the Bishop's room. He pushed it lightly but a rusty hinge sent into the darkness a harsh creak. The noise of this hinge sounded in his ears as terrible as the trumpet of the judgment day, yet he did not flinch. He took one step and was in the room. He took near the bed. At that moment, a cloud broke and a ray of moonlight crossing the high window lighted up the Bishop's pale face. His entire countenance was lit up with the expression of hope and happiness. He did not remove his eyes from the old man, but stood in an attitude of strange indecision, ready either to cleave his skull or kiss his hand. Under this frightful gaze the Bishop still slept in profoundest peace. Suddenly, he passed straight to the cupboard; the key was in the lock, he opened it, saw the basket of silver, took it, crossed the room with a hasty stride, reached the door, threw the silver into the knapsack, ran across the garden, leaped the wall like a tiger and fled.

The next day at sunrise the Bishop was walking in the garden, when his sister ran towards him, beside herself. "The silver, it is stolen! The man who came last night has stolen it, and he is gone! See, there is where he got out; he jumped into the lane!"

The Bishop was silent for a moment, then raising his serious eyes, he said, "I have for a long time wrongfully withheld this silver; it belonged to the poor, and this was a poor man."

"Alas," said his sister, "it is not on my account, it is on yours. What is Moneigneur going to do with you?"

"Well," said the Bishop, "wooden plates."

In a few minutes he was breakfasting at the same table at which Jean Valjean sat the night before. Just as the brother and sister were rising from the table, the door opened. A strange, fierce group appeared on the threshold. Three men were holding a fourth by the collar. The three men were police, the fourth was Jean Valjean. The Bishop advanced as quickly as his great age permitted.

"Ah! where you are!" said he, looking towards Jean Valjean, "I am glad to see you. But I gave you the candlesticks also which are silver like the rest. Why did you not take them with your plates?"

"Monsieur," said the officer, "then what this man said was true; we arrested him. He had this silver."

"And he told you," said the bishop, "that it had been given him by a good old priest with whom he had passed the night, and you brought him back here. Ah! it is all a mistake."

"If that is so," said the chief of police, "we can release him."

"Certainly," said the Bishop.

Jean Valjean shrank back. "Is it true that they let me go?"

"My friend," said the Bishop, "before you go away, here are your candlesticks, take them." He went to the mantle piece, took the two candlesticks and brought them to Jean Valjean. The man was trembling in every limb. He took them with a wild look.

"Now," said the Bishop, "go in peace, but when you come again, you need not pass through the garden, you can always come in and go out by the front door. It is closed only with a latch, night or day." Then turning to the police, he said, "Gentlemen, Jean Valjean felt like a man who is just about to faint. The Bishop approached him. 'Forget not, never forget that you have promised me to use this silver to become an honest man. My brother, you belong no longer to evil but to good. It is your soul that I am buying for you. I withdraw it from dark thoughts and from the spirit of perdition and give it to God!'"

Valjean went out of the city as if he were escaping. He hastened to get into the open country, taking the first by paths that offered. He had eaten nothing, yet he felt no hunger. He was angry, yet he knew not against whom. He could not have told whether he was touched or humiliated. There came over him a strange relenting which he struggled with and to which he opposed the hardening of twenty years. As the sun was sinking behind a thicket. There was nothing within the range of his vision but the Alps. The plain was cold and bare. Suddenly his knees bent under him, as if an invisible power overwhelmed him at a blow with the weight of his bad conscience; he fell exhausted upon a great stone, his hands clenched his hair, and with his face on his knees, he cried, "What a wretch I am! Then his heart swelled and he burst into tears. "You have promised me to become an honest man. I am purchasing your soul, I withdraw it from the spirit of perdition and I give it to Almighty God!" He was no longer the same man, all was changed in him. "What a wretch I am!" He saw himself as he was, with the stick in his hand, his blouse on his back, his knapsack filled with stolen things, his thoughts full of abominable ideas, the hideous galley slave, Jean Valjean. The Bishop grew grander and more resplendent in his eyes; he filled the whole soul of this wretched man with a magnificent radiance, and he shed hot tears with more terror than a child.

How long did he weep thus? Who re-

did he go? No one ever knew. It is only known that on that very night the stage driver on the Grenoble route arrived at D— about three o'clock in the morning and saw, as he passed through the Bishop's street, a man kneeling upon the pavement in the shadow, before the door of the Bishop's house, in the attitude of prayer.—Arranged and adapted from Victor Hugo

HAPPINESS IN PURGATORY.

It may be said of Purgatory that if it did not exist it would have to be created, so eminently is it in accord with the dictates of reason and common sense. The natural instinct of travellers at their journey's end is to seek for rest and change of attire. Some are begrimed with mud, others have caught the heat of a scorching summer day; the dust or cold or damp of the journey has told upon them and their attire. Perhaps even the way has made them weary unto sickness, and they crave for an interval of absolute repose.

Travellers from earth, covered with the mud and dust of its long road, could never wish to enter the banquet of eternity in their travel-stained garments. "Take me away!" cried Gerontius to his angel. It was a cry of anguish as well as desire, for Gerontius' blessed soul though he is, could not face Heaven just as earth had left him. He has the true instinct of the traveller at his journey's end. Dust, rust, and the moth have marked their presence, and even the oddities and eccentricities of earthly pilgrimage must be obliterated before the home of eternity can be entered. *De mortuis nil nisi bonum* interpreted. Nothing good of Heaven for those who have crossed the bourne. But, if the Heavenly gates are thrown open to the travellers, all weary and footsore, "no having on a nuptial garment," no heterogeneous meeting here on earth could compete with the gathering of disembodied spirits from its four quarters.

It is human ignorance alone which canonizes all the departed and insists on a direct passage from time to Heaven. The canonization is not ratified in Heaven, because Heaven would not exist if it took place. The Beatific Vision is incompatible with the shadow of imperfection. To act as if it were belongs to the same order of things as lending the garment of Christian unity.

Purgatory makes Heaven, in the sense that Heaven would not be possible for men without it. As well might we try to reach a far-off planet which is absolutely removed from our sphere, an unknown quantity, though a fact science does not dispute. Heaven without purgatory is a far-off planet which must ever remain beyond our touch and ken, for it would be easier for us in our present condition should traverse space than that the sinner should see God face to face.

The vestibule of Heaven, in which souls tarry in order to make their preparations, and to be prepared for the feast of eternity, can scarcely be an abode of pure suffering. Heart and mind, as they exist in the *anima separata*—that is, understanding and love—are at rest. On earth mind and heart are the source of the greatest pain as well as the greatest joy. The severest pain of body may be accompanied by happiness and a mind at rest, whereas remorse makes life unbearable. Hidden criminals at large have not unfrequently given themselves up to justice in order to arrive at peace of conscience, being then the penalty demanded by their tortures. Death, however ignominious, rather than remorse—the backbite of inwit, in the quaint language of our forefathers. Remorse is not in the organs of sense, but a purely intellectual operation, proper to man. It can not be softened by worldly prosperity, or riches, fame or success. On the other hand, a good conscience is a well-spring of happiness, be the outward circumstances of a man's life what they may. Bodily pain would add to the torture of remorse, just as it might deaden the joy of a good conscience *per accidens*, the theologians say. Conjointly with the mind, the heart causes the keenest sufferings and the deepest joys of human life—joys and sufferings which are acted upon in the same way indirectly by pain of body. A severe toothache, for instance, quickens the pangs of remorse, whilst it deadens joy proceeding either from the intellect or the heart. It would madden a bride on her wedding morning, without in reality affecting her happiness. The root of both joy and grief is in the soul, not in the body. Conscience is the "worm which never dieth"—that is, hell, the torment created by man himself for his own punishment. The same applies to purgatory, as far as conscience is concerned. The soul has created its own argument, but in purgatory the fires die out because they deal with the *anima separata*, never with the senses. In each case the nature of the fire, which may not be material and is exercised on spirits, must remain mysterious to us. At least we can understand it by analogy. Remorse in the tortured soul of a murderer is sufficient to destroy the prosperous and pampered life of the body. Intensity of it by the measure of eternity, and it may alone constitute hell. That is probably what theologians mean when they say that the fire of hell and that of purgatory are identical. What fire is to the body, that burning sorrow is to the spirit, who sees things in their true light, and weighs lost opportunities in the balance of the next world.

By sorrow and love earth shows us this material, to speak in human lan-

guage, out of which purgatory is made. The pangs of remorse deaden the most intense bodily pain, and the power of love does more than render hard things sweet. Many waters cannot quench charity, neither can the floods drown it, says the voice of love in the Canticles. Whether human or divine, it is as a burning fire which consumes all minor cares. I will not deal with passion, but with love in its noblest form and expression—the love, for instance, of a mother, or of a wife, or of an affianced bride. Earth has nothing better in the natural order than disinterested affection, a foreshadowing of purgatory as much as the torture of remorse. Sin will not be there, neither will money-making; love will be the coin of the realm. *Non sub-strahatur delicatissimum nutantur*. As the action of purification is perfected, each human intelligence in purgatory will be more and more fixed on God. The soul, disengaged from the senses, will learn all the more promptly the lesson of purgatory, if it has not been learnt here in the perfect love of God. There is joy in suffering under these conditions, a joy which makes pain acceptable. A *promissa sponsa* will be patient with sudden illness, and racking pain, if they promise to be temporary. She can afford to be as long as her heart is fixed on wedding day. The *sponsa*, indeed, may weary of a sick affianced bride, and court another. This can happen in human things, but never in purgatory. The souls there are fixed on the Unchangeable One, who can never prove them false; so suffering what it may, they can afford to bide His time, secure that the reward of their heart's long watching will never pass away. Their wedding day is far removed from the vicissitudes of earth, and the fever-tossed brides may suffer in perfect peace.

On earth it is more difficult to unlearn than to learn afresh, and it must be feared that to the great majority purgatory is an unlearning. The idols, the false standards of the world, must be swept away. In the first instance of eternity the soul has an intuitive perception of its errors. It may be likened to arrival in a foreign land, of which the language has been badly learnt at home. English French will serve as a comparison. It is very soon proved to be no French at all. The foreigner immediately says: "I am all wrong. I must begin again." He had much better have learnt no French—at least his professor will think so—for he has to unlearn more than he learns, his expressions, his quantities, his pronunciation. Fully aware as he now is of his shortcomings, the work of imparting real knowledge will take time.

We say that knowledge is power. In purgatory it is love; and who can call the process of arriving at it all painful, even if accompanied by torments? It is the burst of eternal day, coming gradually to those who ascend the steep mountain side of purgatory. In it, as in the father's house, there are many mansions. Whilst the sinner may be punished with the pain of loss only, the sinner may be racked with fiery torments, "saved yet so as by fire." Whatever the "mausoleum," the suffering proceeds from the same cause, varying in degree—remorse for the past, love of God in the present. That which on earth causes our torture and our joy is prolonged in purgatory, with this difference: here our minds and hearts are quiet because they are not fixed on God; there knowledge and love will be first established on their true centre, and then perfected.

There is one single and unique instance of purgatory in the loose sense in which the expression is often used. Suffering by itself is not synonymous with purgatory. There must be the absolute certainty of heaven, which has been given only once, "Amen, Amen, I say to thee, this day shalt thou be with Me in Paradise." The word was spoken by our Lord Himself to one in fearful torture and ignominy. Was the good thief conscious of pain with that divine promise ringing in his dying ears? It may be doubted.

He has spoken the same word to each of the holy souls: "Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise." And they are so minded to the will that His hour is theirs. They long to hear this day, but the security of our Lord's promise tempers their suffering and pass it far above all pains and sorrows of earth. Who would not submit to be crucified, if to day thou shalt be with Me in Paradise were the reward? Yet a state of crucifixion and perfect security is that of the souls whose blessedness exceeds their torments.

These thoughts may possibly suggest comfort to some who confuse suffering with unhappiness. They are not synonymous. Let us rather think of the holy souls as in the condition of the good thief. If they are suffering the torments of crucifixion they have heard the word which is to be their joy throughout eternity: Thou shalt be with Me in Paradise!—Irish Catholic.

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