MAY 26, 1910.

o greatly the rage as nots to tailor-made suits hannel. The voilage is olor of the skirt, or of hot with another; and the white lace blouse the white lace blouse of the guimpe or Toby cck, it softens the cru-ast between skirt and rings the two into har-the bodyce of the same the skirt. is a notable

the bodice of the same the skirt. is a notable all the newest tailor-when made of cloth material introduced ce, the cloth finds its o, and the bodice thus costume and makeric o, and the bodice thus costumne and makes it ul as it can then be loors without the coat ich certainly could not town, if an ordinary lawn blouse were to ce of the bodice to

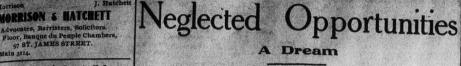
rming model of one rmades a few days Hustrates my theme. In finest black cloth, dit being cut in one caces that passed over to meet the corsolet at were joined together were joined together a breastplate. The selet, the braces and ates were profusely even joined here. selet, the braces and ates were profusely vere inlet here and thes of emerald green ave a very rich ef-in conjunction with e which was of black k, taffetas veiled with he chiffon covered the affetas bodice and l'and improved its peeped out between peeped out between embroidered braces te. The coat to ted in the same way, on the upper part design to show the iderneath, veiled with s on the bodice, the oth being also em-

nlet with emerald must not forget to this coat was made which is a feature odels, and a sensible hat the summer is for the struggle into coat is always a ally disastrous to ally disastrous to frills now that such worn again.



AGEMENT.

a good manager, hould say so. She of hers practically for nothing." anage it?" red to the carpen-odwork was finish-broke it. off and ber."



KAVANAGE, LAJOIE & LADOSTE

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HURSDAY, MAY 26, 1910.

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SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY .- Established March 6th, 1856; incorporated 1863; Meets in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander street, first Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officers: Monday of the month. Committee meets last Wednesday. Officters : Rev. Chaplain, Vev. Gerald Mc-Shahe, P.P.; President, Mr. H. J. Kavanagh, K.C.; 1st Vice-Presi-dent, Mr. J. C. Walsh; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. W. Durack; Corres-ponding Secretary, Mr. T. C. Ber-pingham: Recording Secretary, Mr. ingham; Recording Secretary, Mr P. T. Tansey; Asst. Recording Se-cretary, Mr. M. E. Tansey; Mar-shal, Mr. P. Lloyd, Asst. Mar-shal, Mr. P. Connolly.

Synopsis of Canadian North-West

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS ANY even numbered section of Demi-sion Land in Manitoba, Sastoniche-man and Alberta, excepting 8 and 96, sof reserved, may be homesteaded by say person who is the sole head of a built of a section set. may person who is the sole head of a hamily, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter soc-tion of 160 acres, more or less. Entry must be made personally at he local land office for the district. Entry by proxy may, however, be made on certain conditions by the made on certain conditions by the mether, mother, son, daughter, bro-her or sister of an intending bome-feader.

toader is required to per-

under one of the following (1) At least als months

(1) At least are months resultance apon and cultivation of the land in such yoar for three years, (2) If the father (or mother, if is father is deceased) of the homo-moder resides upon a farm in this identity of the land entered for, the ministed hy such person reading with the father or mother. (3) If the wetter has his perma-tion residence upon farming hands must be father or mother. (3) If the wetter has his perma-tion residence any he matisfied by rest-fute the residence as to relate you made hand. Mix morths' notice in verting

te gives the Commissioner of the Lands at Otherwa of the Deputy Minister of the Interior. R.B.-Unawtherized publication of a advertisement will not be paid



I. IS THIS DEATH? The last thing I seemed to remem-ber was Father — pressing the cru-cifux to my quivering inps. Every-body and everything around me was blurred and shadowy. I knew my mother was in the room and by my side, for her feverish hand glowed within the damp and chilly coldness of mine. There was a feeling of stiffness and numbness creeping over my limbs and body, a heaviness over the eyelids, and at long and painful intervals heavily drawn and labored breathings came from the chest. I just remember the begin-ning of the last—it seemed to break off in a fit of faintness, for all then became very dark and very still. I. IS THIS DEATH?

II. WHITHER?

II. WHITHER? Up-up-up! I seemed to be soar-ing through clouds of wondrous bril-liancy, dazzling in their radiancy. All was hazy, vaporous, and dark beneath. On either side of me was an angel, with wings expanded, clothed in soft, white, trailing robes, with golden bands encircling their brows. Their hands, outstretched, seemed more to be guiding my body than supporting it. I scanned with awesome and furtive glance their bright, pure faces. That of the one on my left wore a stern, cold, im-passive air, while that of the angel on my left wore a stern, cold, im-passive air, while that of the angel on my right, whose presence I felt to be closer than that of the one on my left, bore a sad and anxious expression. My lips sought to give utterance to what was agitating my mind--Whither were they taking me? but they seemed sealed. Again I glanced at those mystic countenances and through my eyes I sought to ask what my lips refused to do. The angel on my left gave no sign; his visage remained inscrutable. The one on my right raised a finger to

The angel on my left gave no sign; his visage remained inscrutable. The one on my right raised a finger to his lips and gravely, nay, sadly, in-clined his head onwards. Yet there was solace in the glo-rious, radiant light through which we floated; solace in the darkness beneath, fast fading from our sight. Surely we were leaving all sorrow and suffering behind. I wondered, wondered in a half-dreamy, dazed condition, where purgatory could be. It could not be very close, for the air was balmy and buoyant, the temperature was mild and soft. Yet, that sad, pensive expression on the face of the angel on my right was a disturbing factor in this restful re-verie of mine, nor was there any consolation to be derived from the impassive features of the one on my left. There was no doubt that I was sin good, if somewhat sad, com-pany. Somehow their faces did not lead me to think that they shared this feeling.

III. A CHANGE OF SCENE. Imperceptibly we glided from these clouds of dazzling brilliancy into those of vivid violet, at first lus-trous and luminous, but momentaritrous and luminous, but momentari-ly closing in upon us and shutting out the glorious sunshine. They grew in intensity and depth as if the hea-vens were veiled for Lent. Suddenly, we ceased to move. Two angels barred the way to what appeared to be arifit in the purple pall enshroud-ing us. There came through its va-porous mists occasional gleams of ang us. There came through us in porcus mists occasional gleams of deep yellow light-not a gladsome light, but a dim, awe-inspiring light. Again my eyes sought those of celestial guides. The one on celestial guides. The one on my left was conversing with the two barring our further progress. The one on my right was still close to me, and even now pensive, gazing at me from time to time with sad and concerned mien. But there was something soft and sympathizing in those bright, gentle cyes as they left mine to gaze into the rift in the clouds before us.

me was slowly unclasped, and on its contents my eyes were instinctively and instantly riveted. Then flashed before me with a vividness and dis-tinctness of actual life pictures of startling interest and realism. . . . There is a puny infant receiving a mother's first kiss, as she lies pale and weak in bed, with strength scarce sufficient to make the sign of the cross on the puckered little forehead, and to pass over that scarce summers on the puckered little forehead, and to pass over that lumpy, podgy little neck a white and blue ribbon with Our Lady's medal attached. . . There is the interior of a church; in long robe of creamy whiteness trimmed with silken ribof a church; in long robe of creat whiteness trimmed with silken ... i bons of skyblue hue, with neck 4 chest bared, he is seen held over baptismal font to be made a ... of the church size of the semath

baptismal font to be made a child of Holy Church. . . . Something was dropped into the scales. The one of lead rose slowly, as that of gold sank gently. The angel of the book with spotless leaves was writing. . . . The infant has become the child in the following picture. He kneels beside his mother's knee, his tiny hands clasped together, held in hers, and his little resy lips are prettily lisping out a prayer that God may make him a good boy, and "bless dear dadda and mamma." . . Again something is dropped into the scales and the golden one sinks gent-ly lower. . . Again they are to-methor. ly lower. . . . Again they are to-gether. He is seated on her lap, his a. . . Again in church, beside confessional, his little loving, cent heart full of sorrow for the

the contessional, his little loving, innocent heart full of sorrow for childhood's waywardness, aglow with hope and confidence in the sweet and gentle mercy and com-passion of his Saviour. His mother kneels behind him, her eyes bathed in tears, with soul and heart united in kneels behind him, her eyes Dathed in tears, with soul and heart united in

beseching the Divine Redeemer to watch over and guide that boy of hers through life's perilous journey. . . Again the golden scale sinks as the child leaves the confessional, and the angel of the book with spot-less leaves is busy writing.

VI. CREEPING SHADOWS.

Picture succeeds picture, revealing incidents long lost to memory. He leaves home for college, struggling to keep back the tears which those streaming down being which those to keep back the tears which those streaming down his mother's sweet, sad face force to his, notwithstand-ing all he does to try to be, as his father bids him be, a man. He is at college now, where little troubles, trials and temptations come first as creeping shadows o'er the bright and joyous pictures of schoolboy life. But soon to be shadows no longer, but specks like unto those of dust and dirt, dimming and blurring the sunshine of a life but yesterday so pure and full of promise. The angel of the scales is busier now. Alas! the golden scale rises; the one of the angel of the book of gruesome streaming down his mother's sweet lead sinks slowly but surely, and the angel of the book of gruesome yellow tint is writing fast. Through the violet, vaporous mist, close to the angel of the scale, a horrid face of cadaverous hue looms into sight. of cadaverous nue looms into sight. His eyes are of fire, fierce and pierc-ing in the awful intensity with which they watch the rise and fall of the swaying scales. Now aglow with devilish glee, as weight after weight falls into the fast-descending loaden scale, now herfolly closing leaden scale; now hatfully glaring, as the golden scale seeks feebly to sink. Look on that face I cannot, I dare not; I turn again in fear and trembling to that endless, pitiless picture-record of my life.

VII. GATHERING OF THE CLOUDS.

THE TRUE WITNES ... ND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

IX. LEADER SKIES.

Still are the pages turning. Dark-or and darker do they become. Few-er atc the rits of light in the clouds, of gathering and growing darkness. Scarce a thought of God, scarce one for His service and His poor, illum-ine hose pages, solid and stained for the service and ris poor, hum-ine those pages, soiled and stained, of my fast-passing life. All for self -self-self! Time and money. Of the latter there dribbles occasionally a loose coin, spared and given to some good cause. to some importunate Scarce a picture passes but it brings before the mind and eye

not, mar the pleasure of the hour.
Scarce a picture passes but it
brings beford the mind and eye
countless phases of suffering, sorrow and distress. The answer, heartlossly, callously, returned to the entreadices and appeals poured in upon
me from warm, generous souls whose
hearts beat for those whose lives
are embittered, endangered and broken through the sins, wrong-doing,
and misfortunes of others is: "Yory
true, very sad, doubtless, but not
quite in my line." It is writ clear
across those pitcous calls for help in
the saving of a soul; the snatching
of a young and promising life from
vice and sin; the relieving of an
honest but ill-starred family from
the degradation of the workhouse;
the brightening of a sick bed with a
cheery word and a timely gift.
"Not in my line." Money! Yes-lif
there is any left from last night's
distractions and enough for to-day's.
Still more do these pictures reveal.
They show that the heart has not
only grown cold and callous in charity towards the yoing and sorrowing;
against the warnings of friends, true
and steadfast. Deaf to all. Defiant
to everybody. All, is yet self-nothing but self.
X. A RIFT IN THE-STORM.
But one more picture remains. It
shows me on my bed of sickness,
racked with bodily pain, distranget
with mental anguish. There's light
at last. Oh, God be thanked! It
inerges

with mental anguish. There's light at last. Oh, God be thanked! It at last. Oh, God be thanked pierces that fearsome darkness comes from the crucifix held to my. lips by Father —. It falls upon my mother, as, with head bowed down, fervent, sobbing prayers leave her lips that God may yet be mer-ciful.

XI. THE STORM.

XI. THE STORM. The book is closed. Those scales, how hang they? No need to look. A yell of fiendish glee bursts in upon the solemn illence. That hide-ous, cadaverous face breaks through the vaporous mists, with long, bony arms outstretched towards me, and in a voice of thander hurls forth: "He's mine! he's mine! Look! Look! The scale doth give him to me." All heads are bowed down. All eyes turned from me save those of the monster as he advances un-checked to clutch me. Back, back I reel. I sink, and sinking, feel the firm, strong grip of the angel by my side, and then-

"Come in. What, is that you, Fa-ther —? It is but seldom you fa-vor me with a visit. Pray sit dowr."

you it is generally a waste of time. To beg is not quite so forlorn a hope. Tim Cochrane has just died.

Sleep was Impossible ALMOST DRIVEN TO DESPAIR UN-TIL CURED WITH USE OF

Oh, I know, you don't know him. He was the door-keeper at my church, collector for the Crusade of Children fund, a member of the Holy Family, besides being one of the best workers I had in the Boys' Club, Well, poor fellow, 'he has gone. God rest his soul! Every spare moment he gave really to God in one good work or another. His steady, stead-fast observance of his self-imposed duties was praiseworthy in the ex-treme and productive of good that few can realize. A truer, more ge-nerous-hearted Catholic never breath-ed. "He leaves a sick wife-put up

ed. "He leaves a sick wife-put up your purse for a Licment and hear me out-and five children; the eldest eight, the youngest six months. Something must be done for them. The mother, unfortunately, is not a Catholic, nor are her people. They have offered to provide for three of the children, but that means they will lose their faith. Poor Tim would turn in his grave if they went there, and I could never look him in the face in heaven if I let them go there. He .begged hard enough for other little children, destitute and in danger of losing their faith, in his lifetime; we cannot do less for his, now that he is dead and their faith is at stake. Our Rescue Society will take the children, and we must help our St. Vincent de Paul So-ciety in the relief they intend to grant to poor Mrs. Cochrane. Now you can open your purse."

grant to poor MIS. Cochrane. Now you can open your purse." "So Tim Cochrane found time to give you practically all his Sunday mornings and evenings; also to cov-er a collecting district; also to at-tend the Holy Family once a week; also to give a band in the memory. also to give a hand in the manage-ment of your Boys' Club? Who is going to take his place? You'll miss him, I should think."

Miss him—yes—heaven knows all. There are not many 7 shall. Tim Cochranes in my parish. more's the pity.

'Are the duties hard?" "Hard? "Hard? Not if the heart is in the work. It is not the work for a self-ish man to think of, nor for a man ish man to think of, nor for a man who seeks praise and prestige, but it is one in which much good may be done in a quiet, unostentaticus way -good to the man who does it and good to those for whom he does it. Well, what will you give me?" "I will give you something every month, regularly. More than that, if you care to have me, I will take poor Tim's collecting round and hes If you care to have me, I will take poor Tim's collecting round, and his place in the Holy Family Contrater-nity and at the Boys' Club. If I come a cropper you have but to send me about my pusiness-but 1'il stick to it until you do." "You must be joking? All this is not in your line. You have so often told me."

told me. "Quite true, it was not, but I hope to make it 'my line.'" "But will you, as you say you will, stick to it? No good will be

will, stick to it? No good will be done by taking up all these things only to chuck them a week or two later. Good resolutions, you know, are easily made, easily broken." "Yes, Father, I know. They quick-ly fade and wither away as flowers on a graveside, but these of mine shall not wither and fade away this time, nlease God-you and L belging.

time, please God-you and I helping. Come, I will walk back with you to the presbytery. You shall hear that dream of mine, and you will then agree with me that it is not the liver that is out of order.

That Speech in the Sorbonne.

Father Phelan, of the Western Watchman, has his view concerning Teddy Roosevelt's visit to France and his speech in the Sorbonne. We say the good priest-editor "has his view," but it is one we like. He deals with the Mighty Hunter of America (and Zululand) as fol-lows: lows:

"Our Teddy is incorrigible. The man the Pope cannot reform is be-yond reclamation. That was a piping hot speech he made to the piping hot speech he made to the French over in Paris. We are glad it was spoken. Every word of it was true, and every sentiment was driven home. France was told that she was murdering her innocents. She was charged with a tyrannical contempt of the rights of the mi-nority. She was held up to scorn for her persecution of the Church and her intolerance of religious opi-nion. The present Republic had her guilty conscience ruthlessly examin-TIL CURED WITH USE OF DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD No symptom of nervous prostra-tion is more to be dreaded than the inability to sleep. Man can exist for considerable time without food, but without sleep, and the restora-tion which it beings, he soon be-comes a mental and physical wreck. When you cannot sleep and rest look to the nervous system and re-member that lasting cure can only be obtained from such treatment as Dr. Chase's Nerve Food. Mr. Wm. Graham, Atwood, Ont., writes: --''My wife had been ill for some time with nervous prostration and we had two of the best doc-tors we could get, but neither of them did her any good. She gra-dually became worse and worse, could not sleep, and lost energy and intorest in life. She was a longt writes in first box my wife used we noticed an improvement and afthe for him the sorrow, not of a day but of a lifetime. The Fope has a companion in misery now. The German Emperor is trying to get from Teddy some pledge or promise that he will not speak in favor of universal disarma-ment during his stay in Berlin. The Kaiser is bending might and main to build up a navy squal to that of dingland. The were proparations of Germany are the bugbear of Eu-rope. The Socialists of the Tather-iand are crying out against the crushing load of taration made ne-cessary by the shormous military budget. Will Teddy throw the weight of his your and prestige

AT WORK IN 3 WEEKS \$4 Worth of Father Morriscy's "No. 7" Cured Her of Inflammatory Rheumatism.

Mrs.Agnes Edgar, of Grand Falls, N. B., had a terrible time with Inflammatory Rheumatism. Anyone who has had this most painful disease will understand her suffering — and her joy when she found Father Morrisor's "No. 7" had cured her. She says:

"Itook Father Morriscy's Prescription for Inflammatory Rheumatism. I had suffered everything with it, but in three weeks after starting Father Morriscy's Prescription I was able to do my work, and after taking four dollars worth of medicine I was well. I highly recom-mend it any sufferer with Rheumatism."

mend it any sufferer with Rheumatism." Rheumatism comes from bad kidneys. The poisonous Uric Acid which they should remove stays in the blood, accumulates in joints and muscles, and ccauses agony. Father Morriscy's "No.7" puts the kidneys right, removes the Uric Acid from the blood and the whole system, and curres the Rheumatism. soc. a box at your dealer's, or from Father Morriscy Medicine Co. Ltd., Chatham, N.B. 63

with the Kaiser's political enemies? That is what a hundred secret agents of the imperial court are trying to find out. But Teddy will not permit any restrictions to be placed on his conduct in Berlin or Rome. He is the enfant terrible of the world; will William make him subside as did Pius? When on one occasion the King of England had Sheridan with him at table he ex-pected the Irishman to entertain the comparty with his matchless wit and wonderful repartee. Sheridan was glum and refused to be drawn out; whereupon the King slapped him in the face. Not in the least ruffled the Irishman slapped his next neigh-bor, in like manner, and told him to "pass it on; His Majesty sent it." Teddy slapped the Young Egyptians in Cairo; he cuffed the Methodists in Rome; he jabbed the French in Paris -will the treat be passed on to the Germans? Like O'Loughlin, we cannot go bail for Teddy's good be-havior, and however much we should regret a refusal of the Kaiser to see him, we do not see how without a previous pledge an audience can be him, we do not see how without a previous pledge an audience can be accorded. After the visit to Ber-lin we can form a better estimate of Teddy's independence. But if he de, livers his lecture to the phlegmatic Teutons he can come home with the proud boast that he bearded the po-litical European lions in their royal dens, just as he brought down the dens, just as he brought down the African lions in their jungles: but one regret he will carry to his grave, and that is, he missed the chance of his life to lecture the Pope. Opportunity knocked at Teddy's door once, and then passed on never to return more."

King Edward's Visit to French Nuns

Last week it was noted that a fortnight before his death King Ed-ward was a visitor at Lourdes, where his respectful attitude made a very favorable impression upon the pilgrims assembled there. During the same sojourn in the South of France, the late monarch of Eng-land visitod the Monastery of Notro Dame at Anjlet. His Majesty was most anxious to know all the de-tails of the community life, and was extremely kind and gracious in his manner. The superioress show-ed the King the chapel and the workrooms where embroidery is so skilfully executed by the nuns and interested the royal visitor by ex-hibiting various articles in fur made by the Sisters after directions given to them by the late Queen Victoria. Her Majesty then remarked the fine white rabbits of which the commu-nity possessed such a large number, and she inquired what was done with the fur of these animals. Mo-ther Isabelle said it was sold as a thing of little value, whereupon the Queen herself gave the community full instructions as to how the fur could be converted into most useful articles suitable for wear. Since then the nuns, by following these directions, have been most successful in manufacturing ties and stoles out of the fur of the rabbits. in manufacturing ties and stoles out

XII. AWAKENING. "I am afraid I have awakened you "Yell, yes, I was asleep, and dream again if I lived a hundred

F HABIT.

reak your engage-school-teacher?"

show up at her , she expected me excuse signed by

PROCESS.

rited one day, title five-year-old a saving diposi-put her pennies her educated, to t into violent ed, "I won't be "Hurts?" I you mean?" "I "they take as ur arm and it take my money

DE DATE.

lie, tell us one nts in Roman a the date. y went to Egypt with Cleopatra.

SELF RAISING FLOUR Brodie's Celebrated Self-Raising Flour

A the Original and the Best. A Premium given for the empty bags returned to our Office. Bleury Street. Montreal.

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Let the children drink all they want. Health-ful, autoritious, delightful Absolutely pure. That rich choosints flavor. Vory communicat.

V. PIOTURES OF THE PAST-

VIII. A RAY OF SUNSHINE. Will they never cease? Is there no bright spot to relieve those madden-ing, torturing pictures of the past? Eh, here comes one-all bright and light. What does it reveal? A deathede A sister's. Yee, I re-member. Her life was one long agony, borne with sweet patience and ever smilling face. It is over now. She lies there at rest with the rosary I gave har clasped in those thin, cold fingers that so often told those beads for me. I am at her bedde, so bling as I never so the before and never since. Her long, loving prayer has at length been heard, though not on earth does she hear those promises of mins. Pro-mises made! Expt? As the flowers on her grave faded and withered away, so did these promises fade and wither away.

Nerve Food. "From the first box my wife used we noticed an improvement and af-ter using six boxes she is complete-ly cured and as well as ever she was, eats well, sleeps well, and feels fully restored. I cannot say too much in praise of this valuable medicine for I believe my wife owes her life to its use."

ase." In the second sec

directions, have been most successful in manufacturing ties and stoles out of the fur of the rabbits. At the conclusion of his visit to the Monastery of Notre Dame his Majesty walked across to the con-vent of the Bernardines. On the occasion of Queen Victo-ria's visit to this convent she ar-rived as the nuns were going to Ves-pers. She assisted at the office, and was so impressed by the chant-ing of the Litany that she asked the Sisters to send her a copy of the music. She then visited the chapel known as "La Chapelle de Pallle," and prayed there also. A tablet recalls this fact, and it also states that the chapel has been likewise vi-sited by the Emperor Napoleon IIL. The Sisters of the Bernardine com-munity were presented to the King. Canon Etchebarne explained to his majesty the rule they follow, and that they observed a perpetual si-lence. At the conclusion of the nums as follows: "The King of England has graci-dear Sisters of his family." The King of England has graci-torial wisit the canon addressed the nums as follows: "The King of England has graci-dear Sisters in the members leave to him and all his family." The Bernardines then kneit down and kissed the ground, a custom of the order when the members leave to humility touched King Edward visby, and many of his suite were also deeply moved and impressed.

Worms say the strength and dormins the vitality of child Strengthen them by using Mo Graves' Worm Exterminator to d out the parasites.