

HOUSE AND HOME

Conducted by Helene.

AN ICE STORM FOR THE CHRISTMAS DINNER TABLE.

By wires suspend a round wire netting from the chandelier to hang just below it. This should be wound with Southern moss. From every section of the wire hangs the graceful "Christmas silver rain," which may be thought for fifteen cents a box. Every now and then a glass icicle gives body to the "ice scene." From the central part of the wire hangs a bunch of mistletoe tied with a silver ribbon, a round mirror as the centerpiece reflecting its berries. The mirror should be edged with the moss, also. Green and white china should be used, but no candlesticks, as the light must be from above. White roses at the men's places are drawn through one corner of dainty Christmas cards, which bear each guest's name. Sprays of mistletoe tied with a knot of silver ribbon, through which is twisted a bone hair pin, will cause some merriment.—The Christmas Woman's Home Companion.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS.

Everybody is busy now with Christmas work, and a few suggestions picked up in various places may be found acceptable.

A few of the smaller ones are: Book marks made of satin ribbon, with sprays of flowers hand-painted at the top; pin cushions of sheer Indian linen done in shadow embroidery; match holders, devised by crocheting a cup to hold a plain medicine glass; dusters with hemstitched ends; iron holders, dusting caps, handkerchiefs, collar-and-cuff sets, etc.

All kinds of bags are greatly in demand, and never come amiss to the lover of dainty accessories. None is more appreciated by the average woman than the corset bag. One of these daintily embroidered bags of silk or linen, with a little sachet tucked away in one corner of it, will make a charming present for a woman who loves to have dainty belongings.

The Racks for Men.—A present that will be greatly appreciated by a man is a tie rack. This may be mounted on card-board instead of tiny penny calendars neatly tacked on. They may be secured stamped at any of the fancy-work stores or departments. A pretty idea is to have a sofa pillow and tie rack made to match.

Calendars.—Calendars always make acceptable gifts. Embroidered calendars in the Dutch boy and girl designs are extremely popular and effective. Or, if desired, they may be painted on card-board and tiny penny calendars neatly tacked on. They may be secured stamped at any of the fancy-work stores or departments. A pretty idea is to have a sofa pillow and tie rack made to match.

Large Shopping Bags.—Large shopping bags made of some serviceable material, built for practical service rather than beauty, are always welcome gifts to the business woman or the woman who shops.

They are shown this season made of heavy linen decorated in conventional designs or with braid stitching. If desired, they may be fashioned of black canvas.

Household Lists.—Laundry lists, grocery lists and telephone lists may be attractively worked out in embroidery. They should hang in some convenient place near the desk or in the kitchen, and for that reason should be worked out in a more practical way, strong blues or browns being used in preference to the reds.

Laundry Bags.—Laundry bags are unusually attractive this year in their numerous humorous and artistic designs. They are all made so that they may be sent to the tub frequently, and if decorated with embroidery the design is so simple that it will easily launder.

Opera and Work Bags.—Opera and work bags are easily made, and are acceptable gifts to nearly every one. They are made of silk and linen, and usually decorated in the pastel shades of embroidery cottons or silks. They come ready for work in scores of styles. They are very reasonable as to price.

A Coat Hanger.—Buy a wire coat hanger, cover it with cotton on which has been sprinkled some sachet powder, and wind thread or string around it, so as to keep it in place. Cut one and one half yards of wide ribbon into two even pieces. Fold one half so that the ends meet, and shirr it on both edges, and slip one end of the hanger through it. Do the same with the other half of the ribbon, and cover the other half of the hanger in the same way. Wind an inch-wide ribbon around the hook and finish with little bows or tassels.

A Skirt Hanger.—A skirt hanger, which may be bought for a quarter, is wound with satin ribbon, with a little cluster of sachet bags hanging from the center hook.

NEGRO GIRL A SCULPTOR.
The Literary Digest tells the story of a negro girl whose sculpture

winning her a place among the geniuses of our time. At the Jamestown Exposition her work was a feature. Miss Meta Vaux Warrick is a descendant of slaves. She is especially pleased with the knowledge that royal African blood runs in her veins. Her great-great-grandmother was an African princess. Her father was a barber and her mother a hairdresser. Miss Warrick obtained her preliminary education in the public schools of Philadelphia. Showing some talent for drawing, she did not discover her genius for sculpture until her public school work was about completed. She devoted this talent three years later in Paris. Mr. William Francis O'Donnell writes an attractive paper on Miss Warrick in the November number of The World To-day. He tells of her first visit to Paris and of her initial visit to Vodin. As the writer tells it:

A bright summer afternoon six years ago, a little negro girl who had spent two discouraging years as an art student in Paris, walked out toward one of the pretty residences suburbs, Meudon, carrying a bundle which contained photographs of some of her finished pieces of sculpture and one clay sketch of an old man eating his heart out. "Silent Sorrow" she called this rather lugubrious production. She reached a fine villa with big shade trees all about it and the most fascinating brass knocker on the street door. She stood demurely contemplating this for a space, then pulled it, and asked of the kind lady who opened the door, "Is Mr. Rodin at home?" It was the residence of the great master whom the critics of Europe were then proclaiming, as they are more persistently now, the Michael Angelo of his age.

"Yes," she was told by Madame Rodin, "he is expecting you; go right out to the garden." There she found the sculptor sitting on a bench under his favorite tree, smoking. Tremblingly the girl watched him as he passed photograph after photograph over in his hands—for she had come to hear judgment on her artistic hopes—and noted with a sinking heart that his manner spelled disapproval. Without speaking he handed the pictures back. She prepared to go. But she had forgotten to show him the clay sketch, and now held it forth, timorously, almost certain that it would prove the last straw on the master's patience. Mechanically he turned the bit of clay this way and that, to view it at different angles. Gradually his squinting eyes parted wider. He ran his fingers along the muscles of the old man's back. Something in it had claimed his attention. Then—was it a dream or reality?—he walked over to where she stood, laid a fatherly hand on her shoulder, and, with bearded face beaming, said:

"My child, you are a sculptor; you have the sense of form!"

Six years have passed, and to-day that negro girl, Meta Vaux Warrick, descendant of slaves, is unquestionably one of the leading women sculptors of the United States. More than this, with a record of two strong pieces in the Salon in a single year, she has had the honor of seeing some of her work compared in the French press to that of Rodin himself. But this she terms scribble.

Be There a Will, Wisdom Points the Way.—The sick man pines for relief, but he dislikes sending for the doctor, which means bottles of drugs never consumed. He has not the resolution to load his stomach with compounds which smell villainously and taste worse. But if he have the will to deal himself with his ailment, wisdom will direct his attention to Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which, as a specific for indigestion and disorders of the digestive organs, have no equal.

THREE MASSES AT CHRISTMAS.

The practice of celebrating three masses had its origin in Rome. It was so old at the beginning of the sixth century that the "Liber Pontificalis" compiled at the time, referred it to Pope Telesphorus of the second century. The very old Mass books, called the Gelasian and Gregorian, "Sacramentaries," contain each three Masses for the day. Anciently they were said at the same time and in the order in which they are prescribed in the Missal—i.e., at midnight, before the aurora, and after sunrise.

We know that in the sixth century, and probably earlier, the Pope was wont to say these three Masses at St. Mary's Major, St. Anastasia's (whose feast occurred that day, and which is still commemorated in the second Mass), and at St. Peter's. Curiously enough, the preface of the Nativity, several collects, and many parts of the Masses remain identical by what they were fourteen hundred years ago, so jealous is the Church of her liturgy and so capable of preserving it from substantial alteration.

JEWELRY CATALOG

Just a few examples are here shown from the new edition of our 88 page

M65 Fine quadruple plate berry spoon..... \$2.00	M68 Fine quadruple plate cold meat fork..... \$1.50
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THE HOLY INNOCENTS IN LITERATURE.

Of the English writers of modern times there is none who has paid such homage to the infant martyrs as the gentle Keble. In his "Miscellaneous Poems," there is a charming poem called "The Innocents' Day." Keble also translated the Salvator Flores Martirum of the Roman Breviary, but his translation has not the charm of Caswall's. In the "Christian Year" it is to be expected that such a feast should not be passed over by his muse. One of his longest poems is written on that subject.

Cardinal Newman has a beautiful sermon for the feast on "The Mind of Little Children"; and Father Faber in several of his books, especially in "Bethlehem" pays homage to the child martyrs in prose that is kin to poetry. He tells us that the great St. Francis de Sales died reiterating the invocation of the Holy Innocents. It is a surprise, however, to look through Faber's poems and hymns and not find a verse on the little heroes he loved so devotedly.

How the subject must appeal to the heart of the mother who understands the grief of that first martyrdom; yet the women poets have passed it by without a line. Mrs. Browning, Mrs. Hemans, Miss Proctor—how beautifully could they have voiced the lamentations of Rachel who would not be comforted, but they are silent.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt, in December Donahoe's.

and grace, The Season of Redemption draweth nigh.

Summer joys perish and its roses fall,
Yet steadfast shines the Christmas Star to guide
The soul where Mary stands
Lifting adoring hands,
The "Gift Unspeakable" with us
She brings the gift unchangeable of all.

One of the greatest blessings to parents is Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator. It effectually expels worms and gives health in a marvellous manner to the little ones.

LITERARY REVIEW.

MODERNISM AND THE BIBLE AS DEFINED IN CATHOLIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, VOL. 2

It may not be the fault of the average Catholic layman if recent non-Catholic newspaper talk has somewhat confused and bewildered him as to the Pope's recent Encyclical on "Modernism." In this rushing age the average layman can hardly be expected to make a profound and exhaustive study of the Encyclical itself and the history of the Nineteenth century thought which led up to it, which would be necessary to reach any clear and well-defined idea as to what "Modernism" really means. The thing meant seems, in

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AN IRISH SISTER POET.

Was there ever a poet who could not write excellent prose if he condescended to employ that humbler medium for the expressions of his thoughts? Denis Florence MacCarthy's prose style was delightful, and so was his holy daughter's. The longest sample of it is "A Saint Among Saints." Like the rest of her work, especially in prose, the theme was not of her own choosing. A kind friend of the convent, whose name was Emily, thought that St. Emmelia was her namesake, though her name would rather come from the Latin Aemilia; and Sister Mary Stanislaus was ordered to become the biographer of the Greek saint. Her close connection with such interesting saints as Basil and Gregory helped Sister Stanislaus to make a very interesting book out of very scanty materials. Newman's "Church of the Fathers," was her chief inspiration, and this suggested the ambitious idea of begging a few lines of preface from the great Cardinal. With this object I submitted the work to him, with no result but a very kind No, ending with "The Life" is beautifully written and full of interest. The preceding year (June 21, 1881) he had written to the same intermediary: "I thank you as well as the authoress for the touching and beautiful sonnets which you assign to myself what she so lovingly says of me; but it is a great thing to have the sympathy and the prayers of such a one, and it assures me that, as the inevitable terminus comes nearer and nearer, I shall have her good thoughts and warm interest more and more."

fact, to be rather a diffused taint in the intellectual atmosphere than any compact body of doctrine: the Modernists, says the Holy Father, "present their doctrines without order and systematic arrangement into one whole, scattered and disjointed." And yet there is a solid nucleus to this impalpable noxious vapor of Modernism. The nebula seems to thicken around and about the field of sacred letters where the exegesis of some Catholic scholars has been far too accommodating to the modern spirit of scepticism. The new volume, the second, of the Catholic Encyclopedia, comes opportunely to summarize and illustrate our position in the matter of Pius X. and "Modernism." Those whose function it is to watch over the safety of God's flocks have long since perceived that here was a danger for which the Great Shepherd must immediately find a remedy. The article "Biblical Commission," in this volume, tells, within the relatively small compass of one page, how that body was constituted by Papal authority in 1901, to investigate the menacing conditions, and to suggest a remedy; it tells of the personnel, the official authority and the work of that one, clearly and tersely written page is as the beam of a great searchlight striking through the fog which our non-Catholic contemporaries have raised. So much for clear instruction; for illustration the same volume gives us, among others, of similar scope, an article entitled "Biblical Antiquities," eight pages—which in years to come will serve to mark the degree of enlightened freedom fairly sanctioned by the Church in Old Testament exegesis. Let no good Catholic with this volume before him be afraid that Pius X. is going to "turn off the light" which modern research has afforded to article and those on "Assyria," "Babylonia" and "Babel" (all by the same author, the Rev. Dr. Gabriel Quastler), give ample assurance that in our day, as heretofore, the Catholic Church can afford to tolerate a proper freedom of criticism in her exegesis in perfect consistency with her own inflexible principles.

THE GIFT UNSPEAKABLE.

Summer brings roses and the gift of song,
Glimpses of loveliness beyond compare,
While vision exquisite,
With summer's smile is lit,
A dream of happiness complete and rare,
And hopes sterns that to the heart belong.

And yet the flower must fade—the song shall die,
Sweet dream to stern reality give place,
And winter's gloom aright,
With fear of death's dark night,
Then fairer far than summer's gifts

fact, to be rather a diffused taint in the intellectual atmosphere than any compact body of doctrine: the Modernists, says the Holy Father, "present their doctrines without order and systematic arrangement into one whole, scattered and disjointed." And yet there is a solid nucleus to this impalpable noxious vapor of Modernism. The nebula seems to thicken around and about the field of sacred letters where the exegesis of some Catholic scholars has been far too accommodating to the modern spirit of scepticism. The new volume, the second, of the Catholic Encyclopedia, comes opportunely to summarize and illustrate our position in the matter of Pius X. and "Modernism." Those whose function it is to watch over the safety of God's flocks have long since perceived that here was a danger for which the Great Shepherd must immediately find a remedy. The article "Biblical Commission," in this volume, tells, within the relatively small compass of one page, how that body was constituted by Papal authority in 1901, to investigate the menacing conditions, and to suggest a remedy; it tells of the personnel, the official authority and the work of that one, clearly and tersely written page is as the beam of a great searchlight striking through the fog which our non-Catholic contemporaries have raised. So much for clear instruction; for illustration the same volume gives us, among others, of similar scope, an article entitled "Biblical Antiquities," eight pages—which in years to come will serve to mark the degree of enlightened freedom fairly sanctioned by the Church in Old Testament exegesis. Let no good Catholic with this volume before him be afraid that Pius X. is going to "turn off the light" which modern research has afforded to article and those on "Assyria," "Babylonia" and "Babel" (all by the same author, the Rev. Dr. Gabriel Quastler), give ample assurance that in our day, as heretofore, the Catholic Church can afford to tolerate a proper freedom of criticism in her exegesis in perfect consistency with her own inflexible principles.

Donahoe's FOR DECEMBER.

The Christmas number of Donahoe's Magazine keeps the season constant in view—the pictures, articles, poems and stories for the greater part treat of the festival of goodwill and cheer.

The opening poem, "A King in Disgrace," by the Rev. P. J. Cormican, S.J., is followed by an illustrated article on "The Holy Innocents," written by the Rev. Hugh F. Blunt.

Other features of timely interest are "The Mass in Many Lands," by James Byrne; "The Fisherman's Hospital Ship," by the Rev. Edward P. Curran; "The Sanctuary of the World of Art," by the Rev. J. P. Conry, and "Poets I have Known," by the Rev. Matthew Russell, S.J.

"The Last Dance," by Katharine Tynan-Hinson, and "What Tom Delan Said," by Grace Keon, are short stories that will find many readers, as will also the Christmas poems by Mary West, Amadeo, S.F.P., Anna C. Doyle, and Mary Olga Gallagher.

"In the Struggle for Religious Liberty in France," Rev. Francis A. Cunningham takes up the framing of the Concordat, and relates the history of the negotiations between Pius VII. and Napoleon. "The Diary of an Exiled Nun," discloses a touching chapter in convent life. Another series of papers, "The Story of Columbus Knighthood," by Charles S. O'Neill, tells of the founding of the Knights of Columbus by the Rev. Michael McGivney, a quarter of a century ago.

There is an excellent review department, and much other matter to meet the requirement of all classes of readers.

WITH THE POETS

"BETHLEHEM."

Near Bethlehem, long years ago,
The Scripture doth unfold,
Shepherds watched their flocks at night
To guard them as of old.

"Behold an Angel of the Lord"
Stood by them, dazzling bright;
Fear seized upon the shepherds at
This wonder of the night.

Rapturous notes were faintly heard,
Resounding through the air,
And gladsome words of happy song
Are voiced by angels fair.

"Glory be to God on high,
Peace to men of good will."
This night is born a Saviour
Whose love shall all souls fill.

Then shepherds marvel'd at these words,
Their wonder knew no bounds,
As the heavens above re-echoed
The glad celestial sounds.

And now the shepherds speed their way
To find the Infant dear,
Hastening through the star-lit night
No longer doubt or fear.

They reach the City of David,
And find the lowly place
Where God the Son is resting—
His Mother—full of grace.

They offer Him their reverence,
And from His Mother's breast
He looks upon them lovingly,
As if to ask their quest.

Into their souls He poured His grace,
A priceless, loving gift,
That ever good from out the world
They may have grace to sift.

The shepherds hastened to their flocks,
Proclaiming as they went
The sights and wonders they had seen
The blissful night they'd spent.
—F. G. Dwight.

WHEREIN CONSISTETH PERFECT JOY.

From the Italian of Enrico Panzocchi, by Viola Vernon Sutter.
One day Francis, with a friar his brother,
Deep in discourse journeyed to Perugia,
"Leo, my brother, O thou sheep of God,
Listen attentive: Though the humble friar,
Should understand the motion of the stars,
Should all the subtle, secret virtues know
Of stones, and flowing waters, and of trees;
Though he interpret well the hidden tongues
Of animals, creation's lower horde,
And of all birds inhabiting the air,
Know, in all this is not fullness of joy."

Then, when they walked a space in silence, he said:
"Leo, my brother, of the sheep of God,
Listen and heed me: Though the humble friar
Should understand and know all hidden tongues
Of all the ancient people and the new,
And though he gain all wisdom that is found
In holy books, and though he master quite
The Father's treasured words, and clearly read
The holy thoughts of angels and of saints,
Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Again they walked in silence, then he said:
"My brother Leo, of the sheep of God,
Heed though my saying: Though the

Wondering still why the angel brought Tidings to them so abrupt,
Should not the first adorer be Chosen from mankind's best?
Come to the cave, O shepherds meek,
Come, and the Savior see!
Humble and poor, and lowly like you,

"Helpless and weak is He.
Keep, then, O shepherd host your watch,
Long, by the Infant King!
Blessed are they who on Christmas morn
Such shepherd-love can bring—
—C. A. C., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

humble friar

Have power of God to heal the leprosy,
And trace the lame from their ignoble chains,
And give the blessed light to darkened eyes,
It through the power of preaching he should break
The stony hearts of men and infernals,
Into the faith of Christ should meekly lead,
Know that in this is not fullness of joy."

Silent they walked a space, then Francis said:
"My brother, when the journey's end is come,
If in Perugia's streets a hostile throng
Should spurn us, mock us, tear our hoods away,
And our poor garments soil and desecrate,
Then, ripe for violence, with staves and stones,
Should wound and leave us on the ground for dead,
Then, brother, we shall know the fullness of joy."

After these words upon the steepening road
The saint stood silent; brilliant from the heights
Of Otricia, before him, burned the sun,
Silent the torrent in his rocky bed,
The swallows silent in the forest near—
Leo, the friar, through that deep silence heard
A mighty question. Lifting quiet eyes
To Francis' face, he answered: "Let us go."

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

The day is nearly dead, the wind is still,
And ere the world takes shelter for the night
I come to seek Thee, Jesus, 'neath the light
That beckons me to Thee where'er I will.
Here as I kneel, Thy love and presence fill
My grateful heart with peace, within Thy sight
My petty cares and fears are put to flight,
And naught remains to tempt my thoughts to ill.
Ah! treasured moments! when the world apart,
I proffer Thee what Thou dost ask—
—my heart!
Three hundred millions bless Thy Birth to-day,
And here to-day Thou cam'st to visit me;
Whenever I receive Thee, Lord, I pray,
Renew Thy Birth to me, and mine to Thee!
—Peter Blackwell.

THE SHEPHERDS AT THE CRIB.

Out of the woods at the midnight hour,
Down by the hillside steep,
Cometh the eager shepherd folk,
Leaving their lambs asleep.
Wondering still why the angel brought Tidings to them so abrupt,
Should not the first adorer be Chosen from mankind's best?
Come to the cave, O shepherds meek,
Come, and the Savior see!
Humble and poor, and lowly like you,

"Helpless and weak is He.
Keep, then, O shepherd host your watch,
Long, by the Infant King!
Blessed are they who on Christmas morn
Such shepherd-love can bring—
—C. A. C., in St. Anthony's Messenger.

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Wild

CHAPTER

In the mountain Seavate, and low back Monsieur H heard all the highly approved taken by Madame The Bible set throughout that try as the worst and thieves. The to work, and what they would It would indeed to the world in this poor boy from try and turn his member of society

His parents would claim him, because of that very for several times admitted in the nest therefore they were to keep out of it night, however, a moment and put would be the best and for their neighbor

In any case it was a happy thing he was caught the very next was mother were found farmyard and they tried, and round years' imprisonment When this occurred already safely taken by his kind protectors They arranged with they should place a board and lodge, or her well for this, a day school, where morning, returning evening. There he took great pains to Marianne agreed of the lad, at first those kind friends who good to her, but she to repent her charity Jacques, surrounded fluences, attached his excellent woman, and all the bad habits of hood.

As soon as he returned Marianne would count thousand ways, and only too glad to be would carry wood fire, gather the vegetable water from the mill, things. Marianne hid; she said that to make children them out of all mischief them plenty to do was good and obedient he could do please I found, indeed, the change had come over were no more harsh blows bestowed upon consequence was he not be told twice to do a

CHAPTER

Robert had now school for about a had gone to a higher be could learn a useful Ninette and Bonie with a governess who alternately to Madame Mademoiselle Huguenin, little girls always together.

As soon as lessons ran into the garden, a was a wet day, they three or four times round At the bottom of the pretty fountain that into a rocky basin over ferns, and all kinds of and goldfish were the These goldfish were Ninette and Bonie's delight. Each may she them with pieces of bread eagerly ate up, much to their joy. When the tired of watching the used to play with the had been given to Madeline in the course of T the first time that Ninette creatures carrying their of armor on their backs thought looked like their was so frightened that the latter reassured her, her near the poor light showed her how harmless The child then soon to them. Ninette would even up and stroke their head delighted the poor creature their little black eyes again, shining as bright a

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