

DEVOTION TO MARY.

Love for the Mother of Our Lord is a sure Mark of Predestination.

Devotion to the Mother of God, in the person of the Holy Father, is one of the greatest marks of predestination, as well as the most powerful means of salvation, and St. Anselm does not hesitate to assert that a servant of Mary can never perish.

Let us love Mary, exclaims St. Bernard, with all our heart; and with all the tenderness of our affection. Such is the will of God. It was through Mary that he gave us his Son, and through her still flow upon us the Saviour's graces.

Let us love and serve Mary, for such is the earnest desire of the Creator, our tender mother, who, ever attentive to all that can secure the salvation of her children, necessarily reminds us of the claims of the Queen of Heaven to our veneration, confidence, and love; hence that universal devotion which throughout the world has raised altars and temples to the honor of Mary; hence those numerous feasts which celebrate the grandeur and power of the Mother of God; hence those pious associations, formed in her honor, which have been enriched by the spiritual treasures of the church; hence the pious custom of salutation here there to a day in the Angelus, and the touching practice of the ministers of the sanctuary, who commence and terminate the divine Office by reciting the Angelic Salutation, a prayer so glorious to Mary and so pleasing, and one which, in the opinion of St. Epiphanius, has become a new canticle in the celestial hierarchy.

"Devotion to the glorious Mother of God," says a pious author, "brings with it so many blessings that the space of eternity alone suffices to acknowledge the graces which flow therefrom. The poor find in it riches to assuage their misery, the weak strength, the sick a remedy for their woes, the ignorant instruction, the afflicted consolation, the sinner finds grace, the just their sanctification, the souls in purgatory their deliverance. In fine, there is no condition which does not share in its blessings, no nation or kingdom which does not experience the protection of the Mother of God. All the earth is full of the effects of her compassion. Her heart—this precious heart which, after her Son's, is the most loving, the tenderest of all hearts—contains in itself more love and perfection than those of all the angels and the blessed in heaven, and therefore her tender, compassionate desire to aid us is greater than that of all the saints; an almost infinite number of blessings flow upon all creatures from this merciful heart as from an inexhaustible source."

Mary is our Queen, our advocate; let us merit her protection by our efforts to make ourselves pleasing in her eyes. A cause for which Mary pleads can never be lost. Finally, she is our Mother. Jesus declared it expiring on the cross. Let our hearts be filled with the sentiments of dutiful children, and endeavor to imitate her as a child does its mother.

This month will be for us a beautiful occasion of increasing and testifying our love for Mary. Here are some practices which will aid our pious desires; if we cannot combine them all, let us choose those which will best suit our condition.

First Point.—Endeavor to discharge the daily duties of religion as well as those of our state in life with renewed zeal, and be persuaded that this is the essential point. We might, in fact, confine ourselves to this alone, for if we are faithful to this counsel we are sure of accomplishing the will of God, and we also follow Mary's injunction at the marriage feast of Cana: Do whatever He may say to you. But to render this important practice easier, let us enter into detail.

Second Point.—Let us commence at once to prepare ourselves. All great feasts have their vigils. We can place in our rooms a little statue or image of the Blessed Virgin, and even ourselves fortunate if we succeed in making others among our families and acquaintances share in this devotion. Assemble them in this little oratory, which we will have ornamented to the best of our ability, and henceforth look upon this room as a sanctuary dedicated to Mary.

Third Point.—On awakening let us offer our actions to God through the Blessed Virgin Mary, and read the offering from time to time. Be particular to begin the day by acquiring ourselves with renewed fervor of the holy exercise of meditation.

Fourth Point.—If it be in your power, be present at the Sacrifice of the Mass every day.

Fifth Point.—Prepare yourself to sanctify this month by frequently receiving the sacraments.

Sixth Point.—Visit some chapel dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, if there be any in the neighborhood, and, if possible, make a pilgrimage to some of those churches where more abundant graces attract the faithful. These pious visits, made with recollection and sanctified by the reception of the sacraments, are a source of blessing.

Seventh Point.—The prayer we specially recommend to you is the rosary; this prayer, so simple, so humble, and so fervent, is so agreeable to God, so formidable to hell, so very dear to the holiest and most learned members of the Church.

Eighth Point.—Carefully avoid the sin to which you are most subject. Examine yourself each evening on the faults you may have committed during the day, particularly those into which you have been led through the propensity of your predominant passion. Offer to God through the Blessed Virgin the acts of virtue which you may have performed during the day, without suffering yourself to be discouraged by your failings.

By these pious practices we will merit the protection of the Mother of Mercy, who so liberally recompenses the smallest efforts of servants.

St. Joseph's Society.

At the annual meeting of the members of the St. Joseph's society the reports submitted showed the finances to be in excellent shape; the society worth no less than \$24,847 in assets. During the past half year the receipts amounted to \$1,321, and the expenses to \$8,501, but the sum of \$5,989 is due to the society for death assessments which have not yet been collected. During the same period \$3,351 was paid out in sick benefits, \$450 to orphans, and \$3,029 to widows and heirs. The election officers were then proceeded with and results as follows:—President, N. L. Abance; first vice-president, A. Rosenthal;

PICTURES OF THE PRIESTS.

Selling Them at Church Doors is a Paying Business.

A few days ago, in a Catholic church in this city, special services were held in honor of its pastor. As the congregation came out a man was at once seen and a young man at the other. Each carried a bundle of photographs of the pastor to honor whom the congregation had assembled. These photographs were sold to the people at 10 cents each. The old man disposed of 234 and the young man of 188.

When all the people had left the church the old man said to a reporter of the News, who had been watching the sale: "Pretty good bit of work for less than an hour's time. We've sold 420 pictures for 10 cents a piece. That makes \$42. We got the pictures at \$5 a hundred. So you see we clear \$21."

"Is this what you do for a living?" asked the reporter. "Yes," replied the old man. "It isn't a bad occupation at all. Nearly five years ago I started in this business. It was when Cardinal McCloskey died. In a day I had several hundred pictures of the prelate made, and I brought them up to the Cathedral when the funeral was held. I sold nearly 800 to people who attended the service. I tried it as an experiment, but it worked so successfully that I determined to keep it up, and I've done nothing since but sell pictures of bishops and priests."

"Like every other successful enterprise, my business is conducted in a very systematic manner," he continued. "The first thing I did was to begin collecting photographs of prominent priests of this city. When anything occurred to bring a priest prominently before his parishioners I had several hundred fac-similes of his photograph made. These I brought to his church and sold in the manner which you have seen. It was not long, however, before I saw that if I expected to make a living I would have to widen my field. Then I hit on the plan of bringing pictures of Archbishop Corrigan to churches where he was performing some special ceremony, such as confirmation. These sold like hot cakes."

Another feature I introduced was to sell pictures of missionary priests at churches in which they were giving missions," the old man went on. "Going to the churches to sell pictures did not by any means keep me constantly employed, and in order that I would be at work every day, when I was not engaged at the churches, I made a tour of the parishes, visiting the people at their homes. At first I confined myself entirely to the city; then I took in Brooklyn, Jersey City, and other places near by. Before very long I had worked every place for all it was worth. My next move was to follow the missionary priests to cities up the State. This proved to be a very profitable field."

"Two years ago," said the old man, further, "I began to collect pictures of all the bishops in the United States and Ireland. I had noticed that other dioceses offered many advantages for the sale of pictures. If one of the bishops died or was to celebrate his jubilee, or something of a similar nature occurred, I sent a bundle of pictures to a person, who would act as my agent, and dispose of them on commission. If the diocese was not very far away I would go myself. Of course I charged a little more for the pictures that were sold out of town. The portraits of the Irish bishops I sell at all times among people in this city who are natives of the places over which the prelates rule."

"If I have no occasion to use these pictures my business is, of course, worthless. For this reason I must be always on the alert and never miss anything that occurs which will make my pictures salable. I read the papers that I may be well posted on everything that is going on. I also subscribe for the Catholic papers of other dioceses. In this way I never miss an opportunity."

FOR YOUNG MEN.

A young man does not always find it easy to get on in the world without education or family influence, or personal friends, or property, or health; but he will find in the long run, that it is far easier for him to make his way among men without any or all of these advantages, than to make substantial progress in the world without the reputation for a good character, even though he has all these other possessions. Character stands for something everywhere in spite of its frequent slights. Men who are themselves lacking in a good character, appreciate it and value it in others. A band of robbers would not have an honest treasurer. The young man whose word can not be believed, and whose honesty is not above suspicion, and whose personal life is not what it ought to be, is not the young man that the business world has open places for. He may have health and wealth, and family position and a host of friends; but if he is without character, he is at a disadvantage in every position in life. When a young man who has lost his good name makes an honest effort to recover it he finds that his way upward is a hard one—a great deal harder, in spite of all other helps, than it would have been if he made a right start without these helps. Friends are comparatively powerless in their efforts to win confidence for one who has proved himself unworthy of it on former occasions. Then it is that the young man is likely to realize as never before, that "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches"—even as a worldly investment. Because it is so hard to win once surrendered, every young man who has that possession ought to count it above price, and to have a care lest he lose it. But it may be regained by earnest perseverance and reliance on God.

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They are rich who possess God, but they are richest who possess nothing but God. All creation belongs to him to whom God is his sole possession.—Waber.

"NEW TIPPERARY."

BY MICHAEL DAVITT.

The origin of the struggle which has given birth to "New Tipperary" is so familiar to the public that a re-statement of the facts in all their details would be an unnecessary and tiresome reiteration of a case thoroughly well-known already. It is an episode—an intensely dramatic one—in the fierce fight waged during the last ten years between organized tenants and combined landlords; and there is nothing wanted either in the splendid self-sacrifice of the people, or the dogged determination of Mr. Smith-Barry, to render this contest as stubborn and as memorable as has characterized the land war of Ireland during the past decade.

There are some, even among those who warmly supported the Plan of Campaign, who are of opinion that this Tipperary fight was begun under unequal conditions. Mr. Smith-Barry, fortunately for himself, unfortunately for his opponents, is not dependent entirely upon the income from the Irish estates. His property is and around the £20,000 a year, which an estate near Cashel added some £3,000 of £4,000 more. Considerable as the loss of this amount of income may be, it only represents about half what Mr. Barry is believed to derive from English sources; and the revenue gives him a point d'appui which enables him to withstand for the present the heavy pecuniary sacrifices inflicted upon him for his interference in the dispute on the Pensonby estate. But, on the other hand, there is no denying the immense moral effect created by the singling out of the leader of the South of Ireland landlord combination, and compelling him meet, in his own person and stronghold, the consequences of having frustrated the settlement which would otherwise have been carried out at Youghal. All the tenants of Ireland rose to the spectacle of this desperate counter-attack, and, with the generosity which reflects the highest possible credit upon so poor a class as the Irish farmers, they have already subscribed upwards of £60,000 to the Tenants' Defence League.

The building of New Tipperary is not an altogether novel feature of the Irish land war. It is the carrying out upon a large scale of a plan which was frequently put into operation in the years of 1831-2 by the Ladies' Land League. To meet the evictions of those years, large numbers of Land League huts were provided from Land League funds, and were erected for the accommodation of evicted tenants as near as possible to the homes from which the people were driven. New Tipperary is being built for similar purposes; but upon a scale which ought to elicit the admiration of even those who most strongly condemn the desperate expedient which it represents. The site of the new town is on the outskirts of the old one, on the road leading to Limerick Junction. A long, narrow thoroughfare formerly "Henry," now named "William O'Brien" street, ascends from the old town to its rival. This street is composed of fairly good but small houses, from which people migrated to larger establishments in better positions in the (old) town, as it grew in population and prosperity. It is situated on the property of Mr. St. John O'Brien, and forms a point on the land belonging to the same owner, on which the new town is being erected. The traders who were evicted by Mr. Smith-Barry have been located temporarily in William O'Brien street, where their business is now being carried on (under difficulties, as a matter of course, but) as briskly as ever. The best shop premises in the street were provided for Mr. Hilliard, jeweller, the only Protestant who has, so far, been included among the evicted shopkeepers.

The case which excites most sympathy among the visitors to Tipperary is that of Mr. O'Neill. He is at present trying to carry on his extensive dry goods trade in small premises which once subserved the purpose of a butter store. The contrast between this and the house out of which he was evicted is about as great as could be imagined. "The Irish House," as his extensive establishment in the main street of Tipperary was called, is the handsome building in the town, having an ornamental stone frontage and making from every point of view, a very imposing appearance. It was erected at a cost of over £7,000, and it was from such a house and home Mr. O'Neill consented to be turned (for a ground rent of less than £20) as a protest against the action of Mr. Smith-Barry in going to the assistance of an evictor of agricultural tenants in the county of Cork.

It was rumored in Tipperary on Saturday that the Postmaster-General was negotiating with the landlord for the tenancy of this house, to which the local post office would be transferred. Needless to comment upon the feeling to which any such action would give rise in Ireland. The meddling of the Government in this quarrel is partial enough already in filing the town with police, and otherwise zealously attending to the emergency work of Mr. Smith-Barry. But the indignation which has been occasioned by the one-sided action of Dublin Castle would be water to a wild fire compared with what Mr. Baikes would rather say and devoted heartedly himself to be persuaded to become a "Tipperary house grabber" for a member of his party.

The provisions made for the laborers who were among the evicted are of the most satisfactory kind. Thirty cottages were built within the incredibly short space of one month, into which as many families were removed. They are erected on what is known as the Mountain View Road, at the opposite end of Old Tipperary, and have a delightful outlook of country in front. They are warm, neat, and cheerful one-story houses, built of timber and brick, and form a most refreshing and marked contrast, in the comfort and convenience they afford, to some of the tumble-down, thatched, and unhealthy dwellings for which they are the substitutes.

Returning to "New Tipperary," the first object which strikes the eye is the Mart. It is a solid building of stone and brick, 207 feet long, by 78 wide and 40 high. Twenty-six shops stand, 20 feet by 15, are arranged along the side, leaving in the centre of the base building sufficient space to form a Butter Exchange, large enough for a display of 2,000 firkins.

The floor of the Mart is concrete, the place is well lit from a glass roof, and lavatories and every other convenience, are embraced in the plan of the place, so as to provide a far superior and more attractive Exchange than the one in which Mr. Smith-Barry had so long monopolized the rents and tolls and dues levied upon the general trade of Tipperary and surrounding country.

The Mart stands at one end of an immense square which covers twice the space of the old market for which it is to be the substitute; and the dwelling-houses for the shopkeepers whose business will henceforth be carried on inside the Mart are being built round this new market square. These houses number fifty, and are two storied. Half of them are built entirely of brick, the other half of brick and timber; and they promise, from

external appearance and situation, to become far more desirable residences than the ordinary dwelling houses of the old town.

The landlord organs in Ireland are endeavoring to make out that the building operations so far carried on in "New Tipperary" have cost a sum of £30,000. This is a ridiculous exaggeration. Half that figure has not yet been expended. The amount of voluntary contributions in carting, leveling, and other ways by the people of the town and county explains the comparatively trifling expense incurred in carrying out so prodigious an undertaking. The labor of over 10,000 horses formed an item in the co-operating sympathy of the farmers of the district; many horses being sent from a distance of forty miles, and the men accompanying them travelling, in numerous instances, all night, in order to perform the one day's work of horse and man volunteered by the tenants about the scene of the conflict.

"What is to be the end of it?" is a question which most people ask themselves, who will study and comprehend the facts of this singular duel between Mr. Smith-Barry and his Tipperary tenants. I have very much fear it will mean the ruin of the trade of the old town of Tipperary, which is one of the most prosperous in the South of Ireland. "A la guerre, comme la guerre," may be the reply which will be vouchsafed by the combatants on both sides. But there is a third interest at stake. The trade at Tipperary has not slumped against the tenants' cause, on account of being carried on in a town which stands on land owned by Mr. Smith-Barry. These who have built up the trade were no parties to the Pensonby dispute into which Mr. Smith-Barry imported himself. Are these innocent men to receive no consideration from the principals engaged in this fight? It appears to me that enough has been done, on both sides, to vindicate what may be called the honor or the principle involved. The Tipperary friends of the Pensonby tenants have exhibited a humanity and a spirit of self-sacrifice which reflects the highest honor upon them. Of their resoluteness of purpose to carry on the struggle to the bitter end, if necessary, no one who visited Tipperary on Saturday last and witnessed the spirit which animated the extraordinary inauguration of the new town, can have any possible misgivings. The objective evidence of stern purpose, fertility of resource, impregnable plans, and simple means for their effective extension and successful application, are patent to all eyes and will be fitted to plain and palpable proofs in the conception, design, and execution of the idea of "New Tipperary."

On the other hand, Mr. Smith-Barry has vindicated his right to combine with his brother landlords the right which the law enables him to enforce for the protection of his interests, and whatever personal, party, or political "amour propre" he may have deemed to be at stake. He has evicted scores of families, who but went to the assistance of people driven from their homes in a neighbouring county, as he himself volunteered to relieve the landlord who had carried out this decree. It seems to me that a stage has now been reached when it may fairly be put both to Mr. Smith-Barry and the leaders on the other side, whether the original dispute between Mr. Pensonby and his tenants ought not to be submitted for arbitration to an independent tribunal. If this were done I see no reason why a settlement would not be arrived at all along the line, and the trade of Tipperary be thereby rescued from this apparently relentless struggle which will affect upon it.

"WHEN WE WERE BOYS."

William O'Brien's Famous Novel.

(Cork Herald.)

Mr. O'Brien's work is printed in one volume of 550 pages, and is excellently got up at a price which few will object to pay for one of the most remarkable books issued from the press during the present generation. Novels dealing with Irish life and professing to portray Irish character have been the exception rather than the rule of recent years. This barrenness of recent Irish literature in the domain of fiction is the more to be regretted as the aid of the novelist would be invaluable in disseminating a proper knowledge of the different phases of the Irish movement, and getting the English public to more clearly understand its origin, and the motives and ideas of the principal figures in it. Millions of Englishmen know the Irish peasant of former days only as he appears in the pages of Lever and Carleton. Millions know nothing of

IRISH POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

but what appears in the columns of a hostile and bigoted Press, and they are left to accept what this vile organ impresses upon their minds, and what unscrupulous demagogues of the party in long dominion din into their ears. From this point of view the publication of Mr. O'Brien's novel is opportune and must be attended with excellent results. No Irish movement has been the subject of so much wicked misrepresentation and unfounded calumny as that of '65 and '67; and in those days when we are asked to believe that it is a against the moral law to breathe the same atmosphere with the men concerned in that ill-starred attempt to achieve Irish independence, a novel in which their aims, the principles which actuated them, and the heroism with which they persevered in their hopeless task are vindicated and applauded as their proper worth is double welcome. Mr. Wm. O'Brien's book is a new and remarkable departure in the realm of Irish fiction. Types of the character graphically delineated to Griffith's excellent novels are rarely found among the Irish peasantry of to-day. The same may be said of Carleton's without pausing to touch on his many faults. Nearly all Lever's books were efforts to picture the vices of the dominant Irish classes as at the very worst.

RECKLESSNESS OR DARE DEVILITY. But Mr. O'Brien goes before us a picture of Irish life as it is, or rather as it was, at the time in which his scenes are laid; for the changes even since then are many and far-reaching. There are a few among even the youngest of the readers of "When We Were Boys" who will not recognize among his own acquaintances, and in his own circle, many of the characters on whom Lever and Carleton and other novelists have based their great Irish leader has built one of the most entrancing romances of modern days. Ken Roban, the intellectual peasant's son, who was defined by his parents for the religious mission, but was, when brought into contact with the outside world, was irresistibly drawn into the revolutionary abyss and found at the end the feline's cell, is a prototype of hundreds and thousands of young men of the Fenian days. As has been already published, the scene of the opening chapters is laid on the south-western coast, where the hero of the tale is introduced on his way to the socialistic seminary of Clonard. Here he meets and becomes the friend and confidant of a reckless young student, already initiated into the secrets of the revolutionary movement which was spreading itself through the length and breadth of the country at the time. Once within the grasp of

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AT THE TIME OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

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which made it possible and maintained it power, there was no retreating, no drawing back for the warm-hearted young student until the dark shadow of the infernal hooded specter across the scene, and the two typical Special Commission Judges consigned him to the gibbet, from which the less merciful higher authorities transferred him to an English goal. The story of Ken Roban's life is not concluded. "Courage," said his friend around the brave young Fenian chief—"Courage! this is not the end!" The lives of the Ken Robans of Ireland have not been entirely wasted; their example has had the effect they wished for; and happily the day has come when those of them who survive can look forward to the speedy realization of their most cherished dreams. Our hero's life's romance is one which claims the sympathy of all. No novelist ever painted a higher, nobler, purer type of womanhood than the daughter of the noble Irish rack-renter who gave her heart to

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