

The Poorest Poor.
Who gives the poor, he giveth unto God—
But come and weep with me your saltiest tears
Above the souls who would, but cannot give,
Whose lives are mighty struggles just to live.
Who dare not turn a single coin to feed
The joy of Youth, or chilly Age's need,
Who, with Want's chain-gang, labor out the years,
With burning hatred of earth's golden shod!
—Margaret H. Lawless in Boston Pilot.

CHRISTMAS EVE AT THE CORNER GROCERY.

Will Allen Dromgoole in *The Arena* for December.

The boss had not returned; in truth, the probability was the boss would not return that night, inasmuch as he had generously offered the book-keeper, who was clerk as well, permission to go to his supper first. True, the subordinate had declined the honor; it being Christmas eve, Saturday night, close upon the heels of the new year, and the books of the establishment sadly in need of posting. The subordinate did not relish the prospect of a lonely Christmas, Sunday at that, on the tall stool behind the big desk among the cobwebs, mackerel and onion scents, sardine boxes, nail kegs, coils of barbed wire, soap-smelling cotton stuffs, molasses and coal oil. So he gave up his supper, and the half hour with the cripple (he sighed for the half hour more than for the supper), contented himself with a bite of cheese and a cracker, which he forthwith entered upon the book, as he had been ordered to do, in a clear, clerical hand: "To S. Riley cheese and crackers, 07."

He wrote it in his best hand, over the smallness of it, perhaps, for it was a very small entry. The subordinate's face wore something very like a sneer as he made it, although he had the consolation of knowing the smallness of the transaction was upon the side of the creditor.

It was a general kind of a store, was the grocery on the corner; a little out of the way, beyond the regular beat of the city folk, but convenient to the people of the suburbs. It wasn't a mammoth concern, although its stock was varied. The boss, the real owner of the establishment, and Riley, the book-keeper, ran it, without other help than that of black Ben, the porter.

Riley was both book-keeper, clerk, and, he sometimes suspected, general scapegoat to the proprietor. To-night he was left to attend to everything, for he knew the boss would not leave his warm hearth to trudge back through the snow to the little corner grocery that night. His daughter had come for him in a sleigh, and had carried him off, amid warm furs and the jingle of sleigh bells, to a cheery Christmas eve with his family.

The book-keeper sighed as he munched his cheese. There was a little lame girl away up in the attic on Water street that Riley called home. She would hear the sleigh bells go by and peep down from her dingy little window, and clap her hands, and wish "daddy would come home for Christmas too." There wasn't any mother up there in the attic; for out in the cemetery, in the portion allotted to the common people, the snow was falling softly on the little mother's grave.

The clerk ate his cheese in silence. Suddenly he dropped his fist upon the desk heavily. "Sometimes I wish she was out there with her mother," he said. "Sometimes I wish it, specially at Christmas times. Let me see: she is ten years old to-night; we called her our 'Christmas gift,' and never a step have the little feet taken. Poor little poor little Christmas snowbird! poor little Christmas sparrow! I always think of her somehow when the boys go by in the holidays with a string of dead birds they've shot. Poor little daughter!"

He sighed, and took up his pen; it was a busy season. A step caused him to look up; then he arose and went to wait upon a customer. It was a woman, and Riley saw that she had been weeping.

"Howdy do, Mrs. Elkins," he said. "What can I do for you?" "I want to know the price of potatoes, Mr. Riley," she replied. "Sixty cents a bushel. How is the little boy to-night, Mrs. Elkins? Is he getting well for Christmas?" "Yes," said the woman. "He's a'ready well; well an' happy. I fetched him to the graveyard this mornin'."

Riley dropped the potato he had taken from the tub, and looked up to see the woman's lip quiver. "What's the price of them potatoes?" "Fifteen cents a peck." She laid a silver dime upon the counter. "Gimme them many," she said; "There's four more left to feed besides the dead one, though," she added quickly, "I—aint begrudgin' of 'em victuals."

Riley measured a peck of the potatoes, and emptied them into her basket. Four mouths besides her own, and one little starveling left that day, "that blessed Christmas eve," in the graveyard. He found himself hoping, as he went back to the ledger, that they had buried the baby near his own dead. The big graveyard wouldn't feel so desolate, so weirdly lonesome, as he thought it must, to the dead baby, if the little child-mother, his young wife, could find it out there among all that array of the common dead. "To S. Riley 13 of peck of potatoes, 05," the blue blotter had copied, or absorbed the entry, made it double, as if the debt had already begun to draw interest. The clerk, however, had not noticed the blotter; other customers came in and claimed his attention. They were impatient too. It was a very busy night, and the books, he feared, would not be balanced after all. It was shabby, downright mean, of the boss

not to come back at a time like this.

The new customer was old man Murdock from across the river, the suburbs. He had been rich, once, owned a house up town, and belonged to the aristocracy. He had possessed the appearances to wealth, such as influence, leisure, at one time. He still was a gentleman, since nature, not circumstance, had the care of that. Every movement, every word, the very set of the thread-ire broadcloth, spoke the proud, the "well raised" gentleman of the Old South time. "Good evening," Mr. Riley, he said, when the clerk stumbled down from his perch. The male customers—they learned it from the boss, doubtless—called him "Riley." They generally said, "Hello, Riley." But the old Southerner was neither so rude nor so familiar. He said, "Good evening, Mr. Riley," much the same as he would have said to the president, "Good evening, Mr. —"; and he touched his long, white, scholarly looking finger to the brim of his hat, though the hat was not lifted. Riley said, "Good evening," back again, and wanted to know "what Mr. Murdock would look at." He would have put the question in the same way had Mr. Murdock still possessed his thousands; and he would have put it no less respectfully had the gentleman of fallen fortunes come abegging. There is that about a gentleman which commands respect; great Nature willed it so.

The customer was not hurried; he remarked upon the weather, and thawed himself before the big stove (he never once broached the subject of Christmas, nor became at all familiar), pitied the homeless such a night, hoped it would freeze out the tariff upon wool; then he asked, carelessly, as men of leisure might, "What is the price of bacon, Mr. Riley?"—by the hundred.

"Eight dollars a hundred, Mr. Murdock," said Riley. The ex-millionaire slipped his white forefinger into his vest pocket. After a moment's silence, during which Riley knew the proud old heart was breaking, though the calm face gave no sign of the struggle, "Put me up a dime's worth of the bacon, if you please."

Riley obeyed silently; he would no more have presumed to cover up the paths of the preceding by talking than he would have thought of offering a penny, in charity, to the mayor in the city. He put the transaction as purely upon a business footing as if the customer had ordered a round ton of something. He wrapped the meat in a sheet of brown paper, and received the stately "Good evening, sir," saw the white finger touch the hat brim as the customer passed out into the snow, then climbed back to his perch, thinking, as he did so, that of all poverty the poverty that follows fallen fortunes must be the very hardest to endure. There is the battle against old longings, long-indulged luxuries, past pleasures, faded grandeurs, dead dreams, living sneers, and pride, that indomitable blessing, or curse, that never, never dies. God pity those poor who had once seen better days!

"To S. Riley 2 lbs. bacon, at 12 1/2 cts., 25." The book bore another entry. Riley put the blotter over it very quickly; he had a fancy the late customer was looking over his shoulder. He shouldn't like the old gentleman to see that entry, not by any means. "Christmas gift, marster."

Another customer had entered. Riley closed the ledger, and thrust it into the safe. The daybook would take up the balance of the evening. "What can I do for you, Aunt Angie?" he said, going behind the counter to wait upon the old colored woman, who had passed the compliments of the season after the old slave custom.

She laughed, albeit her clothing was in rags, and the thin shawl gathered about her shoulders bore patches in blue and yellow and white. "I kitched yer Christmas gif', good marster; yer knows I did."

"But you're a little early, Aunt Angie," said the clerk; "this is only Christmas eve."

"Aw, git out, marster. De ole nigger got ter cook all day termorrow—big Christmas dinner fur de white folks. No res' fur de ole nigger, not even at Christmas. Bress de Lord, it ain't come but one't a year."

She laughed again, but under the strange merriment Riley detected the weariness that was thankful; aye, that thanked God that Christmas, the holiday of the Christ-child, came "but once a year."

Christmas! Christmas! old season of mirth and misery! Who really enjoys it, after all?—Lazarus in the gutter or Dives among his coffers? The clerk ran his eye along the counters, the shelves, and even took in the big barrels, pushed back in the rear, out of the way. "Well, Aunt Angie, what shall the 'gift' be?" He could see the bare toes where her torn old shoes fell away from the stock- ingless feet. She needed shoes; he was about to go for a pair when she stopped him by a gesture. "Dem ar things, marster," she said, pointing to a string of masks—gaudy, hideous things, festooned from the ceiling. "I wants one o' dem ar. De chillun 'll heck dat sho."

He allowed her to select one; it was the face of a king, fat, jovial, white. She enjoyed it like a child. Then, wrapping a bit of soiled muslin, she took from it three pieces of silver, three bright, precious dollars. They represented precisely three-fourths of her month's wages. She purchased a tin horn "fur de baby, honey"; a candy sheep "fur Epim, de naxix un"; a string of yellow beads "fur Jinnny. Dat yaller gal ain't got no reason—mint she am dat set on habin'

dem beads"; a plug of tobacco "fur de ole man's Christmas"; a jew's harp "fur Sam; dat chille gw' I am music, he am"; a doll "fur Lill Ria; she's de polly one, Lill Ria am"; and last, "a dust ob corn meal ter make a hoe-cake fur dey alls Christmas dinner."

She had been lavish, poor beggar; without stint she had given her all; foolishly, perhaps, but she apologized in full for the folly: "I am Christmas, marster."

Aye, Christmas! wear your masks, poor souls; fancy that you are kings, kings. Dream that pain is a myth and poverty a joke. Make grief a phantom. Set red folly in the seat of grim doubt, pay your devours one day! To-morrow the curtain rises on the old scene; the wheels grind on; the chariots of the rich roll by, and your throat is choked with their dust; your day is over.

The clerk made his entry in the day-book, "To S. Riley, one mask, 20," before he waited upon three newsboys who were tapping the floor with their boot heels, just in front of the counter. The largest of the trio took the role of spokesman: "I want a pack of firecrackers, mister; an' Jim wants one, an' so does Harry. Can't we have 'em all for ten cents?"

The clerk thrust his pen behind his ear. "They are five cents a pack," he said. "Can't you come down on three packs? They do up town, an' we aint got another nickel." Riley read the keen interest of the transaction in the faces before him. But he had orders. "Couldn't do it, boys, sorry."

"Well then,"—but a half sigh said it wasn't "well,"—"give us gum. We can divide that up anyhow." It was a poor compromise—a very poor compromise. The voice, the very face of the little beggar expressed contempt. Riley hesitated. "Pshaw!" said he, "Christmas without a racket is just no Christmas to a boy. I know, for I've been a boy too. And it only comes once a year. Here, boys, take the three packs for ten cents, and run along and enjoy yourselves."

And as they scampered out, he sighed, thinking of two poor little feet that could throw off their weight and run, as only childhood runs, not even at the Christmas time. "To S. Riley, 1 pack of firecrackers, 05."

Then it was the clerk took himself to task. He was a poor man on a small salary. He had a little girl to look after, a cripple, who would never be able to provide for herself, and for whom, in consequence, some one else must provide. She would expect a little something for Christmas too. And the good neighbor in the attic who kept an eye on the little one while Riley was at work—he must remember her. It was so pleasant to give he wondered how a man with a full pocket must feel when he came face to face with suffering. God if he could feel so once! just once have his pockets full! But he would never be rich; the boss had told him so often; he didn't know the value of a dollar. The head of the establishment would think so, verily, when he glanced over the night's entries in the day-book.

"Oh, well, Christmas comes but once a year!" he said, smiling, as he adopted the universal excuse. Some one came in and he went forward again. "No, he didn't keep liquor; he was outside the corporation line and came under the four-mile restriction."

"Just a Christmas toddy," said the customer that might have been. Don't drink regular. Sober's anybody don't com—don't com but once a year."

He staggered out, and Riley stepped to the door to watch him red safely beyond the boss's big glass window. There was another figure occupying the sheltered nook about the window. Riley discovered the pale, pinched little face pressed against the pane before he opened the door. The little waif was so utterly lost in wonder of the Christmas display set forth behind the big panes that he did not hear the door open or know that he was observed until the clerk's voice recalled his wandering senses.

"See here, sonny, you are marring the glass with your breath. There will be ice on that pane in less than ten minutes." The culprit started, and almost lost his balance as he grasped at a little wooden crutch that slipped from his numb fingers and rolled down upon the pavement. "Hello!" The clerk stepped out into the night and rescued the poor little poor creature. Humanity! Humanity! When all is told, thy great heart still is master. "Go in there," the clerk pointed to the door, "and warm yourself at the fire. It is Christmas; all the world should be warm at Christmas."

The waif said nothing; it was enough to creep near to the great stove and watch the Christmas display from his warm, safe corner. "There's that in the sound of a child's crutch strikes away down to my boots, the clerk told himself as he made an entry after the boy had left the store. "Whenever I hear one—I—Hello! what is it, sissy?"

A flaxen haired, blue-eyed little maiden; alone, at night, and beautiful. Growing up for what? Crippled feet, at all events, are not swift to run astray. The clerk sighed. The Christmas eve was full of shadows—shadows that would be lost in the garish day of the morrow. He looked upon the counter. "What do you want, little one?"

"Bread."

Only a beggar understands that trick of asking simple bread. Ah, well! Christmas must have its starvelings too! The big blotter lingered upon the last entry. And when he did remove to go and wait upon some new customer he quieted the voice of prudence with the reflection that his own wee one might stand at a bread counter some pitiless Christmas eve, and this loaf, sent upon the waters of mercy, might come floating back; who could tell since, — and the clerk smiled.

"The world goes round and round; Some go up, and some go down." The counter was crowded; it was nearing the hour for closing, and business was growing brisk. And some of the customers were provokingly slow, some of the poorer ones keeping the richer ones waiting. It isn't difficult to buy when there is no fear of the funds running short. There was one who bought oysters, fruit, and macaroni, ten dollars, all told, in less than half the time another was dividing twenty-five cents into a possible purchase of a bit of cheese, a strip of bacon, and a handful of dry beans. And old Mrs. Mottles, the shop girl's landlady at the big yellow tenement, up town a bit, took a full twenty minutes hunting over cheap bits of steak, stale bread, and a roast that "ought to go mighty low, seeing it was tolerable tough and some gristly."

He glanced at the clock; eleven ten; he had permission to close at eleven, and it was ten minutes after. He went out and put up the shutters, came back, and began putting away the books. The big ledger had been scarcely touched; he had been too busy to post that night.

"Mr. Riley? Mr. Riley? Just a minute before you close up, Mr. Riley." He went back to the counter, impatiently; he was very tired. A woman with a baby in her arms stood there waiting. "I am late," she said, "a'most too late. I want a bite for to-morrow. Give me what will go farthest for that."

She laid a silver quarter upon the counter. "How many of you?" said Riley. "It might make a lunch for one." The woman shook her head. "A drunkard counts for one when it comes to eatin', any hows," she said, and laughed—a hard, bitter laugh. "He counts for somethin' when he's drunk," she went on, the poor tongue made free by misery that would repeat itself the morrow. "May be man, brute like, I've got the proofs of it."

She set the child upon the counter and pushed back her sleeve, glanced a moment at a long, black bruise that reached from wrist to elbow, then quickly, lowered the sleeve again. "Give me somethin' to eat, Mr. Riley, for the sake o' your own wife, sir,—an' the Christmas."

His own wife! Why she was safe; safe forever from misery like that. He almost shrieked it to the big blue blotter. And then he looked to see what he had written. He almost trembled, lest in his agony he had entered upon the master's well-ordered book his thought: "safe! Elizabeth Riley, under the snow—Christmas."

He had written it somewhere, upon his heart, perhaps, but surely somewhere. The entry in the boss' book was all right; it read a trifle extravagantly, however:—

To T. Riley Dr. \$1 00
1 shoulder, 10 lbs. at 10 cents . . . 1 00
2 lbs. coffee at 50 cents . . . 1 00
2 lbs. sugar at 12 1/2 cents . . . 25
3 doz. eggs at 15 cents . . . 45

"For the sake of the dead wife," he told the blue blotter,—the dead wife and the Christmas time. Then he thrust the book into the safe, turned the combination, looked into the stove, lowered the gas, and went home. Home to the little attic and the crippled nestling. She was asleep, but a tiny red stocking, worn at the heel, but thoroughly clean, hung beside the chimney. He tipped to the bed, and looked down at the little sleeper. There was a smile upon the baby lips, as if in dreams the little feet were made straight, and were skipping through sunny meadows, while their owner's hand was clasped fast in the hand of the hero of all childish adoration,—the mythical, magical Santa Claus. The little hands were indeed clasped tightly upon a bit of cardboard that peeped from beneath the delicate fingers, upon the breast of the innocent sleeper. Riley drew it gently away. It was a Christmas card the neighbor-woman had picked up in some home of the rich where she had gone that day to carry home some sewing. It bore a face of Christ, a multitude, eager, questioning, and underneath a text:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto Me."

1892, "The Cream of the Havana Crop." "La Cadena" and "La Flora" brands of cigars are undoubtedly superior in quality and considerably lower in price than any brand imported. Preparation smokers will not admit this to be the case. The consignor knows it. S. Davis & Sons, Montreal.

pale Nazarene—those lips said to have never smiled, as he slipped the card to its place under the wee hands folded upon the child's breast.

And after a little while he was lying by her side, too tired to sleep, thinking of the unbalanced ledger and the books that must be posted before the year should end.

At last he slept. But the big ledger refused to leave him; even in dreams it followed to annoy him, and drag him back to the little suburban grocery. And when he unlocked the safe and took it out, lo! he was surrounded by a host of beggars; boys without money wanting firecrackers; women with starving babies in their arms; little girls crying for bread; old men, young men, white, black,—all the beggars of the big round world. They seized the boss' big book and began to scribble in it, until a little girl with a crutch began to beat them off. And when they were gone he could still hear the noise of them—a mighty rustle of wings; and he saw they had gathered all about him, in the air; and they no longer begged,—they laughed. And there was one who wore a mask; and when it was removed he saw that it was Christ.

Then he took back his old ledger, and lo, upon the credit side where the balance was not made, a text had been entered. It filled the page down to the bottom line:—"Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these, ye did it unto Me."

And full across the page, as plain as if it had been writ in blood, ran the long red lines that showed the sheet was balanced.

Take away the Catholic press and misrepresentations of the Church would increase from Maine to California. Some Catholics who are now faithful, would fall away from the faith, and some Protestants who are on the road to conversion would live and die in error. The Catholic press is like the secular arm of the Church. It is of inestimable value. It ought to be well supported.—*The Western Recorder*

The Children's Enemies. Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, hip disease, etc. Consumption is scrofula of the lungs, which is a disease of the blood. Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

Sample Chocolate Free. A postal card addressed to C. Alfred Chouh, Montreal, will secure you samples of Menier's delicious imported Chocolate, with directions for using.

Clear Havana Cigars. Why suffer from disorders caused by impure blood, when thousands are being cured by using Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery? It removes Pimples and all Eruptions of the skin. Mr. John C. Fox, Ontario, writes: "Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery is giving good satisfaction. Those who have used it say it has done them more good than anything they have ever taken."

About Annexation. When dyspepsia invades your system and had blood occupies a stronghold in your body the way out of trouble is to annex a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters, the best remedy for dyspepsia and bad blood, and the only one that cures to stay cured.

Four Doses Cure a Cough. FENTLEMEN.—My little boy was troubled with a very bad cough, and a lady friend advised me to try Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam. I got it at once and can truly say I did not give more than three or four doses until his cough was gone. I have never been without it since, as I find it the best for troublesome coughs.

Little Men and Little Women sometimes suffer from scrofula. Dr. J. B. RUDLY, Glen Williams, Ont. We have some Catholic Home Almanacs on hand of the year 1888. Any of our subscribers who may wish one may remit 10 cents and we will mail a copy. For 25 cents we will mail a copy of almanac of 1888 and a copy of that for 1885.

For Swellings and Felons. GENTLEMEN.—My little girl, aged 3, had a large swelling on her neck. I used Hagyard's Yellow Oil on it and it disappeared in a short time. It also cured a felon I was troubled with.



Mr. Chas. S. Ranahar
Of Frederic, Md., suffered terribly for over ten years with abscesses and running sores on his left leg. He wasted away, grew weak and thin, and was obliged to use a cane and crutch. Everything which could be thought of was done without good result, until he used Hood's Sarsaparilla which effected a perfect cure. Mr. Ranahar is now in the best of health, and his friends are glad to see him well and happy.
C. L. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best for curing all kinds of biliousness, constipation, indigestion, and all the ailments of the bowels.
MASS WINE.
WILSON BROTHERS
LONDON, ONT.
Have just received a direct importation of The Choicest and purest Mass Wine, which will be sold at reduced prices.
They hold a certificate, attesting its purity, from Rev. Emmanuel Olen, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese of Toronto. The wine is sold by all respectable grocers and is highly recommended by the medical profession.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN
That at the next session of the Parliament of Canada, application will be made for an Act to incorporate the society known as "The Grand Council of the Catholic Mutual Benefit Association of Canada," the objects of which society are to unite fraternally all persons entitled to membership under the constitution and by-laws of the society; to improve the moral, mental and social condition of its members; to educate them in integrity, sobriety and frugality; to establish, manage and disburse a benefit and a reserve fund, from which a sum not exceeding two thousand dollars shall be paid to each member in good standing, his beneficiary or legal representative, according to the constitution and by-laws of the society.
LATHFORD & MURPHY,
Solicitors for Applicants.
Ottawa, October 20th, 1892.

WILSON & RANAHAR GROCERS.
265 Dundas St., near Wellington.
NEW YEAS—Caylons, Congous, Japan, Young Hysons, Gunpowder and English Breakfast.
NEW COFFEES—Chase & Sanbourne and Blend Coffees.
NEW CURRANTS, Raisins and Figs.
SUGARS of all grades.
Finest and Cheapest Goods in London
ALEX. WILSON, THOS. RANAHAR,
Late of Wilson Bros.

COOK'S FRIEND
Baking Powder
Should be used, if it is desired to make the finest class of Cakes—Biscuits, Buns, Pancakes, Johnny Cakes, Pie Crust, Baked Paste, etc. Light, sweet, snow-white and digestible food results from the use of Cook's Friend. Guaranteed free from alum. Ask your grocer for *McLaren's Cook's Friend*.

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Alter Wine a Specialty.
Our Alter Wine is extensively used and recommended by the Clergy, and our Champagne is sold by all the best and most reputable Boiteux.
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Sandwich, Ont.

THE DOMINION Savings & Investment Society
DIVIDEND No. 41.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT A dividend of three per cent. on the paid up capital stock of this Society has been declared for the current year, and that the same will be payable at the offices of the Society, opposite the City Hall, Richmond Street, London, on and after the 2nd day of January, 1893.
The transfer books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st December instant, both days inclusive.
H. E. NELLIES,
Manager.

Snaps for Santa Claus.
Japanese Silk Hirts, with Initial 25c
Japanese Silk Hirts, " 50c
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Fancy and Plain Night Shirts of Every Description.
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STAINED GLASS FOR CHURCHES, PUBLIC AND PRIVATE BUILDINGS. Furnished in the best style and at prices low enough to bring it within the reach of all.
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Opposite Masonic Temple. Telephone 18.
Send 25 cts. and get a copy of *Home Fitters*. Home Almanac for 1893. THOS. COFFEY, London, Ont. Also to be had from our travelling agents.



FATHER J.L. KOENING'S NERVE TONIC
SPREADS ITS GOOD NAME. 5
St. Edward's College, Austin, Tex., April 22, 1892.
I can have no doubt as to the value of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic, for I have recommended it to the persons afflicted with nervousness, and in every case the result was such that my own confidence in this medicine was confirmed and its good name spread in the respective locality.
REV. P. J. HURLEY,
N. Ashbury, O., January 26, 1891.
For over 2 years I had, since its several times, monthly, since I used Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic I have not had an attack. The medicine is very good. AUGUSTUS DEAYES,
(Dan. Jay, J. Koenig).
Rev. Father J. Koening, of Maple Valley, Mich., knows of a case of St. Vitus' dance which was cured by two bottles of Pastor Koening's Nerve Tonic.

A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases. This valuable book has been prepared by the Rev. Father Koening, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1868, and is now made a donation to me.
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.
Sold by Druggists at 50¢ per Bottle, 6 for \$2.50. Large Size, \$3.75. 6 Bottles for \$20.
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