

PRINCE MAXIMILIAN

RESIGNS ALL HIS RIGHTS IN THE ROYAL HOUSE OF SAXONY

TO ENTER THE PRIESTHOOD—NOW MINISTERING TO THE GERMAN CATHOLICS IN THE WHITECHAPEL DISTRICT, LONDON—A PEN-PICTURE OF THE LOCALITY IN WHICH THE YOUNG PRIEST IS AT WORK.

[From the Catholic Witness.]

A prince near in the line of succession to an important European throne has renounced his right of succession, his rank and all its privileges, to labor as a priest in the most miserable region in the world.

Within a few weeks this transformation has taken place, which is not surpassed by anything in the early days of the Church, when Roman patricians were martyred for their devotion to the new faith, or the days of the crusades, when great nobles sold themselves into slavery to deliver the sepulchre of Christ.

These men acted under the impulse of great movements that were stirring humanity, but Prince Max of Saxony was guided only by his own conscience when he gave up his royal rank to become a priest in Whitechapel.

A dry legal document signed less than two months ago in the royal palace at Dresden, tells part of the story. It reads as follows:

"We, Max Duke of Saxony, having been consecrated to the holy priesthood, do hereby renounce for all time, with the restrictions hereafter mentioned, all rights appertaining to us as a prince of the royal house of Saxony, under the decree of September 4, 1831, relating to the succession to the throne, to the administration of the kingdom, to participation in the royal family council, and to membership in the upper house of the Legislature, and also under the royal house decree of December 30, 1837, relating to money allowances, suite and the succession in the collateral line. This renunciation shall be inductive if, at any time, the Saxon royal throne being vacant, we shall be the only surviving prince of the royal house of Saxony.

"Max, Duke of Saxony, Dresden, August 1, 1896."

But this document tells only half the story. In it the prince renounces his privileges but it leaves you free to suppose that he will enter the priesthood of his native land and rise with rapidity and honor to the highest place in the Saxon hierarchy. It does not, of course, intimate that he will be a priest in filthy Whitechapel. What is more, the prince gave no public intimation that he would do so. The German papers which recorded his entry into the Church as a remarkable fact had no knowledge of his intention.

The young prince was as modest as he was devoted. He tried to divest his great renunciation of any theatrical effect as far as that was possible. The next time that he was spoken of in the newspapers he had preached to the Germans of Whitechapel, telling them that he came among them as a priest, not a prince, and that he wished them to call him "Father Max."

Prince Max put off the uniform of his regiment of lancers in 1893, and assumed the black garb of a theological student. He entered the Seminary of Eichstaett. On July 26 of this year he was received into the priesthood by Dr. Wahl, Vicar Apostolic of Saxony, and on August 1 he celebrated his first Mass in Dresden. The whole royal family was present, and the robe which he wore was the work of Queen Caroline of Saxony. After the ceremony the royal family and the cabinet ministers assembled at the palace, where the deed of renunciation was signed.

Within a month of this time it was learned that Prince Max of Saxony was a working priest in Whitechapel, the East London district, which contains more poverty, misery, filth and crime than any area of equal extent in the world. In Whitechapel there are tens of thousands of German-speaking people, and they are not among the least miserable of its population. The English workmen complain that the Germans are starving them by underbidding, and the Germans can therefore have no easy time.

It must have been a sickening change from the beautiful and pleasant city of Dresden, with its palaces, to the overwhelming misery of Whitechapel. There are poverty and misery in Dresden, but they do not obtrude on a royal prince. In Whitechapel one can see nothing else.

The prince is attached to the Church of St. Boniface, in Union street, which is in the heart of Whitechapel. Over the door of his confessional box is written: "Father Max."

His first sermon dealt simply with religion as applied to the affairs of daily life, and contained nothing peculiarly personal. He showed himself an eloquent preacher. He is able to speak English almost as well as German.

In appearance he is of middle height, with a large head and a very high forehead. His military training has given him creases of carriage, but he is obviously delicate. He has fair hair, which is growing thin on the forehead, and blue eyes. The expression of his face is very spiritual and gentle.

On the evening of his first Sunday in Whitechapel he attended a meeting of the Gezellenverein, or Workmen's Club, attached to the Mission of St. Boniface. Speeches were made welcoming him, and in reply he said:

"I come among you not as a prince, but simply as a priest. I am a worker myself, for to my mind no honor is so great as that of labor."

Take a brief glance at the district in which the Saxon prince is to labor. The best obtainable statistics are those of Mr. Charles Booth, who is also quoted as an authority by Gen. William Booth, of the Salvation Army. He gives the entire population of the East End of London as 908,000, and of these 231,000 are in want. He divides them as follows: Starving, 100,000; paupers, 17,000; home-

less, 11,000; very poor, 203,000. The vast misery represented by these figures is nowhere more intense than in Whitechapel.

"Tens of thousands," writes a worker, "are crowded together amid horrors which call to mind what we have heard about the middle passages of the slave ships. To get into their homes you have to penetrate courts reeking with poisonous and malarious gases, arising from accumulations of sewage and refuse scattered in all directions, and often flowing beneath your feet—courts, many of them, which the sun never penetrates, which are never visited by a breath of fresh air, and are rarely visited by a drop of cleansing water."

"You have to ascend rotten staircases, which threaten to give way beneath every step, and which in some places have already broken down, leaving gaps that imperil the limbs and lives of the unwary. You have to grope your way along dark and filthy passages swarming with vermin. Then, if you are not driven back by the intolerable stench, you may gain admittance to the dens in which thousands of human beings—who belong as much as you to the race for whom Christ died—herd together."

"Have you pitied the poor creatures who sleep under railway arches, in carts or casks, or under any shelter which they can find in the open air? You will see that they are to be envied in comparison with those whose lot it is to seek refuge here."

"Every room in these rotten and reeking tenement houses contains a family, often two. In one cellar a sanitary inspector reports finding a father, mother, three children and four pigs. In another room a missionary found a man ill with smallpox, his wife just recovering from her eighth confinement, and the children running about half naked and covered with dirt. Here are seven people living in one underground kitchen, and a little dead child lying in the same room. Elsewhere is a poor widow, her three children, and a dead child, who has been dead thirteen days. Her husband, who was a cabinet-maker, had shortly before committed suicide. Here lives a widow with 29 children, including one daughter of 20, another of 21, and a son of 27. Another apartment contains father, mother and six children, two of whom are ill with scarlet fever."

It is also to be remembered that Whitechapel was a few years ago the scene of the most sickening series of murders known in modern times.

THE SIDE SHOW NUISANCE.

In Connection with Country Fairs and Industrial Exhibitions.

An American correspondent, in an exchange, after dealing at length with the present methods of awarding prizes at fairs, closes an admirable letter with the following reference to the side show nuisance, which recently has become a feature of even our local exhibitions:—

On more than one fair ground I have seen what purports to be a "Wild West Show." The writer has yet to pay his first ten cents to enter one of these shows, but if credence can be given to testimony, the kind of education our young men and boys will receive inside of that tent will not conduce to the elevation of the moral tone of society. I did not see a lady enter, and in fact a lady would loath the appearance of the women who showed themselves on the platform, arrayed as they were to attract attention.

On the same ground was a band of gypsies, or some specimens of humanity for whom I know no name. Passing by, I saw what I supposed to be the father, sprawling upon the ground, while beside him were two children not more than two and four years old, and the little boy (certainly not over four years of age) was pulling the smoke from a cob pipe with all the gusto of a professional. I ask the farmers or other citizens of this State if it is worth while to bring their children to witness such exhibitions of squalor and filth, not to speak of worse things?

It may seem a trifling thing for a boy to win a jack-knife by tossing a ring over it, but that same boy will go again next year with his earnings and take his chance at the same or a more questionable game. An occasional lucky throw may bring him a prize, and the foundation is laid for nights at the gambling table or a bid at the horse race.

I believe that the histories of all fairs will prove that so long as strenuous efforts have been made to secure a large and fine exhibit of farm animals, farm products, including fruits, vegetables, poultry and the like, a liberal display of farm machinery, and a well equipped ladies' department—such fair has been successful. People of all classes will go a long distance to see such a display, and fairs of that kind are helpful and uplifting in their influence.

CATHOLIC SEAMEN'S CLUB CONCERT

POPULAR THURSDAY MUSICAL UNIONS.

A grand rally from St. Mary's Parish! The stage captured by their young ladies! Was the surprise and grand feature of last Thursday's concert of this Club. Mr. Gordon presided, and had the already pretty little stage still further improved by decorations. Programme:—Miss Ina Reid, recitation; Little Misses Norah and Hilda Coghlin, songs; A. Hamilton, song; James Lea, seaman, song; James White, seaman, whistling solo; John Blair, James McLean, seamen, songs; A. Read and J. Milloy, songs; Miss S. and M. Spence, duet—and were loudly applauded.

Constipation

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So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

plauded; Miss M. Brennan's recitation, "Curlew Bell" was admired; Miss M. Smith and Miss K. Brennan, duet; Mr. H. Kearns, as usual, pleased with his "Irish Jig." Prof. E. Brennan presided at the piano. The chairman here introduced the St. Mary's Young Ladies to give an exhibition of their "Fancy Drill and Tableau," which was a grand treat, especially to the seamen, who loudly applauded. Their movements were very graceful. As they marched, 16 in number, with their captain, Miss Smith, to and from the stage, their appearance was imposing, and they were greeted with cheer after cheer. The hall was fairly packed with citizens and seamen, also a large number from St. Mary's Parish, with Rev. Father Shea, Thomas Hetherman, and others. Also, were noticed Rev. Fathers Devlin, Kavanagh, Cotter, and Acting-Mayor Connaughton. Miss Jennie Street also presided at the piano. At the close of this remarkably successful concert a unanimous vote of thanks was conveyed by the chairman to St. Mary's Young Ladies.—F.C.L.

BURYING GROUND BROKERS.

The Latest Venture in New York—Cemetery Lots Changing Hands Briskly.

We have often listened to the recitals of the enterprise, daring and otherwise, which characterize the efforts of some of the people in the neighboring republic, in their modern thirst for to be in advance in money-making methods, but the new scheme of speculating in cemetery lots caps the climax. The New York Herald tells the story of the mode of operation of the new coterie of burying ground brokers in the following manner:—

"Cemetery lots are now being made the subject of private barter. This queer traffic, which is yet in its infancy, arose from the fact that many families owning burial lots have been forced by financial misfortune to raise money from the sale of the plots. A burial lot capable of receiving several coffins can be sold either in whole or in part.

Then, again, there are owners of cemetery lots who, wishing to move to another section of the country, and they have no further use for the lots that they possess. Under these circumstances, what more natural than that they should attempt to realize money by their sale? But most New Yorkers who are selling their lots are doing so because they are pressed for money. And as a grave owner hardly cares to go around buttonholing his friends, requesting them to take six feet or so of burial land at a bargain, the necessity of the case has naturally called into existence the cemetery agents. These agents make it their business to dispose, either separately or in lots, of lots empty or partly filled.

It is the agent's business to hunt up customers instead of waiting for the customers to do the hunting. There is money in the business, for cemetery lots come high, and there are many who are willing to seize the opportunity of making a cemetery bargain.

There are phases of the cemetery broker's business that only appear when the queer trade is inquired into more closely. It is possible that the purchaser of a lot may decide that he does not want to have a strange body in the lot that he has bought for his own use. In this case the graveyard broker consults his books, gets the name of another lot owner who is anxious to sell a small priced lot, and, by bringing the two customers together, he manages to accomplish the sale and purchase of the cheaper lot, to which the body can be removed. Then he deducts ten per cent commission from all parties concerned.

There is a humorous side to this greivous business. This is supplied in the excuses made by customers, as to why they are selling the last resting place of their relatives. A favorite reason is that the owner has become a convert to the great advantages of cremation to the health of the community, and wishing to show a practical interest in the newly acquired belief, he has decided that the bodies of his relatives shall be disinterred and committed decently to the flames. In consideration of this he, of course, has no further use for the empty grave, and has therefore called to ask the broker to dispose of it to the highest bidder.

It is a lucrative industry, and not overcrowded at present, but, in spite of the opposition of the cemetery companies, who strongly object to the sale and barter of their property, it is probable that the enterprising geniuses who are ever on the lookout for a new road to fortune will soon be shouldering the present monopolists for a place in the front rank of the grave selling business.

HORSE SHOES.

A belief in the lucky influence wrought by horse shoes is more widespread than is generally supposed. The superstition has been indulged in by many great men as well as ignorant old ladies. Lord Nelson is supposed to have nailed a horseshoe to the mainmast of the Victory, and Dr. James attributed the large fortune he made out of his fever powders to the finding of a horseshoe, which symbol he adopted as a crest for his carriage. In 1813 Sir Henry Ellis recorded the noting of seventeen horse shoes outside a house in Monmouth Street, and few establishments were without one or two affixed to the door posts.

The horse shoe unites within itself three "lucky" elements. It is crescent-shaped, it is a portion of a horse, and it is made of iron. Iron has from its first discovery been regarded as a lucky metal. The Romans drove nails into their walls as an antidote to the plague, and to this day the Arabs when overtaken by a simoon will hold pieces of iron aloft and cry, "Iron, iron." Horses have always been looked upon as luck-bringers: a horse's hoof placed under the pillow is yet regarded as a specific.

"SATISFACTORY RESULTS."

So says Dr. Curlett, an old and honored practitioner in Belleville, Ontario, who writes: "For Wasting Diseases and Scrofula I have used Scott's Emulsion with the most satisfactory results."

for many diseases in country places. The form of the crescent has from the earliest antiquity been esteemed as a preventative against danger and especially evil spirits. Hudibras refers to this superstition in the couplet:—

Chase evil spirits away by dink
Of sickle, horseshoe, and hallowdink.

And Herrick has it:—

Hang up hofs and shears to some
Hence the hag that rides the mare.

The credited powers of the crescent were early transferred to the horse shoe, which closely resembles it in being curved and ending in two points. The seal of Solomon, the great symbol of luck among Jews, consisted of two triangles, representing six forks. The Chinese build their tombs in semi-circular form, like a horseshoe, to ward off the attacks of evil spirits. It will thus be seen that the idea is as widespread as it is ancient. It is, moreover, a quaint and picturesque belief, this cult of the horse shoe, and unlike so many superstitious it is harmless. Let us, then, continue to trust in it, if only for its beauty.

SOME IRISH STORIES.

Taken From the Recently Published Papers of O'Neill Daunt.

Some good stories are told in the journals of Mr. O'Neill Daunt, recently published under the title, "A Life Spent in Ireland," according to the New York Sun. At one time Mr. Daunt was the guest of Father Burke, in whose parish one of the sanguinary tithes always occurred between the parsons and the Catholic people. The soldiers were called on to fire on the populace, and some persons were killed. Soon afterward Father Burke received a government circular inquiring the number of his flock, for the purpose of making up a census. He answered that, as he had not yet ascertained to what extent his people were thinned out on the last shooting day, he could not furnish the required information with accuracy.

When the poor law was first introduced a Dublin beggar woman, whom a gentleman referred to the parsonage, said:

"The poor law's a grand thing for the souls of the gentlemen."

"Why so?"

"Because now, when we ask for alms they only say 'Go to the parsonage, but before there was a parsonage they used to say 'Go to the devil!'"

At a contest for election in Galway a landlord named Foster sold his whole stock of votes for a good sum to each of the candidates. Having pocketed the money of both, he called the voters to gether. Foster was too generous to keep all the traffic to himself.

"B'ys," he exclaimed, to his expectant serfs, "I don't care a button who you vote for. I have made the most I could of you; go and sell your vote, every man of you to the best advantage you can."

When Lord Muskerry was dying the person in attendance remarked that life and its vanities would soon pass away, and exhorted him to repent.

"Repent! For what should I repent?" demanded the old lord. "Why, I don't remember that during my whole life I ever denied myself anything."

MIRTHFUL MENTION.

From the New Moon

A MASTER on the sound—A box on the ear.

"BLANCHE is a brilliant talker." "Of course; she has lantern jaws."

"What is your idea of faith?" "Putting a nickel on the plate and expecting a crown of pure gold."

"What's a good thing for reumatism?" "You seem to be; you're always complaining of it."

"Even see such a quarrelsome character as Smith?" "Never. I think he'd provoke a professional pugilist into a fight."

"The management has just raised my salary to \$500 a month." "Sorry, old man, but I've got to borrow this week myself."

"I SAY," said Blinks, "I've got an idea in my head." "If you don't cherish it carefully," remarked Twizzle, "it will die of solitude."

"DARLING, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?" "Yes, mamma; we sung a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice-cream mountains.'"

MISS ELDERLY: "I am sorry to say no. I should think you could read my refusal in my face." The Rejected: "I am not very expert at reading between the lines."

The balance of nature has surely been somewhat disturbed. It takes eight hundred expensive roses to make a teaspoonful of perfume, while a pennyworth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

FIRST CYCLIST: "Do you see that gentleman yonder? He holds the largest number of prizes and medals ever possessed by one man." Second Ditto: "What, that fellow? He does not look a bit like a champion." First Ditto: "It's just as I tell you, though. He is a pawnbroker, you see."

A prominent woman physician says: "The first thing I say to a woman when she comes to me for advice and suggestion is: 'Turn your back to me.' It is remarkable how few women present a good-looking back, straight and shapely, with shoulder-tips in line, elbows not poking, hips even, and no protuberant shoulder-blade. One has so many resources to conceal an ill-fitting front—one's arms and hands, a bow of ribbon and the like; but the back is hopeless and must be above reproach. The back is not only the crucial test of a woman's gown; it is also the test of her general appearance. A good back is very rare. Watch women in the streets and you will be surprised to see how few own one."

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CAPE PRICES. 275 Ladies' Cashmere and Colored Circular Capes, full pleated, long, fancy buttons, Champagne Collar, \$2.95. Higher class styles, up to \$7.00.

OVERSKIRT PRICES. 350 Ladies' Cashmere Cloth Over Skirts, lined throughout, M. G. R. P. P. full sweep, 4 1/2 yards, \$2.75. Higher class styles, up to \$15.00.

SILK PRICES. Fancy Strip Silks, 25 yds. Fancy Figured Silks, 20 yds. a real cut in Silk to our line of Fancy Patterns, 17 1/2.

BOYS' CLOTHING PRICES. Boys' Strong Tweed School Suits, \$1.35. Boys' Navy Blue Serge Suits, \$1.25. Boys' Reeler Jackets, \$1.10. Boys' Navy Nap Jackets, \$1.00.

BLANKET PRICES. 350 good size White Wool Blankets, \$1.45. 200 superior quality, extra size, \$1.20. Extra large size, English make, up to \$13.50.

UNDERSKIRT PRICES. Warm Knitted Underskirts, all colors, 19 yds. M. G. R. P. P. Cashmere Grey Cloth, 30 yds. Higher class styles from \$1.20 to \$12.50.

WRAPPER PRICES. Fancy Print Wrappers, 40 yds. very pretty Fancy Wrappers, hood back, high sleeves, \$1.25. Higher class styles from \$1.75 to \$3.

COMFORTER PRICES. 200 Comforters, made specially, good covering, well filled, cut down in price to 40c. Higher class goods up to \$1.75.

QUILT PRICES. 250 White Heavy Quilts, excellent quality, good size, pure white, cut price, 60c. Higher class goods from \$1.25 to \$13.00.

CURTAIN PRICES. 500 pairs Nottingham Lace Curtains in White, Cream and Ecru, splendid value, 25c pair. Higher class Curtains, from 70c to \$10.75.

LINEN PRICES. Good Linen Towels, 32 yds. 3 in. Ruler Towelling, 3 1/2 yard, very heavy Terry Mats, 3 1/2 each; Linen Glass Towelling, 5c yard.

FLANNEL PRICES. 50 pieces good quality Heavy Grey Flannel cut price 10c yard; regular price 15c.

HOSIERY PRICES. Ladies' All Wool Hose, Black, He pr. Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Black, 15c pr. Ladies' Cashmere Hose, Black, 20c pr. Ladies' Vests, high neck, long sleeves, 14c.

GLOVE PRICES. 4-Button Ladies' Kid Gloves, 44c. Good Foster Laced Kid Gloves. Ladies' Fine Shopping Kid Gloves, 75c. High-class Gloves up to \$1.50.

BOOT AND SHOE PRICES. Ladies' Fine Dongola Strap Shoe, \$1.00. Ladies' Fine Dongola Patent Tip, Turned Soles, \$1.25. Men's Fine Bull Laced Boots, \$2.00. Boys' School Boots, \$1.00.

MINK RUFF PRICES. Full Fur Mink Ruff, \$1.65. Alaska Sable Fur Ruff, \$3.95. Marten Sable Ruffs with Tails, \$6.40.

LACE PRICES. Valenciennes Laces from 1c yard. Oriental Lace, Open Patterns, 4c. Wide, Fancy Buttonhole Patterns, 7c.

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PATENT REPORT. The following report is prepared for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Laberge, Engineers and Experts, No. 185 St. James Street, Montreal.

On the 6th instant the United States Patent Office issued 434 mechanical patents, 27 design patents and 54 trade marks. Out of the 434 patents, 420 were patented to citizens of the United States, 11 to citizens of Great Britain, 10 to citizens of Germany, and the following to citizens of Canada:—568 789, James G. Pennycook, Toronto, vault light; 569 050, Seth C. Nutter, Sherbrooke, Que., sleigh truck; 569 064, Wm. W. Seamon, Lytton, gold mining dredge; 569 065, J. T. B. Selman, Toronto, filter; 569 139, Eugene Moran, and S. Mason, Bunzen burner. Canadian Patents have also recently been granted to Marguerite Boisvert, pile fabric; W. Leclair, hay press; S. W. Butterfield, bark cutting machines; Jos. Payment, cork husking machine; Chs. Fournier, vehicle spring.

COFFEE DRUNKARDS. Coffee drunkenness is one of the latest dangers which doctors abroad are raising their voices against. Dr. Mendel, of Berlin, has published a clinical study, which is the most thorough yet made, as he had a community of coffee drinkers under his constant observation—the working women in and about Essen. He found many of these women consumed over a pound of coffee a week. The leading symptoms of the ill that afflicted them were profound depression of spirits and frequent headaches, with insomnia. A strong dose of coffee would relieve them for a time, then the ailment would return. The muscles became weak and trembling, and the hands trembled when at rest. The victims suffered so seriously they dared not abandon the drinking of coffee for fear of death. What, we wonder, will be next.

The impurities in the blood which cause scrofula eruptions are thoroughly radiated by Hood's Sarsaparilla. Try it.