THE CATHOLIC RECORD

OCTOBIR 21, 1399.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

DOROTHY CLOSE.

BY MARY T. ROBERTSON

CHAPTER IV.

" FOR ONE NIGHT ONLY."

"Quickly, dear, the curtain is just going to rise. What, flowers already? Here, take some of these lovely roses with you. There is the bell, go, my darling !"-and with these last words from her aunt Dorothy found herself face to face with the public. Never had she felt so wildly excited -never had she been so outwardly calm. "One Touch of Nature" will never be forgotten by those who saw it that evening. Mrs. Close had written it expressly for the occasion, and Dorothy did ample justice to her part, more than justice indeed

The simple story of a young Countess who, in the wild days of the French Revolution, softens the heart of a law less peasant by unflinching courage and fortitude displayed for her child's sake; her subsequent mysterious separ-ation from, and search for, her child, developed into a tragedy so life-like, so realistic, that many of the actors and habitual playgoers, who formed a large part of the audience, thrilled with unwonted excitement as they followed with ever-growing interest the fortunes of the unhappy "Contesse

Dorothy surpassed herself : forget-ting stage and spectators she was liv-ing in Paris, and many of her audience realised for the first time what the Reign of Terror meant. Her appearance, when the curtain rose on the closing scene, was greeted with raptur-ous applause, which, however, soon sank to sympathetic silence.

The scene was Paris at night, in the year 1805 The stately city rose, dim and shadowy in the moonlight, be-hind the old Pont d'Arbres, on which stood the Countess, prematurely aged by sorrow : time had stood still for her since the day she lost her son, and now, in wild, impassioned words, she how, it wild, impassioned works, she bade the river give up her child that they might find rest together. The idea that he might still be alive then crossed her diseased mind, and the river losing its fascination for her, she turned to leave the bridge ; a low mur mur of admiration ran through the audience as Dorothy thus faced them. Suddenly the orchestra, which had been playing a soft, melancholy adagio, stopped abruptly; the con-ductor rose in his seat, there was a frightful crash, the Pont d'Arbres had given way. The stage was hidden by the rapidly descending curtain. No one understoid that anything

unforeseen had occurred, the applause was general, and shouts of "the Countess " rang through the hall. Mar-garet, turning to her brother, ex claimed : "How clever toget her cff in time ; what an original idea, too, was it not ?'

Hugh sprang to his feet as she spoke, and she saw that he had not heard her ; following the direction of his gaze she saw someone leave the stalls hurriedly, and thought she re cognized Dr. Bergholm; but at the same moment the warning bell was heard, and in joyful expectation she turned her eyes towards the stage : but the curtain had not moved, only Mar Mr. Close appeared before it. garet heard what he said as in a dream -apologise, accident - grateful-she could not realise at once what the words meant.

The crowd streamed out of the theatre discussing the accident in hushed tones; but Margaret and Hugh

words in pencil and gave it him. "She-she is not dead !" gasped Hugh, as he took the card. answered the doctor, "No, no !" answered the doctor, "No, no !" answered the doctor, briskly; but his kindly face was clouded, and as he turned away he muttered to himself—" not yet !"

CHAPTER V. " NEVER AGAIN "

The summer months passed away long, dreary months they were to Tom Close and his wife, now that the bright young face that had grown so familiar nd so dear to them was no longer to be seen in their shabby little rooms. Long, dreary months they seemed to Hugh Mackenzie, as day after day his inquiries met with the same answer, "No change." Long, dreary months

"No change." Long, dreary months they were to many in the great hos-pital, where Dorothy lay. But for her summer and autumn passed alike unheeded: death was vanquished at last, and she crept slow-ly back to life ; slowly—so slowly, that spring had come before Dr. Bergholm was able to say that all that human art and science could do had been done for

her, and she could be taken home. A keen wind had driven all clouds from the sky ; rays of spring sunshine struggled through the snoke-laden athere ; even the trees in the squar looked less dejected than u-ual, seem looked less dejected than u-ual, seem-ing to welcome her. And how glad Dorothy was to be at home again ! A room on the ground floor had been arranged for her, and she was soon established on a couch there, noting with a greatful smila the reary takang with a grateful smile the many tokens of love around her, from the movable bookcase near her to the blazing fire in the grate, and yellow daffodils in the vasce. She was very bright and bravely cheerful, hiding every sign of pain so that her aunt and uncle might not guess the extent of her suffering, yet unconsciously causing them many a pang by her lively talk, until she fairly drove her uncle out of the room by asking if she could not learn a role while lying still, so as to be quite ready when the time came for her to act again. Her aunt gave her one, in

order to avoid answering, but was re-lieved to see it laid aside in a few minutes. "You are tired, dear ?" she asked

tenderly "I think I am," said Dorothy, "I think I am," said Dorothy, wearly. "I can't remember the words." Even as she spoke her eyes words closed ; in a few minutes she was fast Mrs. Close stole out of the asleep. room to look for her husband ; she found him sitting in the dining-room, his head buried on his arm. Going up to him, she laid her hands on his shoulder. He locked up. "Who will tell her? I cannot-oh

it was my fault, my fault !" he groaned.

"It was no one's fault, Tom. You saw to to the carpentering as carefully as usual. Do not harp on that idea," "I am going to fetch she replied. Durothy's friend, Margaret, and Mackenzie's sister - poor lad !" They both sighed. The little ro

mance that had been unfolding itself before them had won their interest and their sympathy. It was with regret that they consigned it even mentally to the land of what might have been The silence that followed was broken by a ring at the door bell. A moment later their little servant, opening the door, placed the lamp on the tabl and then, as an after thought, drew down the blinds and announced a visitor-

Miss Mackenzie Margaret had only once seen friend since the accident, and had been much shocked at the change been wrought by suffering and weariness but she had not realized the extent of the injury. The news Mrs. Close gave her was like a blow : "Dorothy drove home in silence : only as they never walk again !" she repeated reached the house did she venture to wonderingly. "Dorothy ! doss she force applied to it and the

was so much to say, time passed so rapidly ; perhaps the evil moment could yet be put off. But the dreaded opportunity came at last. Dorothy gave a long sigh. "It is dreadful to have to lie still all this time," she said ; "but it will not be

much longer now, I suppose." The blood rushed to Margaret's pale face ; her eyes filled with tears. Doro-thy put out her hand in alarm.

"What is it, Meg, what is the matter ?" she cried. Margaret knelt down by the couch holding the thin, transparent hand in She saw the look of amazement hers. die out of Dorothy's face ; it was re placed by a questioning fear, a terror she had never seen in those dear, blue before. **eyes**

"Can you bear it, Dorothy?" she questioned. "Oh, my darling, you will never, never..." She saw the last ray of hope die away, and made a desperate effort to finish the sentence ' My poor darling, Dr. Bergholm says you will never walk again !

A long silence ; the ticking of the clock in the hall outside sounded through the room like strokes of a ammer on the anvil. Dorothy did not speak or move. Had she heard ? As to Margaret, her mind seemed a perfect blank ; all the comforting vords she had thought of escaped her. Unable to bear the silence, and feeling that she was no longer mistress of her-self, she arose. Her movement seemed to wake her friend out of a dream :

"Thank you so much for coming," she said. Her voice was quite steady, only sounding a little weary as she added: "If you see Aunt Frances, please act her to be near the set her to be set her to be the set her to be the set her t please ask her to let no one come to m for an hour or two. I dare say I shall go to sleep sgain soon. Good-bye, and thank you again, dear.' Margaret kissed her in silence, and

Margaret tabled her in the hello, and hurried out of the room. Mrs. Close, who had been waiting for her in the hall, came forward, saying tenderly: "Poor child ! how white you are;" and, repressing the question that naturally rose to her lips, she added: "Come, sit down, and have some tea." "Thank you, I must really go: I

told Hugh I should be in before 7, replied Margaret, pulling nervously at her glove. "I told Dorothy," she went on, in answer to the wistful, questioning look that she felt rather than saw. "She is tired, and begged than saw. "She is tired, and begged that no one should go in to her for an hour or so. I am not sure if she quite understands, realizes - but I told her." Poor Margaret ! She would have had no doubts as to her words having been understood if she could have seen Dorothy at that moment ; or as Mrs. Close saw her an hour later, when, unable to bear the suspense any longer, she stole into Dorothy's room and found her asleep, indeed, but with tears still shining on the long eye-lashes, and heard, as she bent over her, one word recurring with painful wearisome iteration to her lips-" Never-Never !"

TO BE CONTINUED.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

The following article from the per of Wm. Mathews, LL D. (taken from the Saturday Evening Post), proving that far more important than brilliant abilities is the talent for work, will, we think, be read with interest by our young men. Mr. Mathews says:

It is a common mistake to suppose that intellectual cleverness or menta power is the main qualification for success in any career. Far more im-portant than brilliant abilities is a talent for work-for hard, persistent unremitting toil. Mental cleverness is the edge of the knife which makes it penetrate ; but whether it penetrate deeply or not depends more on the

in some cases, to old worm eaten acount books and musty files of receipts. He must scrutinize piles of papers in foreign languages, or in the strange spelling and handwriting of centuries long past-in faded ink, too, and on browned parchments ; and days and ven weeks of toil must sometimes be undergone in preparing to write a single page. It is customary to explain the high-

est results of human effort — the achievements that immortalizs menby attributing them to a subtle, mys terious power which no one has been able to definite, yclept "genius." It is thought to vulgarize a great work to ascribe it to anything but direct in-spiration from Heaven. Men are led into this error by contemplating the magnitude of a work-as, for example Newton's Principia, or Milton's Para-dise Lost, or a great invention-in its finished state, without considering the slow, gradual, creeping progress by en broughtto which these things have be their perfection. Unable to trace the weary steps by which the philosopher, poet or inventor has passed, in spite of many defeats and discouragements, from one mountain peak of thought to another, "thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted," till he has attained to his present lofty elevation, they cry out that he is "a miracle of genius!" "Yes," says Sydney Smith, "he is a miracle of genius, because, he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind, he has ramacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of Nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every attention that diligence could bestow

It is true that men have different degrees of aptitude for a particular pursuit ; but it is equally true that all truly great men have become such by intense and persistent toil. Their superiority is not so much a superiority of natural endowment as a force of will and a faculty of toil which urge all their natural endowments into the very highest and most efficient activ ity. Slowly and painfully did Milton elaborate verse after verse of his sub lime epic ; and Newton left on record the assurance that he did not discover the law of gravitation by the aid of Heaven-born inspiration, but by dint of a homely virtue within the reach of all men—the habit of patient thought.

cine.

Nine - tenths of the most use ful labor in any calling is drud gery - work which kindles no enthusiasm and elicits no praise-but without which signal success is im-possible. "No man," says the painter Innes, "can do anything in art un-less he has intuitions; but between whiles he must work hard in collecting the materials out of which intuition are made." All great artists under stand this, and act upon it according ly. What rare endowments of eve and hand had Michael Angelo! Ye Yet

neither he nor the many-sided Loonardo da Vinci thought any detail of anatomy or physics beneath his notice They studied the human frame as if they expected to be doctors ; the law of matter as if they meant to be en gineers ; the nature of light as if they meant to be physicists; and the prin-ciples of optics as if they had resolved to be astronomers.

All the great statesmen, scholars, orators and writers of ancient and modern times have had a marve ous taleni for work. "I know that he can toil terribly," said Queen Elizabeth of Raleigh. Loc "I have seen him." Look at Palmerston "I have seen him." says his physi-cian, Sir Henry Holland, "under a fit of gout which would have sent After taking the nulls, the attacks bewith which it is applied than upon the sharpness of the blade. other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of reading or writing on public business almost without abatement amid the chaos of papers that covered the floor as well as the tables of his room." What a Titanic and tireless worker was Gladstone, alike in boyhood, middle life and old age, when at eighty-four he some times read and studied ten hours a day! It was this talent and love for work which made his fellow student at Oxford, the brilliant Arthur Hallam the subject of Tennyson's In Mem-oriam, predict : "Whatever may be our lot, I am confident that Gladstone is a bud that will bloom out with a richer a due that will shown out with a richer fragrance than almost any whote youthful promise I have witnessed." Macaulay was an extraordinary worker, and when tolling at his his-tory in 1848 rose at daybreak and wrought intensely-sometimes sitting at his desk twelve hours on a stretch. "I have made myself what I am," said that giant of classical erudition, Por-son, "by intense labor." What made Bulwer, who composed at first with great difficulty, so successful at last, not only as a novelist, but as an essayist, dramatist, historian, poet, orator and political pamphleteer? was a Herculean faculty of work. which manifested itself in spite of his life-long invalidism, in not less than a hundred volumes, though he lived but sixty-eight years. Who needs to be told of Pascal, who killed himself by hard study; of Cicero, who narrowly escaped death by the same cause ; of Walter Scott, rising to work daily at 5 o'clock in the morning, and 5 o'clock in the morning, and breaking the backbone of the day," as he used to say, before his family had assembled for break. fast ; or of Arnold of Rugby, always up to his ears in work, learning some new language, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen some progressive movement of

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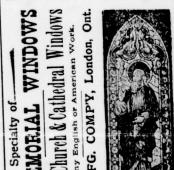
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and rheumatism. Many a time had I been so bad that I could do nothing but endure the pain and pray for physical deliverance. My advanced age, being nearly sev enty years old, made a cure look almost impossible, humanly considered, in a case of such long standing. But thanks to the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I am here to day in exce ent health with scarcely an ill feeling to remind me of past sufferings Something over two years ago I read of the wonderful cures attending the use of Dr. Williams' Pn; Pills. I thought if these testimonials are true it is possible the pills may benefit even I bought six boxes first, used me. me. I bought six boxes inst, decu them strictly as directed, and with the Lord's blessing they did me much good. But my ailments were chronic, deep seated, and I am an old man. The cure was not complete, and I got twelve boxes more with all faith in the result. I only had to use six boxes of the socond lot when I found myself quite free from kidney troubles, rheumatism and all other bodily ailments, except the disability incidental to persons of my advanced age, and even these were in a measure relieved. I may add that for a long time before I used the pills and when I began their use, I was the vic tim of the most distressing attacks of sick headache, the sensation of seasickness in extreme violence being not

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ask, in an awestruck voice: " Was she

"Close only said injured," was the grave answer as he helped her out of the carriage ; but having seen her into the house, he declared he would take a turn in the fresh air, and went out A moment later he threw again. A moment later he himself into a hansom, saying : the Arachne Theatre-drive fast !

It was a glorious night. The moon floated serenely through a cloudless sky, unperturbed by human joys and sorrows, but gazing down with steady penetration as if bent on solving the mystery of the sleeping world. It was at its highest and brightest

on that memorable night of the 17th of June, when a window in the neigh-borhood of Soho was thrown open and the heavy curtains fastened back to admit the cool night air. The moon-beams slanted unheeded into the gaslit room. They shone on polished cup boards ; on a table with preparations o rouge and powder ; on various theatri-cal costumes of bright colors with here and there a bit of rich silk or velvet, all lying where they had been hastily thrown in confusion. It was a dress-ing-room at the Arachne Theatre. At the far end stood two men : as the window opened one of them turned towards it, then, wheeling suddenly round again, seized his companion's Tell me the worst, doctor," he arm. said abruptly; " is there any hope ?" Dr. Bergholm bent over something

lying on a heap of pillows at their feet, and evaded the question. "She must be moved while unconscious; it is a bad case, I won't deny that," he said. bad case, 1 won't deny that, he said, looking up as he spoke, just in time to see Hugh appear in the doorway. 'Mackenzle, my good fellow! You can do nothing here," he exclaimed. Then pitying the lad's evident distress, he added: '' If you want to be of use, give in this card." He took one from She sat on a low stool by the side of the books, contemporary memoirs, private his pen some progressive movement of his pocket as he spoke, wrote a few couch, and the friends talked : there diaries and letters, newspapers—even the age? Even Kean, the tragedian

know?" Mrs. Close shook her head, she could not trust herself to speak. Margaret grasped the situation at

"You want me to tell her?" she said. Then, after a pause : "When shall i come to see her? You said she was asleep, did you not?" Mrs. Close rose. "Will you see her now, if she is awake ? or ----- " she hes-

"Yes, now, if she is awake," was the quiet answer; and Mrs Close quitted the room. The moments seemed ages to Mar-

The moments seemed ages to Mar-garet as she waited there. She began to wonder what she should say—how prepare the way for her terrible tid-ings. Then she tried to persuade her-sole the Darathe must be actual cherings. Then she tried to persuade her-self that Dorothy must be still asleep, that it would be better to tell her an-other day. Delusive as she knew these hopes to be, a pang shot through her when Mrs. Close re-appeared, saying : "Dorothy would like to see you." With a sinking heart she crossed the hall; there was a moment's reprieve at the door. Then Mrs. Close, lifting the heavy curtains that hung inside, signed to her to enter alone.

That room haunted Margaret for weeks afterwards ; the bookcases, the weeks alterwards; the bookdades, the hang of the curtains, the very pattern of the wall paper seemed to have stamped themselves indelibly on her stamped themselves indentity on her mind. The gas was lit, a fire burnt brightly in the grate, and Dorothy's couch had been pushed near it; but the face on which the flickering light shone was so white and drawn, so strangely transparent looking in its dusky setting, that Margaret could not command her voice sufficiently to speak for a moment. But, as Mar-garet bent over the couch, Dorothy stretched out her arms, saying, half-wistfully: half merrily : "I can't get up yet, so you must come down, dear;" and the embrace gave her a moment in which to in which to recover her composure.

The will is the driving-wheel which sets all the mental machinery in motion. It is the man who not only resolves to succeed, but who begin

and re begins resolutely again and again after every rebuff, that reaches the goal. Take any calling or sphere of achievement-as literature, for ex ample, a calling in which succe would seem to depend chiefly upon in tuition or inspiration-what men cal genius"-and what an amount of

toil-of hard, unremitting, exhaust ing work-nay, even of drudgery, success in its exacts !

A poem like Gray's Elegy, or Coler-idge's Ancient Mariner, or Pope's Epistic to Dottor Arbuthnot is not struck off at a flash. The most fastidious and exacting taste has been at work upon it for weeks and months, and perhaps for years-blotting, expanding, condensing, and polishing with ceaseless care, and it is not till after innumerable charges, blots and erasures that this quintesence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible is of last given to the world, its different parts fused together and finished with all the care of a skilled jeweler setting his most prec-

ious gems. The same tihng is true of a great historical work like Gibbon's or Mac aulay's. It involves an amount of labor and positive drudgery of which the reader who glides so easily over its pages has no conception. To produce a sterling history which shall abide the closest critical scrutiny the writer must go back to the original sources of information, to the statutes of the period he is portraying, the diplomatic correspondence, the orders and reports of military leaders, the records of dobates in councils and par-liaments, political pamphlets, street ballads and "broadsides," ships' log-books, contemporary memoirs, private After taking the pills, the attacks became less frequent and less troublesome and finally ceased almost entirely. My son who lived at a distance took the remaining six boxes and stated to me that they did him much good. This I do know, that he looked much fresher and appeared in better spirits after their use. Believing as I do that an over-ruling power suggests to mortals all the wise and beneficial thoughts and inventions which operate to im prove our race, and allay and cure our suffering, I say again that I thank the Lord and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for my prolonged life and present good health

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