Paths Better Than Ruts.

If a man is driving along a country road, he may need to keep the wheels of his wagon out of the ruts. If does not, he is likely to wrench l wheels or to have them drag heavily all the time. But if a man is walking along a country road, he is glad to know that he is in the righ path and then be moves There is all the differon confidently. ence in the world between a "rut" and a "path." This is as true in study and daily conduct and in every phase of human life, as in country and traveling. A "rut" is a track that has been too much traveled and that has been too exclusively used, to the neglect of the road on either side of it. A " path" is a course which can be safely followed on oot without the neglect of the main thoroughfare. Sometimes we see signs on a country road," "Don't rut the or "Keep in the path. is well for us to bear in mind the lessons of such signs in our daily life course.

The Real Trouble. For ill temper and unhappiness the blame is usually ascribed to the incidents of life. Some word is said which suddenly sets our passions aflame, or an ecident occurs which upsets the peaceful balance of our minds for the large part of a day; and we lay the fault on the person whom we think is to be blamed. But if we would carefully consider, the fault would usually be found in ourselves. Have you not notound in ourselves. Have you not noticed that what may cause irritation at one time will be endured with perfect equanimity at another? Why not then look for the fault where it usually success largely to their ability in ies-in yourself. It may be a fit of in digestion, or too little sleep, or not ough rest has brought your temper to the brink where the least jolt tips it over. If you were further away from the brink the jolt would have had no

The Value of Poise.

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Rigidness destroys grace. In en-deavoring to stand up straight and ac-quire a good bearing some men assume a stiffness that is detrimental to natural harmony of motion. In exhortsons to stand straight, l say, "Hold yourself ing their fathers will say, "Hold yourself erect," but no one can hold one's self properly erect without being taught orrectly to do so. It does not mean throwing the shoulders back and carrying the head high, with the chin thru It means such a complete control of the body that a perfect erectness is equired without any apparent effort Some men are too indolent to bother themselves about taking a correct posture while sitting, walking or standing. Consequently, they soon lose their youthful suppleness, for unless the muscles of the body are well trained, they will show the effect of the body are well advancing years upon them. Cultivate Control.

Impulsive people are these who pos-sess an abundance of feeling. They make many blunders, but they generally act upon the same swift impulse to rectify them, thereby proving their hearts are in the right place, after all, even though their heads are not. The man who says or does a thing on the impulse of the moment may sometimes strike it right and shine more brilliantthan the man of careful study and observation. Rarely, however, does this happen unless there be associated with an impulsive nature a keen intel-lect. As a rule, impulsive people uld endeavor to control themselves. Such a course is much safer to pursue than to act according to one's feelings. It is very true we cannot admire cold, taciturn people, who deem it their duty to conceal their hearts to such a degree that we are forced to doubt their possession of these pulsating organs. However, the traly charming man never lets his impulses control his ds or actions without first knowing whether they will gracefully fit in or not. As I have said before, the charm of all charms is common sense, and when we go contrary to it, we mar the beauty of our characters.

Luxury Does Not Bring Achievement. The history of our country is a record of the successes of poor boys who seemed to be hopclessly shut off from books, culture and education, except that of the most meagre kind-fro almost every opportunity for mental development. The youthful Lincolns, Franklins, Hamiltons, Garfields, Grants, and Clays—those who become presi-nents, lawyers, statesmen, soldiers, orators, merchants, educators, journalists, inventors—giants in every department of life—how they stand out from the pages of history, those poor boys, an inspiration for all time to those who are born to fight their way up to their

own loaf! The youth who is reared in a luxur ious home, who, from the moment of his birth, is waited on by an army of servants, pampered and indulged by overfond parents, and deprived of every incentive to develop himself mentally or physically, although commonly regarded as one to be envied, is more to be pixed than the poorest, most humbly born boy or girl in the land. Unless he is gifted with an unusual mind, he is in danger of becoming a degenerate, a parasite, a creature who lives on the labor of others, whose powers ultimately atrophy from disuse.—O. S. Marden, in Success.

othing Gained by Drunkenness. Most people are intelligent enough to know their own interests. And it does not take much hard thinking to convince an honest minded and intellithat drunkenness gent man curse, and that moderate drinking often leads up to it. Drunkenness does not make a man respectable to-day. It does not recommend him for a respon ible position. It does not entitle him to the confidence of his friends. The railroad company does not want a drunkard in the signal-house or on the locomotive.

The steamship company does not want to steam the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a drunkard that the steamship company does not want a steam that the steamship company does not want a steam that the steamship company does not want a steam that the steamship company does not want a steam that the steamship company does not want a steam that the steamship company does not want the steamship c

house or banking institution does not want him handling its funds. The merchant does not want him behind the counter. The manufacturer does not want him beside the machine. We do not call in a drunken physician if we care much for the patient. We do not expect a drunken lawyer to gain a suit. We do not want drunken teachers in our schools. We do not want drunken udges on the bench. There is the strongest argument with most people in favor of temperance, and even in favor of total abstinence. There is nothing gained by drunkenness, and there is not nuch gained by moderate drinking. Sacred Heart Review.

Little Hindrances to Success It is not so much the great things that injure a man's business or profes sion as the little things, the trifles that he does not think worthy of his attention. One of the worst of the little hindrances to success—if anything is little is little in a world where a mud crack swells into an Amazon, and where the stealing of a pin may end on the scaffold—is lack of amiability. How many a clerk or stenographer has been unable to keep a position because of an explosive temper or a lack of good nature! How many sales have been lost by the impatience or insolence or want of equanimity of a salesman!
How many editors have lost valuable contributors, and publishers noted authors, simply from the lack of an even temper or a disposition to be cordial nd hospitable!

How many botel clerks and pro-prietors have lost desirable customers by curtness of manner or inhospitable treatment!

I know of a room clerk in a hotel whose suave manner and cordial treat-ment of the guests made him so valuable in attracting and holding patronage that the proprietor was glad to pay him

success largely to their ability in selecting traveling men of pleasing selecting traveling men of pleasing manners and personality to represent them. In fact, some of these firms are so dependent upon the personality of these men that, should they leave them, a large part of their trade vould go with them. The merchants whom the 'drummers' visit become attached to them, and, in many cases, rather than cease to do business with them, would transfer their patronage to the firm with which they choose to connect

themselves. The largest establishment in Paristhe Bon Marche-was literally built up by the amiability and pleasing manners of its founders, as was also the famous grocery business of Park and Tilford of

lew York. But it would be a narrow view of amiability to look at it only as a factor in attaining material success. Its power to brighten and sweeten life in the home, in the street, in the school, in the store, office, or market—where-ever it is found, is of infinitely greater value than its material influer success-winner.—Success.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

The Devotion of a Boy.

I shall never forget the impression one little incident in the Milan cathedral produced upon me. In front of the steps leading up to the chancel, on a sort of stone bed or platform raised to a sort of stone bed or platform raised to about the height of an ordinary writing-table above the floor lay an iron cross with an iron figure of the Saviour extended upon it. There was absolu-tely nothing artistic, nothing worthy of ond glance, in this crucifix. But in the eyes of this Italian worshippers, mainly women, it stood for some-thing. I know not what. They came, looked at it, kissed it on the feet de or brow with a kiss as carelessly conventional as the hand-shake of meat was almost a sin. It is such people ashionable ladies at an afternoon tea.

I was looking at this scene with curious interest, speculating on the relation of this ceremonial to genuine religon, and, with, I am afraid, a tinge f pharaisaic Protestantism, wondering w this spiritual etiquette, if it could be designated by so large a name, was regarded by Him who was the supposed object of the supposed adoration, when there are no lack of them to-day. But a boy of perhaps eight or nine years of I am glad that at least one kitchen ege approached the table. He was so saint had his story thus written for the world to read, and that the world loves reaching the crucifix with his lips. n his devotion there was nothing careless, nothing conventional. He kissed the image again and again, on the breast, the brow, the lips, lassonately as a faithful and persevering, no matter how to a might have kissed the loved kitchen saint! whether it be Brother mother if she lay before him on her couch in death. And, then, with one long lingering look of love, he turned away, and I turned too, not eaning that the beauty of that scene should be spoiled by the irreverent kisses of a superficial if not pseudo piety. What will be the history of that boy, I wonder? Will he grow up to be a seconded Savanarola? Italy surely needs one. She will not listen to Protestants; but she would listen eagerly to a sincere, an earnest, a devout, a genuinely pious, and a genuine y patriotic Roman Catholic; and though piety and patriotism are just now at sword's points in Italy, they need not be. Or will he become a second Francis of Assisi, remaining in the Church, loving the Church, devoted to the Church, loyal to the institutions of the Church, and wearing his heart out in an endeavor to fill their tountains with something of the life which they once possessed ?—Rev. Lyman Abbot (Protestant) in the Out-

look.

There is a little book that has floated down the stream of time for over two centuries which is always very interesting to me, because it is the short and simple record of a very beautiful soul. There are only a few pages of it; it consists of some fifteen letters and four "conversations." is the story of young Nicholas Herman, of Lorraine, in France, a poor and uneducated lad, who first enlisted

stripped of its leaves; for it made nim think that as God could send lowers and fruit to this seemingly dead trunk when the summer came, s God could forgive his sins and renew his soul. It seems a strange thing to us that this one thought coming this rough lad of eighteen, in that tar-off age, could change his whole life; but from that time Nicholas Herman became a different man.

He says of himself, that he awkward fellow who broke everything," so he desired his master that he might go into a monastery as lay brother, and be a servant to all so that he could be made "to smart for his awkwardness and his faults, that he should sacrifice his life to God''; and, as no one objected, Nicholas was admitted lay brother among the barefooted Carmelites of Paris in 1666. Here he received the name of Brother Lawrence, and was put to work in the kitchen. He tells us that he had, naturally,

a very great aversion to kitchen work, but that he soon accustomed himself to do everything "for the love of God, and asked continually for grace to do his work as well as possible. He must have done it well, for the Carmelites kept him there fifteen years, during which time he never complained of his began to be noticed what a true saint he was-how gentle, now loving, how prayerful, and yet how industrious over his fires and pots. Nothing that the rest asked him to do was too hard; he had no wish but to serve others. The convent kitchen became a holy place, and Brother Lawrence, humble as he was, became known throughout the order.

known throughout the order.
One visitor to the kitchen tells us that "Brother Lawrence's very countenance had such a sweet and calm devotion in it as could not but affect the beholders. It was observed, too, that in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he still preserved his in the greatest hurry of business in the kitchen he still preserved his heavenly-mindedness. He was never hasty or loitering, but did each thing in its season, with an even, uninterrupted composure and tranquility of spirit. 'The time of business,' said he does not, with me, differ from the time of prayer; and in the noise and clutter of my kitchen while several persons are at the same time calling for to Caiphas.

kneos at the Sacrament.'"

Brother Lawrence had only one secret of saintliness, which his letters set forth very simply. He believed in "the practice of the presence of God"—that is, at every moment and in every in the standard respectation in the second of the presence of God"—that is, at every moment and in every the second respectation in the second respectation is the second respectation. The second respectation is the second respectation in the second respectation is the second respectation. The second respectation is the second respectation in the second respectation is the second respectation. The second respectation is the second respectation in the second respectation is the second respectation is the second respectation in the sec place he tried to realize that God was present with him. "My soul has been with God," he said once "for forty years," No wonder his kitchen was the condition of the condition o like a chapel to him, for God was in fifteen years of service among the pots and pans, he said he had never found his work hard, for there were always hings there to do for God. He lived to be eighty years old, always simple, humble and loving, and in a letter written less than a week before his written less than a week death he says: "I hope, from God's mercy, the favor to see Him within a few days." His hope was realized, and he passed joyfully into the eternal and

radiant presence of God forever.

He was only an uneducated peasant, but he had learned the true secret of life. I love to think of him in that crowded convent kitchen, unhurried, unworried by the fire and the cooking and the dishwashing, keeping a serene saintliness through it all. I have no doubt that he was an excellent cook; for just as the Apostle Paul tells us that it is possible to do everything to God's glory, even our eating and drinking, so I am sure Brother Lawrence did his cooking to God's glory, and would or scorched have felt that sour bread who make kitchens into saintly places of pilgrimage. It is such Christians who make the little corner where they are in this world, whatever it is, a spo of holy ground from whence goes out

the heip and light for others. There have been many, many kitcher saints besides Brother Lawrence, only they have been women, not men, and world to read, and that the world loves it so that it has not let it die. We all need kitchen holiness—the holiness of daily things lovingly done for the love of God, the holiness that is humble and Lawrence in his convent, two centuries ago, or some toiling woman in a prairie cabin to-day—they are all of the same family, and the more of their unselfish ministry the world receives the more it s forced to acknowledge the presence of and the glory of God in its obscurest places .- Forward.

IMITATION OF CHRIST.

THAT WE OUGHT TO CAST ALL OUR CARE UPON GOD.

Lord, I will suffer willingly for Thee whatsoever Thou art pleased should I will receive with indifference from thy hand good and evil, sweet and bitter, joy and sorrow: and I will give Thee thanks for all that happens to me.

Keep me only from all sin, and I will fear neither death nor hell. Cast me not off forever, and blot me not out of the Book of Life; and then what tribulation soever befalls me, it

will not hurt me. Irritating Pimples and Distiguring Blotches

They place many young girls at a great disadvantage in life. The only cure is a blood partier like Ferrozone. It cleanage the crimson flood of poisons and impurities, renews and strengthens it, and makes lots of red copuscles that manifest their presence by a ruddy, healthy glow in the checks and lips. Ferrozone quickly masters all skin erruptions, builds up broken-down constitutions, and gives to weak, sickly women an abundance of spiris vitality energy and beauty Try Ferrazone, it's all right. Price 50c. per box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, at druggists, or N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont.

Is is only necessary to read the testimonials to be convine d that Holloway's Corn Cure is unequalled for the removal of corns, waris,

OSTENTATIOUS FUNERALS.

Ostentations funerals are common—in act they are the rule—in this country, among our Catholic people, even among chose who are very poor. There are lowers, and hacks galore, and "lash-ngs and lavings" of everything which foolish custom has associated with orrow and respect for the dead. O ourse it is only proper that the las sad duties to the dead should be carrie out with respect and decorum, but there s a certain limit to all this, and thi imit is often over-stepped. In many eased many a day to pay the debt int which a funeral has plunged them.

In many places pastors have exerted funerals. They have not succeeded to any appreciable event. The love of display is very strong in human nature, and a "decent funeral" is too often only a vulgar and indecent display of wordly good.

In England there is a society called the Reform of Funerals Association whose object is to tone down these extravagances in obsequies. They have succeeded in doing a great deal in this direction, but the abuse of flowers still remains. There is no prettier custon than that of strewing flowers on the bier of a dead relative or friend, but it is indisputable that the custom in this country, and in England, too, it seems, has grown into abuse. There is no harm intrinsically in the practice, but it has been carried to such an extent that it is now a kind of a tax Too often the costly wreath stands only for the ostentation of the wealthier urner, or is tendered as an equivamourner, or is tendered as an equiva-lent for the inconvenience of personal attendance at the wake or funeral.

Catholic instinct would suggest that nstead of all this floral display, prayers, alms and Masses for the departed soul be offered up. This would be far more decent and far more Christian .- Catho lic Columbian.

MALCHUS.

Malchus, the servant whose ear was cut by Peter and healed by Jesus, followed the Saviour, who was led bound to Caiphas. Full of gall and spite, and different things, I possess God in as great tranquility as it I were on my kneos at the Sacrament."

Malchus saw that his opportunity one as well as the other, to his mind. When he left the kitchen, after his fifteen years of service among the pots could be given only by a creature possessed with hate and cowardice to a bound and defenceless man.

"Answerest Thou thus to the Chief

Priest?" cried the wretched being in a voice hoarse with rage.

Jesus turned His gaze upon him

tears were rolling down His face, blood was flowing from His mouth and nostrils, "If I have spoken aught ill," said Jesus to him with ineffable sweetness,

why has thou not warned me thereof? If I have spoken aright why dost thou rike Me Shortly after Jesus was taken to the

house of Pilate and thence to Calvary, where the awful tragedy of His suffer-ings was concluded. gloated upon His torture was Malchus, the painful stages of His Passion, and seemed unable to sate his eyes with the spectacle of Christ's sufferings. He witnessed the Crucifixion with eager joy, remained long under the cross to official nock the dying Saviour, and was among the last to quit the scene and return to his master's house.

Years have passed. Three Roman youths, members of patrician family, are ascending a hill-side in the Iberian territory, in the district known as the Spanish Marsh, Favencia, or Laletania, now Catalonia. They are in merry humor, and the sound of their laughter rings through the bright, sunny air. But the amusements of the Roman patricians were often cruel. With them was a Jewish slave—no other than Malchus, who toiled painfully along, overbur-dened with a basket of wine and pro-

risions for an open-air repast.

Malchus had been sold by his lord and passed into the ownership of various masters, until finally he became the property of a Roman living at the time Deria; after a time his owner made present of him to a friend, whose eat diversion was to torment his lave, who was an object of hate and ontempt on account of his race.

The night before the day of which we

peak Malchus had dreamed that Christ had appeared to him with His cheek still livid from the blow received in the court at Caiphas, and as he beheld this seemed to hear a terrible voice say

"Thou gavest a blow, and thou shalt eceive blows without cease till the end the world.

And Malchus awoke full of terror. That day the master of Malchus with couple of friends had resolved to picnic on the top of the mountain, and loaded the unhappy slave with jars of wine and other requisities for the repast as if he had been a beast of bur-

When they had reached the summit they began their meal, which was served they began their meal, which was served by the slave, whom the exurberant youths made the target for their heart-less pleasantries. The libations waxed frequent, and the wine mounted to their heads. One of them, looking toward the slave, whispered something to the others which made them burst into a rear of laughter.

"See," said his master, indicating an eminence which overhung the rocky and precipitous steep, "go up thither."

Pale and trembling, his hair erect with terror, the unhappy man obeyed, and on reaching the summit looked

down on the craggy cliff, then closed

A purchard Soap

"One! Two! Three!" cried the youths, and running up to the slive they gave him a push which precipi it-ed him from the height into the aby s pelow, and then broke out into a rour

aughter.
As then went down the hill-side homeward, they recounted with enjoyment the convulsions of their victim as nis body struck crag after crag and finally reachedt he bottem a maimed and mangled mass. Of such small account vas a slave in those days.

The name of the mountain from which Malchus was precipitated varies in diferent districts. Some say it is Montserrat; in the Pyrenees it is said to be a peak situated in Valle de Aran; and another part of the frontier, a moun tain which separates the two Cerdana, the Spanish and the French.

the Spanish and the French.
In Catalonia a special virtue is attributed to the thyme which is gathered on Holy Thursday, while the precious Body and Blood of Christ are kept in the sepulchre. The women, however. who go out to collect it, aver that whenever they have gathered it on the above-named mountain they have heard the sound of blows, as if some one was striking the rocks, while a cavernous voice which seemed to come up from 1 low cried in accents of despair, "Till the end of the world!"

And the world!"

And the women when they hear this hasten away, terror stricken. "It is the cry," they say, "of the man who struck Our Lord."—Irish Catholic.

A LADY CHAPEL IN A PROTEST-ANT CHURCH.

Those who went to the Episcopal Church of St. Mary the Virgin, New York, on the Sunday within the oc-tave of the Feast of St. Cecclia, to hear the special musical programme pre sented on that day, had the oppor-tunity of seeing the recently com-pleted "Lady Chapel" to the rear of

the main altar.
"More beautiful in its decoration and appointments, and set off by a magnituent marble altar," writes a correspondent to the New York Sun, "the 'Lady Chapel' in St. Mary's is not to be duplicated by a like chapel in any Roman Catholic church in the borough of Manhattan. This is admittedly a broad assertion, but I believe it cannot easily be set aside Sunday morning devout worshippers knelt before the altar, lit up by the sunbeams in color that streamed through the rich windows erected in honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. honor of the Blessed Virgin, St. Joseph and St. John the Precursor and knelt not in extempore prayer, fervently recited the rosary, perhaps in honor of the Lady to whom the chapel is dedicated, perhaps for the repose of the souls of those in whose

ngs was concluded.

Among the fiendish and implaeble foes who thirsted for His blood and loated upon His torture was Malchus, the followed the victim step by step in the part of inconsistencies.

Inconsistence of inconsistencies.

Inconsistency is the chapel is erected.

"I believe the phenomenon is worthy of note," adds the correspondent, amazed at one inconsistency in what a Catholic sees as a necessary mass of inconsistencies. "The Leading Underther Robbins 180 King Street

The Leading Underther and Lay The phone—House 373. Factory

W. J. SMITH & SON church owing obedience to the Bishop of New York: Protestant by the order of its foundation: Protestant in its official form of worship and administered spiritually by elergymen set apart according to the sanctioned rule of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America—seemingly jubilant in its effort to lend approbation to the very practices which on principle it must

Home's Enemy.

The greatest foe to home peace and happiness is worry. The habit of worry keeps us crossing bridges before we have reached them. The evils that fret us most are those which threaten us but have not yet arrived. Stop thinking about the bread you are afraid will not rise in the morning, the new dress you are sure the dressmaker will spoil, and next month's gas bills. If you will firmly resolve to worry only about the evil or special hardship that confronts you this nour or minute, and cannot be avoided, ninety-nine times out of a hundred you will find there i no such evil or hardship.—Celia P. Woolley, in the Pilgrim for January.

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