## REAPING THE WHIRLWIND

BY CHRISTINE FABER CHAPTER XII.

Thurston's return wounded and put Mrs. Burchill's little household into a state of great consternation and excitement; indeed, the only persons who seemed to have any self-passession were Mildred and Miss Balk. The former quietly gave the orders relative to Gerald's imi diate care which her astounded and affrighted mother seemed too be-wildered to give, and Miss Balk, without vouchsating a single question to any one, watched while they carried the wounded man through the little passage and up the short stair with something very like a look of triumph in her eyes.

A surgeon who at the request of the doctor in attendance had been summoned now arrived, and both found Miss Burchill of invaluable assistance; she was so noiseless and yet so quick in her movements and she seemed to divine by singular

The ball, that had lodged in the region of the heart, could not be extracted that night, and the utmost that could be done for the sufferer to endeavor to bring him to consciousness, and to allay the pain he might then suffer.

Robinson, owing to the thought of Mildred, had been summoned, and he came at once. He was ushered to Gerald's bedside, and his hard, lean, angular face as it bent over wounded man, might well justify the reputation which the factory hands gave him of closeness. Even his form, tall and exceedingly spare, looked as if it were a living witness of its owner's rigid parsimony.

He turned after a brief survey of Gerald to ask some question of the doctor, and his eyes fell upon Mildred. She had been waiting upon the instant where the light of the lamp her.' fell fully upon her. She looked very attractive in her simple, neat-fitting dark dress and Robinson's cold eves But he turned in a moment to ask what were the chances of Gerald's

"unless the ball can be extracted

The lean, angular face looked

Might he die to-night?" 'No, Mr. Robinson; he will not die to-night unless some very unexpected change should take place."

"Then I shall not remain, and if any change for the worse should happen, send for me at once. I must speak to him upon business matters

before he dies. The last words betraying as they did the intense selfishness of the speaker, caused Miss Eurchill to keen, greenish-looking eyes, so keen and peculiar in their color that they gave a most singular expression to his face, and her large, bright, frank To her dying day she never forgot the effect produced upon her by that look. It was as if a current from some charnel chamber had swept across her, while at the same time she experienced an taneous conviction that this man was in some unpleasant way to cross her future path. Leaving the room, she was glad to find her mother ready to escort the factory owner to the door, and she fled to her own room to chide herself for her silly sensa her wonted calm. Her strange emo-tions seemed the more imexplicable that, though never having spoken to tions and to reason herself back to her wonted calm. Her strange emothat, though never having spoken to wonder at his silence. the wealthy factory owner, nor seen him so closely before, still his form and face were not unfamiliar to her.

At the door Robinson had paused Who is that young lady up-

My daughter, sir," she replied with maternal pride.
"Umph! What does she do? what trade does she follow?"

She goes to school still, sir; but one of the select men has promised to have her put into the school as teacher next fall."

Umph!" louder, and more emphatic than before. "Tell Miss Burchill, when she is ready to apply for that

position, to come to me He was gone before Mrs. Burchill could recover her astonishment sufficiently to thank him. She hurried, however, to Mildred, and and now there were in told what had passed; but instead of affairs which must have that young woman receiving the diste decision, and which de-communication with the same sur-prised pleasure that the mother had The factory operatives had gone

anxious all spring lest Mr. Mareh's owner's influence had easily secured. influence wouldn't be enough to get While Robinson stood in the little you a teacher's place, and now, when Mr. Robinson the richest man in Eastbury, says of his own accord for

"Perhaps I am strange," was the get the place without Mr. Robinson's help. However, we'll see when I have passed my examination. And have passed my examination. And at last looking directly in front and at last looking directly in front her eyes rested on Robinson's last looking directly in front her eyes rested on Robinson's last looking directly in front last looking directly last looking

Thurston dld recover consciousness but it was only to rave in fever flushed; grasping more tightly the pent up delirium of the events in which he child whose hand she held, she walls and had taken part so recently.

The ball was extracted successfully, but for days his life hung in the balance, and despite the united efforts of the physicians, and the most tender nursing on the part of Mrs. Burchill and her daughter, there seemed to be but slight hope of his

For Miss Balk, she never even inquired about him, and to little old Grandfather Burchill's frequent regrets and anxious hopes for the young man's recovery, all of which were expressed without any reserve every time he had a hearer, she never vouchsafed a reply. The only interest that she took in Gerald's concerns was to go every day to the post-office and inquire for letters for him. There were letters alone from Helen,—Miss Balk easily recognized the superscription,—and these she put carefully away into her own oldfashioned trunk.

Helen, and he fancied that Mildred was she. With tenderness that frequently brought tears to the eyes of his young nurse, he repeated declarations of his love for Helen; Helen who, in those moments, was delight fully receiving the attentions of another. In this way Mildred learned enough to know that there learned enough to marriage because and another are also was gathering to hurl some desperate was gathering to hurl some desperate was gathering to hurl some desperate and another and another are also wild enough to feel that the latter was the object of an unusally strong and tender attachment. In her womanly sympathy it seemed but right that Miss Brower should be summoned. What if he should die, and she who shuddered, and she went at once, when relieved of her watch by the bedside, to seek Miss Balk.

That lady was cold and grim as ever, but colder and grimmer when apprised of the object of Miss Burchill's visit. She declined all inter-ference with Miss Brower's affairs.

'But this will not be interfering, said Mildred, a little hotly, provoked at the woman's total want of feeling. "It will be simply your duty to apprise Miss Brower of Mr. Thurston's serious condition, or give me her address, and I will write to

Miss Balk laughed—a dry, hoarse, short laugh that made one long to shut one's ears against it-and away. Mildred, indignant, turned followed.

'Am I to understand, Miss Balk. that you positively refuse to do this act of common humanity?"
"You are to understand anything

you like," was the grim response, and Miss Balk stalked past Miss Burchill and into the garden.

If Mildred disliked her mother's strange boarder before, and through Christian feelings had struggled to conquer that dislike, she had an un controllable aversion for her hence forth, and nothing but the most stern sense of her duty as a Christian, and her love for her mother, who still entertained her first strange fear of displeasing Barbara, prevented her from showing that aversion whenever they met.

She performed her duties in the sick room with an assiduity all the more tender from the apprehension that Gerald would die without once seeing her who seemed so dear to him She knew Miss Brower by sight, and she had been impressed for the time by her beauty as everybody else was wont to be, but further than that she had never given a thought to the young woman; now, however, her thoughts were frequently of Miss Brower, and as more and more there came to be disclosed the depths of that love which seemed to be the centre of the sick man's being, she grew impatient and angry with Miss Brower herself, questioning in her own mind why the latter did not

The delirium of the fever ceased at last, and though weak as an I suppose—Miss Burchill constantly infant, and still needing the most tender care, he was pronounced out of Mildred resigned her place danger. those about him, and Robinson, who had sent every day to learn Gerald's condition, came himself when apprised of the change of the patient.

He was met on the porch by the physician, who begged him not to enter the sick-room, as absolute quiet was necessary to prevent a relapse, and the sight of the factory owner might bring the thoughts and anxieties of the business to the patient's mind.

Robinson was disconcerted; there had been so many hitches in his business during Gerald's sickness, she turned pale, and was sullenly to work. Hogan was still in prison waiting trial—on what Well, you are a strange girl," said charge he was at a loss himself to Burchill. "Here you have been tell but which the wealthy factory

While Robinson stood in the little porch looking with displeased per-plexity into the doctor's face, a poor, attenuated wretchedly clad woman you to come to him when you're ready carrying a puny baby, and having by for the place, you haven't a word to the hand a little emaciated girl. entered the garden. She came for-ward slowly and hesitatingly, casting consciousness presently, and it he tall spare form. She became intensedoes, you may be needed." tall spare form. She became intensely agitated; her limbs shook convulsively, and her hollow cheeks quickened her pace.

"Robinson!"

The factory owner, whose back was to the woman, turned as if he was shot at the sound of that unnatural voice, it was so deep and heartbroken. The doctor also locked

with no little surprise.
"For the love of heaven, release my husband from prison; they say your word can do it; we're starving; see my children and me, and Dick will die where he is. Release him, Mr. Robinson, and we'll contrive to go away,—all of us; we'll beg our way to some place far from here. I him.' tried to see you every day since He Dick's arrest, but the servants

pecome taller, he towered so above the poor, little, wan creature, and his hard face seemed to resolve italready composed it, while his glit-

tering eyes became like steel in their metallic expression. "Your husband, woman, shall be visited with the full penalty of the

His tones were as cold as his fac-

last, last effort of the wounded wild

"May the curse of the heartbroken light upon you! May you be haunted day and night by the presence of the dead! May—" But there was a hend upon her mouth, and an arm around her neck.

It was Mildred, white and startled From the open window of the parlor, whither she had paused for a ject. But the woman would not be moment, she heard the first part of quieted; she must relieve her mind. the curse, and obeying the impulse which prompted her to prevent its completion she had sprung to Mrs. Hogan's side, hardly conscious until then that there were two other servers of her sudden act.

The physician, more appalled at the woman's appearance and her fierce utterance than at the denunciation itself, shrank a little, but Robinson never moved; only an almost imperceptible paleness overan spread his features. 'Come into the house," whispered

not yourself now."
"I am not. May God help me!
Oh, may God forgive me for the

curse. flood of tears relieved her, and Mildred, taking the puny baby from

her, again whispered to her to come into the house. She obeyed mechanically, the tears still gushing from ner eyes, and then the two men looked at each other. The doctor knew sufficient of Robinson's reputation for hardness to make him scarcely surprised at

the scene he had witnessed, but he was not prepared for the change in factory owner's countenance. The imperceptible paleness had increased, until now his face was livid. "Surely, Mr. Robinson, you have not been affected by that poor creature's mad words ?'

I, sir ?" and Robinson drew him self up, and attempted to assume a careless, contemptuous tone, but his voice was husky, and trembled slightly. He laughed, however, and wiping the perspiration from his face said, abruptly

"How soon can I see Mr. Thurs-"In a day or two, if you promise

not to permit him to speak of business."
"My seeing him on such terms would be of no use. I must see him

on business."

The doctor was not a little dis-Then, Mr. Robinson, we must shut

you out of the sick-room for a month 'He has the same careful nursing

The doctor was again surprised not so much at the interest betrayed at his bedside, now that he knew in the quality of Thurston's nursing -the man's selfish anxiety for his own interest would make him betray that—as at the tone in which the last part of his question was spoken. To the observing doctor it seemed to indicate a more than passing interest

in Miss Burchill. "No," he answered. "Now that Mr. Thurston has passed through the most imminent crisis, she asked to he relieved from the attendance upon him, and at my suggestion a pro fessional nurse was summoned, who

arrived from Boston last night." The factory owner desired no further information, and he turned away with a short "Good morning!" while the physician went up to his

Within the house Mildred was soothing and ministering to poor Mrs. Hogan and her little ones. Nourishment such as they had not tasted for days was tenderly given to them, and, somewhat refreshed and quieted by that gentle kindness, the poor was relieving herself by detailing her troubles.

"Why didn't you come here before ?" asked Miss Burchill. would have given you food, at least."

"I know it, dear," she said, "but I couldn't come and Mr. Thurston's death before me : for everybody said he would die, and I knowing and Dick knowing that it was trying to Dick knowing that it was trying to save him Mr. Thurston got his wound. Oh! how I prayed for him to get well; and Dick in his prison isn't like what he was, owing to the dead on him of Mr. Thurston's death. I thought he'd be savage, pent up there between the stone walls and without us, and knowing we didn't have a bite in the shouse,

but it was on Mr. Thurston most of his thoughts were, and he was so subdued and brooding-like that it went through my heart. I thought the sight of myself and the children might touch Mr. Robinson. Sure, it's not much that Dick's in jail for, I go to Mass every Sunday I can and anyhow, and every one told me that it all rested with Mr. Robinson. I tried to see him, but he has servants as hard as himself. They said they'd much. I never had much chance, set the dogs on me if I came there again. If I wasn't beside myself this morning, I wouldn't have cursed

Her face blanched, and she rocked herself to and fro for a few minutes Robinson's tall form seemed to pered, still rocking herself— "I'm afraid the curse will light on

him. I spe I said it, as Why, this is ridiculous," inter-You only in

No, no. Let me tell you; it will ease my mind. From a child I have heard stories how some member of our family in each generation had the power to make such a curse as I gave him this morning, come true. The dead whose spirits are not at

She seemed like some wraith her-self, with her emaciated form, her hollow cheeks, transparent skin, and large lustrous eyes, and but for strong common sense that Mildred ed, and that made her see in possessed, and that made her see in all this but the effect of a most ignorant and superstitious imagination she might have been quite strongly impressed; as it was, she made another effort to remove Mrs. Hogan's thoughts from the unpleasant sub-

"I have heard stories," she con tinned. "where a griping landlord at home was cursed by my grand-mother, just such a curse as I gave, when he left her homeless on the roadside. Years after, when he was a tottering eld man, he came to the far part of the country where she lived to ask her to remove it; his health and his strength had gone, he was so haunted. remove it; she forgave him, and she prayed for him, but he had to bear it to the end. And what, oh! what, Miss Burchill, removing her hand from the woman's mouth; "you are should come true!" Her very lips blanched. "I don't wish it to come blanched. I don't wish it to come true. "Sure, if Mr. Robinson killed Dick I wouldn't be wicked enough to curse him; but if he's haunted, and it's through me!" She stopped, as if beside herself with terror, and it required Miss Burchill's most soothing and at the same time firm, efforts had saved this soul! to restore the poor creature to any degree of calm. But the woman's own exhaustion came to her aid. and she was induced at last to lie down for a little and leave her children, one of whom was sleeping, to the tender care of the young girl.

TO BE CONTINUED

## THE DYING ACTRESS

I was called out one night at 10 o'clock by one of our hotels to the bedside of an actress. They said she was unconscious and dying, and that she might be a Catholic, for she had a rosary on her dressing table. I went hastily with the holy oils. I found a girl of about twenty two, lying pale and helpless on her bed. Her eyes were closed, and her long, dark bair, disordered on the pillow framed a singularly sweet, innocenbusied about her, and it was not hard know what faith shone in her honest, charitable eyes, Stepping

in the small room :
"It's the priest." Everyone made way, and I stooped ver the girl. She opened her eyes and tried to smile.

'Are you a priest?" she asked. Yes, my child," I answered. 'Am I very ill? I am in awful pain.

suddenly fainted. The maid I spoke of gave restoratives, and I hurriedly asked what was

the matter. Why, Burtie was performing her great trapeze act today and missed er count, Father; she fell thirty feet. The surgeon says her spine is injured and there is no hope. He gave her twelve hours to live, perhaps not that. It is her grit that keeps her up. Father," said the young woman, with tears in her eyes.

"She is the best performer in the

company," said another young woman. 'A variety actress?"

organization," said the woman, with smphasis. "Burtie is very correct. Not a breath of gossin ever touched She kept us all straight. Poor Burtie!

Just then Burtie's eyes opened.
"The priest," she said faintly. I made a sign to them. "You had etter all leave, and I will call you in a few minutes.'

'Ves Father'' they said chediently and I was alone with the dying girl. "Father. I want to make a general confession," said she, and she began with difficulty a clear, honest, sincere confession. It took her some time, but she would not let me hurry her.

"Baptism!" I said amazed. Surely came from the superior of the acad-

say my rosary. I learned that at school. But our life has been so you see, I was wild and self willed, and when grandma died I left school and as there was no one to restrain me, being alone in the world, I drifted from dancing school to riding wild horses and doing burlesque. But I never forgot all I learned at the con vent, altnough I did not think about

it for a long time." Where did you go to school, my

child ?" "To boarding school-to St. Xavier's Academy—Pennsylvanie."
I knew the convent well. I paused all this because you are weak from

nazed at her story, told with difficulty, for her sufferings were evident. "Won't you baptize me, Father, and then give me absolution? Baptism is enough, I know, but I want

"Indeed I will, my child," and I took out my stole and, seizing a goblet of water from her exhorted her to perfect contri-

tion, and fervently baptized her "Thank God!" she whispered, and closed her eyes.

It seemed to me, after a few

moments' pause, that the ghastly hue of death had given place to a more lifelike color. I waited. 'Father," she said, I'm suffer-ng terribly and I know now that I will die soon. I want you to

Unction. I hesitated. I was amazed. Here was a dying actress, just baptized How did I know whether she was sufficiently instructed? She

my thoughts. You don't think I am instructed. Father? I believe firmly that the Blessed Eucharist is Our Lord Him-I am to receive without fasting because He is my Viaticum; and Ex-treme Unction is the last anointing of the purified Catholic before she goes to meet her judge! remember it all. I used to listen to

whoever she was,

"Wait ten minutes, dear child. I will bring Our Lord to you." And I went hastily to the door and summoned those outside. To the Catho-lic maid, who was nearest me, I said, "I am going for the Blessed Sacra-ment; I will be back inside of fifteen minutes." and hurried out.

In less than fifteen minutes I was back at Burtie's bedside. She was breathing quietly, and unclosed her eyes when I came in. I whispered my instructions to the maid. A little table with lighted candles, holy water, etc., was quickly prepared and I laid the pyx upon it. As lifted the Sacred Host the girl's eyes were fixed upon it, and I heard her "My Lord and my God!" say, "My Lord and my Goo could hardly keep back a tear. I administered her first and last Communior. Extreme Unction followed. She held out her hands for the holy oil, and as I gave her the last absolution a little sigh of content broke

from her lipe.
"Thank God," she said agair, but

it was in a whisper.
There was silence in the room. It reverently aside, she said in a hushed voice to some of the troupe that were young women of the company, but all were deeply impressed and very of the Resurrection. reverent.

The doctor came, made a short examination. "Anyhope?" I whispered. left the room. I sat down by the bed, for this little convert had gone to for this flat period flat peri distinctly:

won't you? Tell Sister Veronica— I died—a good Catholic; that I made my first Communion on my death- details of peace and the fruits of vicbed—she used to talk—so much about—the happy day of first Communion! I know now. She used to say 'My Lord and my God.' It was ing and a peace in the making. We engraved on her silver ring-yes. Catholics who have done so much

"Yes, Father. We have refined then awoke with wide distressed eyer.
"Yes, Father. We have refined then awoke with wide distressed eyer.

Valify the state of the prayers for the dying spatial to back gives us a feeling of pride and validation." said the woman, with and gave her the Plenary Indulgence.

The state of the prayers for the dying spatial to back gives us a feeling of pride and spatial to back gives us The lines of pain wore away, and at the end her face was radiant. When all was over a marvellous expression all was over a marvellous expression of peace and content was there, and the weeping women who crowded round the pillow of death sobbed out, "Oh, how beautiful she is!" I made the sign of the cross over the life- traitors. We see the towering greatless remains and left.

wrote a letter to "Sister Veronica, St. Xavier's Academy," and told her all trenches.

I had witnessed Several days "We recome the state of the stat

was received and made a profound impression on the Sisters. We all remembered poor Burtie Carr. She was a bright, spirited girl and every-body liked her. Knowing she was never\*baptized and would have few opportunities for instruction after she left us, her teacher did all in her power in her class instructions to explain Catholic doctrine. She told me she often said a silent prayer, and looking at Burtie would try to fix her attention, as she was the only non-Catholic in the room. This dear Sister has now passed to her reward, young in years but full of grace and merit. Her name was Sister Veronica Ewing, daughter of the late General Hugh Ewing, soldier and author. She was of a distinguished American family, niece of General Sherman and cousin of Father Thomas Sherlittle cemetery, and we can readily believe her soul has met the ran somed soul of her pupil, converted through her words and prayers for many years. I thank you for writing this account, dear Rev. Father, and steadily at me with dark, soft eyes, in which I saw death. recommending myself to your praying with respect,

Yours in Christ. SISTER STANISLAUS, "Superior

I folded the letter and thought "What a history, and how many more are unwritten!" Then I said aloud: "Oh ye good Sisters, who give out the milk and honey of the faith to young souls who cluster round your school desks, have ye not an aposto-late in your cloisters?"—Catholic

MASTERLY SERMOM BY BISHOP GUNN

REVIEWS WORLD CONDITIONS AND ACTIVITIES

Easter Sunday was memorable in the Cathedral of Natchez, not only because it chronicled the close of the Lenten season, most fruitful through the united efforts of Bishop and clergy, but also because the Bishop Pontificated on East day and delivered one of the most remarkable and timely sermons ever heard from the Cathedral pulpit. Bishop Gunn spoke as follows:

"Two years ago, on Easter Sun day. I proclaimed from this pulpit the duty of every American Catholic in the War which America had declared on the previous Good Friday. With the declaration of War came an appeal from our President which practically conscripted all who be lieved in God to get off their kneed and to help America do its part in winning the War. Among the first I think the very first, to answer the President were the Catholics of America, and they spoke through their accredited agents the Arch

'The American Hierarchy pledged the Catholic Church of the States, pledged the blood and treasure of eighteen million Americans, and then other denominations followed, until all Americans who be-lieved in God of Battles fell into line and vied in service and sacrifice cans prayed, and Americans fought and prayed. God was on the lips and in the hearts of the men overseas as well as with their brothers War all the Americans and most of their associates were Christians Those who died prayed; those who survived placed a cross over the fallen to point heavenward and to profess American belief in the imortality of the soul-the foolish. ness of the cross-and the doctrine

"The War ended suddenly in terms and conditions dictated by our "She may last an hour," and he fit the room. I sat down by the bed, appropriated, proclaimed the inalienable American principles of interwords. I bent over her, and sne salv, with difficulty of breath, but very distinctly:

"Father—write to St. Xavier's—won't you? Tell Sister Veronica—I died—a good Catholic; that I made I died—a good Catholic; that I made I died words and turned the laid down their arms and turned the datale of neage and the fruits of vic-'My Lord and my God!''

I promised. These were her last words. She seemed to sleep, and then awoke with wide distressed eyes. to the years to come, and if looking back on the past four years and for looking forward then awoke with wide distressed eyes.

"Looking back we read the record ness of Cardinal Mercier of Be When I got home, I sat for a long time in my study, thinking over the whole occurrence; and I am not ashamed to say I dashed away some tears. Before I sought my bed I with their fallow miles of the cossack to don the tears. Before I sought my bed I with their fallow miles in the cossack to don the state of the cossac with their fellow poilus in the

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