

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FORGIVEN.

RAYMOND CONNOLDS.

Clear and loud the silvery tone of the little Sacred Heart Chapel on the summit of Mt. St. Andrew pealed forth the Angelus and the beautiful sound was echoed and re-echoed through hill and dale.

The view was indeed picturesque. The chapel was a little ivy-covered stone structure which had probably adorned that lovely spot for almost a half century. The slender spire stood out in bold relief against the cloudless sky and the gilded cross brightly reflected the last rays of the setting sun. To the right the hill broke off precipitously and afforded a magnificent view of Lake Michigan. Altogether, a grander scene could hardly be found within the confines of the State of Wisconsin.

The inner appearance of the little chapel was even more pleasing than the outward view. The altar was a white Italian marble. Above it was a large stained glass window representing the Sacred Heart showing blessings upon mankind. Each of the other six windows, which lighted up the holy edifice, pictured various scenes of the life of Our Saviour.

The only visitor within, on the mild evening was a young girl of about twenty summers. A stray sunbeam entering one of the windows threw a crimson glow over her fair features. Her eyes were directed toward the tabernacle and her lips moved incessantly in prayer.

She was Mary Noland, the daughter of a wealthy resident of the village, who had been killed in a railroad accident about a year before. Her mother had died several years prior to this occurrence, and thus Mary was left an orphan. She had, however, one brother who was two years younger and on whom she showered all the love of her generous heart.

Up to the time of his father's death Edward had never left the path of the just. But when the former died he was placed under the protection of an uncle, who, being wealthy and unmarried, led a wayward life, and Edward soon began to follow his example. Thus it was that Mary often entered the little chapel, on the hill, to offer a prayer for her brother's welfare.

But to all appearances these prayers had no effect, for Edward went from bad to worse, and at the age of nineteen was an outcast, spending most of his time and money in gambling dens and saloons.

Soon his uncle refused to supply him with money, and Edward contracted the awful habit of stealing. For his first offense, however, he was arrested, and disgraced he left the country after he had served his sentence. Then Mary, having no one to live for in this world, entered the convent of the Sisters of Charity.

A year or more passed without any tidings of Edward. Often Mary, now known as Sister Margaret of the Sacred Heart, would kneel before the Blessed Sacrament and implore her Divine Spouse to bring her erring brother back to the right path. And she never left the convent chapel without consolation, for though his whereabouts were unknown to her, still she never doubted that Our Dear Lord would some day cause him to return not only to the land of his birth, but also to his duties as a Catholic.

Time wore on, but still nothing was heard of Edward except a rumor that he was in Mexico. Then Sister Margaret was sent to St. Mary's Hospital in Detroit. With undying devotion she tended the sick, administering to their wants as she hoped others would attend to those of her errant brother.

The beautiful month of May with its devotions to the Blessed Virgin had almost passed and she determined to pray with redoubled energy during the month of June for the one she loved so well.

Edward had, in the meanwhile, worked his way south and at last reached Mexico. Many weary days and nights had he traveled on freight cars and such conveyances as he could secure, and now that he had reached his goal, all did not appear as rosy as he had pictured them before. Everything was strange to him, the people, their language and customs, even their occupations. He suddenly found himself penniless in a strange country. But there was no chance for retreat now, and Edward determined to make the best of it.

He therefore hired out to an orange grower as a farm hand. But he soon tired of this, for not only were his fellow-workmen half breeds and Mexicans of the lowest type, but the wages he received were so small that he could hardly keep body and soul together.

It was not long therefore before he left the service of his employer, and started for the mining camps on the Rio Grande. His associates here were even worse, but the thought of wealth predominated and he cast his lot with them.

Everything went well for a year or more, but their gain was small for the profits were soon spent in gambling. Then suddenly the mine failed to yield even the poorest ore. Nothing daunted they began to work on a new claim. But this also proved a failure. Then they began to grow desperate, and, as they were nearly penniless through gambling, they at last decided that something had to be done. They held a council, and one, a dark, evil-eyed fellow proposed that they rob a little chapel situated about four miles south of the camp. Some did not like this suggestion, but, as it was the best they could do, they agreed to try it.

The night of the fourth of October was selected as the time when the robbery should take place.

Fortune favored them for it was a dark, moonless night, when six of their number started for the little village. Edward being chosen by lot, was among them. It was close upon 11 o'clock when they sallied forth on their scurrilous errand, and it was midnight when they arrived at their destination. They hurried along the deserted street, and, after a five-minute walk, they reached the chapel.

It was an easy matter for them to force the lock for the nearest house was more than one hundred yards away. Once they had the lock off, they quickly entered and began to ransack the place.

Candles and whatever appeared to be of any value were thrust into bags, and, after a half hour's work, they were ready to depart with their plunder. All the necessary light had been furnished by the little red sanctuary lamp, and one bolder than the rest determined that it should not remain. "Put out that lamp and thrust it into your sack," he said to Edward in a low voice. The latter reluctantly reached out his hand toward it, for, though his heart was hardened by crime, still he rebelled at the sight of this profane abduction of sacred vessels. "Come, come," whispered another of his companions, "we have no time to lose," and, pushing Edward aside, he put out the light himself.

But at this moment, ere he had time to place the lamp in his bag, they heard a slight bustle at the door. They looked up, frightened and held the light of a dark lantern glaring in their faces together with the gleam of muskets. At the same time a voice cried out, "up with your hands and surrender."

Finding themselves at a disadvantage there was nothing left for them to do but to comply. They accordingly threw up their hands and, as they did so, their captors, a body of gendarmes, stepped forward and placed manacles on their wrists. They were then led out of the chapel and hurried along several dark lanes to the guard house.

A Mexican who was somewhat late in returning home had noticed them enter the chapel. Divining their purpose, he had instantly notified the police and thus secured their arrest. They were tried the following day, and all were sentenced to the prison at Matamoros for one year.

After serving six months Edward was pardoned for an act which called down the wrath of his fellow prisoners upon his head. They had planned an escape which, however, involved the killing of the guard. Edward rebelled at this and thus gave his better nature a chance to assert itself.

When he saw that his companions were determined to carry out this plan, he concluded to acquiesce in the ward with it. The plot was accordingly nipped in the bud, and an extra penalty imposed on those who were engaged in it.

It was on a dark day in the latter part of April when Edward heard the great iron gate clang behind him, and he found himself once more a free man. Standing there before the great portal in a drizzling rain he promised faithfully to amend the past.

He wandered about aimlessly for some time, when on turning a corner he suddenly came upon the Cathedral. Entering he threw himself upon his knees and humbly craved pardon of our Lord for desecrating the chapel built for His honor and glory. When at last he left the sacred edifice the evening shadows were deepening. He trudged along wearily till he reached an old tumble-down lodging-house, where for a few pennies he was given a poor room and a bed of straw on which to rest for the night.

The following day he applied to the authorities for a pass back to the States. But he received a decided refusal. The only thing for him to do was to walk back.

He had hardly left the building when a hand was suddenly placed on his shoulder and a cheery voice exclaimed, "how are you, my friend?" Edward turned in surprise and found that the one who accosted him was a stranger.

But the latter in a few words told how he had seen Edward the day before in the Cathedral. Seeing that he appeared to be in trouble he had determined to speak to him, and if possible help him.

Without a moment's hesitation Edward told his story. His newly found friend proved to be a railroad official, and he promised to assist him in getting back to the States. He gave Edward a pass across the border and a letter to a friend at Detroit, Mich., hoping that he would thereby secure employment.

The following day Edward found himself once more in United States territory. He then started to work his way to Detroit, where he arrived about three weeks later. Luckily he found the one to whom the letter was addressed and a few days later was installed as porter in a large dry goods house.

He then attempted to find his sister, but the search was unsuccessful. He had reached Detroit during the first days of May, and he began to show his love for the Blessed Virgin as he had done when a boy at his mother's knee.

The month of May faded into the mist of time, and June came in its turn. The last day of May Edward decided to go to confession that he might receive Communion on the following day and thus begin the nine first Fridays in honor of the Sacred Heart.

Accordingly when he arrived at his lodging-house he partook of a frugal repast, and, after arraying himself in his best clothes, quietly repaired to the neighboring church. Here he found

quite a number of good people, and it was some time before he could enter the confessional.

It was getting late when he left, and the streets were already deserted. Edward walked along rapidly. He was within less than a hundred feet of St. Mary's hospital when a man suddenly stepped out from the shadow of a building and hissing between his teeth, "At last I have got you,"—fired point blank at Edward. One glance told the latter that his assailant was one of his former Mexican companions. For a moment he seemed frozen to the spot, but a bullet grazing his head brought him to his senses and, being unarmed, he started to run with all the speed the hospital, calling loudly for help. His enemy gnashed his teeth in rage and, keeping up a brisk fire, started in pursuit.

The good Sisters were engaged in their evening devotions when the stillness of night was suddenly broken by a succession of shots intermingled with cries of "Help! help!" Quickly rushing to the door they threw it open just as Edward, mortally wounded, staggered in. The assassin then vanished in the darkness.

In a few moments Edward was placed on a cot in one of the wards. When his wounds were pronounced fatal, the chaplain was instantly called. Simultaneously a police officer arrived to get a statement from the wounded man. Edward requested a drink of water and then began his story.

As he spoke of his former life the nurse looked closely at him and her face grew deathly pale.

And when he told his name, she gave a little suppressed scream, and, staggering to a chair, swooned away, her lips quivering, "my brother Edward my dear lost brother."

It was some time before she recovered, but, when she did, no words can describe her happiness at meeting the one she had long mourned as dead. Her fondest wish had at last been realized. Her noble sacrifice of the joys and happiness of the world and her life of prayer and self denial had not gone unrewarded. The only sad thought which marred her pleasure was that the one she had just found was about to be taken from her again.

This painful reflection was, however, somewhat alleviated by the knowledge that he was once more treading the path of the just, and though she might be separated from him for a time, she hoped to meet him again in the land where sorrow is unknown.

The following day Edward's assailant was captured, and, at the former's request, taken to the hospital. When he reached the bedside of the dying man, the latter stretched forth a meagre hand, but his antagonist drew back sullenly. "Come, my friend," said the sufferer, "I wish to tell you that you have my full forgiveness."

"Bah," replied the wretched assassin, "I did not ask you to forgive me. You sought to prevent us from escaping, but I got away about a month later anyhow. I trilled you from one city to another, and when I heard that you had come here, I quickly followed. Almost the first man I met on arriving here was the one for whom I was searching, and thus fate enabled me to take the revenge I sought. Now they may do with me as they wish."

"My friend," said the dying man in a broken voice, "you may not care about my forgiveness, but I only request you beg pardon of Him against Whom we committed that awful crime less than a year ago."

"But," muttered the other, "why should I ask for something I cannot receive. That act was unpardonable."

"Nay sir," interrupted the priest, "no sin is so great that it cannot be forgiven. Yes, put in Edward, if I, a frail creature, have forgiven you, do you think our dear Lord would refuse to do so?" And, aided by the good chaplain, he went on telling the miserable man of how the Saviour pardoned the robber on the cross.

Suddenly he saw a tear glisten in the fellow's eyes and a few moments later the battle was won. Kneeling at the dying man's bedside the murderer implored forgiveness, and solemnly promised that he would willingly suffer for his many crimes. If, however, he again secured this freedom he would enter some strict order, and spend the rest of his days in atonement for the sinful life he had led.

Edward died a happy death the following day and was sincerely mourned by the one who but shortly before had been his worst enemy.

The latter was sentenced to the penitentiary for life, but was pardoned after serving ten years. He then entered the order of the Trappist Fathers and spent his life in prayer and penance.

Sister Margaret remained active at St. Mary's hospital till about five years later, when she was carried away by an attack of pneumonia; and we may trust that she has now joined her brother in singing the praises of Him Who said: "Come to Me all you that labor and are burdened and I will refresh you."

TO DO GOD'S WILL.

We should find great peace if we could imbue ourselves with this thought: We are here solely to accomplish the will of God; that that will is accomplished from day to day; and that he who dies leaving his task unfinished is just as far advanced in the eyes of Supreme Justice as he who has leisure to accomplish it fully; that man can no more create his moral being than his physical. The greatest men are those who never planned their own destinies beforehand, but let themselves be taken by the hand and led.—Frederick Ozanam.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Great souls are brave souls, and the wise understand that it is better to find fault with one's self than with one's country or one's age. There is no joy but in strength—strength of body, strength of mind, strength of heart. Weakness is the true opposite of virtue, which, if it be not strength, loses its name and essence. If we would influence and improve men; if we would ourselves grow better, we should cherish brave thoughts, speak brave words, do brave deeds. If we are lovers and doers of good, we must make ourselves also amiable; for else we shall easily teach men to distrust or even to hate the best things. The unavailability of the pious does more harm to religion than the mocking of infidels.—Bishop Spalding.

Self Flattery.
The tendencies to make our own tastes the standards and our own characters the normal types of soundness and strength is both general and deep. Most of us are probably unaware of the extent to which we unconsciously flatter ourselves by giving prominence to our particular way of meeting events and dealing with them. Absolute honesty with ourselves is a very rare virtue; most of us shield ourselves from clear, uncompromising, relentless truth. It is sometimes both pathetic and amusing to observe the entirely unconscious expressions of conceit which come from the lips of those who have no thought of betraying their own self-satisfaction. This vein of conceit runs, as a rule, through all our comment upon other people; as we sagely reflect on their habits, manners, and characteristics, we continually pay inferential compliments to ourselves. If we say of a neighbor that he has great tact and skill in dealing with people, that he avoids collisions and secures his ends by prevailing friendliness and courtesy, we are quite likely to add, "I can't do things that way. I have to speak out and let the people know precisely what I think!" the inference being, of course, that there is a kind of heroic truthfulness in us which our neighbor lacks. It is suggestive to note that the man who lays this particular claim to his heart is very often the kind of man who is always stirring up useless and foolish animosity by lack of courtesy and consideration. The man who delights to call himself plain and blunt is often called by his neighbors discourteous and rude; and his neighbors are very often sound in their judgment. The possession of tact does not imply the faintest touch of insincerity, and the man who "always speaks his mind" is often very offensive without possessing any superior sense of truthfulness. A very emotional person is likely to credit himself with unusual sensitiveness, when she may be consciously lacking in that somewhat unusual quality; and a very calm person is prone to speak of her feelings as quiet and deep. Thus we fall into the habit of flattering ourselves at the expense of those who differ from us, and we need to set a watch upon ourselves. A trained ear will detect a false note in the voice; a clear intelligence will protect us even from unconscious conceit.

Contentment is Happiness.
In an article entitled: "The Indispensable Commonplace," the Saturday Evening Post has the following bit of genuine wisdom:

"Ordinary people, ordinary duties, ordinary opportunities, make up the indispensable qualities of life. One raindrop falling on moor or meadow or mountain; one flake of snow melting into the immeasurable sea, is, for ever, the symbol of most men's acts and character. The working-man who becomes dissatisfied with the monotony of his daily task with its daily wage; the housewife who frets herself into ill temper because of the ceaseless round of little cares; the schoolboy who chafes under the unending details of a humdrum existence; all these have need to be reminded that life in its largest relations—the State, the race, the wide, wide world—is dependent upon life in its most limited environment: upon the common worker, the common weaver, the common meal."

In an age when young men are rushing away from the country districts towards the cities of which they have read, this simple statement of one of life's truths is worthy of being deeply engraven on the heart of every one who reads it. Humble surroundings are lauded nowadays only when they are referred to as the birthplace of some man who has achieved distinction or wealth, the whilens perhaps he lost his honor and his manhood there. A humble home is held up as a good place for a man to be born in. That it is a good place to live and die in, is seldom thought of; yet this latter reflection has more truth and wisdom in it than has the other. How many men who rush away towards the glittering cities find more happiness there than they had before they sought them? They find a fascination there which enchains them. Do they find happiness? A young Canadian business man once told us that the happiest part of his life was spent on his father's farm in the interior of France before he ever saw a railroad or steamer, and that he had never known such contentment in his later life. Mr. Charles M. Schwab, the man on whom the envious eyes of millions of men are turned to day, as he stands at the head of the Morgan Steel Trust, said to a friend: "I have a great many cares. I should like to be a professor. That is the ideal life." When is a man happy? Certain it is that thousands upon thou-

sands are leaving the humble homes of their fathers everyday, in vague hope of finding happiness elsewhere. Do they find it?

Business Training is not "Education."
The tendency of the higher institutions of learning to yield to the public pressure for what is popularly known as a "business education" is a natural one. It is a concession to the spirit of commercialism that appears to be dominant in all the activities of men. The colleges and universities are impressed with the necessity for meeting in some way the competition of the schools which offer a "business training," and hence departments of instruction in business forms and methods are added to the regular curricula in order to accommodate those who imagine that a course in book-keeping or banking is "education."

Of course business men are perfectly aware of the fact that a young man cannot learn "business" at college. But it is nevertheless true that many young men who have no taste for the studies that conduce to the broader culture and which not only draw out uniformly and systematically all the powers of the mind but also lay the foundations of character, may receive an elementary training in commercial forms and business methods which will afford a good basis for the training that can be secured only in actual business pursuits.

It cannot be denied, however, that the tendency toward commercialism in the higher institutions of learning is to be deplored. The rational idea of education is not to fit a man specifically for any particular occupation. Education in its broadest sense implies a harmonious development of the powers in order that a man may be fitted to realize the highest possibilities of his mind in any chosen line of endeavor, as well as to adequately respond to the highest obligations of citizenship.

The colleges cannot depart from the high calling of making citizens in order to make bookkeepers without lowering the standards of education. The business college belongs in the class of "professional schools." The student of law or medicine is supposed to have a foundation of liberal culture upon which to build the structure of professional attainment. In the same way the widest and most liberal development of the powers through a regular course in a university should precede the "commercial" or "business" education wherever it is possible to do so.

In attempting to provide for those who are unable to lay the larger foundations the college should not confound business training with "education."

The Persistent Plodder.
Mr. Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston and Maine railroad, delivered an address recently before the Old South Club in Boston, which was so rich in the wisdom that comes from successful experience, that even an extract from it will be of use:

"One of the first things I should advise any man to do who is forming his character for a business life—and mighty few men do until they are thirty-five or forty years old—is to cultivate the power of observation. You will find men stumbling through life, falling over stones and sticks every day, who never knew there was anything in their way until they bumped their noses. The man who goes down the street ought to see everything in the street, and he ought to cultivate the habit of finding out why it is there and what it is for."

"Let every man in business or in private life, whether working for himself or for somebody else, just a little more than fill the position that he occupies. And just as soon as he is so well established that he can a little more than fill the position he is in, a wider position will open, and then he will go on and upward until he reaches the highest step in his profession or calling."

"Establish methodical habits in your business life. If you go into the office of a business man and you find that he has got to sit up a desk full of papers and the papers are all in a row, you can make up your mind that that man has got to have exceptional ability if he is to be the most successful man in his club. Have a place for everything and everything in its place, in the broadest sense."

"Another thing is personal cleanliness. I'd rather have a man lean a little toward fastidiousness than to be unclean. Dr. Johnson may have been slovenly, but he did not add to his greatness, and he would have been a great deal more comfortable to his friends if he had been a little more clean."

"Cultivate in everything decision of character—the ability to say yes, or the ability to say no, and to decide on the spot. The man in business—I don't care what it is—who takes too much time to decide things, fearing that he may be wrong, will never get ahead."

"And don't too much seek the advice of others. Learn to decide for yourself. You know the fellow who is continually running around asking his friends what they think about what he is calculating to do. The advice he gets is of the most perfunctory kind, and is worth absolutely nothing. Such a man never will succeed."

"Cultivate and develop the habit of reading good books and of thinking. There is not a man who can not find time somewhere in every twenty-four hours to read something that somebody abler than himself has put upon the printed page."

"Above all, be patient and be a plodder. Patience and plodding are the only things that, as a rule, accomplish anything in the world. There is occasionally a skyrocket, but he is

pretty apt to have a string attached to him."

RICH, RED BLOOD.

Absolutely Necessary to Health and Strength.

THROUGH THE BLOOD EVERY ORGAN, EVERY NERVE AND EVERY TISSUE IN THE BODY IS NOURISHED—IF THE BLOOD IS IMPURE, DISEASE TAKES POSSESSION OF THE SYSTEM.

If you want to be well take care of the blood. The blood is aptly termed the vital fluid, and it is through it that every organ and every tissue of the body is nourished. If the blood becomes impoverished, the entire system is in danger of a breakdown, and what is termed anaemia, general debility, or even consumption may be the result.

Prudent people occasionally take a tonic for the purpose of keeping the blood pure, but the unwell are those to whom this article is chiefly valuable, as it will point out an easy and speedy means to renewed health. Mrs. Joseph Herbert, who keeps a grocery at the corner of St. Germain and Hermine streets, St. Saver, Que., tells the following story of broken health and renewed vigor: "I suffered for many months," said Mrs. Herbert, "from an impoverished condition of the blood, coupled with extreme nervousness. I was very pale and felt languid and indisposed to exertion. A dizzy sensation on arising quickly from a chair, or coming down stairs, often troubled me. The least exercise would leave me almost out of breath, and my heart would palpitate violently, while at other times I would feel a smothering sensation. Often my face and arms would swell and puff, and the arms became almost useless. I doctored more or less for the trouble, but did not get any real benefit until I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had been using the pills only a few weeks when I found myself growing stronger and better in every way. I continued taking the pills for nearly three months—for I was determined the cure would be thorough—but sometime before I discontinued using them I felt in better health than I had enjoyed for years before. My sleep is now peaceful and refreshing, my appetite excellent, and I feel equal to almost any exertion. I feel that I owe all this to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and it will always give me pleasure to recommend them."

It is the mission of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to make rich, red blood, nourish the nerves, tissues and various organs of the body, and thus by reaching the root of the trouble drive disease from the system. Other medicines act only upon the symptoms of the disease, and when such medicines are discontinued the trouble returns—often in an aggravated form. If you want health and strength be sure you get the genuine with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around every box. If your dealer cannot supply you the pills will be sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Cataract.
Called an American disease, is cured by an American medicine, originated and prepared in the most cathartical of American countries. That medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of scrofulous and all other impurities, it overcomes all the effects of cataract, too, and builds up the whole system.

They NEVER FAIL.—Mr. S. M. Boughner, Langton, writes: "For about two years I was troubled with Inward Piles, but by using Parmentier's Pills, I was completely cured, and although four years have elapsed since then they have not returned." Parmentier's Pills are anti-bilious and a specific for the cure of Liver and Kidney Complaints, Dyspepsia, Constipation, Headache, Piles, etc., and will regulate the secretions and remove all bilious matter.

Languor and weakness, due to the depleted condition of the blood, are overcome by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great vitalizer.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessitates great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

One trial of Mother Graves' Worm Expeller will convince you that it has no equal as a worm medicine. Buy a bottle, and see if it does not please you.

TELL THE DEAF.—Mr. J. E. Kellogg, Druggist, Perth, writes: "A customer of mine having been cured of deafness by the use of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil, wrote to Ireland, telling his friends there of the cure. In consequence I received an order to send half a dozen by express to Wexford, Ireland, this week."

NERVOUS troubles are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which enriches and purifies the blood. It is the best medicine for nervous PEOPLE.

RICH AND POOR ALIKE use Pain Killer. Taken internally for cramps, colics and diarrhoea. Applied externally cures sprains, swollen muscles, etc. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

The great lung healer is found in that excellent medicine sold as Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. It soothes and diminishes the sensibility of the membrane of the throat and air passages, and is a sovereign remedy for all coughs, colds, hoarseness, pain or soreness in the chest, bronchitis, etc. It has cured many when supposed to be far advanced in consumption.

Cholera morbus, cramps and kindred complaints annually make their appearance at the same time as the hot weather, green fruit, cucumbers, melons, etc., and many persons are debarrred from eating these tempting fruits, but they need not abstain if they have Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial, and take a few drops in water. It cures the cramps and cholera in a remarkable manner, and is sure to check every disturbance of the bowels.

INDIGESTION, resulting from weakness of the stomach, is relieved by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the greatest stomach tonic and cure for DYSPEPSIA.