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A WOMAN OF FORTUNE

By CHRISTIAN REID.
Author of "Arlene," "Philip's Restitution," "The Child of Mary," "Heart of Steel," "The Land of the Sun," etc., etc., etc.

CHAPTER VI.

"I ACTED ON A CAPRICE."

In all the world there is nothing brighter than a spring day in Paris, when the gay city seems thrilling with life, when the flowery foliage is at its freshest, when the fountains are flashing diamond spray in the sunshine, when the streets and shady avenues are thronged with people, and the whole air is filled with sounds of life and pleasure making.

On such a day Madame la Vicomtesse de Vérac sat in her *salon*, through the open windows of which came a soft murmur suggestive of the overflowing life of the great city. She had evidently been a beauty once, this faded, elegant woman; and she was still beautiful enough to charm the gaze that rested on her. All the fine grace of feature, the soft fairness of complexion, and the gentle brightness of large brown eyes remained, notwithstanding the touch of time—which was sufficiently perceptible. But it was a tender touch, as if passing lightly over a thing so delicate and lovely. Roses had vanished from the cheeks, but their smoothness knew no lines such as care and trouble write. Indeed these foes of the human race had scarcely touched this graceful head.

"Adela will make a great success in the world," a wise woman once said in her girlhood. "She will never suffer through others, for she has not heart enough; and she has so much beauty and shrewdness that she will do the best for herself always, in a practical point of view."

Never was prophecy more completely fulfilled. People passed like shadows across the life of this woman, outwardly so charming, inwardly so selfish. If they could be of use to her, she laid hold upon and used them; if not, she let them go with gentle indifference. Only in relation to her interests had they reality or value in her eyes. She shed a few decorous tears when her first husband died, but she had the consciousness of having fulfilled her duties toward him to his entire satisfaction; and he fulfilled his, in leaving her rich as well as free. Her second marriage opened to her a new world, in which she proceeded at once to conquer her place; and by the time that she was left a second time a widow, she had achieved a social success which rendered her independent of further assistance. There was nothing, therefore, to tempt her to a third venture into the uncertain waters of matrimony. Others were not lacking, but she declined them all—preferring to enjoy her freedom and the social distinction she had won, without encountering fresh risks.

But, though she refused to marry, the Vicomtesse did not deny herself the admiration and homage of men. This was an incense which had never failed her at any time of her life, and which was as necessary now as ever. Clever men she specially liked, and when she wanted a friend or an adviser it was to such a man that she always turned. One who had no doubt of his own cleverness, and whose estimate of himself the world was prepared to endorse, sat before her now, listening with an attentive air while she talked. More distinguished looking than handsome, he was yet not deficient in good looks; his keen face was at once intellectual and attractive, while his air, his manner, every detail of his toilet, indicated the man of the world, familiar with the highest phases of civilization. This was Mr. Philip Craven, the friend of Jack Bernard.

"And why," he was saying, "do you begin now to distrust your wisdom? You must have had a good reason for taking such a step."

"Ah! who can tell?" she answered. "Who knows what are good reasons? Mine, I confess, are very like caprices. I chanced to see a photograph of this girl, and she has a striking face. A desire grew upon me to see the original. And then, I have felt for some time that I need a companion—a girl, pretty, well bred, in whom I could interest myself, who might make a social success, and whom I might marry well. You will laugh, perhaps, but that is a fancy which pleased me."

"I do not laugh," replied Craven. "I find your fancy very natural and charming. I am sure you have acted wisely."

"I am not at all sure of it," said the Vicomtesse, with a sigh. "But I acted on a caprice, and I must abide by the consequences. If she should not be presentable, I will leave Paris, go to some quiet place in the country, and send her home after a month or two with an abundance of *chiffons*."

But as the time approached for her arrival I begin to wish that I had never seen her photograph. The uncertainty of what she may be, the fear that I have brought a dreadful infliction upon myself, makes me very nervous. I had hardly written when I began to hope that she would decline to come. But no: she wrote that she would sail from New York almost immediately."

"Courage!" said her companion, who could not forbear a smile at the melancholy tone of the last announcement. "Believe that you have summoned a companion who will prove all that you could desire."

"You speak as if you knew something of her," said the Vicomtesse, with a look of surprise. "Yet I have not even told you her name."

"I can tell it to you, however. She is Miss Lorimer."

"But what does this mean? Do you know her?"

"Not at all. But I know her brother-in-law, who is one of my oldest friends. On my arrival in Paris I found a letter from him speaking of this young lady, and saying that she would soon be with the Vicomtesse de Vérac. Now, Bernard is not only the best of fellows, but he is incapable of making a serious mistake about another person; and, from the tone in which he discourses of Miss Lorimer, it is evident that she must possess unusual claims to distinction of one kind or another—though he does not specify what they are."

"Indeed!" said Madame de Vérac, with an air of interest. "She is very handsome—no doubt she is what they call in America a belle. It is a vulgar form of social success, but the only one of which they know anything. It means only the admiration and attention of men, and is more likely to spoil than to improve a girl. It lowers her tone, and makes her unfit for what is meant by social success here."

"Bernard says that she is a little spoiled and wilful, but intimates that this is owing to her having had the world pretty much at her feet. I inferred that she might be an heiress as well as a beauty."

"Oh, no," replied the Vicomtesse, confidently. "I do not suppose that she has anything extraordinary in the way of fortune. It is not essential to success in America; you know, though, of course, it is a desirable gliding to other charms, there are elsewhere."

"Then why should Bernard emphasize his fears of matrimonial snares for her? He must know that wealth is absolutely essential to enable an American to marry well over here."

"I doubt if he knows it. These things are little understood in America. And so he fears matrimonial snares for her? What absurdity! Should she have a good *dol*, I may be able to arrange a marriage for her, if she wishes it, and if she does not hope for too much; but to fancy that snares would be spread—ah, the folly of the provincial imagination!"

"You cannot tell," said Craven, with a smile, "what elements for success this young lady may possess. Who knows? You may have the pleasure of presenting another Madame de Vérac to Paris."

To his surprise the Vicomtesse lifted herself and looked at him with almost indignant reproach.

"I did not think the suggestion of such an idea would come from you!" she said. "Do you imagine that I could desire the last De Vérac to make no higher alliance than that?"

Even to one who thought he knew the speaker well, this was a little startling. Craven was aware that, like most Americans who have married rank in Europe, Madame de Vérac was an aristocrat of aristocrats; but he hardly expected her to scornfully repudiate the idea of an alliance between one of her own family and the representative of the name she had taken in marriage. He had yet to learn that the ties of blood were in her case weak compared to those she had formed from association, and that had she been born De Vérac she could not have felt more pride in the name—a greater wish that it should obtain every possible prestige.

"I must beg pardon for having expressed myself obscurely," he said, after an instant's pause. "I did not mean literally another Madame de Vérac, but simply one who might prove worthy of emulating your success."

"It is I who should beg pardon for stupidity, then," returned the Vicomtesse. "I misunderstood you the more readily because it has occurred to me that I might be suspected of some such intention. But any one who knows me must know how near to my heart it is that Armand should make a great marriage. He is the head of the house, he is in the flower of his youth—handsome, *distingue*, clever. He can aspire to any one, and he must, he will, make a great alliance."

Mr. Craven lifted his brows a little. "There is but one drawback," he said. "The Comte de Vérac is most charming; but if he is not already ruined in fortune, he is considered to be one of those who are on the high-road to that end."

"Ah! what will you?" said the Vicomtesse, with an expressive Gallic gesture. "His tastes are those of his rank and age. Presently he will range himself, and all trouble will be over. One must not press the point too soon. My opinion is respected in the family," she added, with a slight smile, "because the assurance that he will inherit my fortune renders him a *bon parti*, let his extravagance be what it will."

Her companion regarded her for the second time with an expression of genuine surprise; then in a tone of deference, though with the freedom of an old friend, he said: "But, Madame, pardon me if I remind you that in giving such an assurance you overlook not only your own relatives, but the probability that one so young and beautiful as yourself may yet desire to form other ties."

"My own relatives are nothing to me," she answered. "I have lost sight of them altogether, and as far as I am aware, they are all well provided for; while Armand de Vérac is the head of the family with which I am identified by marriage. My own comparative youth and beauty are beside the question. I shall never marry again—if that is what you mean."

"I fear that I am a selfish wretch."

I rejoice to hear you say so, because in such a case I feel that you would be long more to one and less to all of your friends."

"I am surprised that you could entertain such an idea," she said. "What have I to gain by marriage? I have all that I ask of life, and a change could only be to risk unknown dangers. I shall never think of it."

"What can one do but bow to such a decision?" said Craven, smiling. "To be your friend is almost enough to reconcile one to the hopelessness of ever becoming your husband."

"Perhaps if I were twenty years younger, it might not be altogether hopeless for you," said the Vicomtesse, with a caressing smile. "But, happily for both of us, there can be no such commonplace ending to our pleasant friendship. Now go and meditate gratefully on that."

If Mr. Craven was meditating on the fact thus presented to his consideration, when he emerged from the great *porte-cochère* of the hotel in which the Vicomtesse had her abode, it certainly brought a smile of amusement to his lips; but a smile which the lady whom he left could hardly have resented, so slight yet so humorous was it. In truth, he was smiling at himself as much as at her; for his fancy was greatly amused by the position of sentimental friend and confidential adviser which he occupied. It was not in the least an onerous position, for the Vicomtesse was too wise to be exacting; and although any civilized man must have felt bound to burn a little incense before the shrine of so fair a goddess, the more delicately this was done the better the goddess was pleased. Such an offering was a small price to pay for the friendship of a woman so beautiful, so charming, so *spirituelle*; and Craven, who admired her most sincerely, had no difficulty in rendering the homage demanded of him.

Just now, however, he had other matter for thought and amusement. "By Jove," he said to himself, "if Bernard could only know! What is he saying? He paused as he spoke, drew a letter from his pocket, opened it, turned over the pages until he found this passage:

"What do you think of being invested with discretionary powers as guardian of a young lady? Don't be too much startled! This as it stands is, of course, only a jest; but I really want you to be good enough (provided that you are in Paris or likely to be there) to look a little after my sister-in-law, Miss Lorimer, who will be there in a few weeks from this date. She goes to visit her cousin, the Vicomtesse de Vérac, of whom you may or may not know something. On this side of the water very little is known of her, and that little is not altogether of a complimentary nature; so that it is decidedly against my wishes and advice that Cecil goes. But 'a wilful woman'—you know the rest of the proverb. Now, you will agree with me that it is a risk for any girl to please herself under the social wing of a woman of whom she knows little beyond the name; but this risk is particularly serious in Cecil's case. It would be a great misfortune for her to be placed even temporarily in a false position of any kind; and indeed the mere possibility of such a thing makes her friends so uneasy that I have thought of the expedient of invoking your aid, and begging you to watch over her—as a guardian under the rose. Though you may be dismayed at such a prospect, you will not feel it an unpleasant responsibility. It would be difficult to find a more attractive person than Miss Lorimer; and if you were not proof against feminine fascinations, I might fear that I was not doing you a good turn in imposing this charge upon you. That you will require all your tact in fulfilling it, I cannot conceal from you; for although she is uncommonly reasonable for a woman, she is also self-willed and imperious to a great degree. I have said nothing to her of the charge that I give you, but she knows our friendship, and will be prepared to receive you cordially. Whatever happens, do not let her fall into any matrimonial snare. I speak of this danger because it is the one she would most scornfully repudiate, and therefore the one most likely to occur. The Vicomtesse de Vérac sold herself for a title, and would probably not object to assisting or promoting another transaction of the same order. By the bye, if you know anything of her, pray report what manner of woman she is."

More the letter contained, but at the above point Craven's gravity gave way. The smile with which he began to read had been gradually deepening, until now he laughed outright. The absurdity of the situation appealed to his sense of humor with irresistible force. The doubts and forebodings of the Vicomtesse, which were still ringing in his ears, and the grave anxiety apparent in every line of Bernard's letter, struck him as the elements of a comedy revolved for his special amusement.

"Now, what will Mademoiselle the Heroine be?" he thought, replacing the letter in its envelope. "Jack writes of her as if she were a royal princess. I like the fellow's impudence in talking of danger for me in the attractions of a spoiled American belle! But what would Madame la Vicomtesse think if she could know that she is seriously distrustful as not worthy of the chaperonage she has undertaken? Ah! what would any of us think if we but knew the whole with regard to anything in this overwhelmingly droll world?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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LEGENDS AND STORIES OF THE HOLY CHILD JESUS.

The Desired Haven.

HOW GENESTAL PAIRED ON HIS VOYAGE TO THE ISLAND OF PLEASURE.

III.

Genestal was of an easy going, lazy temperament, and when once he had got his little boat launched he troubled no more about the messenger or the King's good pleasure.

He watched Petronel's boat skimming the ocean like a swallow, and leaving him a long way behind, but he only smiled and said to himself: "What a hurry Petronel is always in; I shall take it more easily."

No storms disturbed his voyage; no enemies assailed him; no regrets, hopes, or fears ruffled the calm. He hardly gave himself the trouble to think of anything; but a sort of dreamy satisfaction took hold of him at the pleasures in store.

The voyage was very, very calm, and he was almost surprised when he found that his boat was drawing so near the island. No difficulties arose as he reached the shore; no rocks scratched his boat; he simply dragged it on to the sands and received a warm welcome from the boys and girls playing on the shore.

All the pebbles and shells of the shingle were of bright colors—blue, red, green, yellow, and orange. One of the boys told him to put some in his mouth, and he found they were delicious bon-bons and chocolate creams. The sands themselves were the sweetest sugar; the rocks overhanging the shore were real wedding cake. Genestal wondered they were not all eaten away.

"Oh, you know," said one of the boys, "we get tired of them from time to time; and then, when we know we can always have them, we don't want to be always eating. But come up farther, and we'll show you things even more wonderful."

The island was full of palaces of gold and silver, in which was the grandest furniture imaginable. The trees in the woods all bore delicious fruits, and the coconuts each contained a pretty toy.

For weeks and weeks Genestal did nothing but eat and drink and sleep; but one day, after he had been on the island for some little time, he thought himself of his little boat, and went down to the shore to look at it.

Great animals were crawling about—hideous creatures such as Genestal had never seen before. As they crawled they left a long trail of slime, which would not disappear with all the rubbing Genestal tried. Several sorts of toad-stools had grown on the boat, and when Genestal tore them off they left a dark stain.

The fact was, he was getting rather tired of the island and of the pleasures he had only to stretch out his hand to take hold of. But he could not find his chart in the boat. He had forgotten everything that the King's messenger had told him, and he had but a very dim recollection of the joy for evermore that awaited him and his companions in that far-off country.

So he left the boat to the animals and the toadstools and went back to his palace, where he spent the liveliest day in eating and drinking and sleeping, for he was growing more and more lazy every day. He had slaves to wait upon him, too—beautiful girls and boys—who watched his every movement to be ever ready to fulfil his slightest desire before he had the trouble of speaking.

He was very cruel to his slaves, too, though they served him so faithfully; and he used to beat them when he could rouse himself sufficiently. He was now so lazy that he would no longer give himself the trouble to visit his friends. He had forgotten how to read, and toys no longer amused him. Sometimes his slaves sang to him or played on musical instruments. And he was punished for his greediness by his liver growing fat and hurting him, and he began to suffer much pain, grew sad, and felt an intense loathing of his life creep upon him. Then he began to drink large doses of a kind of spirits which was supposed to cause forgetfulness.

Once he had a dream, in which he thought he was playing in the garden with Petronel, Irenaeus, and little Michaelis. On a bush grew large red berries, sweet and luscious to the taste as they were beautiful to look upon. He and Michaelis were plucking them by handfuls and eating them, when suddenly an angel appeared, and, touching the bush, it dried and withered; the berries shrivelled up and fell to the ground. He cried out in his anger, but the angel told him the berries would poison him. And then Irenaeus read something out of a book about a wonderful tree bearing twelve kinds of fruit, and yielding fruit every month. But that tree was in a far-off country, whence no traveller ever returned.

Genestal awoke, but he could not help thinking of the far-off country; and as he lay in a darkened chamber he thought he would really start the next day for the country of the Great King.

But in the morning, when the slaves came and drew back the curtains, and the sunlight streamed in at the window, he thought that no country could possibly be more beautiful. And the spirits and the wine he drank gradually effaced the dream from his memory.

And one day, when he felt a longing for some change, he started for the seashore, but on the way drank such quantities of wine that he fell senseless on the road, and the man in the painted boat came and carried him away to the dark regions of endless

pain, whose inhabitants are banished forever from the majesty of God's presence.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE MARTYRDOM OF THE MAIDENS.

Here is the account our writer gives of the voyage of the Irish princess and her attendant maidens: "Out they went upon the open ocean, south of the land of the Picts, where Conan was breaking his heart, and at last into the Northern Sea until they came with favoring winds to ancient Batavia. Apprised of their arrival, the Bishops and priests and people came out to meet them and to pay them every honor. But there they were not to abide. They entered the mouth of the Rhine, and, in spite of the current, came rapidly to Colonia Agrippina, the present Cologne, which was to be the scene of their future martyrdom. Possibly none knew it save Ursula. Continuing up the beautiful river they came to Mayence and still further on until they disembarked at the fair city of Basle. There they moored their vessels, not tempted to remain by the honor and reverence everywhere accorded them, for they had a mission. They were going to the Eternal City, and, like so many bright spirits, this vast army of white-robed virgins, illumined the mountains as they passed in their flight, paused not until they found themselves before the great Pope Cyriacus, who blessed them and called all the city to do them honor." Then, we are told, the virgins, after praying at the tombs of the martyrs, turned their faces again to the north, the Pope, whom some authorities declare to have shared their martyrdom, accompanying them as far as Mayence. At that place Prince Conan, tired of waiting for his promised bride, met them and became a convert to the true faith, his heart then undergoing a change, so that he no longer thought of marriage, but longed, like Ursula, for martyrdom. This desire on their part was not long delayed, for "the stream bore them rapidly to Cologne, and there Attila's Huns met them as they descended from their ships. Up from the blood-stained city this vast multitude ascended with their crowns and palm branches into the kingdom of the heavenly Bridegroom."

While our writer admits that this legend is surrounded with many poetical accessories, he claims that there is easily discernible an amount of truth in it; and he cites Fr. Du Bac, the famous Jesuit Bollandist, as one authority in its support. That writer, after careful collation of all the documents bearing on the legend, says that the martyrdom of the maidens took place at the end of the fifth century. He rejects the story of Pope Cyriacus going to Mayence and denies that there was such a Pope. The evidence of other authorities in support of the legend is adduced, and also the testimony furnished by the Golden Chamber in St. Ursula's Church of Cologne; while the possibility of so large a number of maidens being made martyrs at once elicits the following statement from the writer: "Every one knows how vast were the monastic establishments in those ages of faith. Even in our own days of degeneracy there are actually living in one enclosure in the Beguinage of Ghent no less than nine hundred nuns, many of them occupying separate houses. In those better times, when heaven was more neighborly for us than it now seems to be, the very deserts were peopled, great multitudes lived under one rule, especially when the abbots or abbesses was of princely lineage, as in the case of St. Ursula. What reader prey could there be for a horde of savages, such as the terrible hosts of Attila were, than these convents of defenceless nuns? Some few may have escaped or have been led into captivity, but we know the slaughter was frightful and many more than these eleven thousand may have perished, whose names will be only known in heaven." — Sacred Heart Review.

What the Reptiles Taught.

The Isle of Man lies, roughly, about mid-way between Ireland and England, and it used to be very seriously discussed whether it were Irish or British. The question was settled at last in a way that satisfied everybody. There are no snakes in Ireland.

"Now," argued those wise folk, "let us bring some venomous reptiles to Man. If they live and flourish, the Isle must be British; but if they perish, then it must be Irish." And this was done, and lo! the Isle did not cast forth the reptiles. Thus it was decided "by common consent" that a bit of country that would extend its patronage to poisonous reptiles could not possibly be Irish, and it has been held ever since to belong to England! That the Isle is a part and parcel of the United Kingdom is, of course, well known; but it was as late as the early portion of this century before Great Britain became absolute owner of it.

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Driving Ho ant

In answer to the question of the Virgin, of Goulbourn, dressed the Sydney in his letter on Saturday better part mistake as to the Cardinal's acknowledged very bad.

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