OBER 16, 1909.

ighter-in-law, Anne. ng so lovable about one could resist her. ipping into a body's ind taking up her low voice and gay ally sounds to hear, for her children was in the model mu g in the world. The they were each a other, as is often the orthy women, were her by their love for

hakespeare, worried sad stress into which sad stress into which en, had lost much of which had been so istic of his in earlier a silent, too-he who ready with his lively wish to keep from his hat increased daily, to thrive only in the mus and shadows of rms and shadows of distressed, hopeless, vas like a wounded silences to nurse his hence suspiciously at irn fortune had taken im sadly, and he no ad to mingle in the his towns-people, so of the children was as opened suddenly upon adiant with love and

ner when the young anna was then a little ars old, and the twins or six months. From t of the grandmother, open to children, and kind, warmed especial-His resemblance to that early age, was e baby in her arms, g over the time when the woman, as she had lain upon her sung the same simple

ittell tyné child, little tyné child bright eyes would he first line, and then would cease and the ld fall a dreaming too,

res, of that other natie on to man's estate and amid the din and trange city, But the ile would linger on her knew the heart of the mple and gentle as the , and she had no fear Il a prey to ill-doing. boolute trust in him, d him sorely and would wish that he were home all.

if Baby Hamnet were sleep, she must needs at foolish fashion women I their words and twistange shapes, as if by so mind can understand a r. Or, if he ought to d, then would she sing song, about that Babe heart was filled with in the lowly stable in tern land:

a, lulla bye. be what meanest thou to cry? I babe, though cause thou hast innocent the cruel king hath old | what slaughter he doth

d of infants all, swete Saviour ney say, which king that king ful heavie day when wretche

stress Shakespeare sing end, softly and tenderly, little one had gone to e would lay him in the ister's side and fall to wo sleep-flushed faces. daughter-in-law would

daughter-in-law would half in earnest : y mother, thou'rt all for st no eyes for my sweet d as for Susanna, thou no word. I do protest, t ; hereafter I will keep

nyself and thou mayest sleep." thy threats, sweetheart gly will I sing to Judith. her and my little ve only-only-the boy cause o'his father's sake. an old woman lass?" wer Anne Shakespeare sweet questioning face, t were awake she would ng into his granamother's hy-spy with him over her reat Susanna would join reat Susanna would p⁻ⁱⁿ th her shrill screams and oo gayly from the cradle. revery happy together. is slipped by, and season passed uneventfully and household in Henley emed but yesterday to rev Shakesmeare that

OCTOBER 16, 1909.

and cheeriness of word that had never failed her even in the darkest hours were still apparent in her deportment and speech. She was always one to help others; her heart was as guileless and warm as a child's and as ready to go forth in love. It was a heart that knew no age. If there was a little more pride in her bearing than in the o'd times, was not that justifiable, when

Had not all bound town tarted of them? Had not the young Earl of Southampton been glad to be the friend and patron of such a man of genius as sweet Master William Shakespeare? And he had made substantial proof, ay! that he had, of his friendship and love.

Suppose William were silent about his work? It was always his way to give no praise to himself. But good Master Field let the folk of Stratford Master riet iet the lock of Stratford know the high esteem in which the poems were held by people of quality and learning. And those plays that crowd-ed the theatre during the season—what magician's hand had called them into being? Was it possible—was it possi-ble—how the mother's heart grew tremalous with delight!--that it was the same hand that, in the long ago, had clung to her gown and had patted her

clung to her gown and had patted her face so lovingly? What a brave showing the mere titles made! 'Harry the Sixt'-or truly all that was best in it!---the pleasant, conceited historie of The Taming of a Shrew, 'Errors,' Love's Labour's Lost,' 'The Gentlemen of Verona,' 'Richard the Third,' 'A Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'The venetian Comedy'- and there "The Venetian Comedy'— and there were more to come. Why, he said he had just begun, and he loved his work. had just begin, and he toved his work. He was going to write a play about a pair of hapless lovers—he had told her that much already—and he would weave therein a bit of poor Mistress Charlotte Clusteris ators—the that had did therein a bit of poor Mistress Charlotte Clopton's story—she that had died a fearful death the year of the great plague in Stratford town—God rest her soul! And, after that, there would be more and more. The wonder and the glory of it! Surely a woman had a right to be proud of a son like that; but, deep in her heart, she knew that, beyond all bis gening the real reason of her pride his genius, the real reason of her pride in him was because of his love for her and his tenderness and help to them all.

What did they not owe him? The family in Henley Street had grown smaller with the flight of years. Of the other sons, Edmund was the only one at home-a tall stripling, with his heart already turned Londonward. But Gilbert and Richard, both of them men now and able to go whither they would. were bothered by no such dreams. They were content with the tranquil life of the near-by hamlets, where they followed their simple pursuits and found their diversions in sheep shearing festivals, wakes, and harvest-tide, the annual fairs at Stratford, the entertainments connected with Christmas, New Year's and Easter, the May-day sports, the delights of Whitsuntide, the beating of the bounds during Rogation week, and the occa-sional representation of stage plays at the Guildhall of their own native town or in Coventry, only a short distance away. These home-keeping youths had away. These home-keeping jottal far much to amuse them without going far

a-field. Pretty Mistress Joan Shakespeare was no longer an inmate of her father's house; she had exchanged her early home for one of her own in Scholar's Lane, which Master William Hart had provided for his bride. The wedding ad occurred the previous August, when had occurred the previous August, when the twins were ten years old, and it had been an occasion of great rejoicing. Hamnet and his sisters had rifled the woods and lanes the day before, of flowers woods and takes the day before, in lower stand and vines, and had helped the young maids deck the rooms of both houses— the old home and the new—with the sweet-smelling treasure; they had run hither and thither on errands, as fleet of foot as the deer in the heart of Arden, and had even penetrated into the kitchen, there to receive frequent re-wards for their good behaviour. And on the auspicious day itself, with the bride-

and warm as control and as relaty to go forth in love. It was a heart that mew no age. If there was a little more pride in her bearing than in the old times, was not that justifiable, when away in London town her son was be-coming famous? Already there had come word of the plays and poems he had made. Had not Richard Field, himself a Stratford math rander, graver story of poor Lucrece? Had not all London town taked of them? Had not the young Earl of Southampton

in her rosy cheeks that were ever seen. They appealed to me irresistibly, and to mother also. As the stranger looked from one to the other, with that lovely smile half parting her beautiful lips, the innocent gray eyes, under the longest lashes I ever saw, were scarcely to be withstood.

"My dear child," observed my mother. "I fancy you will have to be taught

almost everything." "Your fancy isn't far from right ma'am," was the instant reply. "But "But I'll try my best : and maybe the young lady will teach me a little till you are on your feet again."

The domestic situation was explained to her, my own inexperience, also the temporary disability of the housemaid, who had gone home that morning.

"I do not know what to do," said my nother, as she finished the recital of o woes, "Let me stop anyway till yourself "Let me stop anyway till yoursell are better and you can find one to suit you," was the prompt response. 'I can wash the pots and pans and scrub the floors for the young lady, so that she'll not be soiling her hands too much

entirely.

Her eyes met mine : Youth spoke to Youth. "Do let her stay, mother?" I pleaded;

and the easy victory was won. Afterwards we both laughed heartily at the mistakes Kathleen made in the beginning-mistakes that would not have occurred if I myself had not been so inexperienced. But by the time she had been in the house three weeks everything was running smoothly; though our fortunes, already falling, made it necessary that we do without another servant. Before she had been with us six months my father died; the large house was let, and my mother, Kathleen and myself moved to a smaller

ne which we owned in the suburbs. I do not know what we should have done without Kathleen in that dreary time. I had a spell of typhoid fever. After I had recovered my mother fell and broke her arm. Kathleen bore all the burthens—was cook, housekeeper, and nurse all in one. She seemed to grow prettier every day; everything she wore was fresh and becoming, though her attire was of the simplest. She was never out of humor, never tired; work seemed to her but play. She had been with us about a year

She had been with us about a year and a half when we learned the story of the little romance which had sent her to England. One day a letter came for her—the first she had received. This did not surprise us, however. She had told us she was an orphan, with no con-nection that she knew of but a step-mother, with whom she could not agree, and so had come to this country. When I handed her the letter, she turned it

over several times in a puzzled way; then said, with an embarrased smile: "Maybe you would read it for me, Miss Florence, please? I don't know writing at all." I was surprised, as she seemed fond

of reading. How is that Kathleen," I asked, "when you are such a great reader?" "I am very fond of reading, ma'am," she rejoined; "but I can hardly make

she rejoined; but I can instrum make out writing at all. After my mother's death I never went to school." "I am so sorry," I said; "but after this we will have a writing lesson every evening when the work is done."

"Ob, that will be just what I'd like!" she replied, with radiant countenance. I opened the letter. I read as fol-

"No; not the smallest obligation," I

II.

At this moment my mother entered

kitchen, there to receive irrequent re-wards for their good behaviour. And on the auspicious day itself, with the bride-favours floating from their shoulders. has left it upon you as her dying re-has left it upon you as nest that I am to be your hust

THE CATHOLIC RECORD



-11 00000000000 CHARD THE

ooks on top of the stove, bakes in oven at same time

and bake in Pandora oven at same time-and get perfect results. That's because cooking draft is also baking draft. Flues are so constructed that heat passes directly under every pot-hole and around oven twice before passing up chimney. No wasted heat-instead fuel does double duty, saving Pandora owners both time and money. 19 Would you not like to be a Pandora owner?



knowing also that I could never have repeated it in her own simple and de-lightful manner."

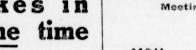
"Ma'am," she began. "I'd not think of bothering you and Miss Florence with my little affairs if it were not kind of forced on me by what's happened. I was out one day, and I met a boy from my own place, and it's he that has told where I am. He asked if he could come to see me, and I told him I didn't care for any company; but I was foolish enough at the same time to tell him where I lived. It's my stepmother that's the cause of it all. My father was an old man when he married her, and after he died nothing would do her but that I marry another old man and join the two farms.

"Why didn't she marry him herself?" "Why didn't she marry him herself?" "They were cousins, miss," Kathleen replied. "And if they weren't I don't believe they would have had each other, they were both that cross. She put me herding the sheep and wouldn't allow me to go to school, though we had al-ways a boy tending them before, and my father left her comfortable. But she couldn't make me marry Botor though couldn't make me marry Peter though she made my life so miserable that I ran away from her at last. I placed myself under the special protection of the Blessed Virgin, trusting that she would take care of me; and I say her Rosary every day. And that's all the story. Did I do wrong, think you?"

sent to Peter, and for two years long. We rejoiced in our little Kathleen. But one spring day, while we were But one spring made, a handsome "Mother, mother, are you here? We "Mother, mother, are you here? We young carpenter made her acquaintance, and not long after Kathleen blushingly asked permission to receive him as to pass Felix was apparently all that could be desired, and reluctantly we fave our treasure into his keeping. They emigrated to Pennsylvania, and we had several cheerful letters from Kathleen. The oil fever was at its height at the time, and she wrote that height at the time, and she wrote that he was making splendid wages putting delighted to see," the child said, after-

was burned to the ground leaving us almost penniless. Then a bank failure completed the ruin. Not only myself, but my poor mother was obliged to seek embrace. "It is Mrs. Donaldson and but my poor mother was obliged to seek

but my poor mother was conject to seek for employment. So Kathleen passed out of our existence. For a dozen years or more I had been housekeeper in a large hotel. The re-



You can cook over every pot-hole



"I beg your pardon," said a sweet voice, as I opened it; "but they told me you were Catholics here, and would let me know the hours for Mass. I like to go in the morning whenever I can." The lady had advanced within the room while she was speaking. I thought I had never seen so beautiful a face, nor one so full of amiability and kindness. one so full of amiability and kindness. But before I could answer her she had my mother's hand, and was exclaiming. "Oh, Mrs. Donaldson !- you - you ere! Oh, dear! oh, dear! oh, dear!" My mother looked helplessly at me,

but I had already recognized the stranger. "It is Kathleen, mother," I said, "you

member our Kathleen?" 'And you too, Florence!" she cried. Ah. you have changed! I would never

"Ah, you have changed: I would never have known you. But why are you here—working? What happened that you did not write to me? Why did you forsake me in that way?" She down we belt to the cofe and ent She drew us both to the sofa and sat

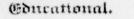
in the middle, now looking at one, now at the other, while tears ran down her cheeks—indeed, we were all crying. After we had accounted for ourselves, she told how her husband, in his occupation of carpenter, had secured some oil lands which had proved of enormous value. For years she had vainly en-deav ured to find some trace of us; "for I wanted you to share in my good fortune," she said.

We talked laughingly of Peter Breen Story. But too wrong, and that she had not done wrong, and that was the end of the episode. No reply was ever sent to Peter, and for two years longer whom we must see that very night.

wards, when we had become better

up machinery for the operators. Misfortune continued to follow us. Our little house with all its contents In a few moments she returned with





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Write for what you want, addressing, D. McLachlan & Co., Chatham, Ont.

Miss Florence, for whom I have been searching the world over, and of whom searching the world over, and of whom I have told you hundred of times. Here they are, thank God? But they will not be here long. To-morrow morning will change all this,"

They proved to be as lovely, as kind-ly, as affectionate, and as grateful as their mother—those handsome unspoiled children. Glad in her gladness, rejoicing in her joy, they surrounded us and bore us off with them to their own rooms, where we taked and feasted till mid-night. Next day we were the heroines of the place. Unashamed of the lowly station in which we had known her, Kathleen and her blessed family told the happy story everywhere. Hence-forward we were numbered among their own; and, though in spite of all entreaties I declined to give up my position on the instant, summer found us established in their seashore cottage on the east boast.

My dear mother died several years after with my arms about her and Katheen's hand in hers. The boys and girls are all married now, but are constantly flitting to and from the maternal nest. I believe I am almost as dear to them as their mother; they and their little children call me "Aunt Florence."

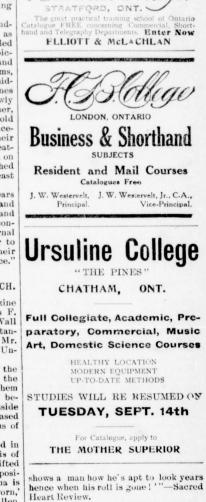
WHY THEY DON'T GO TO CHURCH.

The September American Magazine prints the following from Thomas F Woodlock, formerly editor of the Wall Street Journal, addressed to Ray Stannard Baker, upon the subject of Mr. Baker's articles on the Spiritual Unrest,

"People do not go to church-to the Protestant churches — because the churches have ceased to teach them religious truth with authority, and be-cause Christendom, so-called, outside the Roman Catholic Church, has ceased to believe in the fundamental truths of

religion. "The Protestant churches started in business, so to speak, on the basis of 'faith, not works,' and now have drifted Tath, not works, and now have annext to the absolute opposite of that posi-tion, viz., 'works, not faith.' Dogma is a thing abhorred, creeds are 'outworn,' all trath is relative, man is not fallen, Christ is not God, atonement is a faction, and an unnecessary fiction at that, everything is explained away on natural grounds, there is no hell to fear—why should beople go to church? "Protestant Christendom has already

lost faith in the Incarnation, a large part of it no longer believes in original sin, and a great many who call themselves Christians do not even believe in a personal God. What is religion if it be not that group of truths to be not that group of trachs which express man's relations with and duty to his Creator? What are these truths but dogmas? How can there be an un-dogmatic religion? "There is no Christianity properly



Ousiness College.

The Most High has come down to us perfectly and divinely by the humble Mary. 1le has come to us by her, with-out losing anything of His divinity and sanctity. We are to yield ourselves to Him, that He may live, breathe, act, speak within us, by the Spirit's flery impulse and dovelike power combined, and may never follow any mere natural impulse of our own.



3

ry Shakespeare that e time of her first coming d in the door way, while out a tiny notch in the r sunny head to mark her d put a little 'S' alongther, Anna, had sat by; h laughing eyes the while by Judith in the air and eld Hamnet; and when his to him and said: small to be measured, had cried out: "Not so, so; he is as high as my eat they had all laughed

protest. And now her true in very deed. had brought still other Henley Street, Master are walked a little slower, of silence had grown more im, though with his sche-ccess in London his own-pidly mending. A ic i of radually settled upon his , dispelling the harasse ich had so long disfigured d his head with something nce he had shown in the mobile conseit. n public capacity. entle trust was written on ry Shakespeare's features; flinching bravery of mien

they had borne themselves right bravely in their different parts.

TO BE CONTINUED. KATHLEEN'S STORY.

The same 1 will cancel if you promise to come home and marry me. It can not be that you will allow the good woman who raised you as her own to languish in purgatory for a debt you can repay. "By this time I should judge you were tired of the hard work in London, which I learn from Martin Clancy you which I learn from Martin Clancy you The day she came to us my mother was ill. The cook had departed sudden-ly, without notice, as cooks sometimes will; the housemaid had developed a painful wound on the first finger of her right hand ; and I, a young, inexperi-enced girl of seventeen was launched for have been doing. Kindly let me know if you receive this, and I will send passenced girl of seventeen was faunched for the first time on the sea of a house-keeper's experiences. And, oh, what a troubled stormy sea it was! There-fore my heart bounded with hope when I led the pretty grey-eyed Irish girl, who came in response to an advertisement in the mean factor of the factor. age money, forgiving the past, and al-ways your faithful friend, "PETER BREEN." Kathleen sat gazing into space, with a troubled look in her grey eyes, her lips tightly shut, one foot nervously tapping the floor. At last she spoke. "Tell me, Miss Florence, would that

the morning paper, to my mother's "You look very young, my dear," said my mother in her sweet, kindly voice, as I lifted the blind a few inches that she

night see the face of our prospective handmaid. "And sure I am young, ma'am," she

room

there

means of vexing my stepmother, though she was but a poor mother to me." replied, as one surprised that her state of youth should have been detrimental to the cause in hand. "But I always answered promptly. Of course I do not know the particulars, but unless you made a promise, Kathleen..." "Made a promise, Kathleen---" "A promise is it! To that man," she exclaimed. ""Twas on scewart of him mostly that I ran away." "Tell me all about it, Kathleen," I

to the cause in hand. "But I always heard it was good to be young when one is strong, and I'll be growing older every day. Praise be to God that brought me under a Catholic roof this morning ! And I hope you'll let me try, ma'am, and see what I can do for you. It's sorry I am that you're lying on your back this beautiful spring day. But we'll have you up before long, I hope ma'am." There was not the slightest hint of forwardness in this speech, though to said. "I will, Miss. Sure, why should I have any secret from yourself or the mistress? I'd have told it long ago if I thought there was any need of it. And I'm afraid he'll pursue me now that he forwardness in this speech, though to the reader it may seem familiar as falling from the lips of a girl not two "But he cannot take you, Kathleen, "But he cannot take you, Kathleen, if you do not want to go with him." "I'd go to my grave first, Miss Flor-ence," she replied.

days "landed." It was simply the delicious innocence of youth and inexperience. We both feltit. 1 looked quickly at my mother as if to say. "Is she not delightful ?" and she answered my thought with a smiling glance of

At this moment my mother entered mprehension. "But what can you do ?" she inquired. "But what can you do ?" she inquired. "Where have you lived ?" "At home in Ireland I could do all here was to be done in the house, enter was for the letter was read once more. I think I should have salled her if she had not appeared, knowing well that Kathleen's story could not fail to be interesting, and comprehension. "But what can you do ?" she inquired. "Where have you lived ?"

sponsibility was great, but my duties Times were bad, and my lending her money leaves her and you my debtors to the amount of one hundred pounds. were not arduous; and my mother was with me. She employed her time in with me. She employed her time in mending and marking the linen, and we were happy in each other. One day I was requested to prepare the finest suite of rooms in the house for the family of a famous oil king, whose riches The same 1 will cancel if you promise

family of a famous oil king, whose riches were almost fabulous, and of whose charities and those of his wife the papers had long been filled. "By the way, they are of your relig-ion, Miss Donaldson," said mine host. "It was specially asked whether this house was in easy reach of a Catholic church. I wrote them that there was one exound the courser." ne around the corner."

They arrived in the afternoon, but as my duties did not call me in the direct-ion of their apartment, I had not seen any of them. The maid who attended the narty described the mother as debt he mentions be on me at all, think you? Would there be any obligation ? God knows, I would not like to be the very beautiful woman, the girls lovely, and the boys remarkably handsome. About nine o'clock my mother and

were in our little sitting-room reading when someone knocked at the door.

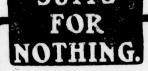
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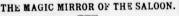
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so called in the world to-day — that is, Christianity as a religion — outside of the Roman Catholic Church. Protestantism in all its forms is an empty shell now, and even the shell is rapidly disintegrating. The generation now grow-ing up will demonstrate that to you and me if we live our allotted space according to the psalmist. And not even 're-fined vaudeville' will then suffice to

"But you won't find the Catholic churches closing!"



Walt Mason, a western newspaper man, does not write high class poetry, though we have no doubt he could do so if he tried : nor does he condescend to put his philosophical rhymes on current events and everyday happenings into the usual form. Walt casts all his verses into form. Walt casts all his verses into prose form, so that one has, in the beginning, to hunt for the rhyme. But no or ever has to hunt for the reason in Walt's verses. Take for instance the following which, for all its slang, has a very good "I went one night with my high-priced

I went one night with my night process thirst to loaf in the booze basear, and as I sampled the old red dope I leaned on the handsome bar. My puree was fullof the good, long green and my raiment was smooth and new, and I looked as sleek as a cabbage rose that's kissed by the nice wet dew. Behind the bottles a mirror stood, as large as your parlor floor, and I looked and looked in the shining glass, and won-dered, and looked some more. My own reflection did not appear, but there manufic the shining spear, but there where it should have been, I saw the form of a cringing bum all crumpled and soaked with gin. His nose was red and his eyes were dim, unshorn was his swollen ace, and I thought it queer such a seedy boy would come to so smooth a place. I turned around for a better look at this effigy of despair, and nearly fell in a little heap, for the effigy wasn't there! The barkeep laughed. 'It's the magic glass,'he said, with a careless yawn; 'it

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