

Home.
In lands o'er sea, with ceaseless toil,
He toiled the wood and broke the soil;
He toiled the furrow of the plow,
He toiled the furrow of the plow,
He gathered golden harvests in,
He grew proud of purse and high estate,
With fortune's smile incarnate.

He clomb the plumes of fame
And wrote thereon a noble name;
Till now, in olden days at last,
With hoarded wealth of gold amassed,
One want there was that still his pride—
One craving still unsatisfied.
So to his childhood's home he turned,
For homeward eye his heart had yearned.

He sought his native town; alas!
A stranger in the place he was,
Where he had once been found a change,
The people all around were strange,
Remembered voices all were still,
Their places with new faces filled,
And he returned his kindly glance
With unfamiliar looks, askance.

Like one in dreams he wandered down
Beyond the bridge and past the town,
Till like a vision, faint and dim,
The Abbey gray confronted him.
There on the carved stone he read
The register of the dead:
"Old name" half hidden, "new" the moss
He recognized each name and cross.

"Pray for the soul of Jean Baptiste!"
He read aloud, gathering mist;
That dimmed his eyes; the legend here
Was "Louis," younger son of "Pierre."
His boyhood's friends—all gone; and now,
As on his hand he leaned his brow,
Between his fingers trickled clear
Upon the old man's cheek a tear.

Then as he wept there wandered by
A maiden singing merrily,
Beneath the moon and past the town,
Alone at eve to wander here?
"Nay, sir, to gain my home," she said,
"I needs must pass among the dead."
There at the door, by yonder tree,
A loving father waits for me.

—Patrick J. Coleman.

ASPECTS OF ANGLICANISM.

N. Y. Catholic Review.

The Cathedral of Peterborough has been the scene of an important Anglican function. New furniture and fittings of the richest kind have been provided for the choir, and, on June 2, was held (writes Canon Myles in the *London Tablet*) the ceremony of their solemn dedication.

To quote from the *Guardian*:

"As our readers are probably aware, the ritual choir of Peterborough, which till the recent restoration was entirely comprised in the eastern limb of the building, has now been brought back to the place of the original Benedictine choir, and occupies the first two bays of the nave. When completed the whole will be fitted in the true mediæval fashion, with three rows of stalls on either side, and return stalls at the west end. The upper row of stalls are finished with lofty and very elaborate canopies of almost excessive richness, rising in two tiers of tabernacle work, and ending in tall crocketed spires. The upper tier contains the history of the cathedral from the earliest times, nearly the whole of which, as far as the stalls have been completed, are in their places."

The note of ritual which was struck may be gathered from the passage which follows:

"The services of the day began with a celebration of Holy Communion at 8 a. m. The Bishop of Peterborough was the celebrant, vested in a rich cope of cream-colored brocade, silk and mitre. The Bishop of Leicester was the epistoler. The dedication service was appointed for noon, and attracted a very large congregation, including clergy and representative laity from all parts of the diocese and its adjacent countries; the Mayor and Corporation attended in state with their regalia, as well as the Mayors of Leicester and Stamford. Nearly two hundred clergy, with their Rural Deans, headed the procession, followed by the choirs of Peterborough and Lincoln Cathedrals—the mother church gladly recognizing the call of one of her elder daughters to help her in. At the west door of the cathedral the procession was joined by the Bishop's procession advancing from the Palace. The Bishop was preceded by the diocesan officials and a chaplain bearing his pastoral staff and followed by other chaplains. Last of all came the Archbishop of Canterbury, with his chaplains going before him bearing his archiepiscopal cross (erroneously called a "crozier" in the printed order of procession). His Grace being supported by two surpliced King's scholars.

We may add that the sermon at noon was preached by the Bishop of Durham, and that in the evening by Bishop of Peterborough. A Bishop celebrant in cope and mitre, an Archbishop in procession preceded by his cross, and the pulpit filled by Bishops morning and evening, are elements which go far to make up a strong and stately function.

Here we behold Anglicanism standing upon holy ground. In hardly any other spot in England could it have found so much to remind it of the Rock out of which the early English Church was hewn.

Peterborough, as the very name bears witness, is the monument of Catholic England's devotion to the Apostolic See.

England's party in Anglo-Saxon and Norman times, prompted her princes, her priests, and her people in vast numbers to make the pilgrimage to Rome. But it went further, and thoughtful of the still greater number of those who, however wishful, had neither the leisure nor the means for the long and difficult journey, it provided for them substitute shrines at home.

Thus the famous shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham was modelled upon the

"Holy House" and become "Loretto in England." In like manner the great Abbey of Medeshamstede—afterwards Peterborough—was believed to have been built by English Kings and privileged by the Popes that it might be to the English people "Rome at home"—a shrine of the Prince of the Apostles in England.

Thence, as Mr. Gunton tells us in the history of Peterborough, it was the recognized English custom that all who visited the Abbey, even were they kings or bishops, or nobles of the highest degree, should take off their shoes at the great gate, and enter bare-footed upon the sacred precincts of the Church and monastery.

Truly, the Anglican function was held upon holy ground! Quite apart from any question of the authenticity of the charters it recites, the Peterborough MSS. of *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* must be held to be—at the very least—the undoubted witness of the accepted belief and tradition of mediæval England. In giving the account of the foundation of the Abbey, under the year A. D. 675, it says:

"Now in his King Ethelred's time he sent Bishop Wilfrid to Rome, to the Pope that then was—he was called Agatho—was showed him by letter and message how his brothers, Peada and Wulfhere and Sexwulf, the Abbot, had built a minster, which was called Medeshamstede, and they had freed it against King and against Bishop of all services; and he besought him that he would assent to it with his rescript and his blessing. And then the Pope sent his rescript and to England, thus saying: 'etc.'

In the rescript which *The Chronicle* cites thereon the Pope confirms the privileges and liberties of the Monastery, and adds:

"I will concede that whatever man shall have made a vow to go to Rome, which he may be unable to fulfill either from sickness, or the Lord's need (of him), or from poverty, or be unable to come there from any other kind of need, be he of England or of whatever other island he be, let him come to Medeshamstede, and have the same forgiveness as Christ and St. Peter, and of the Abbey and the monks, that he should have if he went to Rome."

The same idea is still more clearly set forth in the account which *The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle* gives of the consecration of the Abbey by the Archbishop Deusdedit and other prelates, under the year A. D. 657:

"At the hallowing of the Monastery King Wulfhere was present, and his brother Ethelred and his sisters, Kynburg and Lineswyth. When the monastery had been hallowed in the name of St. Peter, St. Paul, St. Andrew, then the King stood up before all his thanes and said with a clear voice: 'Thanked be the high Almighty God for the worthy deed which here is done, and I will this day do honor to Christ and St. Peter.' (The King then recites the gift of the 'lands and waters and meres, and fens, and weirs' which he bestows on the Monastery.)

The Chronicle continues: "Then said the King: 'This gift is little, but it is my will that they shall hold it so royally and so freely that neither gold nor tribute be taken from it, except for the monks alone. And thus free I will make this minster, that it be subject to Rome alone (*Roma soli subiacet*), and here it is my will that all of us who are unable to go to Rome shall visit St. Peter.'"

The passage which follows recounts the usual petition for Roman authorization: "When these things were done the King sent to Rome to Vitalian, who was then Pope, and desired that he should grant by his rescript, and with his blessing, all the before mentioned things."

In the tenth century the Monastery which had been destroyed by the Danes was restored by King Edgar at the instance of St. Ethelwold, Bishop of Winchester, and its name gradually changed into Peterborough. The Bishop laid before the King fragments of the ancient charter and privileges which had been hidden in the walls, and King Edgar, says Mr. Gunton, "finding he had a second Rome within his own Kingdom, wept for joy."

If it be urged that these charters are spurious, it must also be remembered that the forgers themselves could not have lived later than the 12th century, and that they were bound by the very conditions of success, to forge upon the lines of pre-existing beliefs.

The Anglican ceremony of the 2nd inst., took place upon the sacred ground which the tradition of the early English Church had consecrated as the memorial of Rome within this realm.

Those who have rejected and renounced Rome stood in the place built and hallowed by those who loved and obeyed her.

To measure the sadness of the contrast we have only to think what might have been, and picture the ceremony as it would have been if carried out by the Catholic Church in the midst of a Catholic people.

Upon the throne of St. Peter, the Archbishop in England would have sat an Archbishop, holding his commission from the successor of St. Peter, the Shepherd of the whole flock, and, wearing the Pallium "from the body of St. Peter" which St. Gregory gave to Augustine. His very person would have set forth the living unity of the Church, being as truly and closely in communion with the Roman Pontiff as Deusdedit and Theodore were with Agatho and Vitalian.

The nave would have been filled with a people whom all Catholic Christendom would have recognized as brethren and fellow-Catholics, and

whose hearts would go as loyally toward Rome, as those of the great Anglo-Saxon family Peada, Wulfhere, Ethelred, Kynsburch and Kineswyth, who laid the foundations of Peterborough.

The chance would have been filled with priests consecrated to God only, and vowed to their vocation by the same sanction as those which ministered here under Theodore. Around the phalanx of the secular clergy would have been seen the uniforms of the regular orders showing forth in the variety that wonderful equipment of multifarious wings of service which makes the Church "like to an army set in array." The Benedictine, the Dominican, the Cistercian, the Franciscan, the Norbertine, would have each taken their places there as true successors of their brethren of former days of Peterborough, of Lincoln, of Pipewell, of Northampton, or of Barlings.

Over the place of that silver-plated High Altar where Wolsey sang Mass "bare his palm" and near the Lady Chapel where he washed and kissed the feet of fifty-nine poor men, in the Holy Week during his last and journey to the North—would have been offered the Adorable Sacrifice, and the walls of the old Abbey would have heard the same sacred words of the Canon in the same tongue even as they heard it at the first Mass of their hallowing.

And Bishops, priests and people would all have tasted throughout of that deep and peaceful joy—so easy to feel but so hard to describe—which makes the heaven-upon earth of a Catholic ceremony—the blessedness of beholding a presentment of the Catholic Church in her beauty and majesty of the Spouse of Christ—the consciousness that we are made partakers in a worship, a ministry and a liturgy which transcends the limits of generation and nationhood and makes us feel our oneness with the Church throughout the world and the Church throughout the centuries and the Church above, where time and distance are lost in the eternal.

In such a ceremony, and inside the ancient walls of Peterborough, the Catholic Church would have been truly at home.

The place was made for her, and she would have fitted as she alone can, into its architecture and into its history.

In the Anglican function, while we rejoice in witnessing the revival of reverent love of God's House, which prompted it, who can fail to note the points of discord?

In the sanctuary of the Church of St. Peter, built in loving allegiance to Rome—that it might be our "Rome in England"—Bishops and clergy who hold their position by a denial of Rome's jurisdiction—their very *raison d'être* a negative to the process by which the Abbey was founded. In the choir, and in the stalls, of Peterborough—"of Peterborough of the monks"—neither monks nor monastic orders visible! In the chance of a liturgy which the early English Church never heard, framed avowedly to be the setting of Reformation doctrines the mere mention of which would have made the ancient owners of Peterborough stow their ears and screen anathema!

These contrasts were much too salient that they should altogether escape the attention of those who took part in the ceremony, and the preachers both at the noonday and the evening service, offered each at least *alter* a word of explanation.

Dr. Westcott's theory is that the Church in the days when Peterborough was monastic and now in the days when it is Anglican, teaches, after all, not different truths, but different sides of the same truth. When the stalls of the Abbey were filled by members of the mighty Benedictine brotherhood, and when the Church here in England was but a province of one world-wide whole, then—she was teaching the grandeur of corporate life. But in the changes introduced by the Reformation she has taught the personal responsibilities of the individual conscience.

Such at least we take to be the meaning of the passage:

"It (the National Church) has reaped and garnered the harvests of every age, and kept them without preference for use in due season. It has shown us the strength and grandeur of corporate life in the middle ages; it has shown us the awful prerogatives of the single soul in the individualism of the Reformation; and now it is striving through all perplexities and divisions towards a fuller truth, towards the apprehensions of the highest unity in which the indestructible fact of personal responsibility shall be combined with the adoring recognition of one life in Him in Whom all things are reconciled and summed up."

That, in plain English, would read to a Catholic, that before the Reformation England shared in the strength and grandeur of Church unity; but since the Reformation she has committed herself to the system of Protestant individualism and private judgment; and that Anglicanism is now engaged in the hopelessly insoluble task of getting back the one without giving up the other.

To us, the Church of Christ teaches "all truth."—whether the claim of authority which is the very basis of corporate life, or the prerogative of conscience in the individual soul, which underlies all recognition of authority—and is found to teach them harmoniously and simultaneously. Nor can we even conceive the Church devoting some fifteen centuries to the demonstration of the one, and then three centuries to the inculcation of the other.

The explanation of the entire

absence of the monastic element in a Church where the very soil and walls were for centuries saturated with monasticism, was lightly touched upon by the evening preacher, the Bishop of Peterborough.

"He would have them look at that great building, Peterborough's imperishable record of the great thoughts of those men who made England in the past. Think of the paths of the building that told them their local history; how it brought home what their forefathers did. Other men had labored, and we entered into their labors. Let them carry their minds back to the little band of monks who first took possession of this district—not, as now, so smiling and cultivated, but barren and horribly wild, on the extreme shore of the fen land, looking over a waste of water. There, on rising ground, bands of half-clothed savages strove to earn a scanty livelihood by fishing and fowling. Such was this district when the pioneers of Christian civilization took up their abode in it. They did their work as missionaries; they did their work and brought men to a knowledge of the truth; they made possible the beginnings of a civilized life. They were pioneers, too, in industry as well as of truth. At a time when other men only dared to build wooden houses, they built mighty buildings in stone, their rights of asylum being recognized by those whose life was given to warfare and bloodshed. They told of peace, they told of order; they were representatives of humanitarian efforts. It was at that time monasteries greatly flourished. Men had nothing else to look for to peace. Therefore they gave liberally, these rude warriors, these rude men of the feudal days; it was the only way they could benefit their own time and the times that were to come. But that passed away, not so much through the fault of the monks as through the fact that society overtook them; the monks were living, after all, an impossible life; they were perpetuating distinctions which it was desirable should not continue. As times grew more and more settled, and knowledge more universal, it was found to be possible to live in the world a life with God, and monks and monasteries disappeared before the advent of the new England, and appeared only because the need of them persisted."

It would be passed strange that Monasticism, which even now Catholic historians acknowledge to have been the prime and most powerful agency in establishing of Europe for centuries, should have been an "impossible life." It was clearly not impossible for St. Basil, St. Jerome, or for St. Patrick, St. Columba, St. Augustine or St. Dunstan, or St. Anselm. What can the Bishop of Peterborough find in the temperature of the time which would render it less possible for modern monks to be poor, chaste and obedient as they?

A still more strange reading of Church history would it be to imply that the important discovery of being able "to live in the world a life with God" was reserved for these later times!

A Catholic would find it hard to decide whether the explanation of the morning or that of the evening was the most satisfactory.

The leaders of Anglicanism are well advised in their desire to revive the solemnity of the ecclesiastical functions.

A solemn function, well carried out, has much the same elevating effect upon public opinion that the rendering of a sublime musical composition has upon an appreciative audience.

But an important point must be kept in view.

The chief charm of all such ceremonial—and especially of that which is carried out under the roof of a valuable abbey-church, or cathedral—lies not merely in the melody of the actual worship and movement, but in the harmony which both will strike with the setting of historical, local and liturgical associations.

Anglicanism, both by its personnel and its doctrinal position, seems to us debased from this primary condition of success.

Its ministry and attitude are anti-Roman, while the whole volume of its historical antecedents is indelibly Roman.

Into Cathedral which cry out by their very construction that they were framed for our liturgy, for our doctrines, and for our ceremonial, it seeks to fit in a service, doctrines and ceremonies which are plainly the outcome and work of the Reformation.

Its melody is in one key, and the historic and doctrinal and architectural accompaniment is hopelessly set in another. The oftener, such functions as those at Peterborough, the rendering of the theme is thus attempted, the more plain and painful to discerning ears will be the jarring of the discord.

We can but yearn the more for the day when the worship of England will be once more attuned to the concert of Catholic Christendom and to the rich harmony of the most sacred traditions of its history.

Have we any truly great men at the present day? Some doubt it, and ask to be shown the modern Washington, Franklin, or Webster. However this may be, of one thing that we are sure, there never was a greater blood-purifier than Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

COCOA LEADS TO COFFIN unless stopped by Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. The best cure for Cough, Colds and Lung Troubles.

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WARNED OF HIS DEATH.

Father Mollinger's Heavenly Visitant at the Beautiful Troy Hill Church.

A story is going the rounds among worshippers at the Church of the Most Holy Name, at Mount Troy, Allegheny, Pa., where the late Father Mollinger officiated, which is given credence by many. It is said that while celebrating Mass on the Monday previous to his demise the sanctuary was suddenly lit up with dazzling brilliancy, and the priest physician became conscious of the presence of a heavenly visitant. Looking up he beheld a form clothed in snowy white. The apparition made known its identity by declaring itself to be St. Anthony, his patron saint. The saint then invoked the blessing of heaven on the kneeling priest, and told him to prepare for death, as his hours were numbered and his time on earth was short. The priest concluded the Mass, went home and partook of a light repast. Later in the day he preached, and blessed the audience for the last time, though little did they think that it was to be the last. Tuesday he requested his doors to be closed, and that he be shut out from the world forever. Up to this time he said nothing about his vision, though it was noticed by those who associated with him that he was gradually growing weaker. Tuesday afternoon he requested that the last rites of the Church be administered, and that he be left alone. Then it was that those about him knew that he was expecting death. The same evening he told a brother priest of his vision, and made the remark that he would be a corpse ere another sunset. He died the next day at 1:50 p. m.

ST. ANTHONY'S CHURCH.

Just twenty-four hours before the famous Father Mollinger's death the beautiful, costly and magnificent chapel which that great philanthropist erected, on Mount Troy, was opened. The foundation of this chapel was laid about two years ago, and the expense of erecting it was defrayed by Father Mollinger. The newspapers of Pittsburgh speak of it as one of the most beautiful little religious edifices in the two cities. It is distinctly novel in the respect that it has no seats, as the old chapel had. The furnishings and the fresco work are, perhaps, the finest to be found in the city. One feature is the set of beautiful Stations of the Cross which fill seven niches in the sides of the chapel. Each of them represents an episode in the journey of our Saviour to Calvary, and, while seen in every Catholic church, will attract more than ordinary attention in this chapel by reason of their great beauty. They cost \$1000 apiece, and were made in Munich.

Fifteen stained glass windows help to make the chapel still more beautiful. They cost in the neighborhood of \$5000, and also came from Munich. Twelve of them shine above the Stations, and are representations of the apostles. In the front of the building there are three more which picture scenes from the Bible. They are notable for brilliancy of coloring and clearness of execution. Above the entrance, in a gallery, is placed a grand organ that was made in the East and cost over \$2,000. On the same comb of the roof over the entrance is a life sized statue of St. Anthony.

What Stronger Proof
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Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal. They are the best family cathartic.

Mrs. H. Hall, Navarino, N. Y., writes: "For years I have been troubled with Liver Complaint. The doctors said my liver was enlarged and enlarged. I was troubled with dizziness, pain in my shoulder, constipation, and gradually losing flesh all the time. I was under the care of three physicians, but did not get any relief. A friend sent me a bottle of Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery, and the benefit I have received from it is far beyond my expectation. I feel better now than I have done for years."

Why go limping and whining about your corns, when a 25 cent bottle of Hollaway's Corn Cure will remove them? Give it a trial, and you will not regret it.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

"German Syrup"

Here is an incident from the South—Mississippi, written in April, 1890, just after the Grippe had visited that country. "I am a farmer, one of those who have to rise early and work late. At the beginning of last Winter I was on a trip to the City of Vicksburg, Miss., where I got well drenched in a shower of rain. I went home and was soon after seized with a dry, hacking cough. This grew worse every day, until I had to seek relief. I consulted Dr. Dixon who has since died, and he told me to get a bottle of Boschee's German Syrup. Meantime my cough grew worse and worse and then the Grippe came along and I caught that also very severely. My condition then compelled me to do something. I got two bottles of German Syrup. I began using them, and before taking much of the second bottle, I was entirely clear of the Cough that had hung to me so long, the Grippe, and all its bad effects. I felt tip-top and have felt that way ever since."

PETER J. BRIALS, Jr., Cayuga, Illinois.

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Old Chum

(CUT PLUG.)

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(PLUG.)

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Oldest Cut Tobacco manufacturers in Canada.

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Cut Plug, 10c. 1/2 Plug, 10c. 1/4 Plug, 20c.

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FIVE-MINUTE

Tenth Sunday after

SYMPATHY FOR