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every nervous, exhausted, woman suffering from "female complaint" or weakness. All ailments are relieved and cured by Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.



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Dr. Fowler's Wild Strawberry Cure. Cures Cholera, Cholera-morbus, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Summer Complaints of Children. Price 35 CENTS.

His Dyspepsia Cured.

DEAR SIR: I write you to say that for some time I had been suffering from acute indigestion or dyspepsia, and of course felt very great inconvenience from same in my general business.

B. B. B. CURED ME. I have also used it for my wife and family, and have found it to be the best thing they can take, and from past experience I have every pleasure in strongly recommending B. B. B. to all my friends.

REID'S HARDWARE. TABLE AND POCKET CUTLERY, CARPET SWEEPERS, WIREMESH BRASS FIRE IRONS. Good stock of General Hardware.

ALTAR WINE. We have on hand a good supply of the best Mass Wine. REDUCED. J. D. BURR, Amherstburg, Prop.

IT HELPS DIGESTION. WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT. IS LARGELY PRESCRIBED TO ASSIST DIGESTION TO IMPROVE THE APPETITE FOR NERVOUS EXHAUSTION AS A VALUABLE TONIC.

FOR HIS SAKE.

Sir George Eidsen was a wealthy man, and although not in Parliament, still by his L. S. D. he had the pull of a good many strings connected with that august and distinguished assembly.

But he had an only son, in whom his hopes were centered, and whom he had determined should make the name of Eidsen renowned. That only son was a youth of twenty-two—a tall, well-made, good-looking fellow, who had just concluded a successful University career.

"James," said Sir George to the man who had come in response to his bell, "tell Mr. Jocelyn I wish to see him."

"No sir, it is neither my intention nor yet my desire," replied Jocelyn, with that respect, alas! so rare now-a-days among children when addressing their parents.

"Well, in that case," returned the baronet, "one thing is as good as another."

"A man can always succeed, sir, if he makes up his mind to do so, no matter what he does."

"That is true, sir, to a certain extent. A man may, and sometimes does, achieve success in a state of life

Neuralgia. ATTACKS THE EYES. Makes THE LIGHT Unbearable. PERMANENTLY CURED BY USING Ayer's Pills.

"My husband was subject to severe attacks of neuralgia which caused him great pain and suffering. The pains were principally about his eyes, and he often had to remain in a darkened room, not being able to stand the light."

AYER'S PILLS. Received Highest Awards AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

he has no inclination for. But does he live?"

Sir George was rather taken aback by this question. He felt as if his son was laying a trap for him, at any rate he would be cautious. It is not always safe to answer an apparently simple question, especially when it is a link in an argument, on the spur of the moment.

"We live to succeed," he said at last, "and where success is achieved, life is realized."

"Idle words, sir. I do not desire to discuss the subject further. You know my wishes."

"I should say, sir," replied Jocelyn deferentially, but firmly, "to enable me to take my place in the world and to fulfill my calling."

"That's cant, sir. And pray what is this state of life?"

"Such a disgrace has never happened in our family before. What, an Eidsen a clergyman!"

"What?" bellowed Sir George, his face crimson, and bringing down his fist on the unoffending table, "are you a Catholic?"

"So, sir," he continued fiercely, you have been skulking as a Jesuit in my house! Now, mark me. I give you twenty-four hours to reconsider your position, and if at the end of that time you continue of the same opinion—you must go! I mean it, sir, you must go, and you shall be no son of mine."

"Not exactly, Gertie. We have had a row."

"Oh, do tell me all," she pleaded, as only a woman—a loving, noble woman—can plead.

"It seems to me, little girl, if we go on in this way we will not finish our little story."

"Oh, don't let's read any more," with a sigh, "it's all about sacrifice." "Yesterday you were enthusiastic on the subject, to-day you run away from it."

"I would make any sacrifice for you," she spoke earnestly, nay passionately.

"I understand," for his sake. Five years had passed, throughout which Sir George remained invariable to all entreaties and appeals on behalf of Jocelyn by his good wife and niece.

"He was a changed man, and had aged beyond his years. He would it so; as he had closed his door and heart upon his only son, so had he shut his eyes to light which would have lightened his darkness, and brought comfort and peace to his soul."

"The Master is come and calleth for thee."

"For his sake."—Catholic Fireside.

The Real Catholic.

There is a certain Ritualistic church in the north of London where the imitation of Catholicity in external matters is so successful as to give near deceiving the very elect, at any rate in their sight, says the Liverpool Catholic Times.

"Yes, with invalids the appetite is capacious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream."

Mr. W. Thayer, Wright, P. Q., had Dyspepsia for 25 years. Tried many remedies and doctors, but got no relief. His appetite was very poor, and a gradual wasting away of flesh, when he heard of, and immediately commenced taking, Norton & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery.

Dear Sirs.—I have been using Burdock Bitters for boils and skin diseases, and I find it very good as a cure. As a dyspepsia cure, I have also found it unequalled. Mrs. Sarah Hamilton, Montreal, Que.

THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF PROTESTANTISM.

England may be said to be the nursing-house of fallacies in regard to the propagation of the Faith. "That country which is most easy to deceive, most difficult to undeceive, and most powerful to deceive others" is perpetually spending its millions in the attempt to divide the earth upon the One Faith which should be alone indivisible.

That such a fearful waste of power, of money, and even of good will, should be possible throughout a couple of centuries; or that the English people should be deluded during that period into believing in such a vast colossal action, is only explicable on the estimate quoted above, that England is the home of fond delusions, the nursery of false tradition and of prejudice.

As for Gertrude, she bore the cross she had received from Jocelyn's hands with patience and silence, pondering the while in her own heart. And what time had failed to do in her uncle's case, it had succeeded in hers.

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But what must be the effect of this vague conception of "the Gospel" upon the Protestant belief in the Future State? We have just heard the Archbishop of Canterbury under the irresistible prompting of Christian sentiment, asking a vast audience to stand up, "while he offered special prayers in commemoration of the departed."

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