

cried. "I know all about it—I know exactly what you have been doing! How could you, how could you, without letting me know!"

"What do you know all about?" asked Shirley, drawing away. Her seeming coldness cut Jessica to the heart.

"She can't forgive me," she said to herself, then, as steadily as she could, she said, "Of course I ought not to have taken your vacation. I know that well enough. And I ought not to have left you alone. But I never dreamed that you would do such an awful thing."

"Are you talking about my job?" Shirley asked slowly; her astonishment was obvious.

Jessica's eyes were overflowing. Didn't I leave you money enough? O Shirley why did you do it?"

"I had to," said Shirley briefly; then she turned to Miss Stiffen. "You tell her!"

"No," said that lady grimly, "you'll do your own tending. This is between you and Jessica. I'll come in later."

And for a rather large person she got out of the room very quickly.

Shirley stood looking down, twisting her fingers. "Here goes," she said in a low tone to herself. "Now, Jess dear, I love you dearly—dearly. But don't touch me, please until I'm through. I want to say first that George knows all about it, and— and he likes me just the same. I'll begin at the beginning. That's when you left. You see—what you didn't know was that there were bills and bills! I was scared stiff, and I couldn't tell you, I'd wanted things—for my vacation—and because I was a goose I'd bought and bought, and I thought at all I thought that your summer-school salary would help to pay for them. Yes, I was dirt mean to think that!"

She paused reflectively. "After you fainted, I didn't dare tell you. Miss Stiffen said you'd have to have a rest and change, or you'd die, maybe; she said other people had just sucked the life out of you all your life. She laid it on pretty thick—on purpose, I guess. O Jess, she's a brick! I wish I could tell you half what she's done for me! She found me crying over those awful bills one night,—I didn't know what to do about them!—and she didn't offer to pay them for me, as you would have done, Jess!" she said in so reproachful a tone that Jessica blushed hotly, ashamed of she knew not what.

"Oh, I suppose it isn't all your fault," said Shirley candidly. "You were born unselfish, Jess, and you've never thought about what you were making other people. But, as I said, Miss Stiffen was a brick! She asked me right off why I didn't earn the money to pay those bills myself. If you can believe me, that was the first time such an idea had entered my head! We talked things over, and I gave up the apartment—it's altogether too expensive for us anyway. Jess—and went in with Miss Stiffen. Then I began to discover all the ways I couldn't earn money. For a week or two I had a pretty bad time. Of all the good-for-nothing, helpless, hopeless creatures, I was the worst! I couldn't type, I couldn't clerk, I couldn't even cook or scrub. All the time Miss Stiffen stood by me like—like a wall! She hunted up job after job; she kept me cheered up; she made me get decent meals; and she wouldn't let me tell you!"

"And then when it seemed as if I couldn't be of any mortal use to a human being, then, then, Jessica, appeared a heaven-sent opportunity! To think—to think—that all the time I had a wonderful gift and didn't know it!"

"A gift?" faltered Jessica. "A gift," Shirley repeated firmly. "Trimming hats. Burchell's wanted a girl to stitch in bands—nothing else at first, but I was willing to do anything! Within a week I was twisting ribbons and choosing flowers, and now—now!"

Jessica looked in wonder at Shirley transfixed. Before that radiant expression what she had come to say seemed somehow out of place; but Jessica was conscientious, and so she said it. "Well, Shirley, I'm glad you haven't minded, but now that the summer is nearly over, and my salary will be beginning again, of course it won't be necessary, and you can give it up."

"Give it up!" repeated Shirley indignantly. "You'd have me give up my darling job? Give up being independent and sponge on you again? I wouldn't dream of such a thing! Why, Jessica, when, how can you be so selfish."—Alice Dyer Russell in the Youth's Companion.

MOTHERS

So deeply does the Holy Father realize the importance of good mothers to the Church and the world that he has selected their welfare as the subject of special prayers this month by the League of the Sacred Heart.

Mother! What a world of meaning in the term. What oceans of joy, of sacrifice and of love are symbolized by that magic word. The heart of humanity beats fervently throughout the expanse of creation at the sound of that name. The first thought of the criminal is to shield the honor of her who bore him, to conceal his guilt from her who of all the world will most grieve over his downfall. The hero appreciates more a smile from his mother, in recognition of his valiant deeds, than he does the plaudits of a nation. The soldier gasping out his soul on the field of carnage, cries

pitifully for but one human being, Mother.

Today mothers have a new mission, for today their offspring are confronted by unvented dangers. Civilization has advanced but little, in a way, but it has expanded immeasurably. Whereas formerly the luxuries and highest material delights of life were reserved for the few, today there is no one so lowly but he may partake of many of the benefits of modern development in the social, financial and artistic world. Education has opened the door not only to opportunity but also to abuse. They who stand and breathe and have their being on the loftiest plane of society are looked up to and imitated by those on a lower level, while the majority in the valley below do their best to ape and copy the manner and conduct of those immediately above them.

Life in America is a joyous thing for the vast number of people. Amusements, diversions, clothes and pastimes that formerly were the exclusive privileges of a chosen few are today the common possessions and ordinary pursuits of but too many of our people. In this maelstrom of earthly pleasures the young naturally are the first to succumb. Their immature minds and still undeveloped judgment become easy prey to the siren allurements of life. They are enticed, then elated and finally engulfed.

In this seething vortex the most potent source of strength and resistance must come from the teaching and the guidance of the mother. She it is to whom Nature has entrusted the care and development of the youthful body; to her belongs the duty of watching over the gradual unfolding of the heart and the mind of the soul committed to her protection. Barring the unusual, the man and the woman of today can look back and with truthfulness say, What I am I owe to my mother. This holds good, as a rule, for both the fortunate and the unfortunate in all ranks of society. Moral principles, if implanted early and deep, will in almost every case produce the fruits of virtue and of uprightness. Where, however, this early training has been overlooked or deferred to later years, the life of that individual will bear the marks of the imperfect growth, if not of deep and lasting sorrow.

Perhaps never in the history of the world have mothers been more remiss in their duties towards their children. In other ages they may have pleaded ignorance or inability or incompetence; today the brazen and immodest styles flaunted by the young female, the unkind smirk and corrupt mind boasted by the young male in ever increasing numbers, point unmistakably to the lack of a mother's proper care and training. Nay, not to be outdone by foolish daughters many a foolish mother presents the curious paradox of kitanish old age. The female head of the Jiggs household has many an imitator among the mothers of today, at least as regards the absurdity of raiment.

Well does His Holiness direct that special prayers be offered for the success of motherhood in guarding and rearing tenderly the youth of the day.—Catholic Bulletin.

HIS FAITH OLDER THAN CHRISTIANITY

Edward Francis Mohler, M. A., in America

A modern thinker, who shall be nameless for the reason that he is typical and not individual, boasted in the seething columns of the avid press just a day or two ago that his "faith" was "older than Christianity." As is frequently the case with today's short-sighted seers this man who thought he was shedding light on religion did not specifically state what his faith might be; he named no names. Yet in a measure we feel sure that he has little doubt as to what others might truthfully call his faith.

The dispossessed cult of man for man's sake, art for art's sake, life for living's sake, is the description of the thing he was talking about. We call it paganism when we name it. And the world is quite pagan today. The year nineteen hundred and twenty is witnessing some quintessential applications of it to the affairs of daily life. International strife in the councils of nations, personal and individual aggrandizement the whole planet over, contempt for the little fellow accompanied by repeated avowals of his present and future freedom and safety, the glorification of the mightiest, the dedication of mere muscular efficiency, the world-embracing fetish of the doctrine of expediency—these are the ineradicable marks of paganism; by these shall it be known.

The reduction and solution of all difficulties to a settlement *vi armis* is not a *reductio ad absurdum* in itself save insofar as it shows forth the anomaly of a normally intelligent person in recourse not to the forces of his intellect but to the might of his bodily powers. Paganism of the olden day gloried in the force of arms, and rightly, for that was one of the best things paganism had. It existed for contest by the sword. The day of triumph was the greatest day of the pagan year and outlasted even the most sumptuous holidays. Brave forces took precedence of all other accomplishments, and he who could command the rising and falling of a thousand lusty arms recked little of senates or peoples, kings or commons. Much,

if not nearly all of the classical literature of Greece and Rome, recounts with the thrack of heavy blows, given in the cause of selfishness. The clang of well-aimed missiles, the clash of armor, the blood-rousing argumentation of the heroes as they stirred their minds to wrath were the accompaniment of the song of selfishness. The month-long jabbalions of homecoming armies were the means selfish, successful men took to express their satisfaction at overwhelming some opponent whose life creed had been selfishness. He who would read the classics of the first and greatest pagan age must know well his military terms, must be ready to find completed comparisons in modern life.

The exaction of personal homage from the then known world, the respectful breathing of his name to the uttermost bounds thereof, was the *summum bonum* of every great military leader. Alexander wept for other worlds to conquer; being a pagan he could not see Alexander. Healthy ascendant peoples were all but drained of men to further the personal ambitions of a few. Human religion was abandoned; the highest esteem a man of the people might have, arose from being a professional soldier who sold his services to conqueror after conqueror. An inactive conqueror might turn his idle days and his idle ears to self-gratification and self-glorification. He might "go in for" a species of art until ease and pleasure and surfeit served the purposes of some other strong man; the latter's selfishness topped that of the decadent. Then he who was slanting his art and his adulation and his follies was hurled from the sight of men.

One of the final standards to which the old paganism brought things in judgment was might. Whatever was the will of the strong was the will of the multitude and in addition the right. Right and wrong were cloven from one another by the sword. Wrong more often than not became the ravelling selvage on the robe of life. These were Caesar's days. The "I am the State" of some outstanding military genius had to be all-sufficing. Greater strength alone could make it meaningless as a norm of right and wrong and send it into oblivion. The "I am the world" of some still greater leader was the unmatchable solution of most of the contempts of existence.

Common-sense which abides in the hearts of all men to an appreciable extent was not so highly esteemed as the absolutely selfish announcement, "I am the State." This pagan era's creed is the legitimate grand-grand ancestor of "I am the State." "I want, what I want, when I want it." The destruction of Louvain was for us a military necessity. "The partition of Ireland is the answer to the Home Rule impasse." "If we do not get the wage rates raised, we shall strike." "Collective bargaining shall not be conceded as the right of the worker." "The public is—"

In those days when Caesar typified selfishness for a pagan age, childhood and womanhood were tolerated as necessary evils. Marriage at times was somewhat highly computed, first because it made for the production of brawny men and also because many a soldier, otherwise inclined to be discontented and threatening, was made a happy man by it and given a measure of responsibility which submerged his selfishness for a time in favor of the greater selfishness of his commander.

When force and might were not used to work a solution, expediency was the test-ack employed to precipitate right and wrong. The pagan of another day rated it almost sovereign. An affirmative answer to the questions, "Will it work?" "Is this the right time?" was enough to send the most infamous scheme far along the road to accomplishment.

Modern society has felt the unlovely, inartistic yet colorful strokes of the same phibic stick that bestruck the society of another day. Today, as yesterday, the pagan whose faith is older than Christianity solves his problems in the same way as did his intellectual forbears. For that reason, perhaps, he has the same problems and gets the same frightful answers. The famed "I don't care" of the vaudeville favorite is completed thus, "for anyone save myself!" It is a simply branded bar which paganism has forever carried on its flank, the personal pronoun I.

The repeated mention of the similarity of the pagan of today to the pagan of another day is almost a waste of words. The brand of selfishness has been so long displayed it is a well-healed scar. Everything has been subordinated to the whim service of the individual.

Home life has become just one synopsized roof garden after another, just one vaudeville melange of sense, titillations and slamming melodies after another. Cardinal Gibbons has summed it up somewhere thus: "The modern is never so much at home when he is abroad."

Business and politics, once so diametrically related, have become almost blood-brothers, I had nearly said bloody brothers, in their adoption of the tenets of paganism. If a thing will not "work" they are soon ready to cry quits to any scheme; if it does work reason and right mean nothing in the discussion of their plans.

The degradation of marriage is akin to the degradation which Greece and Rome witnessed. Instead of a mutual-aid society with the original purpose which sanctified marriage even when it was merely a natural contract, we have a pleasure hunt, an alliance for the satisfaction of passion and whim.

The stage and literature demonstrate the fulness to which paganism can display its modern shamelessness. The sensitive nostrils of a more straight-laced generation would have been agonizingly at the dishes served today by our progressive paganism.

Older than Christianity, yes, as old as sin, as ancient as the crafty which descended on man speedily at his first perverse self-assertion. Paganism is a religion even today. How can there be reason to glory in a thing which binds one to so low a thing as oneself, causes the contraction and monstrosity of a creature glorifying in degradation, and already fallen thing falling again before itself in servile wonderment? Can it be a glory to seek a savior in the creature needing salvation?

ORIGIN OF PROTESTANT SECTS

We are reading in the papers so many references to "Inter-Church," "Reunion" and "Church Unity" movements that many Catholics are asking questions as to what it all means. To them the existence of so many Protestant sects is a great mystery. How did they all come into existence? Why have they remained separated? Why did God allow so many people to fall away from the Church? These are very natural questions to ask. Their non-Catholic friends are unable to enlighten them. The average Lutheran could not say why his sect rejected the Calvinists. The ordinary Episcopalian is mystified by the variations between "High Church" and "Low Church" in his own sect.

In the first place, it should be known that the present spectacle of the Catholic Church being surrounded by a host of contending sects is not a new one in history. The same thing has happened before. In the early centuries of the Church, heretics arose who disputed the traditional teaching concerning the Trinity and the person of Christ. To combat their erroneous doctrines, the Church made more definite pronouncements of her belief and enforced her decisions as terms of communion. This was followed by rebellion and the rise of rival "Churches." In the course of time these organizations gradually disappeared or became "creatures" of political interests. On the other hand, the Catholic Church, through the Divine Providence which brings good out of evil, became more firmly established by the fact that her teaching became more definitely known. The weapons of her adversaries were turned against themselves. We are witnessing to-day one of the last stages in a similar controversy that involved the truth of the Visible Unity of the Church. It is necessary in these later days that men should know more clearly the truths concerning the constitution of the Church herself, just as in earlier days it was necessary that the world should have a clearer idea of God, and of the person and nature of the Christ. As of yore, when disputes arose, the Church answered by dogmatic statements, the world replied by rebellion and partial apostasy, then the centuries rolled on and the Church was proved to be right. This is the course that the last of the great heresies has run. We are watching the final stages, in which Catholicity is being again justified.

Protestantism started in the sixteenth century with a revolt against ecclesiastical authority. The times were favorable for such a revolt. For over a century the government of the Church had become weak. There were many causes—non-residence in Rome of some of the Popes, disputed Papal elections, the growth of separated nationalities in Europe, the unrest caused by incessant wars, the inroads of the Turks in the East, the discovery of new continents. These and many other things were helping to produce a new era in the world's history. Modern Europe was coming into existence, and the idea of a united Christendom, behind which was the shadow of the old Roman Empire was being superseded. Men saw changes everywhere, and welcomed them, because life had become hard and uncertain. The governments of the Church had become localized, as the result of international hatreds. The voice of the Pope was often unheeded. To get an idea of the condition of society we need only to remember that St. Joan of Arc was burnt to death as a heretic, whilst Catholic Bishops watched her sufferings. It is true that Rome reversed their sentence, but too late to prevent it being carried out. That some reformation was necessary, every one admitted. Councils dominated by human interests were summoned, and these made matters worse by their attempt to give the rulers of this world a spiritual authority above that of the Pope. It was the

culmination of a struggle of centuries between the spiritual and the temporal powers. The world needed a clearer definition of the essential constitution of the Church. Hitherto, since the days of the fall of the Western Roman Empire, the Pope had held his unchallenged position as the visible Head of Christendom. But now this United Christendom was breaking up, and men began to question whether it had any divine character.

In this confused and uncertain condition of things, the rebel priest, Luther, arose and started the great Protestant revolt. It spread like wild fire from city to city, from country to country. At first it was only theological in so far as itself disputed the authority of the Pope. Practically, it became an opportunity to abandon irksome duties. Fasting, penance, confession, celibacy, discipline of all kinds were flung to the winds as chains that had bound men long enough. The gospel of license in thought and deed replaced the principle of self-sacrifice.

The civil rulers were not slow to profit by the opportunity. Where the new teaching had not yet been carried, they themselves were at pains to introduce it. To them fell as a spoil the riches of the Church. With this spoil they purchased the assistance of the lesser nobility. In a few years little remained in Northern Europe of the Catholic faith. Monasteries were in ruins; churches were despoiled and plundered; the faithful Catholics had either fled or been barbarously murdered; and even those who had lit the fires of revolt stood by in wonderment at the completeness of the destruction.

Then arose attempts at reconstruction. This is how the Protestant sects were born. Appealing to an antiquity which was imperfectly understood, and to the Bible, which was from the commencement variously interpreted, each of the revolted countries attempted to enforce some form of non-Catholic Christianity. Naturally it was the civil rulers who undertook this task. They were actuated by several motives. The first was to prevent a return to Catholic Unity, which, it is safe to say, many people desired. But such a return would have meant the disgorging of ill-gotten wealth and the reversal of self-interested policies. Another motive was the desire to keep the spiritual authority well in the hands of the temporal ruler. Thus it was that "Establishments" grew up in each of the Protestant countries. Subservient ministers of religion became easy tools in the hands of cynical princes. People were forced to worship according to the King's taste, with the alternatives of fines, imprisonment and even death. Each country developed its own brand of Protestantism which was usually a soulless compromise, enforced by the authority of the civil magistrate. In course of time these "Establishments" were themselves renounced by dissidents who craved for a more spiritual religion. Another set of sects was formed who repudiated both the Catholic Church and the "national" religion. These lesser sects were ruthlessly persecuted. They persevered, however, and eventually won their independence, especially when indifference to all religion became the attitude of the civil authority. Meanwhile, new generations had grown up who knew nothing of the true history of the so-called Reformation. To them, the leaders of the revolt against Rome were depicted as heroes in the cause of liberty. Prejudice and wilful misrepresentation had entirely obscured the truth. No matter how the sects fought against one another they all willingly united to oppose the Catholic Church.

We are now witnessing the final stage. Abandoned by the powers of this world, who once fostered them, the sects are feebly tottering towards one another for mutual support. They number in America alone some 300 varieties, and all of these are again divided into internal factions. The lay members are frequently ignorant of what their "Church" teaches, and why it was brought into existence. Their membership depends almost solely on family and social ties. Separating as they do on the sentimental support of society, they follow the downward grade of moral fashion in order to remain attractive enough to retain a waning acceptance. They try to supply some of the needs for which the heart of man craves. But they are no longer able to offer an intellectual basis for faith. In despair they have cast away those doctrines which were the foundations of their existence. Even the Sacred Scriptures, to which they once referred all their disputes, they have openly discarded, in hope of holding the interest of "modern minds."

Meanwhile the Church that they forsook has demonstrated its permanence. Just as it lifted its head in the fourth and fifth centuries out of a chaos of confused wranglings concerning the person of Christ, so now in the same way, Divine Providence has used the endless variations of belief concerning the constitution of the Church to demonstrate that no Christian community can eventually flourish which rejects the corporate Visible Unity of Christendom under the leadership of the successor of St. Peter.—Catholic Standard and Times.

What is our prosperity here below? A dream, a vapor, the foam on the sea. Let prosperity serve you as a key that unlocks heaven. Charity will keep that key in your possession.

As we have rejected grace by abusing the powers of our body and the faculties of our soul in order to act contrary to God's law, in like manner after having recovered that grace by penance, let us use our powers and faculties to amend our life.—St. Ignatius Loyola.

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