

blamed if he wasn't tired living in another person's house. And like all slow people Dan had reacted to the cumulative injuries of years in an altogether amazing manner.

So, on this bland afternoon, Mrs. Somers going over again that last fateful conversation with her husband, had no idea that her arrogant "my house" that morning had been the last straw. She saw he didn't like it but she thought it was his mood, -yes, and the shoes. He just went away in a huff. He'd be back, some day. She shrugged away from the subject and said briskly, "I believe I'll mix me up some biscuits for supper." And, humming a little, she began her task. But, as always, thoughts of Dan intruded, and before long, despite everything, she became aware again of the clock's loud, calm, inquisitorial tick . . . tick . . . tick . . .

Suddenly, with a driven, harassed look at her tormentor, she said, "I know what I'll do!"

If the old clock was surprised at finding itself in the out kitchen, she was the hobo who lifted the weak latch the same night in search of a place to sleep. They couldn't want it, he argued reasonably enough, or they wouldn't have chucked it out here behind a pile of wash tubs or something. Wherefore, sacrificing the sleep he made away with the timepiece which in the course of a few days ornamented, with a conglomeration of other articles of more or less antiquity, the front window of a second-hand store on Town Street. Here Dan Somers, going home from work, spied it and stopped to stare and wonder. "Looks like the old fellow at home," he said to himself, with a pang. "Looks exactly like him," as he kept on staring. It brought back a vision of the kitchen where it hung, high up beside the south window, bright, cosy, warm in winter, swept by cool breezes in summer, and a picture of Lydia too, quick, capable, always busy and steady-like. Dan felt lonesome. He wandered into the shop and said to the proprietor aimlessly, "How much for the old clock in the window?"

He blinked at the astounding reply. "Fifty dollars! Well, you know, the dealer explained politely to the man who didn't look as though he knew much about such things, it was an antique—that clock, it was nearly a hundred years old. Made in 1838. You can see the date and name of the first owner on the inside," he elucidated obligingly.

"Who was the first owner?" Dan asked quickly.

"Somers, I think," said the dealer, walking toward the window.

"Then," said Dan, staring after him blankly, "It's my clock!" And he proved it by telling what the old inscription was, word by word, where it was, and enumerated some other ear-marks. All the time he was thinking subconsciously, "She sold it. . . She sold it. . . Because 'twas mine—my grandfather's—mine!" Later, interrogated, the dealer could not recall, so he said, from whom they bought it.

"Was it a woman?" Dan wanted to know. But he could not find out. A partner, it appeared, had been in the store at the time. In the end Dan got the clock, handing over what was paid for it by the dealer.

Dan Somers had been angry when he left home, but that was as nothing to the fire and fury that consumed him now. In the fifteen months that had elapsed, his exasperation had had time to cool, and very often he told himself that he had been just a little hasty and foolish. For his homesickness was at times an actual pain. He ached to see the farm, to walk through the wet meadow and the barn yard, to see the chickens running toward him with lifted wings for the corn he always kept in his pockets to throw to them, to smell the hay as he dickered around with the tools on wet days. Lydia too. In these softened thoughts he could see her, neat and smiling, could hear her clear, compelling voice. Bossy, Lydia was, but she was good to him too, good as gold. And he was about ready to go back and make it up with his wife—in a quiet, quite well she'd never run after him—and tell her in his slow jocose way that he had been a plumb fool to run away like that and "waste all that good ham." Oh, he knew what to say and how to say it! For, very comforting was the sneaking conviction that she must be lonesome too. Now, when he saw that comforting conviction vanish he began to exclaim in the fury of pain that shook him. Wouldn't have his clock in her house, huh! Well, he'd show her!

It was at 8:30 that night when he approached the house, carrying the clock well wrapped up. To avoid encountering any one he knew he had come on the train, rather than the traction, and got off at Alton station a mile away. His heart began to beat suffocatingly at the sight of his home. There was a dim light in the sitting room but the kitchen was brightly lighted, and he went around to the back porch. As he ascended the steps he thought he heard voices, and he paused uncertainly. He wouldn't go in if any one was there. This was strictly between him and his wife. He waited, listening. Yes, voices. Curious to know who it was he set the clock down cautiously and stole softly to the window. The blind was up and the window was raised. He could not see any

one at first. He moved to bring another part of the room into his view, wondering where they had gone, whoever was there. Then he saw Lydia. He had not noticed her at first because she was huddled in a chair with her head on the table. Fear for a moment paralyzed him where he stood. Was she sick . . . Lydia. . . She raised her head and he saw she was crying.

"Oh," she sobbed out brokenly, looking sadly up at the empty bracket, "what'll Dan say to me when he comes home? What'll he say to me when he sees that I'm gone! But it serves me right . . . the way I treated him, and everything—"

She caught her breath in spasmodic jerks like a child weeping. Dan's heart melted within him and he danced around nervously on his toes, trying to see who she was talking to. "Ah—listen!"

"Serves me right," he heard again in a mournful voice, so unlike Lydia's crisp tones. "I didn't know I'd miss the clock so much . . . but it was Dan's. Now—"

suddenly her face crumpled up again and she wailed out: "Oh Dan, Oh Dan, if you only knew! It sold my clock he did not without you! Not without you. Dan— isn't he home, or anything!"

Dan knocked on the door. "It's me, Lyddy!" he called, trying to get the choke out of his throat and voice, but it caught him again when his wife, clinging to the open door, gazed at him in wild-eye amazement.

He clutched at ease, for her—for himself. "Say," he gulped. "I got the clock, Lyddy—don't cry!" A few minutes later he was still saying soothingly, "There, Lyddy, don't cry, honey . . . don't cry."

"Oh Dan! I'm sorry, Dan—" Well, Lydia made things straight then and there. When Dan discovered later that his wife had not sold the clock he did not find himself particularly interested. All that was over and done with. He was so overjoyed to be home that nothing else mattered. He roamed around the house, singing out of tune as he always did, poking into everything with beaming, inquisitive eyes.

"Ge, it's good to be home, he sighed. Believe I'll take a look at the old barn and around. He glanced doubtfully down at city-bright, foot-gear. "Where's your old shoes, Lyddy?" he demanded unthinkingly.

Then they looked at each other and laughed joyously like two children.

DOCTOR OF DEVOTION

The three hundredth anniversary of the death of St. Francis de Sales which occurs in December of this year has already turned Catholic minds to the study of the life of the saintly Bishop of Geneva. One of the last acts of the late beloved Holy Father was to urge the fitting observance of this tercentenary.

In keeping with the benign program of the late Holy Father to diffuse a wider spirit of charity among men, he held up St. Francis de Sales as a holy model of sweetness, patience and goodness. A world withering up with the rancor and unduly familiar with violent passions cannot have too many examples of the milder virtues of gentleness and meekness.

Meekness is a misunderstood virtue. It is often confused with weakness. Scholastic philosophy however teaches that meekness is one of the virtues annexed to the cardinal virtue of temperance. Temperance and fortitude are the two cardinal virtues that regulate man's lower appetites. Temperance restrains undue impulses and fortitude causes a man to be braced when he would otherwise shrink from dangers or difficulties.

Meekness checks the inordinate movements to anger. But meekness is not found in solitary isolation. It is accompanied in a holy man by fortitude, which implies a certain moral strength and courage to meet dangers, even death itself, and is never deterred through fear of these dangers from the pursuit of the good which right reason dictates.

Our Lord, Himself, when the occasion demanded it, could drive the money changers out of the Temple. St. Francis de Sales though his meekness was proverbial, could be fearless and uncompromising in standing for the right.

As a youth St. Francis de Sales was very prone to anger. He had a hot temper. It took much effort to curb it. Yet he possessed the meekness that checked undue impulse to anger and practiced it on every occasion. So well did he succeed that the people of his city were wont to exclaim: How good God must be, since the Bishop of Geneva is so holy!

A great lawyer was lost to the bar when St. Francis forsook the practice of law to enter the priesthood. His vocation came somewhat after the manner of the calling of St. Paul. Riding one day as a young lawyer on horseback his sword and scabbard fell from his side and formed a cross on the roadway. Three times this phenomenon was repeated. Taking this as a sign from Heaven Francis renounced the law and began his priestly studies. As the zealot Saul of Tarsus became the Apostle Paul on the Damascus road, so the young Francis de Sales de Boisy in the forest of Sonay, became the chosen

instrument of God to do a mighty work for souls.

Doctor of Devotion is St. Francis de Sales' title among the doctors of the Universal Church. In our age he is called to do a work of smoothing war's wrinkled front and warming the hearts of mankind by his lesson of patience, forbearance, and meekness. The coming of his tercentenary celebration gives a fitting occasion to study his life and to read his fascinating and inspiring devotional works.—The Pilot.

CAP DE LA MADELEINE

BY MARY E. JAMES

At the present time Ontario people are very much concerned, and quite properly so, in preserving as sanctuaries of the past the fearless and enduring efforts of these pioneer promoters of civilization—the Missionaries. It is becoming a matter of pride with us that our visitors find memorial crosses, shrines and cenotaphs on the shores of the Georgian Bay, Lake Erie, Niagara—in fact all along the great waters with which our province is so completely surrounded. They stand as revered monuments of conquests over the barbarity and paganism in which the progressive young Canada of today was steeped but a few short centuries ago.

If this be the case with Ontario, what may we expect of Quebec—that older centre of civilization? Naturally we will look there for still stronger evidence of past endeavor, and that we are justified in doing so a short trip through the French Province will convince us.

Everyone, of course, knows about St. Anne de Beaupre. Few, even of our non-Catholic friends, upon visiting historic Quebec City, but will find time for a fleeting visit to this wonderful old shrine. But to us in Ontario the name of Cap de la Madeleine is not so familiar. In Quebec province it is known far and wide as the site of a famous sanctuary which bids fair to become the Lourdes of Canada—"Notre Dame au Cap de la Madeleine"—dedicated to the Holy Rosary, which Society was established in the parish in 1697, according to the old parchment hanging on the right hand side of the Sanctuary, and bearing the formula of admission dated May 11th, 1694, signed by the Superior General of the Dominicans, then at Rome, and approved of by the second Bishop of Quebec, Mgr. St. Vallier. This permission was given to the first resident priest of the Cap—Monsieur l'abbé Vachon. From all parts of the French province pilgrims flock there by the thousand during the summer months, and its fame has even penetrated to the States at the south of the St. Lawrence, and annual pilgrimages are the result.

Cap de la Madeleine—or Cap Magdelaine, as the English guide books have it—is in itself a small village located on the shores of the St. Lawrence, in Charlevoix county, about four miles east of Three Rivers, or midway between Montreal and Quebec on the King's highway, on the C. P. R., and may also be reached by car from Three Rivers, where the first Mass was said in 1615. The Cap has a population of between six and seven thousand, and is of historic as well as religious interest. It was originally a trading post of the Indians and courier-de-bois, and later, after the visits of the missionaries—the Recollects and the Jesuits in the early years of sixteen hundred—who took advantage of these trade groupings as a centre from which to shed the light of Christianity in the New World, it became known as a spiritual rendezvous of the better disposed of the neighboring tribes of Indians. The Cap derives its name from the fact that in 1651 the Abbe Ferte de la Madeleine donated the property—two miles frontage by twenty depth—to the Jesuits as a reserve where the christianized Indians could practice their religion and adapt themselves to the new civilization unmolested. On this site the Jesuits founded a parish in 1695; they also built a grist mill which is still operating, a part and a dwelling—the "Old Manor" which may be seen today. Here the Indians gathered periodically to transact their business, exchange courtesies and receive the consolations of the Christian religion. Rude prayers and savage chants soon began to mingle with the melodious hymn of the Frenchman, all ascending together to the Mother who understands the various languages spoken by her devout children.

Not everyone, of course, who passes by the Cap will be interested in its religious, or even, perhaps, its historical significance, but no one could fail to be impressed by its beauty. There it lies nestling contentedly on the banks of the St. Lawrence, its jutting shores lapped lovingly by the great river as it flows majestically on. The Cap is not very wide—it is long and narrow, like the French farms. It is a charming French village which in spite of its commercial location—the highway passes right through its centre—has retained its quaintness and its individuality, and if the tourist, supposing him to be a motorist, feels disposed to rest here a day on his trip, he may be assured that he will be amply rewarded for the delay. Its accommodation is very good. There are several hotels, private in reality are only large private houses, on the main street,—the highway. In most of these the rooms are clean and comfortable

and the cuisine good. The villagers themselves are charming, and will do their part to make your stay a pleasant one. If you speak French fluently,—eh bien! If not, they endeavor to make you feel at ease by meeting you halfway with their somewhat limited command of l'anglais. As for their modest stores, many a helpful lesson in salesmanship, which would be of material benefit to some of our larger Ontario stores, may be gleaned by the tactfulness with which they will try to understand and supply your requirements and be equally gracious whether you buy from them or not.

But what beautiful enclosure or park is this in our left, which seems to say to the tourist, "Come in and rest awhile?" It is the shrine of Cap de la Madeleine, containing a wealth of beauty and evidence of Christian faith. The peaceful grounds, through which one may wander unmolested, are laid out in all paths, flanked by verdure and lovely flowers and beautiful old trees, pretty flowers and beautiful kept lawns. At every few steps one's attention is attracted by groups of bronze statuary—"Les Mysteres du Rosaire"—representing the fifteen decades of the Rosary. Along with these is a beautiful representation of The Holy Rosary, which devotion, of course, the shrine is dedicated. Across the ravine, on a plateau overlooking the St. Lawrence is to be seen "Le Chemin de Croix," another group of tablets and statuary portraying the life of Christ from Bethlehem to Calvary, and beyond—the Sepulchre—a stone enclosure, in the rear of which is to be found a realistic figure of Christ in the Tomb. Here at all hours of the day, and well into the evening are to be found pilgrims, in groups or singles, devoutly making the Way of the Cross.

In the centre of all this is the old church, bearing on its facade the date 1694, and containing a miraculous statue of the Blessed Virgin, crowned Queen of the Holy Rosary on Oct. 12th, 1904—the Jubilee year of the Immaculate Conception—by order of His Holiness, Pius X. There is also St. Joseph's chapel, which has for its dome wood taken from the original church built in 1659, as well as other chapels dedicated to Sacred Heart, St. Jean de Baptiste, au Pere Eternel, Chapel of Reliques, St. Anne's, St. Thomas and St. Angele de Merceci—all donated by grateful souls in memory of favors received. Here it is that pilgrims gather by the thousand each year to ask for spiritual and temporal blessings, especially those of health.

East of the old church, with its annex of chapels, the splendid Monastery of the Oblate Fathers who have contributed so materially towards making this beautiful spot the centre of religious fervor that it is today. And close by the Monastery is the parochial church, the stone for which was so miraculously procured in 1879 and which gives Cap de la Madeleine its legendary significance. The story is brief, but of intense religious interest. The little church which had been used for worship from 1714 to 1878 had grown too small and it was decided to build a new stone one. Stone was very scarce on that side of the river. In fact, there was none available except what was in the walls of the old sanctuary. Would they tear down the venerable old place to procure the necessary? The reverence forbade it. There was plenty of stone on the opposite bank, but how to get it across! If the river would only freeze, but the current is very rapid at this point and the freezing always most erratic. They would pray. January, February and part of March saw the river without ice. Unlame speaking, there was no hope that winter season. It was then that Pere Desilets, the pastor, invited the whole parish to join in prayer for a bridge of ice—a miracle at that late season—and vowed that, if their request were granted, he would consecrate forever the old sanctuary, built by his ancestors nearly two centuries before, to "Notre Dame de la Tres Saint Rosaire." It was the 14th of March. The broad expanse of water extended for a mile to the shore opposite without a particle of ice on its surface. Towards evening a strong south-east wind began to blow, and during the night enormous blocks of ice were carried by the stream into a bay just below the cape. The next morning the surface of the water was covered with snow and ice. About fifteen parishioners succeeded in crawling over this thin ice, splashing water on it as they went, which finally froze hard enough to bear the burden of a sufficient number of sleighs to transport the necessary stone across the river St. Lawrence. Some of these sleighs carried as much as 3,000 pounds of rock and stone, but for the eight days the work continued without accident, while the inhabitants contemplated with utter amazement. Just as the last load was taken across the bridge gave way and drifted down the river! The new stone church was quickly completed, thus proving the efficacy of the prayer of St. Bernard to our Blessed Mother, and on June 22nd, 1888, the new church was opened for service and, in accordance with the good Pere Desilets' vow, the old Sanctuary was solemnly dedicated to Our Lady of the Rosary.

Such is the story of the Shrine of "Notre Dame de la Madeleine." To call it strange would be to challenge the power of prayer. All these facts are vouched for in the Archives and Annals of the place and the evidence is there in the splendid stone church. That the Mother of God is pleased with this devotion is evidenced by the numerous blessings and favors which have been conferred at the shrine, especially since the solemn crowning of the miraculous statue in 1904. There is also poignant testimony of some of these "cures," vouched for by medical certificates, in the collection of crutches and other appendages of the "lame, the halt and the blind" which are to be seen at the right hand side of the sanctuary in the old church. The latest of these cures to be recorded was on the Feast of the Assumption this year—that of little Gisele Lamy who, according to the testimony of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Lamy, also the attending physician, Dr. Gideon Labarre, was stricken with paralysis in the autumn of 1921. The little girl had been treated by Dr. Labarre, and had also spent some time in St. Joseph's Hospital, Three Rivers, but was still confined to her bed in spite of any aid medical science could give her. On the Feast of the Assumption this year her parents took their little girl to the Shrine at Cap de la Madeleine, where she made the pilgrimage on crutches. After the procession of the Blessed Sacrament during the evening ceremony, the child abandoned her crutches and walked. She is now strong and vigorous and able to run and play with the rest of the children. Little Lamy carried her crutches to the Monastery of the Oblates, who will not destroy the "miracle before obtaining a medical certificate. Dr. Gideon Labarre, who had treated the child, met her a few hours after the pilgrimage. He attributed her cure to supernatural forces, and gave a medical certificate accordingly.

IMMORAL READING

Much has been written and said regarding the dangers that confront the youth during the Summer months. The vacation period is particularly filled with perils to body and soul. It is the part of prudence to exercise a good degree of caution during this time.

It will not be amiss at this time to call attention not only to the dangers of the vacation time but as well to some of the pitfalls that confront every individual for the twelve months of the year. These dangers are all about us. They exist in the written word as well as in the associations that one keeps.

It is by no means infrequent to see young folk, reared in good, God-fearing families throwing restraint to the winds and giving free reign to their minds to devour literature that can not be read without a blush, even secretly, aside from the gaze of decent people. The printing presses are grinding out tons of trash that is doing its evil work of ruining innocent souls. The flashy obscene novel is by no means left on the book shelves while the uplifting book is sought for. Quite the contrary.

It would seem that the more indecent the novel, the greater the condemnation of its filthy contents the more it is read. Here Christian parents should be extremely diligent and watchful. All is not gold that glitters. A fine exterior is not a guarantee of interior perfection? Would that it were.

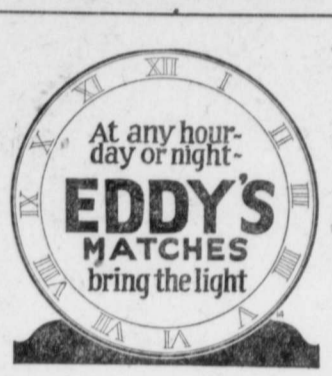
There are writers that make a profession of catering to the passions. Let it be remembered that if there were no demand, there would be no such lewd and immoral writings.

It is high time that this vile pest of suggestive and immoral writing be spotted and spiked. While a shape is writing, and trying to shape itself into a peaceful community, it faces one of the worst enemies in godless, base and indecent literature. Such stuff, if printed a generation ago, would earn the scorn and contempt of men. Today it is quite the vogue to know of these writings. In fact, to be in style, one must imperil body and soul with this offensive rubbish.

Christian parents, your duty is obvious. These children are your God-given trust. God will demand an account of the way in which you have discharged your trust. These frail vessels must be directed aright. The written word is potent of immense evil. Cast aside all that is vile and low, watch solicitously the character of the reading that your children are devouring. See that it is high and elevating. See that it leads them not to the great heap of immoral derelicts who disfigure this fair globe, but rather to the heights of Christian virtue and perfection. These are their formative years. As they sow, so shall they reap. If they are allowed to sow in whirlwinds, they and you will reap in tears. Now is the time for supervision. Tomorrow may be too late. Start today.—The Pilot.



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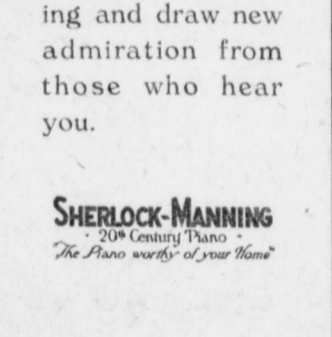
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