

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Makes the hair soft and glossy. I have used Ayer's Hair Vigor for nearly five years, and my hair is much thicker, and in an excellent state of preservation.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from falling out. A number of years ago, by recommendation of a friend, I began to use Ayer's Hair Vigor to stop the hair from falling out and prevent its turning gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Restores hair after fever. Over a year ago I had a severe fever, and when I recovered my hair began to fall out, and what little remained turned gray.

Ayer's Hair Vigor

Prevents hair from turning gray. My hair was rapidly turning gray and falling out; one bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor has remedied the trouble, and my hair is now its original color and fullness.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by Druggists and Perfumers.

TO EDUCATORS.

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Table listing various Catholic school books such as 'Sallier's Dominion Catholic Reading Charts', 'Sallier's Dominion Catholic First Reader', etc., with prices.

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FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Twelfth Sunday after Pentecost.

OUR NEIGHBORS.

Which of these three, in thy opinion, was neighbor to him that fell among robbers? But he said, He that showed mercy to him. (Gospel of the Day).

We are taught in the Gospel of today to love our neighbors as ourselves. Now, if we have this love it shows itself in deeds. If, when we see our neighbors in distress, we pass by, thinking some one else may help him, but we cannot, we are like the proud priest and the Levite, not like the good Samaritan.

Are not all men creatures of God? Are not all men redeemed by the Blood of Christ? Does God give more of this world's goods to one man than to another because He loves one more than another? Not at all.

We all pray to God for mercy; but if we would find mercy we must show mercy. "Blessed are the merciful," says our Lord, "for they shall obtain mercy." But, says St. James, "judgment without mercy to him that hath not done mercy."

Let us take care not to be deaf to the cries of the suffering poor; let us rather embrace with affection the lovely virtue of mercy. Bishop Challoner says: "It was mercy which brought the Son of God down from heaven to us, and it was mercy which carries us up to Him."

Those of us who labor in the sacred ministry and those who do work in the Conference of St. Vincent de Paul meet continually with persons whose distress appeals most powerfully to our charity.

As a hair dressing and for the prevention of baldness, Ayer's Hair Vigor has no equal in merit and efficiency. It eradicates dandruff, keeps the scalp moist, clean and healthy, and gives vitality and color to weak, faded and gray hair.

You need not cough all night and disturb your friends; there is no occasion for you to run the risk of contracting inflammation of the lungs or consumption. This get Bickel's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. This medicine cures coughs, colds, inflammation of the lungs and all throat and chest troubles.

From India's Coral Strand. DEAR SIRS,—I have much pleasure in certifying that after suffering severely for 15 months from diarrhoea, which came on after childbirth, previous to which I had suffered from dysentery for some months, I was cured by Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry.

Holloway's Corn Cure destroys all kinds of corns and warts, root and branch. Who has not suffered with such a cheap and effectual remedy within reach?

DEAR SIRS,—About three years ago I was troubled with dyspepsia in its worst form, neither food nor medicine would stay on my stomach, and it seemed impossible to get rest. Finally I took one bottle of B. B. B. and one box of Borden Pills, and they cured me completely.

Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has no equal for destroying worms in children and adults. See that you get the genuine when purchasing.

No other Sarasaparilla has the careful personal supervision of the proprietor in all the details of its preparation as has Hood's Sarasaparilla.

The House that John Built

By MAURICE F. EGAN, LL. D.

III.

Time passed. Johnny had three maxims pasted up in his work-shop. Father Freno had given him this—"Remember the presence of God and imitate St. Joseph."

Johnny, having these maxims before him every day—he had written them in large red letters and pasted them upon his bench—did his best to put them in practice. He began by driving every nail carefully. "Thoroughness" was his motto.

John's mother was pleased with the new house. "It had so many closets," she said. "There was a little sideboard in the dining room, and a dumb-waiter, worked by an ingeniously constructed pulley, that lifted dishes from the kitchen. These and other improvements soon attracted the curious neighbors."

John had read all the books he could get, on wood-carving, and he was becoming an adept. He had just put the finishing touches to a hat-rack, intended as a Christmas gift to his father, when that dear, good father died.

Mr. O'Neill's business affairs were found to be in a complicated condition. He had worked hard; but Smytheville and the neighboring town together, did not give him a great deal to do. He had lived up to his income.

It is spring time. The honeysuckles cluster around the house that John built. Ten years have passed, and Mrs. O'Neill, with many more wrinkles in her face, but looking calm and bright, sits on the porch.

The Smythes had a two-acre lot for sale. They wanted \$300 for it. John said to himself, "I will buy it and build a house. Stone is cheap around here, and I can get all the wood I want for very little money."

John thought a great deal and prayed a great deal. Nobody knew about the latter, though; he didn't wear his heart on his sleeve "for daws to peck at."

There was the sum of \$500 in bank. How was this to be made to help his mother and Mary along in the world? The Smythes had a two-acre lot for sale. They wanted \$300 for it.

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was not too tired, or read aloud to his mother and Mary.

In July, John had very hard, rough hands and thick muscles; the man across the road had some money in his pocket, and Mrs. O'Neill had a pretty dark-stone house, two-story high, "pointed" with white mortar.

John's mother was pleased with the new house. "It had so many closets," she said. "There was a little sideboard in the dining room, and a dumb-waiter, worked by an ingeniously constructed pulley, that lifted dishes from the kitchen."

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who looks very pretty as the sunset color touches her usually pale cheek.

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the little farm at the back of it is hers, too, bought through John's industry; and there is a snug sum in bank to her credit.

The Smythes disappeared five years ago. Mr. Smythe could not stand the strain of hard work, and he sold the farm. His sons went to the nearest city, where they have joined that large class, the "gentled" younger, who are afraid to steal, who will neither beg nor do any manual labor.

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