FIVE . MINUTES' SERMON.

Second Sunday of Lent.

LABOR FOR HEAVEN-EVERYTHING IS DONE FOR EARTH, NOTHING FOR HEAVEN.

Lord, it is good for us to be here." (Matt.

When the apostles saw the Divine Master resplendent in heavenly glory on Mt. Tabor, their hearts were so filled with excessive joy that the earth seemed to have vanished from them and they rapturously exclaimed with St. Peter: O Lord, what joy, what happiness! it is good for us to be here. Let us make tabernacles, and remain here What think you, my dearly beloved Christians, had we been with our Lord on Mt. Tabor, would we also forever ! have joined in the sentiments of St. Peter? Ah, I fear that many would have sorrowfully cast their eyes down to the earth, and cried out : O Lord, it would indeed, be beautiful on Mt. Tabor, but there below, it is still more beautiful; no, not here, but on the earth let us build tabernacles, and live there forever. Does this announce ment surprise you? If so, there is no ment surprise you? Consider how the ma reason for it. jority of mankind cheerfully and will ingly labor and suffer for the use and enjoyment of temporal things, but how shamefully they neglect heaven and their eternal welfare, and you will readily see that they consider the of the earth to surpass that of beauty Mt. Tabor.

Our Lord has said: "The kingdom of heaven suffers violence and the violent bear it away." (Matt. 11, 12 The first Christians have not only com prehended this great truth, but have also observed it; for, what have they not done, suffered and sacrificed to insure eternal life. What difficulties were too great for them, what persecutions too cruel, when there was question of gaining an eternal crown of Do not expect me to ask if you will show the same sacrificing spirit for heaven, as did your noble Christian ancestors. No, my question is simply this: Do you labor as much for God as does a miser for gold, as an ambitious person for glory? Is heaven as precious to you as the preservation or restoration of your health? Do you devote to your eternal salvation the half, or even the tenth part of your care and solicitude that you daily sacrifice to frivolities, amusements and pleasures? Piace your hand upon your heart and tell me truly and sincerely if you can answer this question in the affirmative. Ah, I greatly fear that few will be able to answer with a situation?

sincerity.
Tell me, my dear Christian, if you wish to earn a few dollars do you not hasten, do you not labor the whole day and sometimes far into the night? and after obtaining the money, do you not, as it were, count every penny before spending it? Can you pride yourself with having equal solicitude for heaven? Do you hasten as quickly to the church o the holy sacrifice of the Mass, to the hearing of a sermon, to the tribunal of penance, the reception of holy Communion, as you do to the gaining of this mammon of iniquity? Do you devote as much time and care to the examination of your conscience, as you do to the counting of money? you as desirous to procure an amass merits for heaven as you are to accum-Answer these questions ulate gold? before God and your soul.

If you are sick, what moaning and groaning! You send for the doctor at his advice you abstain from delica cies, you swallow the most disagreeable medicines, you submit to the burning of caustic, you permit a leg or an arm to be amputated, in order to recover the health of the body. Have you the same anxiety regarding your soul? Do you flee the occasion and temptations to sin, as you flee the danger of contagion? Do you separate yourself as quickly from persons, society, books which are injurious to your soul, as you flee from small-rox, yellow fever and cholera? Do you hasten as quickly to the spiritual physician when the poison of sin has entered your soul, as you do to the doctor? Answer!

What sacrifices are not made for the sake of pleasure! What attention and perseverance do you not find at the gaming table! For hours the eyes, the ears, the hands and thoughts are absorbed in the game. Enter a ballroom and show me but one person who is satisfied with an hour's amusement. Far from complaining of fatigue, the whole night seems too short, both for young and old. When pleasure is in question, show me one who has no money; even the last penny must be spent. Would to God that the same might be said of Christians with regard to their soul's welfare, that they were as recollected at prayer, as attentive to the sermons, as absorbed in a spiritual book, as they are at the gaming table Do they show as much perseverance fasting and abstinence or in kneeling in adoration before the Blessed Sacra ment, as they show in the ball room Behold here is a wretched, poverty stricken widow, there a family of five children suffering from cold and hunger, here is a poor father lying on a sick bed for years. Are you as quickly prepared to open your purse for charity, as you are for pleasure? Do you feign poverty when providing for pleasure, as you do when asked to help a fair way of becoming destitute. the poor and needy?

Ah, ! let us admit it, the world with God and eternity. Our cares and sorit profit a man, if he gain the whole exhausted Mrs. Crawford's funds.

world, and suffer the loss of his own soul?" (Matt. 16, 26.) Yes, my dear Christians, what doth it profit us, if we can call all the riches of this world our own, if we can enjoy all the honors and pleasures of society superabundantly, but lose our own soul and burn forever in the fires of hell? All things come to an end, except eternity. You Oh. have but tone soul and no more. save it, this one, this precious, this irreparable soul. Save it by a life of penance of fidelity in the service of God. Destroy in your soul the idols of this vain, treacherous world. Begin now, to consider earthly things as you will, one day on your death-bed. ect your thoughts heavenward every day, and live as a true child of th Blessed Virgin, in innocence and piety so that you will always be prepared to appear before the judgment seat of God. For: "The world passeth away and the concupiscence thereof," says (St. John 1, 2, 17), "but he that doth the will of God, abideth forever. Amen.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

One Lie Brings Another. One Lie Brings Another.
There's just one thing I want to say,
My sister and my brothers,
And that is, if you teil one lie,
You are sure to teil some others.
I know at times it's very hard
To own a naughty action,
But truth, once uttered, fills the heart
With joyous satisfaction.

While, if you stoop to tell a lie. o cover up wrong doing, ir heart is filled with guilty dread-With hopeless wee and rusing. ou dare not bravely meet the eye Of father or of moth And to cover up the lie you've told You're sure to tell another.

A child's first lie, like man's first glass Of rum, or ale, or whiskey, Makes way for more to follow fast; And is dangerous and risky. Without the first glass you are safe From the drunkard's thirst of fire And if the first lie's never told, You'll never be a liar!

Helen's Aunt.

By M. A. "Mother dear, what shall we do?" exclaimed Helen Crawford sinking into a chair by her mother's side, and throwing her hands helplessly into her "I've done everything in my lap. power and there seems nothing nov for me to do, but apply for a situation

of some sort. "But Helen dear," pleaded the fond mother with tears in his eyes, "what should I do without you? You know I do not wish you to leave home, and be sides, if your poor father were living what wouldihe say to your applying for

"But Mother," Helen said, "we cannot continue living in this way, and I am sure if father saw me allow you to suffer while I am strong enough to work, he would be ashamed of me. I know I shall be obliged to leave home -that's the hardest part of it-for there is no situation to be obtained in Hampton, and my few music pupils are not sufficient to afford us much assistance.

"Could you not turn your painting or drawing to some account, dear ?" "No, mother. In the first place, do not paint well enough, and, like

everything else, there are too many at that occupation already." Poor Mrs. Crawford could scarcely see her way out of the maze of difficulties

that presented themselves. She sat buried in deep thought for some time; suddenly a new idea seemed to strike "Perhaps we could take-boarders,"

she gasped, almost afraid to unburden her mind for fear of Helen's disap-proval. Helen laughed, "Boarders, mother—I am afraid not. Father would think as badly of that as of the other and even if we took them, we probably could not accommodate them properly.

Why not, dear?" asked the mother, "As you said a while ago, we must do something, and though your father would not hear to such a thing, were he living, we cannot sit idle and starve. We must put down our pride, and not be afraid or ashamed of any honest means of making a living.

Helen half shrank from the thought of taking boarders, and advertising for them seemed a dreadful thing. Her mother's reasoning, however, finally prevailed upon her to pen anadvertisement to the "Hampton Weekly Journal."

Poor Helen! how little she once thought of ever doing such a thing. Tears would fill her eyes in spite of all she could do, for the future looked particularly gloomy, when contrasted with

the happy past. Three years ago, when Helen was little more than seventeen, her father, Judge Crawford, had died, leaving his family to all outward appearances, in the best circumstances. But the world is not always aware of the shifts some But the world of its devotees are obliged to make in Do they show as much perseverance order to keep up appearances. The and strength in fulfilling the law of Judge's elegant home, his carriage and servants, the extravagant clothing of his wife and family had deceived the world, for at his death it was found that he had little he could call his own but his home and a comparatively small sum of money. The remainder of his Hampton property, and the outlying farm lands being heavily mort gaged soon passed into other hands, and his wife, who knew nothing of management or economy, was now in

If some women had been left a large house, and a meagre income, they its pomps and vanities fills our hearts would have disposed of the house at so completely, that there is no room for once; but Mrs. Crawford clung to the her mother's room to find that Ada had old homestead, and refused all offers and its pleasures; the precious and immortal soul is precious. mortal soul is neglected, and yet our ciated its value, and three years of un-Lord says in the gospel: "What doth retrenched expenditure had well-nigh

Helen was beginning to see the inroads upon their little capital, and this caused her to be on the lookout for some means of helping her mother. Two years ago she had graduated from St. Mary's Academy at Woodvale, for at her father's death her mother had per sisted in her remaining there, as at the time, she was within a year of graduation.

Helen had thought of trying to ob tain a situation where she might utilize her education, but now that her mother had taken this course, and per sisted in her remaining at home, saw that she might as well resign her self to fate, and await the result of her mother's experiment.

Helen was proud despite her good sense and training, and her moth plan did not please her, but Mrs. Crawford with all her extravagance was sensible enough to put her pride down when her poverty rendered it absurd.

Their elegant furniture still remained to them, their house was large and well fitted for such a purpose and Bridget was able to control the culinary department to perfection.

As mother and daughter sat and their busy needles flashed in and out in the afternoon sunlight a light step caused them to look up, and a young girl of perhaps fourteen years of age

"Home so soon, Ada?" asked Helen Is school out?"

"Why, mercy, yes," answered the new-comer, throwing her book on the table with a frown. "I think it's high time; you and mother look like What are you doing?' two hermits. taking one of the stockings from Helen's hand.

"Darning your stockings, dear." "Oh, mercy!" grumbled Ada "what outrageous looking stockings for any one to wear, mamma," "Louise Mercer has the loveliest white dress for commencement day. I only wish you'd get me one like it. haven't had a new dress for a whole year and I really think you might get me one like Louise has."

The mother sighed "My dear," she

said "you must know that I am not able to dress you as Dr. Mercer dresses

his daughter."
"Weil I'm just sick and tired of wearing the same old things made over year after year to deceive people into thinking they are new. body knows us by our clothing, if ever we should be lost we could easily be identified. Oh, dear! I feel just dis-"Disgraced," ejaculated Helen

pray what have we done?" 'Done?" retorted Ada, 'I'm sure

overty is disgrace enough without doing anything. Why Ada, I am surprised. "Helen, you're such a goody girl

that you quite weary me with your set speeches. I'm tired of cu: way of liv-With this Ada flounced out of the

room, leaving her mother and sister in silent astonishment.

Ada Crawford would have been a pretty girl, had it not been for her proud, selfish, fault finding disposition. she was tall, slender and graceful with a complexion of matchless fairness, hair of a golden brown, cold and large soft dark eyes.

Her pride was almost as dominant as her seifishness, but this was kept somewhat in check by her mother's straitened circumstances, which forost all gratification of her foolish vanity.

When Ada left the room Helen bent lower over her work, while the mother continued hers with a sigh.

"Mother," said Helen, after a long silence, "I shall make over my white dress for Ada, the one I wore at my last commencement at St. Mary's. have never worn it since you know," glancing down with tearful eyes at her sombre mourning costume.

"I suppose you'll have to do it, dear," sighed Mrs. Crawford, without looking up, " for I am not able to buy her a new one." As soon as her mother had left the

room, Helen ran up-stairs and presently returned with a dress of white, fluffy material. "You, dear old dress," she murmur-

ed, laying it on the table, and burying her tearful face in its gauzy folds, how happy I was when I wore you

Checking her grief, Helen sat down and proceeded to rip the dress apart. Her busy scissors worked away until supper-time, when the whole costume lay in pieces on the table, ready to be made over on the morrow.

The following evening when Ada re turned from school, Helen was ready to have her try the dress on. 'How do you like it, dear?" she

asked gently.
"Oh, well enough. How long will it take you to finish it?" asked Ada. I can probably finish it to-night.

"Oh, dear you can't do all that sewing to night?" exclaimed Ada. Helen made no reply. She did not care to tell Ada that she would be obliged to sit up more than half the night to accomplish her task.

The next week Commencement Day came off, and Helen could not be pre sent at the afternoon exercises, as she had several music lessons to give. Mrs. Crawford could not attend on ac count of some business matters, so Ada

was sent off alone.

Helen's pupils were uncommonly troublesome that afternoon; and when her lessons were over, she ran up to not yet returned ; so Helen took a seat Three on the porch to await her coming.

The lovely June day was drawing to a close, and the sky was all ablaze with the glories of sunset. Far away to the Helen collected what would be neceseastward, stretched vast systems of sary for her to take, and, with many

with a line, half pink, half golden, and to the southward peaks of a darker color reared themselves from behind the blue line of a forest lying far beyond the roofs and spires of Hampton.

Helen watched the sky unconscious of all around her when a light step caused her to turn suddenly around. There stood Ada a perfect picture of

"Why, dear," said Helen, kissing her sister's forehead. "What is the matter? Did you not have a pleasant afternoon !"

"Pleasant! I should think not," re plied Ada, throwing herself into a chair, and bursting into tears; "I'm just wretched. Louise Mercer carried off all the prizes in our class, and besides her dress, and all the other dresses were just splendid, and mine looked real shabby.

"I'm very sorry, dear," said gentle "but you know we couldn't Helen, make it look any better."

"Oh, no, I dare say not, but you might have gotten me a new one at least. "No dear von have already been

told that that was impossible "I don't care; I shall never wear the nasty, wretched thing again, angrily exclaimed Ada almost tearing

the dress off in her excitement. Helen thought of her night's labor, of her mother's patient struggles; and though her eyes filled with tears, she silently left the room.

Things went on in this way for over a month, and no sign of any boarders Helen's patience was exemplary, but her mother was beginning to despair. One hot July day, Ada was sent on

an errand to another part of the town.
As she was passing Mr. Brown's house, Susie came to the door with a letter in her hand. "Ada," she called. "Papa was in Hilldale yesterday, and brought this letter to your mother from a lady friend

of mamma who wants to board at your house. She returned home as quickly as pos sible, anxious to know its contents

" Its from a Mrs. Barnett, my dears, said the mother, as she read the note "Is she coming soon, mother?" inquired Helen. "Day after to morrow, dear."

"Oh, I suppose she's some horrid, cross, old thing," muttered Ada; "I wish she wouldn't come.

"By the way, mother," remarked Helen; "when is Aunt Martha coming

"I expect her every day. You know she wrote, in the early spring, that she would visit us this summer. I am anxious to see her, as I have entirely forgotten what she is like, for I was but ten years of age when I saw

"If she comes now; she'll frighten Mrs. Barnett away; she's such an eccentric old creature, I hear," said Ada. "She was my own dear mother's sister, and I am anxious to know her and love her even if she is eccentric.

Two days after the receipt of the Mrs. Barnett arrived. She was letter, an old lady of between fifty and sixty years of age, tall, angular, sharp-featured and strong minded, as you could see at a glance.

"I have decided to remain here for the summer," she explained to Mrs. Crawford, "and probably I shall re-turn to New York in the fall, as I make my home there. I am here on busi-

"I believe you are a friend of Mrs. Bronson.

"Yes, I have known Mrs. Bronson since she was a mere child, and it was through her that I heard of you. Is she a relative of yours?

"No; I have no living relatives, but a Mrs. Garland, an aged aunt of mine, whom I am expecting here every

day."
Mrs. Barnett vouchsafed no further explanation, but she got on very well with the Crawfords. Helen liked her from the first, and the two often held quite animated conversations while Ada reated her with cold politeness and re-

"I think she's such an old crank, she said one evening to her mother and

Helen, as they sat on the porch.
"I like her very much indeed," said Helen.
"I wish Aunt Martha would come,

continued Ada; perhaps she would leave us some of her money if she knew us. She is rich, isn't she?"
"I believe so," replied the mother.
"Ha! ha!" soliloquized Mrs. Bar-

nett, who, from her window above the porch, had heard all, "so I'm a crank, and Miss Ada is looking for rich relatives. It's all very funny, I declare. The summer wore away, and Mrs.

Barnett announced her intention of going.
"I hear you say," she said to the mother, as they were seated on the porch the evening before her departure, "that one of your daughters wanted a situation. I know of a lady who desires a companion, and if such a position would be suitable, I can re-

commend the lady to you."

"Oa! my dear Mrs. Barnett," said
Helen; "I am so grateful to you. I
want a situation; and if you think I'll do, I shall be only too glad to accept

"The lady is old and somewhat exacting," she continued, "and you may have to bear with a good many whims, Perhaps your sister would like to go "No, indeed; I'll not go," said Ada

who was in one of her bad moods. 'I shall go, Mrs. Barnett," said Helen.
"Very well, dear, you will be

cars with Mrs. Barnett on the following morning.

At nightfall they reached New York, and were driven to a handsome the home, Mrs. Barnett said, of the lady to whom Helen was to be a com

When they entered the house, the old lady seated herself, and, taking the astonished girl's hands in hers, she

"My dear Helen, this is your home and you are to be my companion, for I am your Aunt Martha. I took the couse I have pursued, simply because wished to find out whether your famly was worthy of assistance or not. Bridget was in my confidence, and she has told me all about Ada's selfishness. I heard a great deal, too, while at your mother's; enough to satisfy me that you are worthy of all I can bestow on

Helen's surprise, more readily imagined than depicted, was equalled only by Ada's and her mother's when they pored over the contents of her

first letter.

And so dear, unselfish Helen still lives with Aunt Martha-he companon, her stay, her joy-her sole heires Help she sends, of course, to Mrs. Crawford and Ada, but hers alone is the conscious joy of duty faithfully accomplished. Is it not true that angels behold and number the many hidden, gentle deeds that make up the true woman's life? Is it not true that angel like, she weaves heavenly rose into the warp and woof of earthly life?

Let us hope that Ada thinks so now that she has at last learned the secret of her sister's devoted life, this secret that changes our daily life, this secret that changes our daily duties into pur est gold.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

A Plucky Collegian.

Martin A. Quinn was a ragged farm hand, when he made up his mind to get a college education, and set about otaining the means.

He began by trading with his neigh bors until he owned a pig, which he raised and sold to buy a calf. The calf grew into a cow, which was sold, and more pigs and calves were bought. By the time he was eighteen, Quinn had earned two hundred dollars. With this money he bought six good milk cows, which he shipped from his home in Indiana to Chicago, riding along in the freight train to care for them. reached that city with his cows and eleven dollars in cash. Leaving his cows at the stock yards, he went straight to the University of Chicago and matriculated. Having done this, he sought the steward of the college told his story and laid a proposition before him. Milk was costing the college twenty five cents a gallon. Quinn agreed to furnish it at twenty

cents. The agreement was made, and the young undergraduate dairyman went to seek a place to house his herd. One was found, and arrangements for pas ture were made. For four years Quinn cared for those cows, milked them every morning at four o'clock, strained the milk and carried it to the steward. From this he averaged three dollars and sixty cents a day, and on this he lived and furnished food and shelter When he graduated last for the cows. When he graduated last year he sold the cows for one hundred and eighty dollars, with which he bought books to study law at Lafayette, Ind.—Catholic Columbian.

Disrespect to the Aged.

There is a tendency among the young men of the present day to treat the aged with disrespect. This is the aged with disrespect. especially noticeable in this country. where boys imagine they are men be-fore they are quite out of their knickerbockers. They are apt to speak of their parents with anything but rev-How often have I heard some erence. How often have I heard some hobbledehoy speak of his father as the "old man," and of his mother as the "old woman." The grin which accompanied the uttering of these designations seemed to indicate that the young fellow considered that there vas humor in the public bestowal of these disrespectful titles. On such oc-casions I have always felt like kicking the young puppy—I can call him nothing else. Perhaps I might have so far forgotten myself as to put my desire into practice if 1 had not remembered that my worthy friend, Mr. Angell, might overhaul me for cruelty to animals. Certainly the young brutes to whom I refer had not the intelligence of some of the dumb animals whom Mr. Angell so worthily defends.

Many people are apt to sneer at the French. I refer to those persons who are puffed up with the idea that they are members of the Anglo-Saxon race But the young Frenchman in his devotion to his mother is a model that all may follow. She is constantly in his thoughts, and he never refers to her except in the most deferential and affectionate manner. You can not imagine a young fellow in France call ing his mother the "old woman. may go astray in the many ways peculiar to youth, but he never forgets the good woman who gave him birth, and his love for her is often the means of leading him back to the path of virtue. The young man who does not regard

the admonitions of those older than himself, usually comes to grief, and if to this he add positive discourtesy he usually ends as a corner loafer or a

Caution -- The market is full of

aitations, represented to be the same as

BROWN'S Frenchial Troches of Boston

The Genuine has the on every ignature of Jan & Rema Min box.

cloud mountains, their summits tinged | tears and farewells, she entered the tough whose hand is against everybody, and who not infrequently feels properly constituted authority we should have no respectable society and would relapse into barbarism. proper regard for authority should begin in the home, where the father and nother should be looked up to as the embodiment of all that is best on earth. If they fall short of this high ideal. children should be blind to this fact, and should give these parents credit for virtues that they might have pos-

sessed under happier circumstances. I wonder if these young fellows who have only words of contempt for the aged imagine that they will ever be old themselves? Probably not. And yet in a few brief years, if they live, And they will take their places in the procession of veterans that is moving on to the tomb beyond which there is eternal youth. How will they like, then, to be slighted and made little of on account of their advanced age? We are all here for only a comparatively brief period, and we may as well be decent while we remain upon this

world of light and shade. Because you have been a little better educated than were your father and mother, don't imagine that you know it all. They may have more native intelligence than you, and more knowledge, through life's hard experiences, than you can ever possess. any rate, all that you have in the way of learning you owe to their self-denial and to their determination that you should have better opportunities than they had. Your ingratitude is made glaringly apparent when you address hem in terms in which your scorn of what you consider their shortcomings is only slightly veiled. And when you go farther and refer to them in derogatory terms to your young acquaintances you are far from being a gentle-

You may ape gentility in dress and manner, but you are nothing but a boor, and only create a feeling of disgust in the minds of right-thinking

people. No matter how lacking in worldly polish your parents may be, they are deserving of your kind consideration at all times and in all places. human diamond in the rough is still a diamond, and no doubt in heaven will shine with greater lustre than many who have dazzled by their false brilli

ancy on earth. The young fellow full of life and energy is apt to be hard and unfeeling, and he needs the constant restraint of the practices of his religion to make him humane. When he is inclined to ignore the reverence that he owes his father, let him not forget that he may one day be a father himself, and be fore he speaks of his good mother as the "eld woman" let him realize that his wife may one day be a mother. As he would like his own son to be, let him be himself. — Benedict Bell in Sacred Heart Review.

TRUTH WILL OUT.

THE MERITS OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS CAN'T BE HIDDEN.

Ir. C. S. Griggs, of Hamilton, tells of his Experience—He Suffered with Brifht's Disease for eight Years— Dodd's Kidney Pilis Cured Him.

Hamilton, Feb. 20 .- " Mr. Griggs is it true that you were cured of Bright's Disease, by Dodd's Kidney Pills, after eight years' suffering, and when no other medicine could do you

any good ?" This question was asked, a few days ago, by a gentleman who wished to investigate for himself the statement made in last week's papers to the above

"It is true," answered Mr. Griggs, emphatically, "I was cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills when every other medicine I had tried had utterly failed to do me any good."

"When I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills, I did not think they would help me any more than other medicines had. I was so sick that I was willing to try any means, if it gave a hope, or a chance of cure. "Well, soon after I started using the Pills, I began to feel different. I

found, in a week or so, that I was actually getting better. I kept on taking the medicine until I had used three boxes. After that I didn't need any more. I was cured, completely and permanently. You may know what I think of Dodd's Kidney Pills when I tell you that I never let my house be

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the only known positive cure for Bright's Disease, Diabetes, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Gout, Sciatica, Gravel, Stone in the Bladder, Diseases of Women, and other Kidney Diseases.
Dodd's Kidney Pills are sold by all

druggists at fifty cents a box, six boxes \$2.50, or sent, on receipt of price, by The Dodds Medicine Co., Limited, Tor-

Soon Left Her.

"I was taken with a swelling in my feet and limbs. I was not able to walk for four mouths. I read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and procured a bottle. Before I had taken it all the swelling left me. I took three bottles of Hood's and have not been troubled with swelling since." relling since."
Rebecca Seevers, Chatham, Ont.

HOOD'S PILLS cure all liver ills. Easy to

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Easy to take, easy to operate; reliable, sure. 25 c.

Not a Naussating Pill.—The excipient of a pill is the substance which enfolds the ingredients and makes up the pill mass. That of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills is so compounded as to preserve their moisture, and they can be carried into any latitude without impairing their strength. Many pills, in order to keep them from adhering, are rolled in powders, which prove nauseating to tha taste, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are so prepared that they are agreeable to the most delicate.

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