FIVE-MINUTE SERMONS.

Trinity Sunday.

THE PRECEPTS OF THE CHURCH.

duty this morning, or before to day, he ought to think seriously on the

frightful state of his soul. The decree

of the Lateran Council which prescribed

the Easter duty says of him who re-fuses to obey its law, "Let him, while

living, be driven from the Church, and

dying, let him be deprived of Christian burial." If this punishment many

burial." If this punishment meant simply a temporal exclusion from the society of the faithful, which at present

it does not mean; or if it meant no more than a refusal of Christian

burial, though that would be hard

enough for the sinner, and especially so for his friends; if it meant only what it says, it might be tolerable, to a sinner at least.

But really it implies more terrible

things than it expresses. For the authority which put forth that decree

is the same as that to which Christ

said, "Whatsoever you shall bind on earth it shall be bound in heaven, and

whatsoever you shall loose on earth it shall be loosed in heaven."

in heaven who is justly excluded from

the Church on earth.

This grievous sin of not hearing the

Church does not take away the obliga-tion of performing the Easter duty until Easter comes round again, as too

many think. The obligation hangs

over the man who refuses to fulfil it

until what it requires is done. As Moses said to the people of Israel in

giving them the law of God, so might

it be said to the sinner who scorns this

most important obligation: "If thou

wilt not hear the voice of the Lord thy

God, to keep and do all His command

ments and ceremonies, all these things shall come upon thee and overtake

thee. Cursed shalt thou be in the city

and cursed in the field. Cursed shall

thou be coming in and cursed going out. The Lord shall send upon the

famine and hunger, and a rebuke upon all the works which thou shalt

do; until he consume and destroy the

quickly, for the most wicked inventions

Be assured, dear brethren, that if these temporal curses do not come

upon him who has neglected his Easter

duty, he has already brought upon

himself the worst of spiritual curses, the death of his soul by his morta

obligation is ever present to multiply evils upon the head of him who scorns

it, just as every blessing becomes a

curse to him that abuses it. For every

time the sinner resolves to fulfil the ever-present obligation, and then

breaks that resolution, by putting off without reason the fulfilment of it, he

commits a new mortal sin. And thus

Would that all might be impressed

with the importance of this duty, and

the gravity of the sin of neglecting it!

Even if we did not have the explicit

decree of the Church to bind us, we

could not help inferring the obligation.

from the strong words of Christ, "Un-less you eat of the flesh of the Son of

Man, and drink His blood, you shall

not have life in you."
Nothing could impress upon us more

forcibly the obligation of Holy Commun-

ion than these words of our Blessed

Saviour. For, which of us desires the everlasting death of his soul? And if

that such a sweet Fountain of Perpet

ual Youth is provided for our souls

How marvellous is God's goodness

God grant that such ingratitude may

keep none of us from the bounty of our

eth My blood hath everlasting life

and I will raise him up at the last

A Typewriter for the Vatican.

Mr. and Mrs. Hodgson of New Or

leans made a tour of Europe last sum-mer which included Rome and its sub-

urbs. Their guide through the Cat-

acombs was a venerable Trappist monk

He was discussing the ingenuity of the

Americans when Mrs. Hodgson asked

him if he had ever seen a typewriter. He said he had of course heard of

On expressing a desire to present one to his Holiness Mrs. Hodgson was re-

ferred by the monk to Mgr. Stoner, who assured them that the Holy Father

would accept the gift. On their return home they ordered a No. 5 Remington,

specially decorated and prepared with the special accents and other characters

necessary to enable the machine to

write any European language. The machine itself is said to the handsomest

It is finely finished in black enamel

with beautiful mother-of-pearl designs, including the Papal arms and other

In due time the machine was pre-

sented to His Holiness, promptly ac-

cepted, and a letter of thanks contain-

ing an Apostolic Benediction was sent

the donors through Archbishop Stonor.

Get the Best.

them, but had never seen one.

writing machine ever made.

insignia inlaid upon it.

'He that eateth My flesh and drink

Drink ye all of this.'

all-merciful Benefactor!

day.

the curse increases and multiplies.

And as has been said, the

by which thou hast forsaken me.

Thus is he excluded from the Church

If any man has not made his Easter

Its



BY TAKING

for eight years with Salt g that time, I tried a great s which were highly rect t none gave me relief. I vised to try Ayer's Sarsa-efore I had finished the ny hands were as **Eruptions**

ere. My business, which the driver, requires me to and wet weather, often s, but the trouble has i."—Thomas A. Johns, Sarsaparilla the World's Fair.

leanse the Bowels. HAT'S - Mustard

n's Pure Mustard



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NDON, Ont.

OUR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Bedtime

Three little girls are weary,
Weary of books and play:
Sad is the world and dreary,
Slowly the time slips away.
Six little feet are aching,
Bowed is each little head,
Yet they are up and shaking
When there is mention of bed.

Bravely they laugh and chatter, Just for a minute or two;
Then, when they end their clatter,
Sleep comes quickly to woo.
Slowly their eyes are closing,
Down again drops every head.
Three little maids are dozing,
Though they're not ready for bed,

That is their method ever, Night after night they protest, Claiming they're sleepy never, Never in need of their rest; Nodding and almost dreaming, Drowsily each little head Still is forever scheming, Merely to keep out of bed.

Children and Flowers. Wise and loving parents want their children to be educated to enjoy what s beautiful in art, in literature and in nature. They may question the influence of luxurious living, may fear the effect of elegant surroundings as inducing indolence of mind and body or as fostering a spirit of discontent, but they cannot think that a life of "plain living and high thinking" would exclude pleasure in a sunny sky or a modest flower. The little garden where the children are allowed to have a plot of their own affords one of the most innocent delights of childhood. The planting, the weeding, the watching for the first blossom, keep the whole family interested, and the most thoroughly natural and healthful pleasure a child can have. There is in all this a sense of ownership which is as unselfish as possession can be, for connected with it is usually the desire to give away the first fruits as an offering to friendship or charity.

The flower lover is almost always the flower giver, and nothing is sweeter than to see a dear child bring to the fond mother the first blossom from "my own garden."

The best and surest way to shut out evil thoughts is to furnish themes for good and pure and beautiful thoughts A mind engaged in the attention to beautiful things in nature has no place for that which is hateful and ugly and we cannot over-estimate the real value of flower culture as a part of children's education.

I have often wondered if the children we see stealing flowers do this entire ly from mischief, or if some do no really love the blossoms they cannot have at home. If they had early been taught a real appreciation of flowers, they would probably more highly regard their neighbors' rights in the matter. — Womankind.

A Little Helper.

A group of happy little children at play in a sunny field. Suddenly, at the voice of one of the group, the others circled around her, for she is the leader of her young playmates, this merry romping Eugenie, whose life is sheltered in a happy Christian home, from every breath of sorrow or of evil. There is a serious look in the bright young face, and old for her yearsshe is but seven-is the question and the reasoning that come from her lips

"If one of our dear playmates were locked up in a fiery prison, and if by saying a few words we could let her out, would we not gladly do it?"
"Yes, yes!" they all replied, not we cannot live, except by Christ, who will not rejoice, with his whole heart,

seeing, however, the meaning of her question. "Well, the suffering souls are in

the prison of Purgatory, and if we pray for them we can help them to get to heaven. Shall we not pray?"

The little apostle pleaded well for the and mercy to us, poor sinners! And how base is the ingratitude of that man who requires a law to force him to partake of God's infinite mercies!

suffering se once more after a butterfly When anything painful occurred to her, she was seen to close her lips bravely, but one very near her cou hear the soft whisper, "It is for the

Holy Souls. Thus in her very childhood did Eugenie de Smet begin her life-work,

o pray and suffer that the poor souls in Purgatory might be released from pain, and enjoy God forever.

When God intends that a soul shall do some great work for Him in this world. He gives that soul a trust in His promises that many other good people do not seem to have at all. Such souls possess the great grace of taking God at His word. Eugenie, even in her girlhood, had this great grace. Sometimes God tries such souls very, very hard, and, if they are faithful, this grace which we call faith stays with them ever after. Now Eugenie knew that God had said He would give anything that was asked in prayer to people who did not let their faith fail.

A day came when she wanted a white dress. She was at a convent school of the Sacred Heart, a boarding-school. A beautiful feast was coming, and if she didn't have a white dress she must go behind with white dress she must go behind with the children in dark dresses. Go behind and give up her own dear place so near the altar that she could see the Blessed Lord when the priest lifted up the Sacred Host in his hands? If her parents only knew that she needed the dress! but there was no time for a letter. She could only ask God for it, and wait and believe. So she knelt be fore the Blessed Sacrament and said a pleading little prayer for the white The public are too intelligent to purchase a worthless article a second time; on the contrary they want the best! Physicians are virtually unanimous in saying Scott's Emulsion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil. dress, and she closed her prayer with a promise-" Dear Lord, if You give me this dress so I can see You on the altar, I'll never doubt You all my life, and I'll go to You all my life for every

sion is the best form of Cod Liver Oil.

Excellent Reasons exist why Dr. THOMAS'
ECLECTRIC OIL, should be used by persons
troubled with affections of the throat or lungs,
sores upon the skin, rheumatic pain, corns,
bunions, or external injuries. The reasons
are, that it is speedy, pure and unobjectionable, whether taken internally or applied outwardly. How pleased the Sacred Heart must have been at this loving promise. How the Blessed Master longs to have us go to Him in every need, when He

thing I need from a pin to Heaven.

promises everything to the faith that

Eugene never mentioned her desire, her prayer. On her bed the morning of the feast she found the white dress. There was no one to thank for it but God; she had told no one else that she wanted it. If her parents or her teachers had thought of the need, it was God who had whispered the good thought to them. How earnestly she thanked Him! Years afterward, when she was dying, she smilingly spoke of that prayer and that promise, and said sweetly: "Thank God, I've never broken it." True enough! she had gone to Him in every need, "from a pin to heaven," and the story of her beautiful life is one golden chain of

answered prayers.

She kept always on the door of her room a picture that represented Christ feeding the sparrows and clothing the lilies. Our Blessed Lady she always called "Dear Lady of Providence" and "Opean of Providence" and "Queen of Purgatory." One day her if you set before you a distinct object father forbade her doing some good work she wanted to do. She wouldn't disobey her father, yet how could she changeable, you will come to no good. let the work go undone when God had inspired it? She didn't fret nor grow disagreeable, but went quietly, good-naturedly, to her room, knelt down and prayed: "Dear Blessed Mother! please make my father change his mind!" Then she waited, hoped and rusted. Wasn't God's Mother stronger than she was to remove her father's command? In a few moments he called her; "Eugenie," said he, "on second thought, I do not see why I should refuse you - you have my per-

mission for what you wish to do. Eugenie always wanted to be a nun, but she could never see a convent that she felt called to. Every good work that she undertook, succeeded. Her parish priest, whose "right hand" she was, thought she ought to remain in the world. But God knew best. From her early years she had every day said a little prayer to the Holy Ghost that she might know what the life was which God had chosen for her. It was a little prayer that her own loving, trusting, childish devoloving, trusting, childish devo-tion had put into words. God had a work for her to do. Some day He would whisper it God so softly that no one but Eugenie would hear it. That day came; it was one eve of All Souls at Benediction. God made known to her in that strange sweet, silent way that only God

souls before the people, and He had chosen her to found one! The holy souls in purgatory! Had she not thought of them always? Had she not all her life of twenty-eight years prayed herself and pleaded with others to pray for these dear suffering souls so helpless to help themselves?

esses, that there was no religious

Order that kept the thought of the holy

How many pledges she asked of God that she might really know that it was His voice that she had heard! And every one He granted. "The spoiled child of Providence," her friends called her. She could see no reason why people should be surprised that God did what He had promised to do; but it did surprise her that everyone didn't take God at His word.

Eugenie founded a religious Order in which the nuns work-always without pay — for the poor on earth, and they offer all that they do for the suf-fering souls of the dead. They have houses in France and England, and far off China; and in the spring of the present year they came to New York. In their humble little convent, 25 Seventh avenue, they will speak to others of their dear mother, whom God called to Himself twenty-one year ago. And they will plead with you to unite with them in working, praying and suffering for the dead. They are, indeed, helpers of the holy souls.

CHATS WITH YOUNG MEN.

Give Them Now. If you have gentle words and looks, m friends.

To spare for me—if you have tears to shed
That I have suffered—keep them not, I pray,
Until I hear not, see not, being dead.

If you have flow'rs to give—fair lily buds, White roses, daisies, meadow stars that be Mine own dear namesakes—let them smile an The air, while yet I breathe it, sweet for me

For loving looks, though fraught with tender And kindly tears, though they fall thick and fast, And words of praise, alas! can naught avail To lift the shadows from a life that's past. And rarest blossoms, what can they suffice, Offered to one who can no longer raze Upon their beauty? Flow'rsin coffins laid Impart no sweetness to departed days.

A Good Conversationalist. "The art of conversation," says distinguished writer, "consists in the exercise of two very fine qualities you must originate and you must sym pathize. You must possess at the same time the habits of communicating and the habits of listening. The union is rather rare, but it is irresistible." To listen sympathetically and to talk entertainingly are generally supposed to be two distinct qualifications, seldom if ever united in the same individual. and it would be well for those who desire to shine as talkers to study this golden means, and judiciously combine both accomplishments

Knew Where it was. Young Mr. Dumbleton, who is too economical to keep any extra collar buttons on hand, and who devotes a good share of his dressing moments to hunting for these wayward essentials of male attire, startled his mother the other morning by a more than usual overflow of emphatic language.

"What's the matter now?" she exclaimed.

a series of paralytic gasps. swallowed my collar button.

asks without staggering

Best for Wash Day remark able lastin and cleansin properties mak weet, clean, **SURPRISE** most white, with economical and the least Best for Every Day

lieved, "for once in your life you know where it is.

Have You an Aim? No man ever becomes great or wise or rich by accident. A young man's prosperity must depend upon himself. If you are industrious and frugal, and A man must have a purpose; he must make up his mind what he means to be and do, or he cannot reasonably hope to succeed in life.

Practical Philosophy. He who seeks the truth must be of

no country.
Wit is the god of moments, but genius is the god of ages.

The mind conceives with pain, but

it brings forth with delight Every man has just as much of vanity as he wants of understanding. A room hung with pictures is a room

hung with thoughts. Unless a tree has borne blossoms in spring, you will vainly look for fruit on it in autumn.

As the eyes are the windows from

which the soul looks out upon the world, hardly less are they the peepholes through which the world scruti nizes the very soul.

Self-will is so ardent and active, that it will break a world to pieces to make a stool to sit upon.

Gems of thought are seeds for the

No Spendthrift Sweetheart.

It is good for you to wish to hear the best music, to see the finest dramatic representations, and to hear the story of some wondrous land told by a good lecturer. But be bonest in your enjoyments.

You may find greater pleasure in the music, in the play or in the lecture, if you have a girl friend with you, but unless you can afford to take her, unless it means leaving a clear balance sheet, don't do it. Mr. Almighty Dol-lar, whose father is a millionaire many times, can afford to take the pretty girl you admire to the opera, pay five dollars apiece for the tickets, come after her in a carriage, and send her a huge box of flowers when flowers are worth their weight in gold. But you cannot afford to imitate him-honestly. But send your tiny bunch of violets, with your card attached, if you like, ask her to the theatre, and either walk there or go in the street cars. But because the other fellow does it, don't be small enough to feel that no pleasure s worth offering unless it is offered in

the most extravagant fashion. If this girl is worth your admiration she will appreciate your tiny posy, she will appreciate your reason for entertaining her in the simplest manner and, if she does not understand, don' waste your time with her-she doesn't come near your ideal. The girl who talks to you a great deal about the sweets one man sends her, the flowers that come from another, and the way another takes her out, is the girl who wants to have a pencil mark drawn through her name on your day-book, and opposite you should write, "Un-profitable, not worth cultivating." You are not living just for to day, con equently in making friends you are making them for life, and silly girls, foolish girls and extravagant girls are not worthy of consideration.

The Sons of the Rich.

The consciousness of wealth is always dangerous. When a young man comes to feel that because his father has wealth he has no need of personal exertion, he is doomed. Only the rar est natural gifts and the most exceptional training can save the sons of th rich from failure of the true ends of life. They may escape vice and attain to respectability, but for the most part they are hurt in some degree or respect The possession of wealth in the latter part of life, after one has earned or become prepared for it, may be not only not injurious, but healthful, though one ought to be able to live a high and happy life without it. But anything which lessens in a young man the feeling that he is to make his own way in the world is hurtful to the last de gree.

The Hope that Sustains.

Philosphers, statesmen and studious men, materially speaking, hope for the future by reason of the progress of the past, writes Joseph Howard, the well known journalist.

The hope which inspires statesmen and patriots is precisely that hope which takes hold of the young man, whether his career runs along the lane of love, the plane of ambition, or in the study, the workshop or the field. What would an invalid do were it not for hope? Succumb and die. What would the friends, the anxious rela-"Matter enough," he returned, with tives, the attentive nurse and the diagseries of paralytic gasps. "I've nosing physician do were it not for wallowed my collar button." this, the flattering tale told by the important factor, hope? The boy in

school hopes for the head of his class and a medal. The roundsman hopes to be sergeant, he a captain, he an inspector, he the chief. We find it everywhere. Fremont hoped to find a path across the Rocky Mountains. What was it that cheered him, soothed his adventurous spirit, enabling him to endure the privations of hunger and of thirst, renewing his strength, like the eagles, day after day? Was it not the hope of ultimate triumph over nature's monumental obstacles

One thing is certain. We can all

we each and every one have an ambition of some kind-a desire for this or that, with a hope of ulti-mately securing it. It is very for-tunate for us that hope does tell a flattering tale. False hope gives many a man true courage. The differences existing between the hopes of men are time, their thought, their purpose, their industry, their effort, in the hope of being rich, of amassing money Sometimes they get it, oftener they don't. The mercantile registers tell us that of every hundred men who go into business ninety five fail lutely. Of the other five, three are tolerably successful and two become notably prosperous. Those ninety five, however, were buoyed by hope, precisely as the five, and with quite as Gems of thought are seeds for the mind, and if planted in a rich soil, will bear fruit a hundred fold in the form of a meditation, a speech, or a form of a meditation, a speech, or a speech or a speech of a meditation of a meditation of a meditation of a meditation of a speech of a much reason. It seems to me that ings, every one of whom is born weakling; every one of whom, with-out exception, has disappointments, bereavements, downs as well as ups, vicissitudes in fortune, ailments, embarrassments and disappointments, leading, as it were, a kind of song and dance life from the beginning to the end. Thank fortune, however, we have that medicine. Some of us it cures, none of us does it hurt. Hope springs eternal in the human breast and, even though its tale be flatteryeven though it is now and then dashed to the ground-it is, from start to finish, the one elixir which makes life a possibility of the mainspring of endeavor.

Stray Chips of Thought.

Even the honest man has use for nowledge of dishonesty. Need of charity teaches

value A knowledge of the forms of courtesy is less essential than the practice of its facts.

There is no more dangerous disease than wanting to get rich in a hurry.

The late Lord Leighton took infinite pains with his lectures on art, re writ-

ing one of them thirteen times.

The value of self-control as a hygienic agent is very great. It prevents waste of vitality in feeling, emotion and passion. It helps to give one a mastery over pain and distress, rather than it a mastery over us.

has no more effect on him than his con-

There is nothing that pushes a man downward so fast as to lose the respect of his fellows. Let him perceive that he is regarded with contempt, and he will soon be worthy of it. Let his efforts be slighted, and he will gradually cease to put them forth. Let him be taunted with his ignorance, and it may become even denser. No aid, however generous; no instruction, however valuable; no compassion, however sincere, can do their true work for him, if they are unmingled with a certain deference which is born of respect.

"It's the Little Things That Count."

"It's the Little Things That Count."

The true philosophy of happiness is to be well fed and warmly clad and not to realize that there is anything else to desire. We may indeed have dined well and be warmly dressed, without being contented, but we certainly can't be contented while we are hungry and cold. Life is a monotonous grind at best, and we can only equip ourselves as comfortably as possible for the inevitable work, taking pleasure out of any new idea which aids us in outwitting Dame Nature's frosty embraces. The interlining of winter clothing with Fibre Chamois is a new and splendid idea for providing a completely wind and rain proof warmth at a very slight expense.

expense.

Dyspepsia or Indigestich is occasioned by the want of action in the biliary duets, loss or vitality in the stomach to secret the gastric juices, without which digestion cannot go on also, being the principal cause of headache Parroglese Vegetable Pills taken befor juices, without which digestion cannot go on; also, being the principal cause of headache. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills taken before going to bed, for a while, never fail to give relief and effect a cure. Mr. F. W. Ashdown, Ashdown, Ont., writes: "Parmelee's Pills are taking the lead against ten other makes which I have in stock."

THE MOST remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sar-saparilla. It is unequalled for all Blood Diseases.

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The great demand for a pleasant, safe and reliable antidote for all affections of the throat and lungs is fully met with in Bickle's anti-Consumptive syrup. It is a purely Vegetable Compound, and acts promptly and magically in subduing all coughs, colds, bronchitis, inflammation of the lungs, etc. It is so palatable that a child will not refuse it, and is put at a price that will not exclude the poor from its benefits,

CURED OF SCIATICA.

The Experience of a Bruce Co. Farmer – Suffered so Severely that he Be-came Almost a Helpless Cripple—is Again Able to be About His Work as well as Ever.

From the Walkerton Telescope.

During the past few years the Telesope has published many statements giving the particulars of cures from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They were all so well authenticated as to leave no doubt as to their complete truthfulness, but had any doubt re-mained its last vestige would have been removed by a cure which has recently come under our personal observation. It is the case of Mr. John Allen, a prominent young farmer of the town-ship of Greenock. Mr. Allen is so well ship of Greenock. known in Walkerton and the vicinity adjoining it, that a brief account of his as wide as the essential separations of the men themselves. Hundreds of thousands of men devote their entire interest to our readers. During the early part of the summer of while working in the bush, Mr. Allan



was seized with what appeared to him

to be rheumatic pains in the back and shoulders. At first he regarded it as

but a passing attack, and thought that it would disappear in a day or two. On the contrary, however, continued to grow worse, and it was not long before he had to give up work altogether. From the back the pains shifted to his right leg and hip, where they finally settled, and so completely helpless did he become that he was unable to do more that walk across the room, and then only with the aid of crutches. Of course, he consulted the doctors, but none of them seemed able to do him any good. People in speaking of his case, always spoke pityingly. it being generally thought that he had passed from the world of activity, and that he was doomed to live and die a cripple. We are free to confess that this was our own view of the matter, and our surprise, therefore, can be readily imagined when some few weeks ago, we saw this self-same John Allen driving through the town on the top of a large load of grain. Great, however, as was our surprise at first, it became still greater when on arriving at the grist mill, he proceeded to jump nimbly from the load, and then with the greatest apparent ease began to unload the heavy bags of grain. Curious to know what it was that had brought this wonderful change, we took the first envenient enportunity to ask 'Well," said he, in reply, "I am as well a man as I ever was, and I attribute my cure to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to nothing else." Mr. Allen then gave us in a very frank manner, the whole story of his sickness, and his cure, the chief points of which we have set forth above. After consulting two physicians and finding no relief he settled down to the conviction that his case was a hopeless one. He lost confidence in medicines, and when it was suggested that he should give Pink Pills a trial he at first absolutely refused. However, his friends persisted, and finally he agreed to give them a trial. The effect was beyond his most sanguine expectations, as the Pink Pills have driven away every trace of his pains, and he is able to go about his work as usual. As might be expected, Mr. Allen is loud in his praise of Pink Pills, and was quite willing that the facts of his case should be given publicity, hoping that it might catch the

eye of afflicted. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act directly upon the blood and nerves, building them anew and thus driving disease from the system. There is no trouble due to either of these causes which Pink Pills will not cure, and in hun dreds of cases they have restored patients to health after all other reme dies had failed. Ask for Dr. Williams Pink Pills and take nothing else. genuine are always enclosed in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." May be had from all dealers or sent post paid on receipt of 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50,1 by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

of someone who was similarly

PROTECTION from the grip, pneumonia, diphtheria, fever and epidemics is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It makes Pure Blood. There is nothing equal to Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfac-