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THE CATHOLIC RECORD

1V. THE DOG'S MESSAGE.

e morning the boy failed to come the shop, although the sun shone the south wind blew warm across outhern hills. From time to time

farrier glanced at the empty anvil with Baydaw at his feet, and woned that the place should seem so

ely. More than once he went to the r, and stood under the shed outside, nutty hand before his eyes, watch the street for his little friend and ellow dog. He even looked at the ron gate up the street to see if the maid's cap might be visible she stood watching the young But, no ; there was no sign her friend or dog ; and at noon

to doctor a sick horse, and did turn all the day.

to make his appearance. The glanced at the empty anvil time you, farrier. ain. More than once he turned k to the boy who "ought," he could not have said a word though life "to be there." Finally he

aw it over the empty seat and YOY pack to look after a horseshoe he oft in the fire. somehow, to day the hammer

ring to suit him. He tried it the glowing shoe, then he tried on the anvil. Then suddenly he above his head, and tossed it in with such force that he sent did, ever so faintly : g through the door, where it

hree times in the air, and fell soft little sizzling squarely into rier ?" k tub, and sank out of sight. the farrier did not notice. reply, but drew back, with a low cry He

little boy that it must be a very I, Russia ul thing that would cause him y taking off, or trying to take He had resolved to go apron.

what was the matter. gave the apron-strings a

Week) ieenstow rn Ticketø set that he jerked the apronsuch a hopelessly hard

REAL. rubbed his head against the s and whined. 'The smith ad took from the dog's mouth white paper which the boy' folded into a note and The farrier wasn't he made out that his little re. ery sick, and had sent for Sec. up to the house. He remove his apron, or to olds, from the nail, or to faster oor. Indeed, there were .h. said he even carried hi in ou it how could he, with the Whoopthe bottom of the slack tub? wever, at once, his big der my it value ns. The Sold by CO., . City. ed up the hill by the dog en sent to fetch him.

seat, and to heave it out of he should door into a hole there, and teep flight the ram. ver with leaves and earth, so uldn't see it again. Though whither he he see anything, gruff old er. What

that he was, with the big ding his eyes. h an accile boy had been very, very Elizabeth father had sat by his bed all you, and ight, while his mother had nere there other side praving. He

think." "Very odd, sir," said the smith very odd, sir, said the shifth; very odd, indeed. I misdoubts they don't cry very often sir." "No" said the boy, "but mothers do. Mine cried all night. You won't

plain attire.

SVO

Mad dog

voman.

trange customer.

their stones, passed on.

he open end of the box upon which

re his friend was accustomed to forget to take the dog along with you, farrier ?" "Sure, sir, I'll keep him all right till you come after him," said the

smith. "On, but I am going away," cried the boy. "I shall not come to the shop again, because I am going very far away. But mother says I needn't

be afraid at all, and I am not ; because mother wouldn't tell me if it was not all right. But I cannot take my dog, so I give him back to you. Father dear, give me your hand on this side aith shut the shop door and went please. And, come closer, farrier ; I

can't seem to see you. You'll keep the dog for old times? I can't come to next morning the boy again your shop again, but I'll not forget The big farrier dld not reply : he

had hung upon his speaking. He could only choke back the great sob that the shop, and jerking an old, apron from a nail in the wail, rose in his throat, and put out his big, grimy hand to feel for the dog's head. His great fingers touched the tiny ones of the little boy, who had grown

into his big man's heart in such a very little while. The little boy who had taught him that even a dog may be a thing of affectionate care. The small The small fingers scarcely moved, though the lips

"He has a nice tail. I always liked his tail. You will not forget, far-The farrier leaned over the bed to

ot even remember that he had of pain, as though something had hurt him. The little boy had gone upon that long journey of which he had said ow away his hammer. He was he was "not afraid."

big house of the president

It was a day in August. A hot, suitry day, when work was not to b hadow fell across the doorway, ething brushed the good thought of, and even play was a bur den. A group of idle boys sat upon the curbstone of a pavement before th egs. When he looked down the yellow cur Baydaw, he

door of the very last house of a stree that led into the heart of the cit The boys were not plotting any grea the had to cut them apart by ischief ; they were only idle, loafing about the street in mischief's way

So, when mischief came in sight, the ested the bootblack's chair. casped, and turned to the lady ; her were not slow to grasp it. They were talking of the river a little further on. and of the swimming there, and cal asked but an instant, and then th ady dropped the skirt of her gray culating, cooly, the ways and mean of getting there and back in sufficien rge dress over the opening int time to throw suspicion off their tracks hich the dog had disappeared. when again they should confront their

ν.

A VAGABOND,

There are some circumstances in which boys of a certain class are ripe for any mischief they may chance The present was one of that class of circumstances, and these boys were of just that class. While they sat there on the curbstone, waiting, planning, a dog came into view. n, when the smith returned yellow, wobegone, weary looking dog, covered with the dust and dirt of the p, the first thing he did was road. There were blood-stains upon mpty anvil that had been

his yellow jacket, and poor dumb wounds that told without words the cruel adventures of the highway. He had a frightened, hang dog look about bim, too, and his red tongue protruded from between his foam flecked jaws, as he panted for breath. Evidently, in

spite of his sorrows, the dog had made sport somewhere for some cruel Philistines; for his once long, bushy tail was shaved, leaving it ouite ch hair, except for the shaggy bunch at the end. His body had been treated in the same way: it was quite smooth, except for the big, shaggy mane around his neck. He was a most comia good deal to them ; he was ing, and for the time the dog was safe. When they were gone the lady said, "That will do now," in her own pleasant voice, and gave the boy a coin. The bootblack shook his head ; cal looking dog, indeed, and a still more comical looking lion. There was somehow he still felt that they were fellow plotters; he could not think of a wild something in the furtive, frightcharging her anything. Besides, he ened glance that he shot here and had seen the gloves with their fresh there, as if mindful of the chance patches. stone ; or, it might be, the friendly if you please, papa." le farrier was sent for at "The boots was so little, ma'am, hand extended. he said, "they warn't worth nothin When the dog first came into view one of the boys npon the curbstone nohows. The lady smiled ; her eyes were very bounded to his feet, and shouted : soft and tender now, and there was an unmistakable mist in their blue depths. "A lion ! Instantly the others followed his She knew this boy was poor, very very poor; and then there was the cur lead ; there was not a boy among them but recognised the comical idea that under the box. had transformed the yellow cur into "What will you do with him ?" she the tawny lion. In an instant they asked, making a little gesture down-

HE FARRIER'S DOG AND speak to the child. But the boy saw times thrust the implements of his pro-HIS FELLOW. him, and was the first to speak : If fession when it raised, or when he had wished for a dog. He had been too him, and was the first to speak: "Why, farrier," said he, "I thought you were crying. It would be odd to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" be add to see a blacksmith cry, I though "U black" blacksmith cry, I though "U blacksmith"U blacksmith"U blacksmith cry, I though "U blacksmith"U blacksmith cry, I though "U blacksmith"U blacksmith"U blacksmith cry, I though "U blacksmith"U blacksmith"U blacksmith cry, I though "U blacksmith"U bla in crossing the street, that the city sprinkler had made. The bootblack he felt that he had no choice but to adopt the stray. Then, too, there was wasn't accustomed to blacking the boots of women. He didn't know how nobody whose permission he had to ob tain; he was all alone in the world, to manage their feet exactly; and this had always been so, so far as he knew, was such a small foot that it was quite He remembered that once when a little lost in the palm of his big hand. She boy he had run away from a family wasn't a rich woman, evidently ; just a who claimed to have picked him up or thoroughly neat and cleanly one. She the streets, where he had been deserted. They had treated him he had been wore a dress of the plainest gray serge and her gloves hadbeen freshly darned. miserably, and at last he had run away. Another boy, a street gamin She would, probably, walk home, to some distant part of the suburbs, to like himself, had instructed him in the save the car fare that would go towards pay ment for the bootblacking. art of bootblacking, and had presented him with his own outfit when a farmer Yet, there was that about her face, the had volunteered to give him work and look of her eyes, and the shape of her a home at his place in the country. mouth, that corresponded to that some-The boy's business was not a large thing in her character which could not ne, but he had managed to pay for a little room in a shanty at the end of a quiet street in the rougher part of the olerate the muddy shoe, and made the boy recognize the fact that she was a gentlewoman, notwithstanding the ity. True, he had only a pallet there, He took the small foot between his

but the room was his own, the pallet big enough for two, and the dog, "the alms, and began to brush. While at its task he heard shouts, and, glancing ther stray," he called it, was welcome o share both with him. up, he saw the hurrying crowd of The dog would doubtless go hungry

oys, and the flying stones and sticks. Now," said he, "I wonder what any times, but he would always have is part of the pallet, that was certain ; hem boys is a chasin' of ; like as not and it was the best the boy could do ; t's a cat; or else a boy what's litller'n obody can do more. they be, and can't get out o' the way, He wouldn't have invited a dog to

declare for it, boys is so mean ; some ome and live with him on those terms, out if one chose to come of his own ac-The lady said nothing ; she was ord, why, that was quite another watching the bootblack, whose gaze natter.

was fixed upon that speck of flying He couldn't quite feel, however, that the dog's life was secure from the mob of boys who had been chasing him. He felt that they would come back to look for him; indeed, vellow fur hurrying down the street. "I declare," he shouted, "if it ain't a dog they're chasin'. Nothin' but a poor, lame cur. Boys is so mean ; some boys." they had cast more than a passing The dog was limping now, but mak-

glance at the big box as they went ing all possible haste. A flying stone had struck one of his hind legs. The y; it was the presence of the lady, and her very cross air, perhaps ; that had prevented their stopping to search. He was right ; the boys had lost track lady still said nothing ; she was watching the bootblack, studying his char-acter it might be. The crowd came of the dog, and having lost him the men who had come out to look on be-

arer; the shouts became more distinct ; there was but one cry gan to laugh at them, and to call out "Mad dog! hit him! kill him! to them to know where their mad dog had gone. At last they determined to retrace their steps; the dog had clearly dodged, not escaped. They went straight back to the bootblack. Suddenly the hunted, doomed thing ifted its weary, dust blinded eyes to

he pavement, and saw the boy and the Instantly, as though heaven He was busily cleaning his brushes tself had directed its steps, the cur when the leader of the gang stopped to scaped behind the legs of the men accost him : who had come out to see what was the occasion of the uproar, and darted into

'I say now, have you seen a dog ?"

The bootblack looked up. "Many's the one," said he. The other boys began to laugh.

"I say now, said the first one, yes were fixed upon his ; clearly, each ' have you seen a stray ? A runaway og pass this way ?"

"A mad dog, you better say," birped in the boy who had been the rst to discover "the lion" at the end f the street. 'Oh," said the bootblack, "you

by gasped again, and was about to peak ; but quickly the small, freshly arned glove touched his arm : nean that there ugly mad dog you yas all runnin' after awhile ago? Is t him yov've lost?" "Do you just be quiet," said the range customer. "And now black

"Yes," they cried, "did he come this way ?'

hat other boot, and be quick !" The boy gave a low whistle; h "You bet your life he did," said the cognized that they were fellow conootblack. ootblack. "You ought to know that, ou was all followin' of bim." pirators for the life of the dog. Th next moment he fell to work blacking 'But we lost him," said the leader. away for dear life, the very busies "We lost him right along here. Which way did he go?" The bootblack stepped to the edge of bootblack that ever plied a brush. Aud the crowd, jeering, shouting, orandishing their sticks and gathering the pavement and looked up the street. They had lost

As nigh as I can make out," said track of the dog. Neither had they taken special notice of the industrious he, "I was busy at that time, but nigh as I can make out, he come straight boy blacking the boots of the crossest down that there street, and he was headed for that way, fast as his legs could carry him. I think he met his lady ever seen, if looks went for any thing. They wouldn't have dared could carry him. I think he met his speak to her, still less have dared ask friends somewhere down the street, her to let them look under her skirts and they took him ; anyhows I'd think

" There, there, now," said the boy, "come out, can't you, and take a bite o'dinner? The lady said you was to, and them's her compliments. Wil ou come out now ?" He was talking to him as though he'd beeu a human being. He always talked to the dog so, always after that. He began it that first day, and he always kept it up. It seemed as though the dog understood, too, for with a great effort. and after falling back more than once he staggered to his feet, and crept out apon the pavement. Poor fellow, in deed. Poor, poor fellow. Could this dilapidated thing be the fat, fortunate Baydaw? Ah, farrier, how you have neglected your trust ! The bootblack coaxed the dog off to a corner, near by, and fed him the bits of meat he had ought for him, talking the while in a gentle, coaxing way, to which the

poor tail responded as gracefully as its tattered condition would permit. "Poor fellow," said the boy, "poor ellow; he's a stray, too, that he is, Picked up off'n the streets, too, same a me. I reckon we're like one 'nother no folks, no home, no nothin' ; I reckor ve're fel

And right there, if you please, is "Fellow" enters the story The dog ate his dinner greedily, if not gracefully, for he was a hungry dog indeed, and all the while the shaver ail was busy making acknowledgments.

"I reckon a boy and a dog is most alike anyhow," said the bootblack only there's this diff'rence ; if a dog gits tired of it he can up and die, but a boy-he's got to fight it out some-hows." "It" meaning life; poor fel

hows." "It" meaning life; poor fel low. "But we'll stand by one 'nother, reckon, and try to be real fellows, maybe?" And the poor tail made the proper acknowledgment. "That's a nice tail," said the boy,

and then the dog looked up. There certainly was something familiar in that compliment. "Yes, sir, that's a right nice tail, or would be if it was let to grow out again. It's got a real crinkle to it. Say, now! I wonder if some little boy somewhere ain't been sort o' fond o' you, anyhow?'

Was it fancy, or did the big, dustlinded eyes look up knowingly? Were there tears in them? Was the poor stray thinking of the dear little boy who had thought that such a lovely crinkle? Was he wondering where the boy had gone? Did he know that those he had left behind would have

spared themselves many luxuries to have at that moment possessed them selves of that same bushy tail and its owner, dilapidated though he was?

The stray lay under the box all the ng hot afternoon. At dark the bootblack stooped and called to him softly : "Crink?" said he, "Crinkle, old

boy? It's time we was a gettin' home ith us. That night they lay on the pallet together, the dog and his fellow. The bruises were bound up, and the injured eg doctored a bit, and then they had bite of supper, and lay down to rest. The dog curled up thankfully at the Fellow's feet, safe from stones and sticks and those other ills that follow he fortunes, or misfortunes, of a stray. The bootblack had never been so happy, the dog, perhaps, never so grateful. This was the first of their days together. and a fair example of many that followed. They were fast friends, and faithful. Sometimes there was but a

rust, but it was conscientiously divided into two equal parts ; and once when the crust was quite too small to think of dividing, the boy went sup perless. They had a hard lot, both of them ;

for the boy was miserably poor; and then, strive as he would to protect his

THE DAVISON CASE

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natter how virulent or how stubbo vields speedily and infallibly to Dodd's idney Pills.

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A NEW TREATMENT. The demonstration which commenced three months ago at the request of a number of the clergy and temperance workers in this city, still goes on with results in scores of cases, many of which were nuterly hopeless and who had tried other cures in vain, and who are now leading sober lives, have convinced the most skeptical that an up-to-date, perma-ment and radical physical cure for the liquor and morphise habits has been discovered which entirely does away with the antiquated and objectionable hypodermic injection treat-ment.

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Are you a sufferer with corns? If you are

Every form of Kidney Disease, no A. T. Davison, of Lucknow, was Dodd's Kidney Pills also cure Lum-

A NEW TREATMENT.

There is nothing miraculous about this new

r going to sible little fellow, and very ce the old d full of faith in his parents. h's cottage ock in the morning the them he was to have anyown. His he called for. the manig can hurt him now." the nd told her said. And, hearing this, ling built amp for an' d called out in his pretty, ith rheum. d like to see my old friend gest sister edigger at

dry house, boy's request they sent own. The her bound. ch him, with the note the ritten h be could timent, he ig, burly figure of the ed in the door, the boy s little white hand and

some truth sed by the end : for you to give you back Bidding said he ; and the h, he went h he understood, crept on in law's John the boped for d's side, in easy reach of ended to stroke the soft,

nice dog, and I like him , although and I've sent for you to under his n her little onfidently, to'd Aunt the best to you. re now," said the faram I to do with him,

keep him out of the uch as my hese words led ; he knew well that never be in danger of parent was e dog, and he has a I always liked his tail,

given rise in those a father to ix children e farmer's at has forcommand-end. tiny fingers.

ected.

n his arm-

ing cough is the warning 's Emulsion these cases,

raised a cry, and the dog took to its heels, with every boy after him. As they ran, each boy seized a stone. At

last the idle ones had found something with which to amuse themselves. They ran straight for the city, and, before they had gone half a block, they were joined by others, who grasped their stones likewise, and raised their

Crv. People ran out of their houses to see what was the matter, and a woman, seeing the hurrying crowd, with a stray dog fleeing from its missiles, rushed through her gate and dragged a little child in off the pavement. As

, I believe you always e farrier, "and I hope, ways may." weary, homeless cur was to make a last med not to be listening struugle for his life. though the small hand

structure for his hile. To the boys who had started the chase it was such fun; such fan for the boys; such certain death for the dog. At one end of a particularly crowded bueiners struct a backhild troke the cur's head : The dog started up, as a beautiful crinkle." business street, a bootblack had a stand.

was low, and the words It wasn't a particularly imposing stand, for the boy's strength merely a chair which could be folded The next moment | up and shoved into a niche in the walls, ad asked them please to a stool for customer's feet to rest upon, la friend the farrier ; he a box, and some brushes. The chair

ward. The boy shook his head again. "I dunno; but I'll keep them there boys off'n him, sure."

The mist was gathering in the lady's lue eyes ; clearly she must get away. "Well," said she, still holding out the coin, " when that crowd of young ruffians is safely out of sight, buy the

him it is his dinner, with my compliments. was gone, and the bit of silver was ly-ing upon the seat of the chair which she had lately occupied. The bootblack looked at it quizzically.

she did so, she unconsciously, without malice, should " Mad dog!" That was quite enough ; the crowd doubled in two minutes and the poor,

added indignantly. mean ; some boys."

The bootblack argued wisely that he

had best let the dog be until sure the hunt for him was over. "It won't hurt him none to rest a bit, I'll be bound," he told himself; "and then maybe he'll eat his dinner

the farrier; he a box, and some brusnes. The chair "and then maybe he if eat his dinner" The shaggy head boxed aside, and motioned that had been a box; one end of it still stand nearer the bed, and open. Into this the bootblack some. There was a note of exultation in a friendly wag.

VI.

THE FELLOW.

for a runaway mad dog, a vagabond you boys had better mind how you gits cur. They passed on, suspecting noth- to chasin' other people's dogs; first When they were gone the lady in trouble."

"Shucks !" said one, " this was just a mad dog. We're goin' to find him and kill him."

there way," and the bootblack pointed down the street. A moment, and the crowd had disappeared down street, also, bent upon finding the unlucky vagabond that was at that moment

hidden safely in the box of his new friend. The boy let him be until noon. Then

he stepped down the street a little way and bought some meat at a butcher's stall. When he went back he stooped down upon his knees to look at his new companion. The dog was lying stretched out upon the bottom of the

box, still too weary and bruised to stir. Such a dilapidated dog, so torn and broken and covered with dust and foam, you would have to look again, and yet again, before you were ready to admit that the poor, miserable stray was Baydaw, the petted treasure of the little boy who

og a bone with that. You may tell Yet it was he. What misfortune. what unlucky turn of fate had cast him out upon the charity of the world ? And before the boy could speak she And where was our good friend, the

farrier, who had promised to care for the creature left him ? The bootblack knew nothing of the cur's history, to be sure. He only knew that he had stumbled upon a thing in need, "a weary fellow creature," he called it, "Women is so good," he declared, as he bent over his brushes ; "women and with a grace well becoming more lucky mortals, he bowed his shoulders for the burden misfortune had thrown in his path. He remained upon his is so good. But boys is mean," he "Boys is so knees looking in at the tired creature, his own lonely heart going out with a great pity for the friendless vagabond.

"Poor fellow," said he, coaxingly. "Poor old fellow : he's jist frazzled out, that's what he is." The quick instinct of the brute detected the friendly tone in the voice. The shaggy head was lifted, and the poor, dilapidated tail made a feeble at-tempt to acknowledge the sympathy by

friend, there were times when the dog thing you know, you'll find yourselves suffered from abuse. His first enemies, the street boys, would not forget that he was a stray, a vagabond.

They felt privileged to abuse him. But, nota od kill him." but, hot-"Well," said the bootblack, "the last I seen of him he was headed that there was "seen up of him he was headed that the old crinkle came back, more wavy, more glossy, more bushy than ever. If only he had not been so lean he would have been a very nice looking dog in-deed. His leanness was deplorable ; it

was the result of starvation. "Slow starvation," the bootblack said ; and whenever he said it, and ran his

fingers over the dog's yellow coat and felt the ribs sharp and forbidding, he would fight the tears back and "allow they'd have better luck another day. TO BE CONTINUED.

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