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THE CATHOLIC RECORD able critics no doubt would have des-

Or, the Chapel of the Holy Angels. BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE AUSTRALIAN DUKE; OR, THE NEW UTOPIA," ETC.

URIEL:

"But who ever dreams of putting prophecies into plain' English ?" said Mabel, " or trying to get any sense out of them ?"

"I beg your pardon, young lady," said Paxton, looking at her out of his great bush of black hair and beard, "but there must be sense in anything that is worth listening to; so we must try to get at what is hidden away in this." Mr. Paxton was much too great a

cience that nervousness is due man not to be humored, as both Mabel

good fortune of the Pendragons began "For the last two years I have been a great sufferer with nervous prostration and papitation of the heart. I was weak in my limbs and had smothered sensa-tions. At last my physician advised me to try Hood's Sarsaparilla which I did and I am happy to say that I am now strong and well. I am still using Hood's Sarsaparilla and would not be without it. I recommend it to all who are saffering with nervous prostration and palpitation of the heart." MRS. DALTON, 66 Allee St., Toronto, Ontario. Get Hood's, because

sorry interpretation, indeed," he said. this were so, the fortune of the family should have begun to flow again

as soon as the younger son had filled his brother's place. It don't fit in. Either your Alice Spier the Span was a humbug, or there is more to come." "I have not the least objection to your passing that judgment on old Alice's reputation as a seer," said Lindesay ; " her rhyme is not exactly part of the canon of Scripture, and I have but told the tale as it was told to me.

"And exceedingly grateful we are to the teller," said Lady Annabel. "Let us hope, from the interest Mr. Paxton has shown in the narrative, he will some day give it to us in a poetic

Mr. Paxton laughed. "If I do, my lear madam," he said, "it will not be till I got the sequel, and with that Mr. indesay has not yet favored us." The guests now began to separate

those who had to seek their homes gradually took their leave and disappeared ; and as the family party also proke up, Geoffrey, was ushered to his own apartment, well pleased that the first half of his penitential exercise at

Swinburne was happily over.

CHAPTER VI. SEOFFREY IN AN UNEXPECTED POSI-

TION.

The breakfast-bell at Swinburne did not ring before half-past nine o'clock, a much later hour than any to which Geoffrey was accustomed ; and, as according to his wont, he had risen considerably earlier, and on descending below had found no vestige of animated existence, he had sallied forth into the grounds to look about him, and enjoy the invigorating influence of a sharp frosty morning in the open air. Very different, indeed, was the scene pre-THE CAPITAL CITY LEADS. sented, even in winter time, by Swin-burne Park, with its rare and magnificent evergreens, its close shaven turf, and its acres of glass houses, to the old fashioned garden of Laventor, which Geoffrey loved to keep in the trimmest order, but on which, as on everything else in the Laventor estab lishment, there was stamped that character of "homeliness" which fashion

LOOK OUT FOR BREAKERS AHEAD

pised, but which has proved so attract. ive to Aurelia Pendragon Geoffrey was leaning over a stone balustrade. gazing at the slopes of the park, and considering within himself whether south downs or short horns would be the best quality of animal to put upon such a bit of land, when the unmistakable whiff of a cigar came upon his olfactory senses, and a step on the gravel behind him warned him that he was not alone. He turned and recognized without dismay the black bush of hair owned by Mr. Paxton. Without dismay, for wholly indifferent to that gentleman's pretensions as the literary dictator of the age, and perhaps not very accurately posted as to his claims on that position, Geoffrey had re marked him only on the previous evening as one whose conversation he could understand, and who seemed to say precisely what he meant without using any roundabout expressions. Such would have been Geoffrey's criticism on the greatest word master of the day, had he ever dreamed of passing any criticism at all on the subject, nor is it to be doubted that Paxton would have appreciated his judgment as a far better compliment than many lavished on him by editors and reviews. For himself, he was so habituated by long cus tom to the study of characters and of

countenances, that after passing through a score or so of drawing-rooms, all filled with specimens of humanity, masculine and feminine, who seemed finished off to order in about three or four models, all more or less artificial, to come upon this unsophisticated bit of honest English nature, looking so out of harmony with the men and women around him, piqued the great artist's curiosity, and he was not displeased with the chance meeting which gave him an opportunity of further examination.

"A bad habit, I am aware, Mr. Houghton," he said, as he threw away the remains of his early cigar ; "but what is one to do in a household where the idea of the breakfast-hour oscillates between nine and eleven ?"

"It's amazing," replied Geoffrey 'why, the afternoon must be beginning before they have ended the morn-How could one get through busiing. ness that way ?"

"I fancy," replied Paxton, "that business is, perhaps, the last idea that would intrude itself on the mind of any

resident at Swinburne." "I don't see why," said Geoffrey : "not business, perhaps, in the way of shops, or - or - anything of that sort ; but every man has his business."

"You mean," said Paxton, delighted to disentangle the thoughts of his companion, and assist him to find a ongue, 'you mean that a man's business is his work, and that no man is worthy of being called a man who has no work to do, or who does not do it ?' Geoffrey was greatly astonished to find that he had meant to say so much, but on reflection he agreed in his companions interpretation of his thoughts and expressed his agreement by the brief ejaculation "just so."

"I have heard Mr. Wyvern spoken of as a great worker," continued Pax-"I have now spent three day ton : with him, and I have not yet been so fortunate as to discover his line, un

"Wyvern does not do himself justice," said Geoffrey, whose esteem for his friend was a motive powerful enough to drive him to find his English "He works, yes, certainly; is always at it, one thing or another; but,

"Yet he is called a genius," said

xton.

the running after great people and geniuses, and the trying to make to himself ; "they are all beside them. selves, and so, I think, am I. everybody stand in an attitude and aswonder if Mary has thought about the sume a character-well, all that is dinner? Thank heaven, there's the dog cart." The vehicle in question at that worldly, too, and quite as unreal, though, perhaps, it can put on a better show. But you are right in your principle, which, I take it, is this, that moment appeared ; and in it the three gentlemen having taken their seats all worldliness is vulgar.

"My stars !" cried Geoffrey, in irrepressible surprise, "what a thing it is to have the use of one's tongue! I didn't know I had said that; but it is and possibly to the envy of morethan as true as the Gospel, and that is why Julian Wyvern can never be seen to advantage in such an atmosphere. He has not a spark of the world about him.

"I am sure of it," said Paxton, only when he is a little older, and has knit himself together a little more tightly, he will come to understand that in every atmosphere a man should venture to be *himself*. He need not assume one sort of affectation to escape another. You don't do so, Mr. Houghton, if you will excuse the freedom of every one to feel at home with him. such a remark."

The passing reference to himself escaped Geoffrey's notice : he was considering how he could put in a good word for his friend, whom he sincerely believed that Paxton did not appreciate.

"Wyvern returns with me to day, he said, " and I would lay any wager we shall not have got out of the park gates until he will be himself again. I wish you could see him as he is at like so many violin cases, imparting Laventor ! you would not know him no music to one another, and perhaps having none to impart. But let one for the same fellow.

"Thank you," said Paxton, "I should like immensely to accept your and it needs but a touch to call out invitation. I hardly know anything I some melodious notes; and if, as should like so much.

Geoffrey was startled, and began to wonder what invitation he had given. It seemed to him that his companion possessed a wonderful gift of making him say a great deal more than he sensibly felt by all, the vast superiorhimself was conscious of saying, or ity of the master intellect is scarcely guessed. And so it came to pass that, even of thinking ; but there was no time for explanation, as at that mobefore he had been an hour in the ment the breakfast-bell sounded, and house, Mrs. Houghton had assured her they hastened back to the house. daughters that Geoffrey's new friend

Not a little curious were the looks which some of the party directed tofirst inclination had been to remain wards the two gentlemen as they silent and awe-struck, was able to entered together. They seemed such impart to Geoffrey the consoling news strange-matched companions, and what was to Mabel the most extraordinary feature of the case, Geoffrey Houghton This gratifying intelligence was im-parted in her brother's study, when appeared so wholly unconscious that he guests and the other members of there was anything remarkable about the family had retired to their respectit. ve apartments, previous to re-assem-

"A thousand pardons," began Mr. Paxton ; "I had no intention of keep ng you all waiting ; but Mr. Houghton beguiled me into a talk on the terrace, and I believe we both forgot the

at times when he was likely to have any unusual duties of hospitality laid The two sisters exchanged glances. upon him. On such occasions she gen-'Do you really mean that you have erally contrived to pay him a ten minbeen walking out before breakfast at this time of year ?" said Mabel ; " it utes' visit, giving him little hints and scraps of information, which, she trustgives one the shivers to think of it." ed, he might turn to profit, sometimes "Yes," he replied, "I do actually even having an eye to his toilet, and mean that before you had opened your eyes to 'Phœbus' tardy beam,' Mr. giving it some finishing touches of her Houghton and I had taken several own. turns on the terrace, and got deep there was anything to be afraid of in down into all manner of knotty questions.

" How delightful !" said Lady Annabel ; "what would I not give to have had a fairy taking shorthand notes on the conversation !

to so distinguished a guest. " Uncommonly glad you had not," to his own satisfaction, Paxton, an hour later, found himself seated at the thought Geoffrey, remembering the Dresden china. "But now," she continued, "you hospitable family board, and enabled

to make his observations very much at never give us the benefit of such deease. Julian and Rodolph were the lightful talks. What was it all about, Mr. Houghton ? You know we are all envying you ; somebody once said that

only other guests, and both of them were at home at Laventor. The dinner went on as dinners do. Geoffrey all Mr. Paxton's thoughts were

MARCH 21, 1806.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

How They May Assist the Spouse of Christ.

Father Fulton, the well known Paulist, on the occasion of a foundation of a men's sodality in the Church of Our Lady of Mercy, gave utterance to some remarkable thoughts. Some twentyremarkable thoughts. Some twenty-five years ago, said Father Fulton, a cry went up that spread throughout the whole world, and was calculated to cause more or less alarm among our people. The cry that was heard was simply this, that the Catholic Church was a thing of the past, that her power was completely destroyed, that she did ompanions made some little stir in the not meet the requirements of the pres ent age, and that these had entirely baffled her efforts for existence.

Beoffrey drove from the door of Swin-

burne Park, carrying with him its two

most illustrious guests, to the wonder.

CHAPTER VII

AT LAVENTOR.

The arrival of Geoffrey with his two

nome circle of Laventor. Julian was

expected, but the appearance of the

was very agreeable ; and Mary, whose

that she did not feel a bit afraid of him.

bling for dinner. It was, in fact, the

ccustomed to devote to what she called

seeing after "her brother, especially

particular moment which Mary was

one he left behind.

illustrious stranger,

whose claims to This cry was the effect of a well. espect were somewhat more keenly concerted plan on the part of the appreciated by the ladies of the party enemies of the Catholic Church to than they were by Geoffrey, could hardly fail to cause a sensation. It destroy her, under the impression that she was nothing more than a mere took but a few minutes, however, for human institution. The scientists said that she had long pandered to the There is a certain magic possessed by ignorance of the masses. While her really great minds which lies, perclergy were educated men, they were haps, in their power of communicating themselves. The shyness and embarshrewd enough to keep the knowledge of science far from the minds of the rassment which render intercourse people lest it should prove fatal to with some of our fellow-creatures so existence. The astronomer, their painful a penance may on examination be traced to the fact that no real whose knowledge penetrated the skies pretended that he had discovered intercourse has at those times taken truths that were contradictory to those place, and that we and they have taught by the Catholic Church; the geologist, who went down into the bowels of the earth, said he had unsimply stood in each other's presence, earthed facts positively contrary to her dogmas; the politician, or rather the be in the company of richer capacities, man versed in political affairs, spoke loudly of her as opposed to all kinds of free government-that she was the in Paxton's case, the gifts of intellect are linked with unusual powers of sympathy, the great mind finds ways of giving itself forth to little ones so enemy of the republic ; the literary writer sharpened his pen, and, dipping it in gall, issued diatribes that were well calculated to poison the minds pleasantly, that whilst the charm is of readers against the Catholic Church. Add to these the ex cathedra prono ciamento by which the dogma of Papal infallibility was proclaimed to the world and the Syllabus condemning the poisonous and heretical literature. All these things excited the adversaries of the Church so far that they predicted the downfall of that institution. They said never more would she govern the intelligence of the civilized world. Again things were brought to a climax at this very time, when Germany, flushed with recent victory, persecuted her Catholic subjects at home and abroad. France, the eldest daughter of the Church, embittered by recent defeats, went back upon her mother; and her once faithful children, the very children of the Papacy, crowned the efforts of her enemies, and, entering the Papal city, the capital of Christendom, took from the Pope the patrimony of Peter, made him a prisoner in his own palace, and then cried, "Down with the Church." Her enemies asserted that she would never more arise to trouble the world. But, my dear friends, has the

Church ceased to exist? On this occasion she found Has that mighty institution lessened her power Geoffrey provokingly unconscious that over the minds and hearts of men the new element he had imported into Has she ceased in her onward march, keeping pace with and aiding the prothe family circle; nor was he in the gress of our day? We know that every effort of her enemies proved futile in other days. In ages gone by least prepared to think that he was required to depart from any of his customary ways and habits, in deference she witnessed the downfall of pagan-So, much ism, and on its crumbling ruins raised up her imperishable structure, which withstood the mighty hordes of Genseric and Alaricand and the onslaughts of Mahometanism. Three centuries ago she withstood the combined powers of Europe. Was it possible that in this nineteenth century she should bow down, crush d by the enemies of Chris

stand well that, while she uses human

of the Reforma nessed the mo the Church, wh went out from in battle array bined her sple lect, she con The faithful became as on earth and he her. In our asserted that Church had teachings wer of this age of bitterly oppo and free instit ual teachings the developme

MARCH

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less it be water-color sketching."

I fancy, he don't care to be-wellnobbed, you see, and so forth."



High-Class

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ago I

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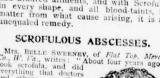
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menced using them and





MRS. SWEENEY

EXTRACT

considerably to hear every silly girl you meet talk of him as 'such a genius!' What do they mean, I wonder : all the fellows I knew at school who were called geniuses turned out to be sad idle doors

"And you don't think Mr. Wyvern deserves that reproach !" continued Paxton. "Well, now, since I have been here I haven't seen him even play a game of billiards as if his heart was in it. He lies on the sofa, or plays cat's cradle with the children, or turns over the contents of old Miss Abbot's work basket ; but not two words of sense have I heard him put together. Geoffrey stopped short on the gravelwalk, along which they were making their way towards the house. " It'r the place," he said ; "it suffocates one, with its plate-glass and its Dresden china

"Do you object to old china ?" in-

quired Paxton. By no means," replied Geoffrey, "What I mean is that in a place like this whatever you look at, if it is but a soap-dish, sets you thinking what it must have cost. This is one thing. Then, you see, I don't mean to excuse Julian for trying to look like an ass

when he isn't one ; but when people are shoving at him to show off as-as -a peacock, so to speak ____ " "I see," interrupted Paxton, " the

peacock is not to be blamed for declinng to exhibit his feathers. But what the connection with Dresden soapdish

"It's all of a piece," said Geoffrey, foundering among the *debris* of his own ideas. "Just what Julian don't fit into-expensiveness, show-off, and

ht into-expensiveness, snow-oil, and talk about great people and geniuses." "Well, Mr. Houghton," replied his companion, "I think I catch your view of the subject. They are different as-pects of one and the same thing-what the world. Expensiveness means the pride of money, by display. glad you thought of it; it was a real ing one's money's worth; that is the stroke of genius." vulgarest form of worldliness. Then

en "Yes," replied Geoffrey : "it's a "On this occasion the thoughts were

word they are uncommonly fond of using nowadays. Julian Wyvern is a entirely furnished by Mr. Houghts, " said Paxton, " and I was little more very good fellow; but it nettles me than valet de chambre to his ideas, try ing to clothe them in well fitting gar. ments of words." Breakfast went on, and so did the

conversation, and not one of the com-pany but evinced a certain change of manner towards Geoffrey Houghton to what they had previously shown him. A simpleton he certainly could not be, who had been chosen for the coveted distinction of an hour's tete a-tete with the most distinguised man of letters all England could produce, and who could furnish ideas which the greatest master of the English tongue should think worthy of clothing with language. It was a wonderful state of things, and bid fair in an hour or two to lift our simple hero himself into the place of the lion.

"Are you really leaving us?" said Lady Annabel, addressing herself to Paxton, who had alluded to his speedy departure. "We had hoped to have kept you safe out of the London fogs

for one more day. "I am not returning to London today," replied Paxton. "Mr. Hough-ton was good enough this morning to ask me to accompany Julian to Laven tor, and I really had not self-denial enough to refuse.

It would be difficult to say who was most surprised by this announcement -the assembled company, or Geoffrey himself. He had not the least recollection of giving the invitation, and would as soon have thought of doing so as of inviting Count Gleichen or old Miss Abbott ; and he was within an inch of saying as much, when Julian, perceiving him on the verge of a disastrous blunder, hastened to his rescue. "Now, that is first-rate," he said : "exactly what I have been wishing

it would be nothing short of a sin for Mr. Paxton to leave Cornwall without seeing the weirdest and most Arthurian corner of it. I was so uncommonly "Genius again," growled Geoffrey

some old fashioned ways, and tianity ? persisted in carving at the head of his The children of the Church under-

own table ; and, while so engaged, he was generally grave, or what Rodolph "solemn." He had early becalled come aware of the fact that the only way for him to do anything well was giving it his whole attention ; and he had thus acquired the habit of putting an amount of gravity into his manner of doing small things which often provoked that gentleman's ridi-But though his carving abcule. sorbed too much of his attention during the early portion of the entertainment to give him the use of his tongue, it did not entirely deprive him of that of his ears, and he was just the least in the world annoved to hear Rodolph flourishing a little on the subject of yesterday morning's walk with Aurelia, out of which he was making conversational capital.

> TO BE CONTINUED. As to Forgiving Sins.

Francis Dillon Eagan takes the New York Mail and Express to task for

asserting in a recent issue that "In 1517 there came into Germany an agent of the Pope, raising money for the completion of St. Peter's by seliing Indulgences and forgiving sins of

any degree for a stated sum in cash." "This assertion," said Dr. Eagan in a note to the editor of that paper, "if true, would have proved the Pope to have been a monster of iniquity by delegating to an agent the power of forgiving sins not possessed by Almighty God. The pretense of posby sessing the power of absolving sinners for a 'stated sum in cash' is so absurd that were it a doctrine of the Catholic phed average and the conquered and trium-Church I would be forced to assume that its authorities are fanatics and its followers are fools. But this would be an unwarranted assumption, and there I must conclude that the writer of the sentence quoted is mistaken.'

Open as Day.

power, she is strengthened by power from on high. They well understand that the powers of hell cannot prevail against her, and that, while, like her Divine Founder, she may have her period of agony ; she may, as it were, sweat blood ; she may be scourged and crowned with thorns ; she may appear dead and buried, but when the world least of all expects it she arises triumphant over all ; she claims victory over She reigns to-day as she has death. reigned in every age in which it was predicted that her power was brought to nought. Yet, my dear friends, while we reognize that our Holy Catholic Church is a divine institution, never without God's special help guarding her, his-tory tells us (and it is well that we should remember the lesson history teaches) that in every exigency she has met her enemies on their own ground, and she has always defended herself according to the exigencies of the time. In her earliest days, when her mem-bers were remarkably small in number -when her power, looked at from a merely human standpoint, seemed exceedingly weak-God in a most marvelous manner helped and sustained her. Then with the termination of her persecutions and the dawn of a brighter

era, in the days of Constantine, the Church adapted herself to her surrounding circumstances. She waxed strong. She became a most formidable power even from a human point of view. She then could meet her enemies by human means. She opposed phed over them.

Again, when the power of intellect was brought to bear upon the Church and an attempt wat made to crush her out of existence by the pen of the philosopher, she opposed intellectual powers to her intellectual enemies. When the Moslem sought to overrun It is given to every physician, the formula of Scott's Emulsion being no secret; but no successful imitation has ever been offered to the public. Only years of experience and study can produce the best. Christianized Europe, to place the and led on by a Bernard and otners

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And in the Later Stages of Consumption,