...TURE OF SCIATICA CURED QUICK!
"NERVILINE" A SUCCESS EVERY TIME

...s the Pain Quick—Acts ...e Magic—Is Harmless and Pleasant.

...tica is the most severe pain ...an suffer. The great sciatic ... is deeply placed, and you can ...ch it only by a pain remedy, as penetrating and as powerful as NERVILINE.

The glory of Nerviline is in its strength—in its marvelous power of penetrating deeply. In severe pains, such as sciatica and neuralgia, NERVILINE demonstrates its superiority over every other remedy.

Extraordinary pains, such as rheumatic or sciatica, can be overcome only by a remedy as extraordinary as Nerviline. In many lands it has shown itself to be the best for little pains, best for big pains, and best for all pains.

When one has acute rheumatic pains, stiff joints or a stiff neck, don't experiment—seek a remedy that cures. Like lightning in rapidity, as sure as fate in its certainty of relief, Nerviline can never be surpassed for the removal of pain, no matter what advance science may make. It is perfection in its line. Do not trifle with ordinary or oily liniments, use Nerviline. Prove its efficacy—it's the one liniment that rubs right into the core of the pain.

A large 50-cent bottle will cure the aches and pains of the whole family. Trial size, 25 cents. Sold by all dealers everywhere, or the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Canada.

TRUE TO HIS RACE

"Oh, Lord Wellrose," murmured ...ny, in a very low tone, and blushing ...eply, "I hope you will forgive me ...venturing to make such an asser...n, but I must not hesitate to say ...thing that may serve to deepen ... interest in poor Benny. Lord ...llrose, poor Benjamin Hurst, hum...n as he is, may be your own poor ...sman."

"Impossible!" broke impulsively ... the lips of the astonished young ... Then, in a quieter tone, he ...d:

"...hat makes you think so, dear...? In the first place, the strong ... If you were dressed alike, ... might take you for twins,"

...n.

...ung earl smiled slightly, as ...

"...ikeness is undeniable. But ...t know that such likenesses ... found to exist even between ... different nationalities?"

... lord; but I fancy that in ... there must have been some ...tionship, however distant, ...known. But the likeness ... you, my lord, and my poor ...nny, is not the only reason ...r believing that he may be ...hip's poor kinsman."

"...hat more, dearest?"

"...ellrose, Benjamin was not ... the woman whose name ... brought him up as ...s a deserted child, ...ntage. All that is ...is that: That he was ... Seton Castle, the seat ...ther, the late Baron ... the only relics of his ... possesses are two ... and a sock, both ...ered ... the ... the Seton-Linlithgow ...use was the symbol ... Roslyn."

"Yes," said the earl, with a smile, ... many of the daughters of Seton-Linlithgow were named after their ...wer, as many of the ladies of Roslyn ...re named after their rose. But go ...n, my dearest Susan."

"Nor was there so much in all this, ... not the crest of the Barons of Seton-Linlithgow been embroidered ...ng the leaves of this symbolic ...wer, the eglantine. That alone would ...ve been worthless. Any lady of ... house of Seton-Linlithgow might ...ve given the cast-off garments of ... infant to any servant or peasant ...man needing clothing for hir child; ... taken in connection with the ...ong likeness between your lordship ... the possessor of these relics. I ...nk they mean much. What do you ...nk, Lord Wellrose?" inquired Suzy, ...king intently into the face of the ...

"Do you know what you have stated ... facts, my dear Susan? And have ... seen these relics, as you call ...

"Let me be accurate," said Suzy. "I ... the likeness to be a fact; and so ...u. I have seen the relics; and ...y you. All the other facts I ... from hearsay; but I believe ... and I believe they may be ...

"...ll, my dearest, whether this ... man may have any claim upon ...ship or from mere hu...y, he has certain a claim strong... either of these: it is that you, ...loved, are interested in his fate. ... I leave you, Susan, I shall go ... as possible to Mr. Percy Mel... the most eminent lawyer for ... cases in the world perhaps, ... I shall retain him, and any other ... or half-dozen lawyers that he ... recommend to assist him."

"... I do thank you so much! And, ... my purse, my whole ... at Benny's service, to ... counsel for him—yes, ... all I possess in the ...nny once more out of ... free from the horrible dan... exclaimed, with a shudder, ... into hysterical sobs and ...

"...ort, dearest one," said ..., with much emotion. ...ding and retaining of ...el to be had, that shall ... my cost, my duty and ...

"...," said Suzy, eagerly, ... "You may perhaps ... to help Benny, and I ... that you will do it; ...ly the right to help ... to do it, not only be... loved and trusted mem... loved and trusted ... household—though ... considered in itself, ... because he had al... like one of my ...

"... a little pressing ... business ..., and early this ... I will pay my new client." ... lawyer, rising to attend his distinguished visitor to the door.

The Earl of Wellrose went next to Newgate.

He was well acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Ross, the chaplain of the prison, who was also the Duchess of Cheviot's almoner to the poor and friendless prisoners.

His lordship asked for the chaplain, and was shown to his reverence's room.

Mr. Ross was not the same chaplain who had been in office there when Benny, the child, had been incarcerated for burglary, and consequently he knew nothing whatever of the history of the new prisoner, Benjamin Hurst.

But when the Earl of Wellrose entered the chaplain's room the latter thought his lordship had only come upon some benevolent errand to him as the Duchess of Cheviot's almoner.

The chaplain was quite a nold man, with a tall, spare form, clar in a threadbare suit of black, a fine bald head, adorned with a few thin locks of silver hair, and a pale, thin face, with a holy calm upon it, full of the love of God and man.

He arose to meet the young earl, and offered him his hand, and begged him to sit down, and inquired after the good duchess, his mother.

Lord Wellrose thanked him and sat down and replied satisfactorily to his questions, and then opened the subject of his visit by asking the chaplain if he had yet seen the new prisoner, Benjamin Hurst.

"Who is charged with the murder of young Stuart Fitzroy? No, I have not yet seen him. I was indeed about to visit his cell when your lordship's name was announced. Alas!" sighed the aged minister, using a very old-fashioned interjection. "Alas! I have heard this is another case of neglected childhood growing up to depraved youth and criminal manhood! The papers state that this wretched young man has been a thief and an outcast, and the companion of burglars and cut-throats from his infancy up. It is said that he has but recently returned from a fourteen years' transportation for burglary. And that he obtained the situation of butler at the house where he was engaged only by a false character and forged recommendation. All this will tell very much against him in the coming trial. But I must visit him, and save him, if through the Lord's help I may. Our Divine Master 'came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance,'" said the chaplain, reverently bowing his head.

The young earl looked gravely at the speaker for a moment and then said:

"'Who hath sinned, this man or his parents, that he is born blind?' Even if all the crimes falsely imputed to Benjamin Hurst were committed by him, still let us ask, 'Who hath sinned ,this man, or his parents,' or you or I, and all society, 'that he is born blind—morally and spiritually blind?'"

The chaplain reverently bowed his head and answered:

"I know that we all have sinned."

"Yes," said the earl, "we have all sinned in this respect, more than in all others."

"Each one of us, the very poorest of us, might save at least one little destitute, neglected child from remaining the companion of thieves and outcasts, and from growing up to become a thief, ... murderer," added the ...

"... then the young earl said:

"All that the gossiping daily papers have falsely said of Benjamin Hurst might well have been true; and yet still it might have been truly said of him that he was 'more sinned against than sinning.'"

"Yes, yes; that is what your gracious mother, the duchess, often says of the worst criminals confined in this prison."

"And she is nearly right. But in this case of Benjamin Hurst, she is entirely right. He is, indeed, Heaven knows, more, much more, very much more, 'sinned against than sinning.' In his ignorant infancy he became the charge of thieves and outcasts; he was taught evil for good, sin for duty. He learned the lessons and performed the tasks for love of those around him. He became for their sakes, because he knew no better, a beggar, a liar, and a thief, just as another more fortunate child, from the same motives of conscience and affection, might have become a philanthropist, and an advocate of truth and a benefactor of his kind. One whom I love and trust, and who has known Benjamin Hurst from his babyhood and here, has told me so much of his sweetness of temper, goodness of heart, gentleness of manners and docility of disposition, that I can see perfectly well how easy it was for the thieves and outcasts who were his only protectors, and who had won his childish heart, to turn all his inherent good qualities to evil uses. But these evil uses were habits, that were no more a part of the boy's nature than were his poor little ragged jacket and trousers a part of himself. And he was one who only needed to be shown the right to see its beauty, to love it, and prefer it to the wrong; just as he would have preferred clean and whole clothes to ragged and filthy ones. And almost the first glimpse he had of the right was caught within these prison walls, from your venerable predecessor, the then chaplain. I have heard how eagerly and gratefully he learned the good lessons taught him here. And I have only recently known Benjamin Hurst well, but all I have seen of him has shown me a young men true, pure, brave, just, and singularly refined in person, in manner, and in spirit; a young man rare in any rank of life and wonderfully rare in his."

"Your lordship is very earnest in his advocacy of this young prisoner. I trust your lordship may be right," said the chaplain.

"When you see and alk with Benjamin Hurst you will know that I am right. I think you said that you were about to visit him in his cell. If so, I should be obliged if you will take me with you. I wish to see him privately, or at least with no other witness than yourself. Can you gratify me?" inquired the young earl.

"Certainly, my lord, with pleasure," answered the chaplain. And he touched the bell.

An officer of the prison answered the summons.

The chaplain whispered a few words to him. He went out, and after some moments a turnkey entered and respectfully informed that he was "at the service of his sovereign."

Mr. Ross arose and invited Lord Wellrose to accompany him.

The turnkey led the way, and the earl and the chaplain followed through many passages, and up and down many flights of stairs, until they came to a row of cells, at one of which the man stopped and suddenly thrust in a key, opened the door, and admitted the visitors.

The poor young prisoner, when suddenly exposed to view, was found sitting on the side of his rude bunk, engaged in reading a small volume.

On seeing his visitors, he quickly turned down the leaf of the volume he was reading, laid the book aside, and arose to greet that one visitor whom he recognized, with the heartfelt acknowledgment

"I knew your lordship would come to see me in my trouble! I thank your lordship very much."

"My poor fellow, I am very sorry to see you here,' said the earl taking his hand and pressing it, and still continuing to hold it, while he added: "This gentleman who accompanies me is the Rev. Mr. Ross, the prison chaplain, and he wishes to be your friend." Then turning to Mr. Ross, he said: "Reverend sir, this is Benjamin Hurst, who, though a prisoner here, charged with a crime I feel sure ... ...is for these good and gracious ...!" said the young prisoner, earnestly.

"I hope and truse in the Lord that I may be able to serve you, my young friend," said the chaplain, kindly shaking hands with the prisoner.

There were few accommodations for visitors in these rude prison cells. Therefore the three sat down on the side of the bunk, that did the double duty of bed by night and bench by day.

"What have you been reading?" inquired the chaplain, taking up the little book that Benny had laid aside. "Ah, I see," he said, as he opened it.

The book was the New Testament, and the leaf was folded down at the twenty-sixth chapter of St. Mathew's Gospel, describing the Saviour's agony in the garden of Gethsemane.

"Why did you select this particular part of the Scripture to read this morning?" enquired the chaplain.

Benny looked down at his own fettered limbs, and around upon the heavy stone walls and strong iron gratings of his prison cell, and then raised his mournful blue eyes to the face of the chaplain. And the good man was answered.

"I, see," he said, with a sigh, as he laid down the book and arose and stood with his back to the grated door, facing the two young men, the unconscious brothers, who were still seated side by side on the edge of the bunk. And as he looked at them his aged face grew deep in interest.

How much alike these young men, though severed so far in rank and in position; only that one was so pale, thin, and waster, and the other was in such ruddy health, that the one seemed but the faded-out image of the other.

"They are enough alike to be the children of the same parents," thought the minister. "And yea what a contrast!" And at the thought the good man sighed.

The young earl, with almost womanly tenderness, held and white, transparent hand of his unknown brother and wondered at the more than sympathy, at the warmth of affection, he felt for the poor, patient young prisoner.

And as for Benny, a strange feeling of protection and peace came over his spirit.

(To be Continued.)

CHAPTER XXIV

From Park Lane Lord Wellrose went straight to Lincoln's Inn Fields, and sought out the chambers of Mr. Percy Melliss, the great criminal lawyer.

So great was now the fame of this learned lawyer and eloquent advocate that he might have been a queen's counsel if he had but chosen to abandon the cause of the poor and needy—the men and women, ay, and little children, "more sinned against than sinning"—the cause of humanity, the cause of Christ, the cause of God.

So when he might have arisen to queen's counsel, queen's advocate, solicitor-general, attorney-general, or even, in time, lord chancellor, he chose to remain only the great criminal lawyer, with the questionable reputation and all but reproach that attaches to the name.

Their deep mutual interest in the "cause" had so frequently brought Lord Wellrose and himself into company, that a very warm friendship had grown up between the gifted advocate and the young ... ...clamation of criminals, and the reform of prison discipline," he took frequent occasion to consult Mr. Percy Mellis, who gave him valuable aid in his humane enterprise.

And so their friendship had matured.

And now the young earl sought the great criminal lawyer in behalf of Benjamin Hurst, a prisoner in Newgate, charged with the murder of the Honorable Stuart Fitzroy, son of the Viscount St. Paul.

Arriving at the house, he sent up his card, on which he had written in pencil, under his name, "life and death."

He was at once admitted, and after going up two flights of stairs and passing through two or three rooms, each occupied by two or three clerks, he was shown into a back chamber, where the great advocate sat writing at a table covered with papers.

Mr. Melliss immediately arose to receive Lord Wellrose.

"Busy?" inquired the earl, with a smile.

"Always," responded the lawyer, setting a chair for his visitor.

"Nevertheless, you see, I interrupt you," said the earl apologetically, as he took the offered seat.

"Your lordship is most heartily welcome," answered the advocate, as he reseated himself at the table, and, turning his face toward his visitor, assumed an attentive expression.

"You have heard about this murder in Piccadilly, of course? The papers are full of it, and it is the talk of all London."

"The murder of Stuart Fitzroy. Yes, certainly. Who has not?"

"No one, probably. But I come to you this morning in behalf of the young man who is charged with the murder, and whom I believe from my soul to be as guiltless of that crime as you or myself," said the young earl earnestly.

"There is at least, no good evidence against him. But, for the murder of Lord St. Paul's son, I suppose the coroner and his jury thought they must commit somebody, right or wrong, and so they committed this poor young man. Do you know anything of him?" inquired Mr. Melliss.

"Know him?" echoed Lord Wellrose, with some emotion. "Yes, I know him well, and feel the deepest compasion for his misfortune. I come this morning to ask you to undertake his defense. Can you do it? Are you too busy?"

"Am I busy? I am always busy, very busy. And yet I have always time to do everything that I ought to do. I ought to defend this young man, and I will certainly find time to do it."

"Spoken like yourself, good friend! Thanks," said the earl, as he opened his pocketbook and took from it a Bank of England note for a hundred pounds, which he quietly laid upon the lawyer's table as a retaining fee. Then he arose to depart.

"... you get through a little pressing business ..., and early this ... I will pay my new client." ... lawyer, rising to attend his ...

MOST PERFECT MADE

THE INCREASED NUTRITIOUS VALUE OF BREAD MADE IN THE HOME WITH ROYAL YEAST CAKES SHOULD BE SUFFICIENT INCENTIVE TO THE CAREFUL HOUSEWIFE TO GIVE THIS IMPORTANT FOOD ITEM THE ATTENTION TO WHICH IT IS JUSTLY ENTITLED.

HOME BREAD BAKING REDUCES THE HIGH COST OF LIVING BY LESSENING THE AMOUNT OF EXPENSIVE MEATS REQUIRED TO SUPPLY THE NECESSARY NOURISHMENT TO THE BODY.

E. W. GILLETT CO. LTD.
TORONTO, ONT.
WINNIPEG MONTREAL

CHEER UP!

(Brantford Expositor)

Everything points to a gradual improvement in business and it is time to cheer up. We cannot pass through such a tremendous world war without feeling it, and for a while we will all have to curtain our luxuries and pay closer attention to business, but individually we will be benefited by the experience. Let's all cheer up.

OUR HOME DUTY.

(St. Catharines Journal)

War or no war, business or no business, it is our duty as citizens who are home, enjoying immunity from the horrors of the battlefield, to be cheerful and resolute. It is the least we can do when our fellow British subjects are giving their lives.

Dare to err and to dream. Deep meaning often lies in childish plays. —Schiller.

REVIVAL AMONG THE SOLDIERS

Ten Thousand Join the Pocket Testament League.

Chapman and Alexander Have Been Over There.

A remarkable Bible revival is in progress among the British soldiers quartered on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere in England, writes Geo. T. B. Davis, from Bustard Camp. Already more than 10,000 of the troops on Salisbury Plain alone have joined the Pocket Testament League, and have agreed to carry a Testament with them and read a chapter daily, and over 3,000 have declared their acceptance of Christ and enlisted under the banner of the King of Kings.

The movement began some time ago, when Charles M. Alexander, the well-known Gospel song leader, accompanied by two soloists, a pianist, and a representative of the Pocket Testament League, spent five days travelling from one Y.M.C.A. marquee to another on the Plain, holding Gospel meetings. From the beginning the meetings were a great success. The soldiers crowded into the marquees, and when the tents were filled, they let down the sides and the men stood outside during the service.

The meetings began with the presention to each soldier of the Pocket Testament League edition of the Gospel of St. John, containing hymns, pictures and stories. Using the Gospel as a hymn book, Mr. Alexander led the men in singing appropriate hymns. The men quickly caught up the new choruses, such as "I Am Included," and "Good-bye, God Bless You," while they rang out lustily the familiar strains of the "Glory Song," and "Tell Mother I'll be There." Now and then the famous song-leader called upon one of the solcists to sing a hymn such as "My Mother's Prayer," or "Will the Circle be Unbroken?" Again Mr. Alexander would stop the soldiers in the midst of a hymn and give them a straight talk on the manliness of living a clean, Christian life.

At the opportune moment the idea of the Pocket Testament League was explained and the men were told how during the last six years the movement had swept round the world, and hundreds of thousands of all classes from one end of the world to the other had been enrolled in the League by making it the rule of their lives to carry a Testament with them and to read at least one chapter daily. Special testaments with waterproof covers, weighing only 2¼ ounces, published by the Pocket Testament League headquarters, 47 Paternoster Row, London, were offered to any ... in. It was ... that in order ... Testament he must first sign a league membership card, and then sign the pledge in the Testament he received.

The eagernes of the men to make the promise and join the movement was astonishing. At one tent, when those who wished to become members were asked to come forward, the soldiers literally stormed the platform in their eagerness to join. At another tent over 300 soldiers were enrolled in a few minutes. At still another there was not time to give out the Testaments that night, so the men were asked to present their membership cards, and secure the books at the marquee counter the next day. Early the following morning a stream of soldiers asking for Testaments began, and continued until thousands of men had been enrolled in that marquee.

During the closing days of the meetings conducted by Mr. Alexander thrilling scenes were witnessed as the soldiers were asked not only to join the league, but to yield their lives to God. One night over a thousand men were crowded into a tent. Over 300 joined the Pocket Testament League, and at the close of the service 192 soldiers in the presence of their comrades rang out after the song leader the words, "I accept Christ as my Saviour, my Lord and my King." The editor of a London journal, who was present, declared it was a sight he had rarely seen equalled.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, the Chaplain-General of the forces, when asked for a word of encouragement to the men he and Mr. Alexander conducted two whose lives had been influenced, wrote: "My dear Mr. Alexander, I rejoice to hear of the blessing received on the Plain. May you see greater things than these because of Christ's position and power. Give to the brethren from me Hebrews xiii. 20, 21. Believe me, yours truly, J. Taylor-Smith, Bp. C. G."

Later Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman arrived in England from America, and brief but notable missions in London. At their conclusion, at the urgent request of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A., the evangelists held three thrilling services for soldiers at the Crystal Palace and Wendover, when as the result of the inspiring messages in sermon and song, hundreds of the troops stood up and openly confessed Christ as their Saviour.

The Bible revival at Salisbury Plain did not end with the visit of Mr. Alexander and his party. The movement continued to spread among the men from tent to tent, and the demand for testaments increased.

Mr. Henry J. Lane, a business man of the Y. M. C. A. marquees on the Plain as an honorary worker enrolling soldiers in the league, and leading them to a decision for God, sent to the league headquarters in London a letter giving a graphic account of the Bible revival among the troops. He wrote:

"After a visit from Mr. Alexander and his party, the Lord manifested His presence in a remarkable way. Until then there had been few decisions for Christ, sometimes one and never more than two a day. After the above-mentioned visit and the introduction of the Pocket Testament League, there came upon the soldiers a great desire to hear the word of God. As it was told out men were gripped by the power of the Holy Ghost, and hour after hour they came to the counter and with bowed heads confessed Christ. On one occasion a group of thirty were listening to the gospel, when the speaker asked who would volunteer for the service of Christ. Immediately a non-commissioned officer, about six feet in height, who was on the outside, put up his hand and said: 'I will, sir,' at the same time pushing his way to the front. Within a few seconds twelve others joined him. No sooner had these been dealt with, and prayers offered, than another group came forward. Thus it continued until the 'last post' sounded and the soldiers hurried away to their lines."

A few weeks later the Bible work among the soldiers had aroused such widespread interest that Mr. Lane, and Mr. A. J. C. Thomas, who has witnessed an almost equally wonderful work in a neighboring Y. M. C. A. marquee, were invited to London to tell about the spiritual movement among the troops.

To a group of editors of London journals, who had gathered to hear the story, Mr. Lane told how the work began and of its remarkable influence on the morale of the troops. He said: "For weeks we have had a stream of men coming in to join the Pocket Testament League, and at the same time accepting Christ so rapidly that I could not deal with them in ones or twos, but I had groups of eight and ten and more. This has been done in the tent while the latest comic song was being sung. These men listened as intently as if there was no other sound or voice to be heard."

"TO-MORROW."

(Rochester Times)

If people could live more in the present it would help them enormously in the keeping of good resolutions. So many people persist in being just a little ahead all the time.

"To-morrow," they say, "he will reform," but the to-morrow of their imaginings never dawns.

NOT TOO LATE.

(Buffalo Courier)

Some of those good New Yoar resolutions perhaps already are broken, but remember that "it is never too late to mend."

DISEASE IS DUE TO BAD BLOOD

To Cure Common Ailments the Blood Must be Made Rich and Red.

Nearly all the diseases that afflict humanity are caused by bad blood—weak, watery blood, poisoned by impurities. Bad blood is the cause of headaches and backaches, lumbago, and rheumatism; debility and indigestion, neuralgia and other nerve troubles, and disfiguring skin diseases like eczema and salt rheum show how impure the blood actually is. No use trying a different remedy for each disease, because they all spring from the one cause—bad blood. To cure any of these troubles you must get right down to the root of the trouble in the blood, and that is just what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills do. They make new, rich blood, and thus cure these diseases when common medicine fails. Mrs. John Jackson, Woodstock, Ont., suffered from both nervous troubles and a run-down condition, and experienced a complete cure through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. She says: "I was a sufferer for a number of years from neuralgia, and a general debility of the nerves and system. I had tried several doctors and many medicines, but to no avail, until I began Dr. Williams Pink Pills. At the time I began the pills I had grown so bad that I could hardly be on my feet, and was forced to wear elastic bandages about the ankles. The pain I suffered at times from the neuralgia was terrible. I had almost given up hope when I began the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks I felt an improvement, and I gladly continued the use of the Pills until I was once more quite well and able to attend to all my household duties."

If you are ailing begin to cure yourself to-day with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

IF YOUR HEAD ACHES AND YOUR EARS BUZZ YOU SURELY HAVE CATARRH

It doesn't matter how long you have suffered, or how often you have failed to get relief—even though Catarrh may affect every organ in your body, you can be permanently cured by inhaling the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone.

A few breaths through Catarrhozone inhaler clears the phlegm out of the throat and stops your cough. The nostrils are cleansed of offensive mucous discharge, and sneezing and sniffling stop at once. Partial loss of hearing and headache (very common symptoms of catarrh) are quickly cured, and in a short time every trace of catarrh disappears.

Nothing can be simpler or more pleasant than Catarrhozone. Its healing piney vapor sends a warm cleansing sensation through all the air passages in the head and throat—makes you feel better in half a minute.

"My ears buzzed by the hour and I had frightful head noises," writes J. P. Purdy, from Port Huron. "Catarrh fairly filled my whole head and throat. I got relief mighty fast when I tried Catarrhozone; it hit the spot instantly. You bet Catarrhozone has cured me and I simply swear by it."

Get the complete $1.00 outfit, it does the trick in a hurry—... small size 50c; trial ... sold by all dealers ...