

Requiem High Mass for the Late Pope Leo

Held in St. Joseph's Church, Stratford

Stratford, July 29.—This morning, with deep solemnity, St. Joseph's Church mourned the death of Pope Leo XIII. The heavy black drapings of the altar and auditorium, set off with the Papal colors, the Solemn Requiem High Mass—celebrated only on the death of some high dignitary of the church—the funeral tenor of the music, the black vestments of the priests, the large attendance of both Catholics and people of other denominations, the eloquent panegyric—all spoke plainly of the sorrow which the passing of "Leo the Good" had occasioned in Stratford.

The Mass for the repose of the late Pontiff's soul was sung by Rev. Fr. Tobin, with deacon and sub-deacon. The facade of the main altar was almost hidden by sable drapings, relieved by the pure white hangings of the tabernacle. From pillar to pillar in the auditorium and round the walls were hung festoons of black, with bows of the Papal colors, white and yellow. The choir gallery also was heavily draped.

Facing the congregation as it entered the church and again as it left were portraits of Pope Leo with his hands raised in blessing.

On either side of the sanctuary were hung banners bearing the triple tiara and keys—emblematic of the keys of heaven—crossed beneath it. The triple tiara is worn by the Pope and is a figure of the Papal dignity.

Rev. Father Gnam of Hesse, delivered the panegyric.

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord for their good works follow them."—Revelations xiv., 13. My Dear Brethren—Leo is dead, and we are his mourners. He has died the death of the just; he has walked in the footsteps of his ancestors; he has slept the sleep of his forefathers. By his death we have lost one of our best fathers in the faith; the church has lost one of her greatest Pontiffs, and the world its wisest and most prudent counsellor.

Leo is dead! but as successor to Peter he shall continue to live in those who succeed him, for the Papacy is eternal, because it is divine, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.

Leo is dead! but he died the death of the just, and his good works shall follow him. Therefore, whilst our hearts are stricken with grief over our sad bereavement, whilst every child of the church sits in mourning at the bedside of a departed father, there still remains within our breasts sweet memories of his past and the happy consolation that a life well-spent will continue to live and bear fruit, even after death.

"Non omnis moriar," "I shall not wholly die!" said a pagan poet, and his words are verified in all truly great men for their good works shall follow them.

Christ, the Divine Architect, who came down from Heaven to renew the face of the earth, accomplished not so much during his life, as in his death. "When I shall be lifted up from the earth," said He, "I shall draw all men to myself," and His prophecy has been verified, for Jesus hanging on the cross has drawn to himself greater multitudes than the combined standards of an Augustus, Caesar and Alexander.

Of the 256 Pontiffs that have occupied the chair of Peter, and ruled the church of God during the 1900 years of her existence, few have equalled Leo in embodying so beautifully in their lives, the characteristics of the Master, whose whole life is summed up by the evangelists in these words: "He went about doing good."

Leo's death was like his life—peaceful and serene. It was the echo of a life well spent in the services of God, His church and of the whole world, which was the field of his mission bequeathed to blessed Peter: "Go ye therefore into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." A life full of years and ripened fruits, ever bent on carrying out the divine injunction, the great Pontiff, after a reign of over 25 years closed one of the greatest careers the world has ever witnessed, by a peaceful and saintly death. Calm and ever resigned to God's will, Leo retained even to the last that clearness of perception and mental activity which made him the wonder of the age.

In his last hours he was surrounded by all the Cardinals of the Apostolic College, by his attentive physicians, and faithful servant, Centra, whose kindly acts he had never forgotten. And whilst the outside world stood, awaiting in awful silent suspense, his passing hour; whilst those who prayed and wept at his bedside, knelt down to receive from his trembling lips his last long blessing, the great Pontiff sank into a state of unconsciousness and fell asleep in the Lord.

Leo is dead! Leo is dead! was the sad tidings that came forth from every Vatican gate, and scarcely had his soul returned to its Maker and his body assumed the cold chill of death, the sad news spread with lightning speed over countless wires to the utmost parts of the earth. And immediately there arose to Heaven's throne, from the hearts of millions of his devoted children, the prayer, "May God have mercy on his deserving soul and grant him eternal rest."

Leo's death was but the transfiguration of his life, for never before had his life shone forth so beautiful and transparent as in his death. The world looked up to Leo, and beheld in him its greatest benefactor, its wisest and most prudent counsellor, and kindest father; wherefore, it mourns his death, with such depth and latitude, as it never mourned before.

Leo's profound scholarship, his deep knowledge of and love for the Scriptures; his keen insight into, with an ever ready solution of the most difficult problems that have baffled the ages; his undaunted courage in confronting the oppressor, the lawless and libertine; his unswerving tenacity in sustaining the rights of the poor and oppressed; the sanctity of the home, the family and the marriage tie; his fatherly love and solicitude to all, even those outside of his flock; his gentle and amicable disposition, even under the most trying circumstances; his simplicity of life, his charming personality, his purity of purpose, his nobility of character, all have been transfigured in his death, and have won the esteem and admiration of the whole world, and the love and respect of every individual soul, and have merited for him the honored titles of "Leo the Good," "Leo, the Mouthpiece, the Oracle, the Pontiff of the Age." Thus like blessed Peter of old, who was spokesman of the Apostles, so Leo was the Mouthpiece, the Oracle of the Age.

The way to true greatness is humility, and knowledge of one's self. In these, Leo surpassed all great men of coeval age. The true secret of his greatness, apart from his divinely appointed office, lay in his perfect knowledge and mastery of self. "To conquer one's self," says St. Augustine, "is a greater achievement than to conquer the whole world." Before conquering the world Leo conquered himself. By prayer and humility he gained complete control over his passions, which he elevated and ennobled by directing them to the services of God and His church. He was never known to have guided by impulse or fancy. His every act was preceded by reason and executed with discretion. Never, even under the most trying circumstances, did he betray signs of weakness or yield to some misguided passion. "Where is the man, where is the wise man," cried Napoleon after his downfall, "who knows how to act, to suffer and to die, without weakness, without ostentation?" Here at last the world has found such a man, an ideal, a type of perfect manhood, a perfect Christian man! a man who first conquered himself, and then set about to conquer the world.

There have been great men of history whom we have justly admired. Men who, whether as statesmen in framing laws, or as conquerors leading armies on the field of battle, or as civilizers, carrying the Gospel light to those who sit in darkness, have become renowned for their greatness, but invariably by some misguided passion. Alexander the Great, after having conquered the whole world, wept because there were no other worlds to conquer, fell a prey to the passion of drink, and died a drunkard. Napoleon when in the height of his power and in the zenith of his glory, fell, and died in exile, because he yielded to the passion of an unlawful ambition. Bismarck, the greatest of German statesmen, who ruled that country with an iron-clad hand, fell, because he unjustly sought to undermine God's church in the Fatherland, with the iniquitous May Laws. How little is known of these great men outside of a college theme, who conquered the whole world but failed to master themselves. How little the good they have left to the world, and to suffering humanity, when compared to the good that shall follow Pope Leo. And how little the love they have received, when compared to the love given to Leo! They conquered nations, and have not gained a friend. Leo conquered himself and is loved by the world; they captured cities, Leo captured the citadel of the heart, they conquered with the material sword, Leo conquered with the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God; they conquered by enslaving men's bodies, Leo by rescuing their souls from the slavery of sin; they conquered by shedding men's blood—by force of arms; by frowning fortifications and floating squadrons, Leo conquered by the power of love, which is stronger than death, by charity, which St. Paul says, "conquereth all things."

Under the long and peaceful reign of Leo the church waxed strong in power and wisdom. When Pius IX. died, and the Papacy had been robbed of the patrimony of Peter, many of you will remember how it was proscribed by the press, the pulpit and the platform, that the Papacy had been overthrown. "Pius the IX. would be the last Pope," said the prophets, "for the Papacy had fallen." But lo! what has been the result? Like the human body, when deprived of a member, gains increased strength and vigor in those members that remain whole; so the Papacy, shorn of its temporal possessions, gained new strength and vigor in spiritual supremacy. Pius IX. died, as Pius might die, but Peter lived, and will continue to live until the end of time. Yes, Peter lived; for upon the throne of the outraged and saintly Pius, the world beheld a great Pontiff, whose voice would reach to the utmost bounds of the earth.

Never before had the Papacy exerted such a far-reaching power and influence in the social, political and religious world, as under the long and peaceful Pontificate of Leo XIII.

Never before was a Pope so universally loved and esteemed, as was this truly great Pontiff. Never before has the world—regardless of creed, of race or color—shed such tears of sympathy at the bedside of a dying Pontiff, as it did during the last days of the great Pope Leo.

The reign of Leo will be known to future generations as the age of peace and enlightenment—as the golden age in latter times. It will be known as the age in which a new impulse was given the Saviour's words: "Behold I give you a new commandment, that you love one another." New courage to fulfil His commands; "Peter launch out into the deep and search the Scriptures," and new zeal to carry out His injunctions: "Go ye into the whole world and preach the Gospel."

Leo, therefore, was not an ordinary man, who like other men appeared upon the theatre of life, played his part, and then suddenly disappeared. He was not a meteor that flashed across the horizon of time, and then was suddenly extinguished. No! he was a light upon earth during life, and he will continue to be a "lumen in celo" after death—"a light in heaven," according to the prophecy of St. Malachi, shining down through future ages upon men, enlightening their minds, warming their hearts, and speaking peace to their souls.

Like the divine Master, seated upon the Mount of the Beatitudes, preaching to the assembled multitudes; so Leo, his Vicar on earth, sat upon the Vatican hill proclaiming to the world his immortal encyclicals, like so many Beatitudes bringing peace and happiness to all people. Leo's encyclicals, touching on every state and condition of life, how like the eight Beatitudes of the Saviour on the mount? "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven." "Blessed are the meek, for they shall possess the land." "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." "Blessed are they that suffer persecution for justice sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven."

And now, my dear people, as a last duty of true children of faith, let us not forget to pray for our departed father, for although he led a holy life and died a saintly death, we know that there are few who leave this life so pure and holy, as to be at once admitted into the heavenly Jerusalem into which nothing defiled can enter, let us, therefore, pray for his departed soul. Let us build unto him a monument with our prayers and good work, beseeching God at the same time to give us a worthy successor in the Chair of Peter, O Sacred Heart of Jesus! ever burning with love for poor captive souls, look with clemency upon Leo, Thy zealous promoter and faithful servant. Grant him eternal rest and to the souls of all the faithful departed. Amen.

The Absolution followed immediately after the Mass. The regular funeral service was carried out and prayers were recited over a catafalque placed in from of the sanctuary railing, just as if the body of the late Pontiff had laid within.

DEAN KILROY PRESENT. For the first time in several months Very Rev. Dean Kilroy was able to appear at public service this morning. He is looking remarkably well and is gaining in strength rapidly.

Cremona

(By Sir Arthur Conan Doyle.)

(The Spanish, French and Piedmontese forces, including part of the Irish Brigade under Marshal Duke de Villeroi held the fortified town of Cremona during the winter of 1702. Prince Eugene with the Imperial army representing Austria, England, Holland and other powers, surprised the town one morning and occupied the whole city before the alarm was given. Villeroi was captured, and together with many of the French garrison. The Irish, however, consisting of the regiments of Dillon and of Burke, held a fort commanding the river gate, and defended themselves all day, in spite of Prince Eugene's efforts to win them over to his cause. Eventually Eugene, being unable to take the post, was compelled to withdraw from the city.)

The Grenadiers of Austria are proper men and tall; The Grenadiers of Austria have scaled the city wall; They have marched from far away Ere the dawning of the day, And the morning saw them masters of Cremona.

There's not a man to whisper, there's not a horse to neigh; Of the footmen of Lorraine and the riders of Dupres; They have crept up every street, In the market-place they meet, They are holding every vantage in Cremona.

The Marshal Villeroi he has started from his bed; The Marshal Villeroi has no wig upon his head; "I have lost my men," quoth he, "And my men they both have lost Cremona."

Prince Eugene of Austria is in the market-place; Prince Eugene of Austria has smiles upon his face; Says he, "Our work is done, For the Citadel is won, And the black and yellow flag flies o'er Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is in the bar-rack square, And just six hundred Irish lads are waiting for him there; Says he, "Come in your shirt, And you won't take any hurt, For the morning air is pleasant in Cremona."

Major Dan O'Mahony is at the bar-rack gate, And just six hundred Irish lads will neither stay nor wait; There's Dillon and there's Burke, And there'll be some bloody work Ere the Kaiserrites shall boast they hold Cremona.

Major Dan O'Mahony has just reached the river fort, And just six hundred Irish lads are joining in the sport; "Come, take a hand," says he, "And if you will stand by me, Then it's glory to the man who takes Cremona!"

Prince Eugene of Austria has frowns upon his face, And loud he calls his Galloper of Irish blood and race; "MacDonnell, ride, I pray, To your countrymen, and say That only they are left in all Cremona!"

MacDonnell he has reined his mare beside the river dyke, And he has tied the parley flag upon a sergeant's pike; Six companies were there From Limerick and Clare The last of all the guardians of Cremona.

"Now, Major Dan O'Mahony, give up the river gate, Or, Major Dan O'Mahony, you'll find it is too late; For when I gallop back 'Tis the signal for attack, And no quarter for the Irish in Cremona!"

And Major Dan he laughed: "Faith, if what you say be true, And if they will not come until they hear again from you, Then there will be no attack, For you're never going back, And we'll keep you snug and safely in Cremona."

All the weary day the German stormers came, All the weary day they were faced by fire and flame, They have filled the ditch with dead, And the river's running red; But they cannot win the gateway of Cremona.

All the weary day, again, again, The horsemen of Dupres and the footmen of Lozanne, Taafe and Herberstein, And the riders of the Rhine; It's a mighty price they're paying for Cremona.

Time and time they came with the deep-mouthed German roar, Time and time they broke like the wave upon the shore; For better men were there From Limerick and Clare, And who will take the gateway of Cremona?

Prince Eugene has watched, and he gnaws his nether lip; Prince Eugene has cursed as he saw his chances slip; "Call off! Call off!" he cried, "It is nearing eventide, And I fear our work is finished in Cremona."

Says Wauchop to McAuliffe, "Their fire is growing slack," Says Major Dan O'Mahony, "It is their last attack; But who will stop the game While there's light to play the same, And to walk a short way with them from Cremona?"

And so they snarl behind them, and beg them turn and come; They have taken Neuberger's standard, they have taken Diak's drum; And along the winding Po, Beard on shoulder, stern and slow, The Kaiserrites are riding from Cremona.

Just two hundred Irish lads are shouting on the wall; Four hundred more are lying who can hear no slogan call; But what's the odds of that, For it's all the same to Pat, If he pays his debt in Dublin or Cremona.

Says General de Vaudray, "You've done a soldier's work! And every tongue in France shall talk of Dillon and of Burke! Ask what you will this day, And be it what it may, It is granted to the heroes of Cremona."

"Why, then," says Dan O'Mahony, "one favor we entreat, We were called a little early, and our toilet's not complete. We've no quarrel with the shirt, But the breeches wouldn't hurt, For the evening air is chilly in Cremona."

Prosperity gets follows, but adversity distinguishes them. The Most Sacred Heart of Jesus is the Heart of our best friend. A PLAIN QUESTION: Do you really get the only Painkiller—Perry Davis—when you ask for it? Better be sure than sorry. It has not, in 60 years, failed to stop looseness and pain in the bowels.

History of the Pontificate of Leo XIII.

(Continued from page 6.)

they fling aside religious discipline, they scorn duties and clamor only for rights; they are working incessantly on the multitudes of the needy which daily grow greater, and which, because of their poverty, are easily deceived and hurried off into ways that are evil. It is equally the concern of the State and of religion, and all good men should deem it a sacred duty to preserve and guard both in the honor which is their due."

Another letter, addressed March, 1902, to all the Bishops of the world on the occasion of his entering on the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate, reveals, incidentally as it were, the marvellous unity of the Bishops of the world to the Apostolic See, "centre and mainstay of all the sees of Catholicity." Reference is made to the persecution suffered by the Church in several places; in the encyclicals that from the very beginning of his pontificate Leo XIII. issued, he endeavored to place in the clearest light the designs of the Church, "and to increase, as far as possible, along with the treasures of her doctrine the field of her salutary action." Such was the object especially of the encyclicals on Christian philosophy, human liberty, Christian marriage, Freemasonry, the powers of government, the Christian constitution of States, socialism, the labor question and the duties of Christian citizens and other analogous subjects. In this letter also he refers to his condition under the hostile domination of the Government ruling in Rome, and he said: "Stripped of the temporal sovereignty and consequently of that independence which is necessary to accomplish his universal and divine mission, forced in Rome itself to shut himself up in his own dwelling, because the enemy has laid siege to him on every side, he has been compelled in spite of the derisive assurances of respect and of the precarious promises of liberty to an abnormal condition of existence which is unjust and unworthy of his exalted ministry."

This solemn assurance in the twenty-fifth year of his pontificate showed that he protested, at the end of that time, against that condition to which he had been reduced by Italy as on the first day he uttered a protest against it. Another encyclical on the "Most Holy Eucharist," addressed to all the Bishops of the world "in peace and communion with the Apostolic See," which was purely religious in its scope, demonstrates the care for the spiritual welfare of the Church of which he was the head that possessed the soul of Leo XIII. He rejoiced to learn that in those last years the minds of the faithful seem to have been renewed in love and reverence for the Sacrament of the Eucharist, and he hoped that efforts would be made to revive widely among Catholic nations the frequent use of it. The end of 1902 witnessed the publication of another encyclical addressed to the Bishops of Italy, urging them in the most persuasive terms to promote with still greater diligence the education of the clergy in their dioceses, so that these ministers of religion might be better fitted to cope with the difficulties consequent on the present condition of the times. The duty of teaching and the task of putting before men the high ideals of Christianity animated the closing years of the life of Leo XIII.

The new International College of St. Anselm of the Benedictines, on the Avetine Hill, at Rome, with the severely magnificent church attached to it, from the designs of the Abbot Hemptine, O. S. B., primate of the order, was executed through the Pope's initiative and munificence. Ever desirous of advancing studies, Leo XIII. purchased the splendid collection of Pontifical coins which belonged to Cardinal Randi, and which is unequalled elsewhere, to add it to the collection in the Vatican Museum. The Randi treasure consisted of 26,000 pieces, of which 1,100 were of gold; and, besides, the 700 Roman scudi it contained were of inestimable value.

The grand ceiling of the Latran, in carved cedar wood, which is eleven upon four centuries old, has fallen in to such condition that it was necessary to such repair it. Cardinal Satelli, Archbishop of the Lateran, was appointed president of a commission for its restoration, and over \$300,000 was set aside by the Pope from his private gifts for this purpose of repair. In the department of the fine arts and of antiquity the encouragement and assistance given by Leo XIII. have been great. It was a constant surprise how, in the midst of the burdens that weighed upon him, he was able to contribute so generously.

March 3, 1903, having then entered on his ninety-fourth year, he appeared in St. Peter's before a crowd of no less than 60,000 persons. Though weak and feeble, he rallied for this twenty-fifth anniversary of his coronation, and blessed the assembled multitude with great tenderness. On that occasion he wore the tiara of gold which had been presented to him in the name of the whole Catholic world, whence contributions had come for its purchase. After the fatigues consequent on this great ceremony Leo XIII. was obliged to retire himself up for a few days to quiet and repose; but the extraordinary physical and nervous energy with which he was endowed induced him to abbreviate the period of rest and return again to his former habit of giving audiences every day.

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An Unspoken Oration At the recent commencement exercises at Harvard University occurred an incident full of instruction for those who saw it. It is often the habit of boys to judge of things by the way they look, but as one grows older he learns that appearance is not all. "Handsome is as handsome does" is an adage that becomes clearer as one learns more of the world. At these exercises at the big college there were over one thousand students ready to receive diplomas; their friends had come from all over the country, besides scores of wise men and great. President Eliot conferred honorary degrees upon many distinguished guests who were present. One of these was Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, who arose in the fullness of his sturdy manhood and bowed his thanks. There were scientists, inventors, famous preachers, great judges, diplomats and statesmen. Once when a name was called a soldier in full uniform, bedecked with gold braid and shining buttons, arose. He was a surgeon of the army, and was thus honored by Harvard because he has discovered how to check the dreadful scourge yellow fever, an enemy that mows down more soldiers than the bullets. Each of those men, seated in a circle on the stage before the vast audience, arose in turn and bowed in all his honor and glory. It was a sight magnificent and inspiring to see these distinguished men famous, worthy of honor, handsome. The President of the college then read from his list another name that Harvard wished to honor. His deep, full voice pronounced these words: "Charles Proteus Steinmetz, the foremost expert in applied electricity of this country, and therefore of the world." From out of the bank of seats there arose a dwarfish, misshapen figure, a tiny man, humpbacked, his face peering out between his shoulders, his black hair bristling all on end. He bowed smiling and with the dignity of the others and took his seat. The applause that followed shook the vast concourse. Every one felt the meaning of the bestowed honor. Every one thought of electricity, the greatest factor of this scientific age; of telegraphs, wolly cars, electric lights, of the lightning serving for men, electricity, king of sciences; and this tiny man, "half made up" like Shakespeare's Richard, king of magic, the foremost expert in applied electricity in all the world" spoke then and there a wordless oration. Take good cheer, boys cast down with misshapen bodies, of ill-moulded features, boys who pine over appearances, take good cheer. It is deeds, not looks, that count. "Handsome is as handsome does."—American Boy.

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