

A Boy To be Trusted.

TAKE these letters to the post-office.

"Yes, sir."

"Get a postal order to this address," indicating one of the letters, and include it in it.

"Yes, sir."

"Carry these papers over to Mr. Hill's office."

"Stop at Mr. Grant's in the Jefferson Block, and ask him to come around to see me."

"Anything else?" as the lawyer paused in his directions.

"Be lively about it."

No need to tell Jim to be lively. He had within a week been raised from his position as a newsboy to the dignity of office-boy to Mr. Lane, the lawyer.

A proud and happy boy was Jim, as he dressed himself in the new clothes which Mr. Lane had given him as an advance on his wages.

"Clean all over now," he said, surveying himself with an air of great satisfaction.

"Clean from top to toe. And I'm going to keep clean, too, now that I have a chance. No more rushin' round the street, and settin' round on curbstones. No more sleepin' in alleyways. No more goin' barefoot and wearin' rags. Clean all over. And—Jim's face grew sober as he stood reflecting—"I'm goin' to keep clean inside as well as outside. He's given me a chance, and I'm goin' to show him I'm worth it. Yes, I am."

With a jump and a whoop, Jim sprang into his new life, full of new resolutions. Mr. Lane had met him limping forlornly on the street, overburdened with an armful of newspapers, while still weak as the result of a long illness, he having just been discharged from the hospital. The young lawyer was struck with pity at the appealing eyes and sound of the quivering voice, which seemed full of wordless craving for help which no hand seemed ready to give.

"Seems to me you are not fit for such work," he said, kindly as he bought a paper.

"I'll be stronger soon, I guess," said Jim, as he gave the change.

"He doesn't look as if he had much chance of that," said the lawyer, looking at him, as he staggered wearily on.

"Here!"

Jim turned at the sound of the voice which had spoken kindly to him.

"Can't you find something easier to do than this? No; of course he can't. Poor little sealawag!" This in a lower tone, as Jim approached.

"If you'll come round to my office I'll give you some work," he said, as Jim, from very weakness, leaned heavily against a lamp-post.

"Can't you sweep out an office, and get things in order, and go errands—when you feel better?" he asked.

"Yes; I know I could," said Jim, in a flush of hopefulness.

"Take this, then. Go out to the park and lie around in the sunshine for a couple of days. Then come and see me and we'll fix it."

"It's taking things on trust, I know," said Mr. Lane to himself. "But what's the world good for, if you can't take a few things on trust? Better to be fooled a few times than not to do it."

So, to-day, Jim had been for more than a week acting as Mr. Lane's office-boy. He started off at a brisk pace with his letters and papers, and proud of every chance which now came to him of showing how lively and how faithful he could be in the performance of his new duties.

"I ain't never goin' to turn one way or another till I get my stuff to where it's to go," said Jim, as he tucked the papers securely under his arm, and took a firm grasp of the dozen or more letters. "Important, I reckon," he went on, with a glance of great respect at the business-like envelopes. "Money in 'em like as not. And I've heard say there's stuff wrote in letters sometimes as is more important'n if you was sendin' money in 'em. You wouldn't think so, but that's what they say. And if anybody'd be likely to write important things, it'd be Mr. Lane."

Straightening himself with the importance of having to do with such, Jim turned up a stairway and delivered his papers to Mr. Hill. The message to Mr. Grant was duly given, when the boy turned in the direction of the post-office, which was some little distance further on.

"What's all the crowd? Somebody run over or somethin'?"

Jim stood for a moment after rounding a corner and coming face to face with a scene of confusion common enough on city streets. Men and boys were running from different directions toward a certain point; and in a very few moments several hundred people had collected.

Jim paused for a moment. He could easily keep along on the other side and accomplish his errand without delay. A feeling in his heart told him that this was the thing to do; for a boy who stops to ascertain the why and the wherefore of every street commotion will have little time for anything else. But he turned a little, allowing himself to mingle in the crowd.

"It's only a couple of bootblacks," he heard some one say, "got knocked down and run over."

It was close upon where a number of Jim's companions used to gather for work. What if it should be any of them? More willingly he moved with the crowd, until he found himself unable to choose which way he should move.

"Make way!" Some members of the police force were clearing the way for the approach of an ambulance, Jim was hustled rudely to one side, and the package of letters thrown from his hand. With a cry of dismay he stooped to gather them. "Out of the way, you young simpleton!"

He was forcibly raised to his feet and pressed far to one side. Counting his letters, he found that two were missing. He was obliged to wait until the crowd dispersed, and when he made his way to the place where he had lost them, no letters were there. Poor Jim mailed the recovered ones, and then began wondering if he should ever go back to the office.

"What'll I say if he asks me? If I tell him he'll think I'm a good-for-

nought, and like as not he'll turn me off. If I tell him I mailed 'em all 'raps he'll never find it out. Yes, I'll go back. If he does find it out, he can't do worse'n lick me, and that won't make me feel half so bad as the losin' 'em."

Jim went back and gave his best attention to the performance of his duties. But it was a long and heavy day. Mr. Lane had a pleasant, trustful way with people with whom he came into contact, increased by a pity and a liking for Jim, which led him to treat him with a kindness entirely new to the little street Arab. Jim could easily have borne harsh usage, but this was too much for him. Every pleasant word spoken to him seemed to deal directly with his sense of right, so often, in the cruel light for existence which had been ordered for him, dulled and smothered, but now awakened into new life.

As night came on, Jim sat on a box in the hallway, outside the office, and did a little very earnest thinking.

"I can't stand it no longer—no, I can't," he said to himself. "He's thinkin' me a decent, honest sort of a boy, as isn't the kind to do mean, underhand things, and me 'Tosin' his letters and never tellin' him. 'Raps them letters was important. I'd rather be turned off any day'n be goin' round here and him lookin' at me as he does."

Jim gave himself no time to change his mind, but the next moment was standing before Mr. Lane. The eyes which Jim lifted were very troubled ones, but of full honest purpose to acknowledge his fault, did not shrink before the keen, inquiring ones which met them.

"Well, what is it?" asked Mr. Lane, as Jim hesitated, scarcely knowing how to begin.

"Them letters," he stammered, the color growing deeper on his already flushed face. "You thought I mailed 'em all, but I didn't. I lost two of 'em."

Mr. Lane looked gravely at the small figure standing in such utter self-abasement before him. Everything about it—the thin face with the appealing eyes, and the air of general dejection—seemed to unite in telling the story of how hard he had been on him, and how heroic was his truth telling, which might result in the casting away of the only good fortune which had ever come to him. The gravity melted into a smile.

"I like a boy I can trust," said Mr. Lane.

"Yes," said Jim with a despairing sigh. "You thought you could trust me to take care of them letters—and now you know you can't."

"Now I know I can trust you to tell the truth; you needn't do Jim. I want you to stay as long as you can do the square and honest thing. If you hadn't told me, though, I should have let you go to-night; for I knew you had lost the letters. Some one picked them up and brought them to me."—*athletic Mirror.*

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 c.

IN MEMORIAM.

Funeral of the late Mr. John Arthur Herbert, of Llanarth. Father of Major-General Ivor Herbert.

On Saturday last, August 24th, the remains of Mr. John Herbert were laid in their last resting-place in the family vault, Llanarth churchyard. There was a large attendance of friends and of the neighbouring regiment, among whom Mr. Herbert was so deservedly popular. The Bishop of the diocese pontificated at the Requiem Mass, and was assisted by the Cathedral Prior of St. Michael's, Hereford, and several of the Canons. There were also present a number of clergy of the diocese, and a body of monks from St. Michael's formed the choir. After the Mass, the Bishop, before proceeding to the Absolution, made a short address to those assembled in the chapel; there was a large assemblage of friends and tenantry without, who could not gain admission. His Lordship took as his text: "Rise up before the honary head and honour the person of the aged" (Levit. xix. 32), and said he asked their prayers for the departed, whom they mourned; for whom, too, through all their fear and grief, there ran the thread of respect, nay, reverence. An upright life of seventy-six years could not but claim respect. Mr. Herbert's life had been that of an upright and sincere Christian, a firm upholder of his holy faith. In his latter years, too, he had been tried by suffering, which had turned him more and more to God; and they all honored him the more for his white hairs. And rightly, for although age in itself is no title to reverence, yet the old age of a good man appeals to a feeling in our nature which urges us to treat with respect that which God has set up and watched over so long. For a long life and a God-fearing life is a lesson in God's Providence, and a monument of God's solicitude; it is like a storehouse, from which men draw thoughts, and teachings, and hopes; it is a chain that joins us to the past; and if it touches our own life it often holds in its substance some fibres of our own hearts.

Mr. Herbert, who was born in 1819, had the preacher said, passed most of his seventy-six years in that central spot of North Monmouthshire; here had he lived his father beside him; here might his children live long after him, and such as he. He was a courteous and dignified gentleman, just and fair and compassionate in his dealings, kind and affectionate to his family. Early in his life Mr. Herbert was present at a scene which might fittingly be recalled. It was when the gentlemen of Monmouthshire met—four and forty years ago—at Usk, to protest against what was called Papal aggression. Mr. Herbert and Colonel John Francis Vaughan were alone against the country. Colonel Vaughan's speech we still have; but the younger man, John Arthur Herbert, spoke too, and it was a courageous thing, as brave an act as charging a square or leading a forlorn hope, to face

that excited meeting of his friends and neighbors. The trouble passed away; and no man was more friendly with his neighbors than was Mr. Herbert in all the years of his after life. He lived in the frequentation of Mass and Sacraments; regular at daily Mass, we have seen him so often, punctual, devout, kneeling upright. Faults he may have had, we do not care to remember them now, but he regularly and daily repented and asked God's forgiveness. And when suffering came, he met it with Christian courage, and accepted it in the spirit of the cross.

After the absolution had been given by the bishop, the funeral procession wended its way to the grounds of the old church—once Catholic, now Protestant—which picturesquely enough among the encircling trees looks down on the humbler chapel, where the generosity of the family has continued the Mass and ministrations which link the present with the past life within its ancient walls. The chief mourners were the sons, Colonel Ivor Herbert, Major Herbert and Mrs. Arthur Herbert, and the brothers of the deceased, General Sir Arthur Herbert and Major Herbert, of Llanansried; the coffin was carried to the graveside by the tenantry. The pall-bearers were Lord Fingall, Lord Tudegar, Colonel Syne, Mr. Bosanquet (of Dingston), the Marquis of Abergavenny, K.G.; Sir Henry Jackson, Bart.; Mr. Johad Lawrence (of Caerleon), and Colonel Wheelley.—*London Tablet, Aug. 30th, 1895.*

A FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION

HOW IT CURED MRS. SOMERVILLE, OF BRANTFORD.

HER CASE HAD RAFFLED TEN YEARS OF TREATMENT—THE TROUBLE BROUGHT ON BY AN ATTACK OF TYPHOID FEVER—SHE IS AGAIN ENJOYING GOOD HEALTH.

From the Brantford Nationalist.

That Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a favorite medicine in Brantford and vicinity will be readily borne out by the local druggists, and that much suffering has been alleviated by the use of this wonderful healer, is amply shown by the number of strong statements in favor of Pink Pills from this section. And yet the number of cases published is small in comparison with the total number that have found benefit from the use of this great blood builder and nerve restorer. It is true that Pink Pills are used in many cases to tone up the system, enrich the blood and stimulate the nerves where no serious illness exists; but it is equally true that in many cases in which they have been used, other medicines have failed, and the result achieved by Pink Pills may very truly be characterized as marvellous. The editor of the Canadian Nationalist came across just such a case recently. It is that of Mrs. S. Somerville, a well-known and highly respected citizen of this city. Mrs. Somerville does not seek notoriety, but is willing that a statement of what Pink Pills have done for her shall be made public in the hope that some other sufferer may be benefitted thereby. "My illness at first," said Mrs. Somerville, "was a serious attack of typhoid fever. Although I recovered from the fever it left its effects that have caused me many years of misery. The doctor said that my blood had become impregnated with poison and that it would take a long time to eradicate it. The trouble seemed to have its chief seat in my limbs, which caused me a great deal of pain. For about ten years I continued doctoring, not continually, but at times, and I tried many remedies without permanent results. This went on until the end of '93, when I became so much crippled up that I despaired of getting relief. I had read much of the remarkable cures through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and became interested in them. One day I asked my physician if I might try them. He gave his permission and I began using them. By the time the third box was finished I found myself very much improved—in fact, the pains had entirely left me and I was growing healthier and more fleshy. I continued using the pills until I had taken six boxes more, when I felt that I was entirely cured, and was enjoying better health than I had done for years. I am satisfied that to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I owe my recovery, and have implicit confidence in their curative power, and shall continue to recommend them to other sufferers.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine, but are a long tried prescription acting upon the blood and nerves. They are of great value as a tonic during recovery from acute diseases, such as fevers, etc., building up the blood and system, preventing the often disastrous after effects of such troubles. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all imitations and substitutes.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 c.

John's got the Rheumatism

and Muscular Pains again eh? Why not try the D.L. Menthol Plaster my wife got me one, it cured like magic

For a long time I suffered with Rheumatism in the Back so severely that I could not even sit straight. My wife advised a D. & L. Menthol Plaster. I tried it and was soon going about all right. Price 5c. S. C. Hoffman, Sweet's Corners.

ESTABLISHED 1864.

C. O'BRIEN, House, Sign and Decorative Painter, PLAIN AND DECORATIVE PAPER HANGER.

Whitewashing and Tinting. All orders promptly attended to. Terms moderate.

Residence, 648 Dorchester St., East of Stearns, Office, 647 MONTREAL.

F. P. HORAN & Co.

Grocers and Provision Merchants, 2793 ST. CATHERINE Street, MONTREAL.

Special attention given to stock of Tea, Coffee, Butter, etc. Orders promptly attended to. Telephone number, 3810.

EASY HOME DYEING

It is now possible for an inexperienced person to dye cotton, wool, silk, feathers, etc., a black that will not crack, fade or wash out if you use

Diamond Dyes

With a ten-cent package of any one of the three fast black dyes for wool, for cotton, and for silk and feathers—the very first trial brings success, and the directions on the package are so simple that even a child can get the best results. There are more than forty colors of Diamond Dyes—all reliable and easy to use, and their superiority is unquestioned. We send samples of dyed cloth and direction book free.

WELLS & RICHARDSON Co., Montreal.

CURRAN, GRENIER & CURRAN

ADVOCATES, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS, 99 St. James Street, MONTREAL.

Hon. J. J. CURRAN, Q.C., LL.D., A. W. GRENIER, Q.C., F. J. CURRAN, B.C.L.

DOHERTY, SICOTTE & BARNARD, (Formerly DOHERTY & DOHERTY.) Advocates and Barristers, 180 ST. JAMES STREET, City and District Bank Building. Hon. M. Doherty, of Counsel.

Do You Shave?

If you do, get the "L. J. A. SURVEYOR" Razor. No disappointment with it. Also, Straps, Brushes and Shaving Soap, at L. J. A. SURVEYOR'S Hardware and Tool Store, 9 St. Lawrence Main Street.

ROMANCE OF A SISTER.

MOTHER TERESA ABANDONED SOCIETY FOR THE CELL OF A RECLUSE.

CONSECRATED HER LIFE TO GOD—BEAUTIFUL STORY OF A CARMELITE RELIGIOUS WHO RECENTLY DIED IN NEW ORLEANS—AN HONORED VOW.

Borne to her long home in St. Louis' cemetery, New Orleans, the other day, from the holy precincts of the Convent of the Discalced Carmelites, in the old French faubourg, was the mother superior of the order, Sister Teresa of Jesus, she who in the '50's was known far and wide throughout Louisiana as the beautiful and gifted Louise Roman, daughter of Telesphor Roman, and grand-daughter of Governor Roman. All the gay world knew her in those days and welcomed her in its midst as it welcomes all that lends splendor and attractiveness to its charmed circles. A magnificently proportioned tall brunette, with eyes that flashed with merriment when merriment should be, or drooped and languished with softest expression of sympathy if her tender heart was touched by tales of woe, such was Louise Roman in the heyday of youth.

It will naturally be asked what cause or causes led this beautiful woman and the beloved child of dotting parents to voluntarily leave her home, its affections, its luxuries, for one which entailed almost complete solitude, daily mortification of self and constant prayer, where one cannot even partake of a glass of water without permission from the superior, and where to be hungry and to be cold is loving penance.

A LIFE OF CONSTANT PENANCE. The Order of Discalced Carmelites is the most rigid in the world. There are but four convents in America. The duty of the inmates is to pray for themselves. Some one of them is always prostrated before the altar, where, as the hour passes, they relieve each other as sentinels on duty. Victor Hugo, in his "Les Miserables," gives a most awe-inspiring account of one in Paris. After a Carmelite has passed her novitiate (and many try it, but few succeed) no human being, save her Sisters in Jesus, ever looks upon her face again. Her own mother, when she visits her, speaks to her through a grated window and listens to the voice of her beloved child through the thick serge veil which custom obliges them to draw over their faces on such occasions. The dress of the Carmelite is of brown serge; her undergarments are of the same; even the pocket handkerchief is of brown cloth. They wear no linen. Their sandals are of hempen cloth and knotted ropes. They sleep in cells with one chair, a table and a bed composed of two planks, upon which straw is laid and serge sheets.

FIRST REPAST AT MID-DAY. They rise betimes to pray and do not break their fast by so much as a sip of water until near mid-day. Then the little band of holy souls meet for their first meal. The order forbids meat, so the food is of rice, beans and vegetables, very plainly cooked. One hour in the day—from 12 o'clock to 1 o'clock—

POOR DIGESTION leads to nervousness, chronic dyspepsia and great misery. The best remedy is HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

given up to recreation and conversation at all other times strictest silence is enjoined. It is said that in this hour of recreation their playful laughter can be heard by passers-by and is joyous as that of children.

When not employed in prayer or in necessary manual labor they occupy themselves with painting, embroidery or needlework, for all are cultured women, and usually wealthy ones, who, tired of the world and its vanities, seek to live for God alone.

With Sister Teresa of Jesus, nee Louise Roman, the causes were peculiar. Her story, well known forty years ago, now well nigh forgotten, is briefly thus:

LOUISE ROMAN'S VOWS. Returning to her home one night from a ball, she slipped upon the staircase and gave her knee a severe blow. The bruise troubled her somewhat, but not sufficiently for her to forego the constant festivities of a particularly brilliant carnival season. Again, in a few weeks, when nearly drooping from the fatigue of innumerable dances and waltzes, a similar accident occurred and, unfortunately, she bruised the same knee. This time the injury proved serious. Inflammation of a violent character set in and the best advice in the country declared there was but one hope for life, and even that but a slight one; the limb must be amputated. It was so bare a chance that her distracted parents refused to have their loved child endure the operation. "Will you leave it to her decision?" asked the attendant physician, for so far she had been kept in ignorance of her fate. It was decided to do so. Science was far from being as advanced in the fifties as it is now, and the ordeal through which Mrs. Roman was to pass revealed itself to her mind with all its terrors, but her voice was firm when, after pondering awhile, she said: "Let it be done. If God spares my life I will devote it to Him."

And thus it was she became a Discalced Carmelite. Her novitiate was made in St. Louis. In 1877 she returned from that city to New Orleans and established the convent of which she became mother superior.—*Catholic Citizen.*

WHY NOT YOU?

When thousands of people are taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to overcome the weakness and languor which are so common at this season, why are you not doing the same? When you know that Hood's Sarsaparilla has power to cure rheumatism, dyspepsia and all diseases caused by impure blood, why do you continue to suffer? Hood's cures others, why not you? Hood's PILLS are prompt and efficient. 25 cents.

The National Society of Sculpture, No. 104 St. Lawrence Street, Montreal. Drawing every Wednesday. Lots valued from \$100 to \$1500. Tickets, 10 cents.

Damp Days

often bring coughs and colds, while

PYNY - PECTORAL

brings quick relief. Cures all inflammation of the bronchial tubes, throat or chest. No uncertainty. Relieves, soothes, heals promptly. A Large Bottle for 25 Cents. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LTD. PROPRIETORS. MONTREAL.

"HEALTH FOR THE MOTHER SEX."

This is the message of hope to every afflicted and suffering woman in Canada. Miles' (Can.) Vegetable Compound is the only specific for all cases peculiar to women which can and does effect a complete cure. Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhoea, and the PAINFUL GALLY subject, yield to Miles' (Can.) V. g. table Compound, entirely and always. Price 75c. For sale by every druggist in this broad land. Letters of enquiry from suffering women, addressed to the "A. M. C." Medicine Co., Montreal, marked "Personal," will be opened and answered by a lady correspondent, and will not go beyond the hands and eyes of one of "the mother sex."

ALL MOTHERS WHO HAVE USED PALMO-TAR SOAP KNOW THAT IT IS THE BEST BABY SOAP for healing the delicate skin of Sore.

Baby was troubled with sore on head and neck. I tried Palm-Tar Soap. In a very short time the sore disappeared, skin became smooth and white, and the child got perfectly well. Only 25c. Big Cakes.

MENELEY BELL COMPANY.

CLINTON H. MENELEY, Genl. Mgr. Montreal, Troy, N.Y., and New York City. SUPERIOR - CHURCH - BELLS.

M. HIGGS & CO. AUCTIONEERS, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

Sales of Household Furniture, Farm Stock, Real Estate, Damaged Goods and General Merchandise respectfully solicited. Advances made on Commissions. Charges moderate and returns prompt. N.B.—Large consignments of Turkish Rugs and Carpets always on hand. Sales of Fine Art Goods and High Class Pictures a specialty.

S. O'SHAUGHNESSY, Practical Upholsterer, 2503 ST. CATHERINE STREET. (2 doors west of Crescent Street.) Furniture Repaired and Recovered. Carpet Laid Mattresses Made Over

BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS: Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane. TELEPHONE 130.

JOHN QUINLAN, General Contractor and Builder 679a Wellington Street, Montreal. Estimates given for all kinds of Cut Stone and Masonry. Jobbing promptly attended to.

DANIEL FURLONG, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN CHOICE BEEF, VEAL, MUTTON & PORK. Special rates for charitable institutions. Cor. Prince Arthur and St. Dominique Streets. TELEPHONE 6474.

J. J. KEATING & SON, TEMPERANCE - GROCERS, 297 BLEURY STREET, Lowest Prices for Best Goods

GALLERY BROTHERS, BAKERS AND CONFECTIONERS. Bread delivered to all parts of the city. CORNER YOUNG AND WILLIAM STREETS. TELEPHONE 2805.

DOYLE & ANDERSON, WHOLESALE TEA MERCHANTS. DIRECT IMPORTERS. 564 ST. PAUL STREET, MONTREAL. P. S. DOYLE. R. J. ANDERSON.

G. H. PEARSON & CO., FINE TAILORING 22 CHABOLLEZ SQUARE. G. H. PEARSON. J. P. CLARKE.

E. HALLEY, GENERAL CONTRACTOR & PLASTERER 126 : PARK : AVENUE, MONTREAL. JOBBING A SPECIALTY

LORGE & CO., HATTER & AND FURRIER, 31 ST. LAWRENCE STREET, MONTREAL.

G. A. McDONNELL, ACCOUNTANT AND TRUSTEE. 186 ST. JAMES STREET. Telephone 1182. MONTREAL. Personal supervision given to all business. Rents Collected, Estates administered, and Books audited.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.

This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life.

These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most wonderfully, getting rid of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment

Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers

This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Cold and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas,

GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been known to fail. The Pills and Ointment are manufactured only at 535 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, and are sold by all druggists of medicine throughout the civilized world, with directions for use in almost every language.

The Trade Marks of these medicines are registered at Geneva, Hong Kong, Lyons, and throughout the British Empire, and will keep the American counterfeiter at bay, who will be prosecuted.

Persons who should look to the Label of the Ointment Boxes, and to the name of the Ointment, Street, London, they are assured.