

## The Alleluia of the Pasch.

Alleluia! the bells are ringing,  
Up, high up, in the golden dawn;  
Alleluia! the choir is singing,  
Passionate and its shadows gone.  
Alleluia! the birds are trilling  
Over the eggs in their new made nests,  
Field and meadow and garden filling  
With the joy of their feathered breasts.  
The world of nature round us rises,  
Clad in resurrection green;  
The world of grace all heaven fills  
With its gladness, earth unseen!  
Alleluia! chants the river  
To hill and mountain, sky and sea!  
Evermore and still forever,  
Float the echoes back to me!  
Echoes of an angel chorus  
(White robes in the garden bloom),  
Shouting to the world of us,  
"Christ hath risen from the tomb!"  
All my heart springs up in greeting  
To the capture of this song,  
"Alleluia!" (gladly repeating),  
"Hail! thrice hail, Thou Risen Lord!"  
—Eleanor C. Donnelly, in Donahoe's.

## ENGLAND AND ROME.

## The Idea of a Reunion Is Fermenting in the Anglican Mind.

"An American Citizen" writes an interesting letter to the New York Sun from Nice upon the much-discussed subject of a reunion of the English Church with Rome. After commenting upon the lack of knowledge about the affairs of Italy and Rome displayed by the English press the writer continues as follows:

What I have so far said has been said merely by way of a *caveat* to your readers against hastily accepting any comments which reach you from the English press upon a matter of the most serious moment to all Christendom, which has been the subject of much subterranean activity for some time past, both in Great Britain and at the Vatican, and which is not unlikely to be treated ere long in a formal, official utterance by the head of the Catholic Church. This is nothing less than the reunion of the Anglican communion with the Holy See. Baldly stated in this crude form the idea of such a reunion may not unnaturally strike many of your readers as a phantom of the clerical or theological mind unworthy of serious consideration by any practical man. How at this period of the reign of Victoria, "D. G. Defender of the Faith," and at the end of this nineteenth century of revolutionary chaos, agnosticism, positivism, socialism and anarchism, is the work done more than three hundred years ago by Henry VIII. and the act of supremacy to be undone? How is the Pope, technically a prisoner in his palace of the Vatican, with the waves of Italian unbelief beating about the steps of St. Peter's, to make an end, with the beginning of the twentieth century, of a schism which the Pope, enthroned as a temporal prince and with almost every potentate in Europe supporting him in his project of a great ecumenical council of reform, could not at the outset of the sixteenth century prevent from rending European Christendom into two warring camps?

## PROBABLY NINE IN TEN

of your non-Catholic readers may think that to formulate these questions is to demonstrate the hopelessness of seeking for an answer to them. But may it not be worth while for such readers to look back for a moment or two on the state of Christendom at the close of the great Napoleonic wars in 1815, and to contrast it with the state of Christendom to-day? What were the relations of the Catholics of Great Britain and of Ireland to their own government and to public life on the morrow of Waterloo? And what were those relations to-day? What were the relations of the British Government to the Vatican when Victoria, a girl of eighteen, ascended the throne of Henry VIII. and of Elizabeth in 1837? And what are those relations to-day? How would Cardinal Weld have fared had he assumed to celebrate the Mass as a prince of the Church, and an English Archbishop owning allegiance to the Bishop of Rome, in the cathedral or pro-cathedral at London? And to what Bishop or Archbishop of the Anglican Church, as established by Edward VI., Elizabeth and James I. has such open and general homage been paid by Englishmen of all creeds and callings in our time, as to Cardinal Newman in his oratory at Birmingham, and to Cardinal Manning in his archiepiscopal palace of Westminster?

Or, look a little nearer home. I am not a Roman Catholic, nor do I write as a Roman Catholic. But when I was a lad,

## A BOSTON MOB,

made up in no small part of gentlemen who would have been indignant had their respectability been questioned, cheered on and took part in the assault and destruction of a Catholic nunnery almost within sight of that remarkable dome of the State House on Beacon street, which still shelters the collective wisdom of Massachusetts. What would be the fate of any squad of respectable gentlemen, who, in the spirit of Endicott, should undertake to-day to head a mob against a Catholic nunnery, a Catholic monastery, or a Catholic church in the Old Bay State? Let any one of your readers who thinks that Leo XIII. must be weaving cobwebs to catch moonbeams if he is meditating a serious step toward a reunion of the Anglican Church with the Holy See, take the trouble to look up any authentic account of the state of the Catholic Church in America, when that great and saintly prelate, Cheverus, commanded the admiration of such men as Ellery Channing, and contrast it with the state of the Catholic Church in America to-day, when

President Cleveland, himself the son of a Protestant preacher, who doubtless regarded with perfect sincerity the Pope as anti-Christ, not only sends a special tribute of his personal and official reverence to the successor of St. Peter, but puts Catholics into high offices under the Federal Government and promotes the establishment of a great Catholic University. Neither in England nor America to-day is there anything to warrant the belief that a reunion of all the Christian churches which recognize and insist upon what is called the apostolical succession with the great Mother Church, set upon the Seven Hills of Rome, is impracticable.

## A VERY REMARKABLE OUTGIVING

upon this subject from one of the most prominent and influential of the Anglican laity, Lord Halifax, go very far to show that the idea of such a reunion is actively fermenting in the Anglican mind. It has long been obvious to all intelligent observers that a very grave change of some kind is imminent in the relations of the established Anglican Church with the public at large and with the State. Whatever may be the merely political and partisan purposes (or, in some cases, the predatory and subversive purposes) of the radical politicians who are promoting the bill now before the British Parliament for disestablishing the Anglican Church in Wales, that bill undoubtedly represents a certain movement of opinion, neither predatory nor subversive, among thinkers and classes of believers in England who are beginning to regard the established connection of the Anglican Church with the State, not in Wales only, but in England, as injurious rather than beneficial both to the prosperity and influence of the Church. A good deal of attention and some irritation, I think, was excited among churchmen in England a few years ago by the frankness and energy with which Bishop Potter of New York, then on a visit to England, set forth, when the occasion required it, his own convictions as to the immense advantages which had accrued to the Anglican Church in America from the severance of all ties between itself and the State. But only the other day a vacancy on the episcopal bench in England was filled by a Bishop who is understood to be distinctly favorable to the disestablishment of the Church throughout the kingdom.

Such a disestablishment need not involve a disendowment. Those are two very different questions. And yet, so far as the English Establishment rests upon the agricultural interest in the kingdom, there can be no doubt that the depression of agricultural prices throughout the world, and the attendant fall in the productive value both of the tithes and of the glebes of the English clergy, are seriously damaging the position and the means of usefulness of the great body of the English clergy, and may, therefore, be regarded as factors predisposing practical men in England to take a very different view of the Establishment question from that which the same class of men would have taken twenty years ago. It is observable that the hostile criticisms so far evoked by what I may call Lord Halifax's manifesto on the subject of reunion with Rome, have so far been founded chiefly upon the difficulties involved in differences of dogma rather than of discipline and organization. In the days of Martin Luther differences of dogma broke up the Church. But did they lead to good or to evil so far as their effect upon the temper and the practical principles of the great Protestant sects were concerned? And are differences of dogma likely to convulse the world at the end of this century as they did in the middle of the sixteenth century? I think not. Startled Anglicans are now sharply criticizing Lord Halifax, because, as they aver, it is impossible to reunite the Christians who commune in one kind with the Christians who commune in both kinds. Conceding all possible importance to this criticism, is it likely that by such a distinction would be prevented, all the other conditions and advantages of such a reunion having been worked out and demonstrated?

Pray observe that I am simply touching upon the aspects of this great question, which are now manifesting themselves in England, in order to prepare the minds of your readers for receiving and considering with due weight and seriousness any public declaration of his own views and dispositions which the Supreme Pontiff at Rome may think it right and opportune to put forth. And I do this because the conferences which have for some time past been going on at Rome upon this theme between the Holy Father and the successor of Cardinal Manning, evoked here and there throughout the Italian press all sorts of strange and grotesque comments and conferences, not a few of which have found their way, still further travestied, into fragmentary and hasty dispatches in the English press, of the worthless and misleading sort upon which I commented at the outset of this letter. Perhaps the most curious form in which these comments and inferences have found their way into the public press is the persistent repetition of the story long ago no doubt cabled to you in America, that Cardinal Vaughan really came to Rome charged to feel the way at the Vatican toward a project for marrying one of the grand-daughters of Queen Victoria, Princess Maude of Wales, to the Prince of Naples, the only son and heir of King Humbert. Of course,

were such a project seriously entertained, it would involve, under the existing conditions of the English monarchy, a formal renunciation by the Princess Maude of all possible claims to the succession in England and a formal acceptance of the baptism into full communion with the Church of Rome, while on the part of the Prince of Naples it would necessitate some very ticklish and troublesome negotiations with the Holy See. So far as concerns a renunciation of Anglican Protestantism by

THE PRINCESS MAUDE, the way for this may seem to have been opened by her cousin, another grand-daughter of Queen Victoria, the Princess Alix of Hesse, who has abandoned not only the religious communion into which she was born, but her baptismal name, to become Alexandra Feodorovna, Czarina and Empress of all the Russias. And it is worth noting, by the way, as a proof of what I have already said about the diminished significance in our times of the strictly dogmatic differences between different Christian communions, that the reluctance of the ecclesiastical authorities in Russia to waive the acceptance, by the Princess Alix, of certain dogmas particularly distasteful to her, after long delaying the celebration of her nuptials, was peremptorily cut short at last by one of the most orthodox Czars who ever lived, Alexander III., who insisted that whether the Princess Alix was or was not orthodox enough to suit the official protagonist of Russian orthodoxy, M. Pobedonostieff, she was orthodox enough for him, and orthodox enough to become Empress of all the Russias!

Very possibly if the Prince of Naples seriously wished to marry an English princess, and if the English princess was really willing to marry him, the Anglicanism of the Princess Maude of Wales might not stand very long in the way, nor might she long hesitate at abdicating her somewhat remote chances of succession to the English crown, in order to secure her seat as a reigning queen consort on the throne of Italy.

But the whole story of these matrimonial engagements has been denied and discredited, so far as such stories concerning persons of royal rank, or even private persons, can with propriety be mentioned at all. Cardinal Vaughan himself did not think it unbecoming his dignity as a prince of the Church and his loyalty as a British subject to avail himself of a favorable opportunity for saying with some emphasis that he had never been charged with such negotiations, and that his business in Rome was of a very different and

## PURELY ECCLESIASTICAL SORT.

The significance of the story, as I have already observed, really consists in the somewhat obscure relation which it bears to this other very different and "purely ecclesiastical" business which has been engaging the attention of Cardinal Vaughan at Rome, a more important outcome of which is to be found in the reunion manifesto of Lord Halifax, and in the discussion which that manifesto is now evoking in England. Such of your Catholic readers in America as are really familiar with the esoteric history of diplomacy at the Vatican during the latter years of the long pontificate of Pius IX. and during the whole of the pontificate of Leo XIII., will hardly need to be told that this "purely ecclesiastical" business to which Cardinal Vaughan refers did not begin with his present visit to Rome, nor yet with his accession to the purple, but has been going on now for many years, and indeed ever since the significant and in-structive collapse, nearly half a century ago, of the once famous but now almost forgotten Ecclesiastical Titles Bill of Lord John Russell.

## The "Foreign" Power.

A non-Catholic writer in the *Christian Cyclopaedia* waxes indignant at those who decri the spiritual allegiance of Catholics to the Pope, while thousands of good Protestants and "intense Americans," members of secret societies, swear themselves into abject slavery to foreign "dignitaries."

"Protestants," he says, "fairly rave about Catholic priests, and the reverence paid them by 'ignorant foreigners,' women and children. Yet Methodist, Presbyterian, Baptist, Congregational and Episcopalian ministers in every county seat are bowing to and hailing as 'high priests' and 'most excellent grand high priests.'"

Protestants are shocked at the veneration and supreme loyalty of Catholics to the Pope; yet they and their ministers in every community are kneeling to 'worshipful masters' and 'most worshipful grand masters.' Men who go into spasms at the mention of 'Cardinal' are swearing their very lives and eternal allegiance to 'kings' and 'grand kings.'"

We think this good man's indignation righteous, though it is somewhat excessive. The outcry against the "foreign allegiance" of Catholics is almost spent. As Lincoln once said: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all the people some of the time; but you can't fool all the people all the time." This may be a very homely phrase, but it is fine philosophy withal. Catholics have long since ceased to wonder at the eccentric logic of "patriots."—Ave Maria.

## As Old as Antiquity.

Either by acquired taint or heredity those old-time Scrothels and Consumption must be faced generation after generation; but you may meet them with the odds in your favor by the help of Scott's Emulsion.

Where can I get some of Holloway's Corn Cure? I was entirely cured of my corns by this remedy and I wish more of it for my friends. So writes Mr. J. B. Brown, Chicago.

## WAS IT REALITY?

## A Visit from the Demon of Intemperance.

Temperance lecturers and advocates in their exhortations to those whom they wish to convert, have always two models to hold up in illustration of their arguments—the teetotaler and the drunkard. By exhibiting those characters in contrast, they impress their audience with the veracity of their assertions, and thus attain their object to a great extent.

But they seem to forget that sandwiched between those extremes of humanity is another class on whom they might exercise their influence with greater effect than on confirmed drunkards, and to this class belongs the "moderate drinker." I say a "moderate effect," because it is with extraordinary difficulty that the drunkard can be reformed, as habitual drinking has become to him a second nature, whereas the moderate drinker may be easily rescued from his errors. These reformers also forget that the drunkards of this year were the moderate drinkers of last year, and that the moderate drinkers of to-day will be drunkards a year hence.

The moderate drinker of our large towns and cities is, generally speaking, a "good fellow" imbued with a fair proportion of respectability, and will look with contempt on a poor unfortunate man who has gone beyond the bounds of reformation. Rather should it be a warning to him to desist from his habit, lest that unfortunate man's fate should be his own in a short time.

I would respectfully say to those excellent reformers: "Strike at the root of the evil—moderate drinking—and you will dispel the evil itself. No man ever became a drunkard at once; moderate drinking was his stepping stone. Cast that stepping stone into the waves, and the wretched coast of drunkenness can never be reached."

I was led into these reflections by a story which was told me a few nights since by one who was a moderate drinker. This young man, now a staunch teetotaler, was converted from his habit in a supernatural way, and I shall give his wonderful experience in his own words:—

"You know," said he, "that I was never a drunkard. At the same time, I must confess that I was accustomed to drink often, but moderately. By degrees I became fond of drink, and could not, as I thought, enjoy myself without a few bottles of stout or ale every night. Besides this, when in any trouble or difficulty, I used to endeavor to drown my sorrows in the brandy bottle. On these latter occasions I found that the state of my mind was ten times worse when the effects of the 'fiery liquid' had disappeared; in fact, was often so mentally tortured after the exhilaration produced by drink that I actually contemplated suicide."

"Well, one night, about six months ago, being involved in family disputes, I resorted to my usual antidote, and remained sitting in my bedroom until midnight imbibing pretty freely. About that hour I felt drowsy, and dozed away on my chair. I could not have been long asleep when I woke feeling very chilly. Of course my first impulse was to reach for the bottle, and I took a good drink. I then rubbed my eyes, and opened them pretty wide, to find that my light was extinguished. Now, I was aware I had not slept long, and I knew my hands could not be exhausted in a short time, so I felt anxious about the matter. However, I attempted to light it again, but, found to my astonishment and indignation, that every lucifer match which I struck was damp, and would not ignite. With an imprecation on the innocent lucifers I tumbled into bed, and was again when I became conscious of the presence of somebody, or rather something, it is remarkable that even when in total darkness we become instinctively conscious of the presence of another being. This was my feeling, and, as I am not by any means superstitious, I looked out, when, to my horror, I discerned a hideous figure bending over me."

"Though all around was dark, the figure was enveloped in a sort of unearthly light, but I cannot describe more than the head, for the eyes had a strange fascination for me. Try how I might, I should gaze into those huge prominent bloodshot eyes, that, as I thought, pierced my very soul. Flaming, sparkling, penetrating, they held mine in a sort of mesmerism influence. "Though my eyes did not, or could not move, I knew the head was of an enormous size, and the cheek puffed and bloated. "I cannot say how many seconds this lasted, but at length by a supreme effort I turned my gaze from the horrible figure and buried myself in the bed clothes. "Of course I could not sleep, but by degrees it occurred to me that perhaps after all it was a delusion or a dream, and after a lapse of half an hour I ventured to look again, and saw nothing. "The first thing I did was to reach for the bottle, and I took a long pull. I got out of bed and tried the lucifers again. To my agreeable surprise the first one I struck caught fire, so I lighted the candle. I took up Tom Hood's "Wit and Humor," and in a few minutes was actually convinced that I was only the victim of some frightful hallucination. After another half hour or so I put out the light and immediately went to sleep. "Next morning when I awoke I took a 'refresher' from the bottle, laughed at my strange dream, dressed and went to business as usual. During the day I did not even recall my experience of the previous night."

"In the evening, after business, I had a few bottles of beer, as usual, and went home to find the family disputes before referred to, instead of being, as I hoped, in a state of settlement, or at least abeyance, more intricate and unsettled than ever. As myself was chiefly concerned, I silently ate my supper and left the house in indignation."

At 11 I returned, not forgetting to arm myself against my mental struggle with the brandy bottle. I indulged to a greater extent than on the previous night, partly on account of my mind being more unhinged, and partly to prevent another encounter with my nocturnal visitor. In this latter object, however, I was disappointed, for another visit was paid. I need only tell you that it occurred exactly as before, with this difference—that a strong impression of the reality of that horrible figure was instilled in this instance."

"Next day I certainly felt troubled over the matter, and went home from business with a rather melancholy air. My parents noticed the change, but attributed it to the afore-said family disagreements, and on that account were more lenient towards me. I retired with the bottle, but this third night's experience was more interesting, as it was, and I shall never believe otherwise, reality itself."

"The figure appeared as on the two previous nights, but its eyes were more flaming and bloodshot. On this occasion, too, while my eyes were held in influence, the revolting head bent over me until it almost touched my face. I then, with a mouth reaching, as I thought, from ear to ear, hissed, rather than spoke, mine! mine! mine!—each repetition of the word increasing in emphasis."

"You can imagine how I felt better than I can describe. Huge beads of perspiration were rolling down my face. I was certain the monster was going to seize and take me down to hell, for it smelt strongly of brimstone, and flames of fire began to issue from its mouth, nostrils and ears. Soon, however, I was aware of a new light in the room quite different from that which surrounded my enemy. I looked towards it, and saw that it proceeded from a beautiful and angelic figure which was standing behind the demon."

"This figure looked appealingly and pathetically on me, at the same time unrolling a scrip which it held in its hand. Raising this scrip over the head of the monster, I saw printed thereon in large letters:—THE DEMON OF INTemperance!"

"The monster, turning round to see what had diverted my attention, beheld the angelic form and with a piercing shriek, disappeared. The beautiful figure, casting on me a lingering, imploring look, gradually faded from my sight."

"The incident was so impressive and appropriate that I shall never doubt its reality."

"After a few minutes' thought I saw how my moderate drinking would end, so I got out of bed, went on my knees, and there and then promised God never to taste intoxicating drink again. This promise I renewed subsequently at the tribunal of penance. I have faithfully kept it to the present time and with God's help will do so in the future. If ever I am tempted to break it that night's experience will be a powerful and effective incentive to resist the temptation."

This was my friend's story. "Do you think time will erase the reality of the wonderful incidents of that night?" said I.

"No," said he, "until my dying day I will believe that my guardian angel interposed on that never-to-be-forgotten night to save me from the drunkard's fate. Should my story become known some may laugh at me, some may say it was the effect of the brandy; but I believe, and ever will believe, that it was a reality."—W. J. M. C., in Cork Examiner.

## The Ritualists and Communion with Rome.

Though for three hundred years Catholics were persecuted in this country for their faith, and so late as 1708 a priest was prosecuted before Lord Mansfield for saying Mass, Lord Halifax in his Bristol speech (with the spirit of which we cordially sympathize) says: "We have never renounced communion with Rome; her priests may minister at our altars." This is the kind of logic which has enabled his party to introduce so much Catholic ceremonial into their churches. They ignore authority, and their clergy forget that they are ordained to carry out only what "this Church and realm have received," not what was practically abolished by deed, if not always in plain words. Corporate reunion is the policy of Rome where the faith is orthodox. There would be no difficulty as regards the Greek Church, but in spite of explanatory canons we feel obliged to subscribe to the decision of the Metropolitan of Moscow in 1841: "Your thirty-nine articles are full of heresy; you could not use the liturgies of St. Basil and St. Chrysostom consistently with them." We strongly suspect that Lord Halifax will find the most stubborn *non possumus* not at Rome but at Canterbury and York.—Catholic Times, Liverpool, Eng.

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