

GREAT CAESAR!
Pain Killer

Read and see everywhere. A white medicine that kills every form of external or internal pain. Dose—A teaspoonful in half glass of water or milk, 3 or 4 times a day.

THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

The following beautiful poem is by Eugene Field, the poet who died suddenly a few days ago:

What though the noisy thoroughfare
Teems with a noisy throng?
What though men bandy everywhere
The ribald jest and song?
Over the din of oaths and cries
Broodeth a wondrous calm,
And mid that wondrous stillness rise
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,
"Thy weak and erring child;
And thou, O gentle Mother, pray
That God be reconciled;
And on mankind, O Christ our King,
Pour out Thy gracious balm."
"Tis thus they plead and thus they sing,
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God bending down
To ken the things of earth,
Heeds not the mockery of the town
Or cries of ribald mirth;
Forever southward in his ears
A penitential psalm—
"Tis thus Thy Angelic voice he hears,
O bells of Notre Dame!

Pleed on, O bells, that thy sweet voice
May still forever be
An intercession to rejoice
Benign Divinity;
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
Like dew a quenching balm,
Upon the arid hearts of all,
O bells of Notre Dame!

LIFT UP THE SIGNALS.

By JULIA H. MAY.

As Helena, queen mother, sought, around
Jerusalem, the wood that once had made
The holy cross, along the road she laid
A line of beacons. Lo, the cross is found!
The watchers stationed all along the ground
See first a little light that does not fade
Behind the distance. Soon, above the shade
Another torch is shining. Not a sound
Is heard; but, from the nearest hill
Tops caught,
A hundred hills the lighted signals raise.
And, ere the cross to Helena is brought,
Constantinople's streets are all ablaze,
And Constantine proclaims that very eve
"The cross is found, all ye that Christ
believe!"

And thus, ye royal mothers of the land!
Who find the cross of truth, and cannot go
To bear it far. Oh, let your neighbors
know
The blessed secret. Lighted torch in hand,
Give to the hill-tops, one by one, the gleam
Of the nearest mountain shall reflect its
glow.
And mountain unto mountain light shall
show,
Till every home at last shall understand
The glorious tidings. Say not, "It is far,
I cannot climb the hills with faltering feet,"
Your little torch will shine just where
you are,
And some one else the message shall re-
peat.
Hold up the signals, till the world around
Shall see the lights, and know the Cross
is found.

THE SUPPER OF ST. GREGORY.

By JOHN G. WHITTIER.

A tale for Roman guides to tell
To careless sight-worn travellers still,
Who pass beside the narrow hill
Of Gregory on the Caesarian Hill.

One day before the monk's door came
A beggar stretching empty palms,
Fainting and fast-fick in the name
Of the Most Holy asking alms.

And the monk answered: "All I have
In this poor cell of mine I give—
The silver cup my mother gave;
In Christ's name take this and live."

Years passed; and called at last to Rome
The pastoral crook and keys of St. Peter,
The poor monk in St. Peter's chair,
Sat the crowned lord of Christendom.

"Prepare a feast," St. Gregory cried,
"And let twelve beggars sit thereat."
The beggars came, and one beside—
An unknown stranger with them sat.

"I asked thee not," the Pontiff spake,
"O stranger; but if need be thine,
I bid thee welcome, for the sake
Of Him who is thy Lord and mine."

A grave, calm face the stranger raised,
Like His who on Gennesaret trod,
Or His on whom the Chaldeans gazed—
Whose form was as the Son of God.

"Know'st thou," he said, "thy gift of old?
And in the hand he lifted up
The Pontiff marveled to behold
Once more his mother's silver cup.

"Thy prayers and alms have risen and
bloom
Sweetly among the flowers of heaven
I am the wonderful, through whom
Whate'er thou askest shall be given."
He spoke and vanished. Gregory fell
With his twelve guests in mute accord
Froze on their faces, knowing well
Their eyes of flesh had seen the Lord.

The old-time legend is not vain;
Nor vain thy art, Venerable Paul,
Telling it o'er and o'er again
On gray Vienna's frescoed wall.

Still where'er poverty shares
Its bread with sorrow, want and sin
And love the beggar's feast prepares,
The unvisited Guest comes in.

Unheard, because our ears are dull,
Unseen because our eyes are dim,
He walks our earth, The Wonderful,
And all good deeds are done to Him.

A Sainted King's Tomb

Reunion in its various moods and
tenses has occupied the attention of
all thinking men since the famous
encyclical of the Holy Father was
first published, and the celebration of
St. Edward's feast by the Catholics of
the Church in England adds another
link to the chain which is slowly but
surely being welded together. To
Edward the Confessor England
undoubtedly owes a religious fervor
which has never been completely
eradicated from the English mind,
and a pilgrimage to the shrine which
adorns the ancient walls of West-
minster Abbey is yet another indica-
tion of the interest which is taken in
the all-important question of unity.
The feast of St. Edward is celebrated
in London by the members of the
Guild of Fossams, and the ceremonies
of the day are inaugurated by a
pilgrimage to the shrine of the saint
at Westminster Abbey. Few people,
even Catholics, are intimately ac-
quainted with the history of the
Confessor's last resting place in the
abbey. The saint was prince of
England, caring little for State affairs,
but worshipped as a saint by his peo-
ple. It will be interesting to quote
the opinions of the present Dean of
Westminster, who, describing the
famous shrine of the saint which adorns
the abbey, writes: "That is it that
is the shrine of the saint, the un-
equalled historic interest in the eyes of all who
speak our language? Why should
Nelson have named 'Westminster
Abbey' rather than York Minster, or
Canterbury Cathedral, or St. Paul's,
where he was actually buried? It arose
from the following causes:

"Edward the Confessor's great
church was close to his own place.
It was designed by him for his own
burial place. He was interred before
the altar within a few days of his con-
secration. From that moment Nor-
man Kings, monks, clergy and the
English people vied with each other
in honoring his name. William the
Conqueror based his claim to the
crown on an alleged gift of the King,
who had long lived in exile in Nor-
mandy. To the monks he was dear,
not only from his munificent dona-
tions, but as being in life and char-
acter almost one of themselves. The
Commons of England, groaning under
a foreign yoke, looked back to the
peaceful reign of the pious and gentle
Confessor, the last King of the old
English stock, as to a golden age.
To be crowned by his graveside lent
an additional sanctity to the rite, and
thus from the Conqueror to Queen
Victoria every reigning sovereign has
received the crown beneath this roof,
within a few yards of the dust of the
Confessor. Moreover, as time went
on, a swarm of traditions and legends
grew up round the name of the King,
who was canonized by the Pope in
1163. To be buried near those
saintly ashes was a privilege that
Kings might covet. Accordingly
when Henry II, a sovereign in many
points resembling him, had drained
the resources of his kingdom to
rebuild the church, palace and
monastery at Westminster, he chose
his own burial place on the north
side of the stately shrine, to which he
translated the body of the
Confessor. There in due time lay
his son Edward I. and his Queen;
there King after King was buried;
the children, relations, ministers and
standard-bearers of successive So-
veraigns; there lay Chaucer, who died
in 1400; there, nearly two centuries
later, Spenser, and it is easy to un-
derstand how increasingly the feeling
spread that to be laid to sleep in
ground sacred with the dust of Kings,
warriors, churchmen, statesmen and
poets was an honor of the highest
order."

Edward died on January 5, 1066,
and since that time princes and peo-
ple have knelt before the last resting
place of the illustrious saint-King,
and tradition relates that numberless
miracles "have been worked at his
grave. History records that Bishop
Wulstan, when required to resign his
see at the Conquest, appealed for
help to the dead saint and struck his
pastoral staff into the tomb, where it
stood upright and could be displaced
by no one but the Bishop himself.
On hearing of this miracle William
the Conqueror allowed Bishop Wul-
stan to retain his bishopric and raised
a costly stone tomb sparkling with
gold and jewels over the Confessor's
remains. St. Edward was canonized
in the twelfth century and the remains
were transferred to the shrine prepared
by Henry II in the presence of St.
Thomas a Beckett and the King. For
over a century the body remained un-
disturbed until Henry III. pulled
down that portion of the church
where the saint was interred and re-
placed the old shrine at Westminster
Place, while a new tomb was pre-
pared. About Ware brought the
workmen and porphyries with the
pavement from Italy, but only the
basement now remains of Henry's
magnificent fabric; the material is
Pompeian marble, decorated with glass
mosaic. Above this marble and
mosaic base was the golden shrine
enclosing the Confessor's coffin. At
the sides, upon two pillars, were
gold statues of St. Edward and St.
John the Evangelist; at the west end
was an altar, which was destroyed at
the dissolution, and afterwards replaced
by a table used at coronations, called
St. Edward's altar. In the lower part
are the recesses in which sick persons
were often left during the night to be
cured by the saint. On October 13,
1269, the waistcoat chest which con-
tained the Confessor's body was
brought from the palace to its new
resting place; Henry III., his brother
Richard, King of the Romans, and his
four sons bore the coffin on their
shoulders. The day of the translation
was observed with great ceremony;
processions resorted to the shrine
from all the religious orders in Lon-

OVER THE WORLD
NORWAY PINE SYRUP
CURES
CROUPS AND COLDS

The most prompt pleasant and per-
fectly safe cough medicine. Cures
Bronchitis, Hoarseness, Sore Throat,
Croup, Whooping Cough, Quinsy,
Sore Gland, Croup, Sore Throat,
Bronchitis and Lung Diseases.

The healing and purifying virtues
of this medicine with Wild Cherry and
other powerful Herbs and Balsams to
make a true specific for all forms of
disease originating in the throat.

Price 25c. and 50c.

don, and the steps leading to the
shrine are worn away by the knees of
the pilgrims.

Like other religious institutions
over the country the abbey with its
monastery was forcibly wrested from
the Catholic Church by Henry
VIII., and the shrine was pulled
down, the relics were buried beneath
it and all the movable gold and
jewels were carried off, while the
body of the saint was removed and
buried in some obscure place. The
body was restored to its place by
Queen Mary, and the basement of the
shrine was put together again by
Abbot Rockham, who added the
present wooden erection over the
coffin, the cornice, the modern in-
scription and the painted decorations.
Later on the shrine again suffered,
but was not destroyed. It is said
that soon after James II.'s corona-
tion, 600 years after the death of St.
Edward, a golden cross and chain
were taken out of the Confessor's
coffin "by one of the singing men,
who, as the scaffolds were taken down
after his Majesty's coronation, espying
a hole in the tomb and something
glittering, put his hand and snatched
brought it to the dean, and he to the
King," receiving a bounty of £50.
Through the hole the finder saw the
saint's head, "solid and firm, the
upper and lower jaws full of teeth, a
list of gold around the temples,"
and, "all his bones and much dust in
the coffin." James had the old coffin
enclosed in one strongly clamped
with iron, where it has remained un-
disturbed till this day. Next to St.
Thomas, Edward received the great-
est veneration in Catholic days from
the children of the Church, and many
to-day fervently pray at the shrine of
the great saint for the return of Eng-
land to the true faith. May these
expectations be realized is the hope
and desire of Catholics over the world.
—Exchange.

How Shall Religious Instruction Be Given.

It has sometimes seemed to us that
perhaps our educational institutions
were too much inclined to make re-
ligious instruction not merely a neces-
sary part of the curriculum, but to
place it on a level with the other
studies and merely to exact so many
lessons in the catechism during the
week, with the result that the stu-
dent for failure as for other studies—
sent an additional twenty, thirty or
fifty lines, or perhaps a chapter in the
catechism. The catechism, must, of
course, be taught—it is an epitome of
Catholic theology, and should be
taken as a basis of instruction. But
everything depends upon the manner
in which it is taught. It is hardly
necessary to say that a mere repetition
of a lesson from memory is not suf-
ficient—explanation is necessary. And
very much depends upon the spirit of
the teacher. Of course, explanation
and instruction generally. Here it
is pertinent to remark that it makes a
great difference whether the teacher
loves children or young persons or
not. Some do not care for children
and are rather inclined to consider
them a hindrance to their own work.
They will not stand a very good chance
to get at the hearts and secure the
confidence of his pupils. Whereas,
one who loves children and youth and
takes pleasure in being with them
will be much more likely to win their
confidence and affection. It makes a
great difference whether one loves the
work of teaching and takes to it
naturally. Heart responds to heart.
The hearts of children and youth, es-
pecially, respond to an affectionate
interest manifested in their welfare.
Many a wayward child has been won
from a wild, obstinate disposition
to submission and good behaviour
simply by a change of teachers. One
was unsympathetic, harsh, exacting,
inclined to rule with the rod rather
than with reason and heartfelt sym-
pathy and encouragement. The
other, with kindness and love, led to
the heart of the child, secured his
confidence and thereby made him a
fast friend, an obedient and faithful
pupil.

Her First Appearance.

Mary Anderson de Navarro in her
stage career memoirs, which will be
published in the Ladies Home Journal
(the opening chapters in the
December issue), gives the public a
most interesting and entertaining
view of the trials and hardships she
successfully combated in following
out her conviction that the stage pre-
sented to her the opportunity for a
splendid career. She exultantly re-
fers to her debut in Louisville, Ken-
tucky, on Saturday evening, Novem-
ber 27, 1875, upon which occasion
she played the part of Juliet in the
sixteen-act tragedy of Shakespeare's
"Romeo and Juliet." The performance
was arranged upon two days' notice—
time for but a single rehearsal—and
the aspiring Kentucky girl was jubilant
when the theatre and a stock
company were offered her, upon con-
dition that she play without pay.
Her happiness, however, was not un-
clouded, for of the event she writes
with touching pathos: "That Thurs-
day" (the day that her first appear-
ance was arranged) "was one of the
saddest days of my life. I was filled
with the brightest hope and antici-
pation. Only one black cloud
hung over it: the thought of Nonie
and my grandfathers who were all
very dear to me. Had I known
then that I would never see the face
of the former, and that I would lose
my mother and I far away from him,
and that until his death he would
refuse to forgive or see me unless I
abandoned the stage-life which he
thought so injurious—may I say—
I would even then have renounced what
was within my grasp. This strange
fate befell me in my first year of my
life, and has cast a shadow over all
the otherwise bright and happy
memories of him who was the father,
friend and playmate of our childhood
days." Mrs. de Navarro evidently did
not suffer from stage fright, as
she writes, "I was filled with rather dis-
pressing incidents; one of the players
forgot his lines and had to be promp-
ted by the youthful star; "Romeo"
neglected to bring his dagger, and
"Juliet" had to perform her dis-
patch with a hairpin, while the lamp
was in "Juliet's" tomb, and she
boldly burned her hands and arms.
"Despite of these," she
writes, "the night was a success, and
I knew that my stage career had be-
gun in earnest."

LOSS OF FLESH

is weakening. You cannot af-
ford to fall below your healthy
weight. If you will take Scott's
Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil with
Hypophosphites of Lime and
Soda when your friends first
tell you you are getting thin,
you will quickly restore your
healthy weight and may thereby
prevent serious illness.

Persons have been known to
gain a pound a day by taking
an ounce a day of Scott's Emul-
sion. This seems extraordinary,
but it is absolutely true.
Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!
Scott & Bown, Belleville. 50c. and \$1.

Coughs, colds, sore throat,
asthma, bronchitis, and all
lung troubles are quickly
cured by Hagar's Pectoral
Balm.

For biliousness—Minard's
Family Pills.

IF THE MAN IN THE MOON TOOK SICK WHAT WOULD BE THE RESULT?

Just spend his Four Quarters for a bottle of Burdock Blood Bitters as all sensible people do; because it cures Dyspepsia, Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Bad Blood, and all Diseases of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys, Bowels and Blood from a common Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sore.

Dr. H. F. Merrill.

Results Astonish
MEN OF SCIENCE.

AYER'S Sarsaparilla
A MEDICINE
WITHOUT AN EQUAL.

Statement of a Well Known Doctor

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla is without an equal as a blood-purifier and Syphilis medicine, and cannot have praise enough. I have watched its effects in chronic cases, where other treatment was of no avail, and have been astonished at the results. No other blood medicine that I have ever used, and I have tried them all, is so thorough in its action, and effects so many permanent cures as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—Dr. H. F. Merrill, Augusta, Me.

Ayer's The Sarsaparilla
Admitted at the World's Fair.

Ayer's Pills for Liver and Bowels.

ROMAN NEWS.

The Very Rev. Canon Buguet's In-
terview With the Holy Father.

The Very Rev. Canon Buguet,
Founder and Director general of the
Œuvre Exploitive writes to us: His
Holiness welcomed us with paternal
kindness. We had scarcely made
the first genuflection when he said,
"Come forward, my children." In
the presence of the Vicar of Jesus
Christ, I gave a short sketch of the
development of the Œuvre. The
Holy Father entered into detail—
"How many associates have you?—
Six millions, Most Holy Father.—
That is admirable.—What are the
conditions of your association?—
Prayer for the dead and a subscrip-
tion of 5 centimes a year (or 1 cent)."
And with that you have a great
many Masses celebrated for the for-
saken souls?—Last year we were
able to have 12,000 celebrated; or
300,000 counting those said by Priests
devoted to the Œuvre or for particu-
lar intentions. Already this year
with the resources alone of the Œuvre
the Holy Sacrifice has been offered
more than 80,000 times and in every
part of the world.—Is the Chapelle
Montgousson a town?—No, Most Holy
Father, it is a simple hamlet. In
Orne, France, is M. Monseigneur
Tegay will?—He has been a little
indisposed, but we hear he has com-
pletely recovered.—Oh! I am very
glad.—Then the Sovereign Pontiff
spoke in high terms of charity towards
the dead. It is said he in conclusion,
one of the good works that God
delights in to bless; I shall pray that
He may bless yours, I wish to
see it more and more spread. I
then besought a special benediction
for all the benefactors of the Œuvre,
the priests who work for it, the secre-
taries, and all the staff. The Sver-
ign Pontiff bestowed it with much
benevolence. I then requested the
privilege of giving the Apostolic ben-
ediction. The Holy Father seemed to
hesitate a second, and then ob-
served: Are you the Superior?—
Yes, Most Holy Father.—Well I
accord it with the usual conditions.
You shall give it on a great feast. All
who have confessed and received
Holy Communion will gain a plenary
indulgence." We then retired filled
with joy and happiness.

Patch Grief with Proverbs

but don't try to patch up a lingering cough or cold by trying experimental remedies. Take

PYNY-PECTORAL

and relief is certain to follow. Cures the most obstinate coughs, colds, sore throats, in fact every form of throat, lung or bronchial inflammation in-
duced by cold.

Large Bottle, 25 Cents.

Literary News.

靴鞋

A complete and immediate revolu-
tion in transportation methods, involv-
ing a reduction of freight charges on
grain from the West to New York of
from 50 to 60 per cent, is what is
predicted in the November Cosmo-
polit. The plan proposes using
light and inexpensive corrugated iron
cylinders, hung on a slight rail sup-
ported on poles from a cross-arm—the
whole system involving an expense
of not more than fifteen hundred
dollars a mile for construction. The
rolling stock is equally simple and
comparatively inexpensive. Continu-
ous lines of cylinders, moving with no
interval to speak of, would carry more
grain in a day than a quadruple track
railway. This would constitute a
sort of grain-pipe line. The Cosmo-
polit also points out the probable
abolition of street-cars before the
coming horseless carriages, which can
be operated by a boy on asphalt pav-
ements at a total expense for labor, oil,
and interest, of not more than one
dollar a day.

靴鞋

Norway Pine Syrup cures
coughs, colds hoarseness, sore
throat, asthma, bronchitis, etc.

Doctors recommend Norway Pine Syrup
because it is the best cure for coughs and
colds. Price 25c. and 50c. at drug stores.

For Spasmodic Coughs—
Minard's Honey Balsam.

JOB LOT
—OF—
Men's & Boys' Long Boots

Left over from last year. Way down prices. Come and see them. We want the money, and this lot must be sold.

GOFF BROTHERS

New Goods Never Mind

What other people say,
We say that the
CITY HARDWARE STORE
is on the top for Good Goods at right prices.

Jewel Stoves,
General Hardware,
Lobster Packers Supplies.

Carriage Builders, Painters, House Builders, Farmers
and others, will find us right here every time.

R. B. NORTON & CO.

GEO. CARTER & CO.

DEALERS IN—
Books, Stationery, Fancy Goods,
China-ware,
TOYS AND WALL PAPERS.

CLOTHING!
Clothing! Clothing!

Having secured a lot of Clothing for Men and Boys
much below the ordinary value, we are prepared to offer to
the buying public special value in

OVERCOATS,
Suits, Reefers,
Pants & Vests.

Think of it and Rejoice.

Heavy All-wool Pants, usual price \$2.25, our price
\$1.65. Overcoats \$2.75, Reefers \$3.00, Vests \$1.00, Heavy
Irish Frieze Overcoats \$5.00, usual price \$7.50.
We are over the people will get their money's worth
those hard times.

1,200 Overcoats, Reefers and suits; 1,000
2,000 Suits for Men and Boys. Ladies' 400
Mantles to select from.

You may as well trade at Prowse Bros as not. When
you can save money you may as well trade with the
Farmers Boys

PROWSE BROS:
The Wonderful Cheap Men and Farmers Boys.

Can Read And Write

Then write us at once
for quotations on all
kinds of
Furniture!

We can furnish you from
garret to cellar for Less
Money than any other
firm in the trade on
P. E. Island.

JOHN NEWSON
June 12, 1895—6m

Boots & Shoes

REMEMBER THE
OLD RELIABLE SHOE STORE

When you want a pair of Shoes.
Our Prices are the lowest in town.

A. E. McEAOHEN,
THE SHOE MAN,
Queen Street.

MACHINE REPAIRS,
Sections, Knives,
Rivets, etc.

Also, New Model Buckeye Mowers, Easy-dump Ethica
Rake, Potato Soufflers, Hay Carriers, etc.

D. W. FINLAYSON,
H. T. LEPAGE'S OLD STAND,
Charlottetown, P. E. I., July 17, 1895.

ANNOUNCEMENT!

As we intimated some weeks ago our intention of removing to
our present Store, NEXT DOOR TO J. D. McLEOD
& CO'S, GROCERS, we have removed, and are now ready
for business again. Our present quarters are exceedingly
comfortable for our business, and we feel the change has
been a good one. We have spared no pains to make our
store as inviting as possible, and as our friends have stood
by us in the years gone by, we hope we can reasonably
expect their patronage in the future. Call in and see us at
your earliest convenience.

JOHN T. MCKENZIE,
Star Merchant Tailor.

ALL MOTHERS WHO HAVE USED DALMO-TAR SOAP

Know that it is the BEST BABY SOAP for healing the delicate skin of Infants.

Baby was troubled with sores on head and legs. I tried "Dalmo-Tar Soap." In a very short time the sores disappeared, skin became smooth and white, and the child got perfectly well. Sold everywhere. Sole Makers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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Baby was troubled with sores on head and legs. I tried "Dalmo-Tar Soap." In a very short time the sores disappeared, skin became smooth and white, and the child got perfectly well. Sold everywhere. Sole Makers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

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