

JULY 23, 1892.

THE CITY OF TERROR. AN ALLEGORY.

(ALBA)

CHAPTER II.—Concluded.

We entered the Emporium, where Fairheart kindly directed my purchases. He insisted strongly upon my investing only in the very best quality of seed. Numerous bags were standing around, invitingly open, and adorned with commendatory placards; but my companion, after a critical examination, declined the contents of each and all, telling me privately that they were all inferior, and some of them absolutely pernicious and poisonous. We were told that this was the quality of seed best suited to the soil of the Hill of Fame; that purer brands were hardly ever asked for, etc., etc. After much rummaging, a sample was brought forth which Fairheart, who seemed up to the business, pronounced fairly good. Armed with a hatchet, to clear my way with all through the brush, and with my bag of seed slung over my shoulder, I was ready for the road. Other implements, they said, could be had on the Hill.

"Won't you come with me?" I suggested to Fairheart, for I was loath to part from him.

"No, thank you," returned he. "I am going home. Take care of yourself, and don't wander into the jungle."

CHAPTER III.

I will not say how long it took me to cross the ravine, nor will I relate the difficulties I encountered. Suffice it to say that an age seemed to have elapsed before I found myself at length perceptibly journeying upwards. The luxuriant vegetation which grew in the many rifts and marshy places of the hill, proved, on nearer acquaintance, to be excessively rank—so rank, indeed, as to render the air most unwholesome. The fruits which it produced were very abundant, but they were of the nature of fungi, and they were of a most offensive, offensive, I thought, both as to taste and smell; and the blotched, unhealthy appearance of those I saw eating them was sufficient evidence of their pernicious character. This crop, I presume, was grown from the seed Fairheart had denounced; for the plantations had evidently been laid out with care, and embosomed habitations more or less imposing. Many of these were already uninhabited and in ruins; and the dwellers in those that were still occupied showed unmistakable effects of bad air and food. I found some wholesome roots, very much like those I saw on the Common, and also some pretty flowers; but these were on the drier and more stony places. I did not linger on my way, but made what haste I could to reach a purer elevation. By dint of scrambling up a steep and stony path, I at length attained a small table-land, the upper surface of one of the rocky prominences. Here I found a little unpretentious dwelling, with a surrounding of pretty flowers, and a healthful breeze. A man was at work on the lot, digging up roots of the same kind I had already made acquaintance with. After the first salutations, we began to talk.

"Is this the only crop you raise?" I asked, pointing to the roots. "One might just as well stay down upon the Common."

"Every bit as well," returned the man, whose name, by the way, was Sterling. "Every bit as well, and save all the climbing. Unless, indeed," he added, "you are fond of flowers."

"Here are some I gathered down there," I said, indicating the direction whence I had come.

"Yes," answered Sterling, "but they don't have much show among the weeds. Now, here, as you see, I train them all over my cottage, and the effect from the level country must be charming."

"Poor Sterling! I had not the heart to tell him that his pretty flowers were invisible from the town, and little more discernible from the road. I felt very much depressed, and could not help remarking,

"It seems an aimless sort of life."

"It is better than sowing Devil's Seed down there."

"But could one do better at all—a little higher up?"

Sterling laughed. "I dare say one could; but I have never been there. It was hard enough to get thus far; and I am satisfied to eat my roots, plant my flowers, and enjoy their fragrance while it lasts. By the time one reaches even a perch like this, one is glad to hold on to it. Besides," he added, wearily, "I am tired of climbing—and all for what?"

"Yes, I could see that his contentedness but veiled disappointment; it was not reassuring to me. However, I continued:

"I should like to reach the top."

"He looked at me for a moment as if he thought I was jesting. Then his expression changed.

"You will never get there."

"Why not? Some have reached it."

I attained the last terrace, which was very narrow, and quite solitary; and then I saw, to my dismay, that the summit of the hill rose in a sheer precipice as smooth as glass, where, indeed, further climbing was impossible. I walked around it as far as I could on either side, feeling sure there must be, at some point, a practicable pathway; but there was absolutely none. I sat down on the solitary ledge, and wept.

After remaining there a considerable time I became aware that there was some one on the terrace besides myself. I arose and walked towards him, scarcely knowing why. I found an individual of peculiar appearance, who, to my astonishment, was placing against the precipice a ladder which reached to the top. He showed no surprise at seeing me, but, bowing politely, asked me in a pleasant voice whether I would like to ascend. I could not resist a tremor at the unexpected apparition, and, in a rather unsteady voice, I asked:

"Are you the one they call Chance?"

"That is not my true name," he replied; "but it is the name by which I am spoken of among men. If you would like to ascend I will hold the ladder for you, so that you need not fear."

Indeed, I was eyeing the ascent nervously, and he saw it. But I quickly reasoned with myself.

"Here," I thought, "I have fallen on an opportunity which rarely offers. I see before me the ambition of a lifetime, to accept or to reject. For what have I come thus far? Not, certainly, to go back as I came." Then, to Chance I said:

"I will gladly ascend if you think the ladder secure."

"Have no fear," answered he. "Leave your hatchet here; you will have no further use for it. Slung your staff across your shoulder, along with your seed-bag. Now—steady!"

Clinging closely to the supports, I slowly but surely ascended the ladder, and stepped off at the top. Turning to give my assistant a nod of acknowledgment, I was startled to find that both he and his ladder were gone! I walked around the brink of the level space on which I found myself, and peered cautiously over on every side, but in vain. Chance had disappeared as mysteriously as he had come. I had attained, at length, the height of my ambition, the fulfilment of all my hopes and desires; and now, if there was, in the whole land, a solitary, desolate, heart-sick creature, it was myself. For I was alone now, with nothing more to press forward to, and with the cold wind for sole company. No, not sole company. I had around me the monuments of all ages. How grand they were, even in their decay!—for they were nearly all crumbling more or less, some being absolute ruins; and they were all untenanted, save by the fossil remains of those who had reared them. The feeling that filled my soul as I wandered from one to another—was desolation. The very wind seemed to sigh through the delicate traceries the single word—"Forgotten!"

But what struck me more than all was a Wonder which stood in their midst. At the straighter side of the great semi-circular platform, where, as I ascertained while looking around for Chance, the sheer descent became lost in the jungle before mentioned, there stood an immense mound composed of huge blocks of dark granite, and surmounting these, a mighty Cross of the same imperishable stone. No mortal hand had chiselled that stupendous Monument; the lightnings of Heaven had heaved it from the primeval rock, and the fragments cleft from its base grouped in boulders around its feet. From the foot of the Cross flowed a fountain of the purest water, which nourished and kept in perpetual bloom innumerable magnificent, white and scarlet Passion-flowers that grew in the interstices of the rocks. That inexhaustible spring streamed in rills towards these monuments which stood nearest, and served to keep alive the *immortelles* which clung lovingly around pillar and archway. These last were built mainly of granite which lay plentifully around, some entirely so; and they showed no signs of decay, nor did they contain any fossil remains. I became so absorbed in this wonderful sight that I could think of nothing else. I marvelled how it came that I had not perceived that Cross from the level country; but I suppose the glitter of the marbles grouped in front of it distracted the eye. What power was in the spectacle! I know not, but it seemed to lift me out of myself. The hopes and aspirations which had so lately been everything to me, receded to an immeasurable distance, like a dream of many years ago. Here was soil in which to grow my seed; here was stone of which to build my dwelling; here were tools laid aside by the now fossil hands that once had used them. But how would my poor cottage look beside those lordly relics? What company was my poor seed for the blooming *immortelles*? I wandered about among the monuments like an uneasy ghost, till the heavy night began to fall; then I clambered up the granite mound, and laid myself down to rest at the foot of the Cross.

When I awoke next morning I perceived the dark Cross standing out against a halo of light which surrounded it as with a glory. I arose to a kneeling posture, and clinging to my mighty shaft in order to support myself, I looked out over the prospect. Above and beyond a sea of black fog, which seemed to fill the middle distance, and was thickest and highest over the marshes which, on that side, skirted Sapless-land, arose a vast Mountain of Light. Its upper part was lost to view in a veil of golden mist; its base, also,

was invisible from where I stood, because of the black fog. But on its middle slopes I could discern, through the bright haze, shining palaces and pinnacles; below these, a belt of waving palms, and below these again, what seemed to be white, glistening tents, as of a great army; the whole surrounded by a turreted and embattled wall, built upon the solid rock.

Surely I had before seen the outlines of those turrets and battlements! Surely I had a dim remembrance of those waving palms! Instinctively I looked in the direction of the black mound I had left, endeavoring to locate the point from whence I had perceived those very outlines through the dense fog which, as I now saw plainly, arose from the unhealthy swamps of Ignorance and Prejudice that surrounded Sapless-land. Could this be that awful City of Terror, the dread and abhorrence of which was the primary article of the Sapless-land Creed? What had the whole earth to offer that might compare with the hope of one day reaching it? And it did not seem so far away. Could I but find the means of descending from my present attitude, nothing should stop me. I would tear through the jungle with my bare hands. Oh! that Chance would show himself again! I would go and look over for him.

With this intent, I slid my hand down the shaft, to steady myself among the boulders; and in doing so, it rasped against what seemed a cord, fastened securely to the Cross. Feeling carefully around this, I found that the end dropped over the abrupt precipice, on the opposite side from where I had ascended. I seized the cord; it did not waver, but remained quite steady as if weighted at the lower end by some heavy object. Moreover, it was knotted at short intervals, which rendered descent by its aid an easy matter. I did not hesitate a moment, but made my way, hand over hand, to the foot of the precipice, where I found the other end of the cord secured firmly to a ponderous anchor. By means of this, I found myself, to my great joy, on a narrow but solidly built road leading straight through the jungle in the direction of the shining mountain.

Being now on the low lands, it is not surprising that the wide-spreading mist from the swamps should gradually obscure my vision of the City of Terror, the obscurity increasing as I approached the swamps, which lay to the left of the road I was following. But I did not for a moment lose heart, or wander from the way; my steps being guided and my courage sustained by a clear, star-like light which I had observed suspended, as I imagined, over the gate of the City, and which penetrated the fog with great brilliance and steadfastness. The way was long, however, and the sorry daylight of the levels was waning, when I observed a man on the road advancing towards me. Not unwilling for company, even in passing, I made haste to gain up to him. It was Fairheart!

TO BE CONTINUED.

POWER OF THE PAPACY.

Without the Church the Hearthstone and Altar-Stone Cannot be Saved.

The great power that the Papacy is in the world (says the Roman correspondent of the *Pilot*), is shown no less by the favorable judgments of those who recognize its majesty than by the hate of those opposed to it, and opposed to order and freedom and justice. The very peculiar opinions of Signor Crispi, the bitter adversary of the Catholic Church, and of its Head, are interesting only as an exhibition of his mental vagaries on the thought that is dominant in him. In 1887, he says, he thought that Leo XIII. would be reconciled with Italy "deeming him a superior man, I hoped he would govern the Church with an independent spirit, without pretending any longer to the civil power, and by submitting to the institutions and to the laws of the States, as the Divine Redeemer imposed upon him." If there is any one in Italy who knows how the Church should be governed, and how to fulfil the law of Christ, it is evidently Crispi, in Crispi's opinion, who now rules Italy through his followers and dependents in the newly formed Ministry fell away from what was expected of him and came under the rule of the Jesuits, who are, if possible, worse in Crispi's eyes than even the Pope himself.

Passing from these expressions of hatred and malice, it is refreshing to get into a purer and moral atmosphere, and listen to the words of Mgr. Fava, Bishop of Grenoble. He speaks of this phrase of Leo XIII. "Go to the people!" It is to this class of society that the Pontiff directs his care. "Go then to the people," said Leo XIII., the future of the Universal Church is there; there also is the future of the world. The race of laborers has multiplied, increased, and finally reaches the position of ruler. Who then commands amongst you today? It is the people. "Let us go to the people," said our Pontiff in sadness, "the great abandon us." And his Holiness made known that, if the chiefs of the peoples would stretch forth their hands to each other, in presence of the Pope—the common father of humanity on earth—and unite with him, the Papacy would soon become free, and chiefs and peoples happy. Peace, the greatest of benefits, is the fruit of order well maintained. Now, order requires that the Vicar of Christ may be Sovereign, not subject; that he should, in consequence, possess Rome at least, where alone no one should be master but him alone."

And Mgr. Thomas, Archbishop of Rouen, in a lengthy article indicates the beneficent and healing works of Leo XIII. What the Pontiff found on ascending the Pontifical throne was the ardent struggle waged in the name of science against the Church. He has shown "the conditions and the benefits of the alliance which should exist between reason and faith." He has determined the hierarchical relations of these two powers.

Again, with regard to the relations of the Church to society, the eloquent Archbishop says: "Now, societies cannot be tranquil and prosperous except when the Christian spirit animates them and when their laws and customs are conformable to the principles of justice and of truth, of which the Church has received the deposit. Such is the great lesson of the Sovereign Pontiff, in his discourses and his immortal Encyclicals. In the conduct of affairs, as in his teachings, Leo XIII., is the great peace-maker."

"At this very hour the Church finds herself in presence of a race of violent men, carried away by rough and insatiable covetousness. They, like their predecessors the barbarians, have fierce instincts, and more than once they have led pillage, massacre and incendiarism into the streets of great cities. In this extreme peril Leo XIII. has not ceased to recall to the world that the Gospel and the Cross have lost nothing either of their divine attractiveness nor their civilizing power; and that the Church alone has the lot of subjugating by her doctrine, and chiefly by the force of love the rebels against social order, as formerly the barbarians, by bending their will, by pacifying their heart and by making of them men capable of respecting God, of obeying laws, and of devoting themselves to the family and the fatherland."

"Another no less pressing lesson of Leo XIII. to our age is that of repeating to it, with the Apostle, that Jesus Christ is the foundation placed by the hands of God at the base of all civilization; that for nations, as for individual souls, He is the only Saviour; and that the principles of the Gospel are a divine bond, without which society is only an inconsistent land which mocks the labor of man and escapes his constructions. Such is indeed the experience which we have passed through. Nothing has been wanting to us, neither the ability of statesmen, nor knowledge, nor the devotion of patriots, nor generous advances towards justice and liberty. Nevertheless look around you. Behold in the whole of Europe these charters torn up, these constitutions broken up, these shreds of crowns, these broken swords, these ruins of every date and origin which have been left behind by the creations and destructions which succeeded one another with grievous rapidity. Ah! would that the Governments and the nations, docile to the teachings of Leo XIII., should comprehend finally that without the religion of Jesus Christ, the hearthstone and the altar-stone, the ramparts of cities and the frontiers of the fatherland cannot be saved."

In clear terms Mgr. Thomas expresses the necessity for the temporal power of the Pontiff, in order that this light and vital flame, this truth and love, may be freely diffused over the world. "If the Pope were not a sovereign, but a subject, where would his liberty be? Exile rather; but then, in seeing the departure of the Vicar of Christ, the Pontiff, the Coliseum, the Pantheon, the basilicas of St. Peter and St. Paul and St. John Lateran, the triumphal arches, the obelisks, all the monuments of the Eternal City would say to him emulously: "Hail august Pontiff, soon shalt thou return, for the Redeemer is with thee; and thou art great enough to reign in our midst. Thy throne is more solid than the basis, many centuries old, on which we are seated. One day we shall fall, and thou wilt still be standing!"

It is the Marquis Melchior de Vogue who said that, since the death of William I. of Germany, Leo XIII. has taken, insensibly, in the imaginations of men the part of the first man in Europe. In explanation of this general agreement of imaginations, the writer considers the Pontiff owes it, first of all, to the incomparable prestige of his situation: "A king without a kingdom, more powerful than sovereigns in possession." Afterwards, to a proof of great intellectual force. In 1878 the Conclave appealed to a septuagenarian, confined for a long time in the mountains of Umbria; this unknown Prelate passed from his diocese of Perugia to the voluntary seclusion of the Vatican; he has lived fourteen years within this walled solitude, surrounded by a tiny world opposed to all novelties. Of the strangers who approach him, some are silent through respect, others have an interest in distorting the truth. You cannot imagine a condition better made to conceal from a man the transformations of his epoch; and God knows no epoch saw more profound or more radical transformations."

"Nevertheless, this is what has happened: the recluse of the Vatican—on day an octogenarian—knows, comprehends, and sometimes directs these transformations; he is as well informed, as prompt in his glance, he has a mind as free and boldness as just as the director of a great journal of London or New York. We all know how politicians most prudent, when how attain extreme old age, shut themselves against the knowledge of contemporary needs. . . . The exceptions, such as Gladstone, are so rare in a century, that they confirm

the rule. With Leo XIII., in the conditions which I have recalled, this phenomenon of active clear sightedness is something marvelous. Believers see in it the effect of a superior assistance; unbelievers, the sign of genius; both explanations form a nimbus around his forehead.

"Leo XIII. did not reveal himself with a sudden gesture, as another sovereign might do, who has fascinated minds at first glance only to disenchant them immediately after. His high stature rose up slowly on the horizon with the calmness of great forces. Fourteen years ago I was at the Sistine Chapel when the Cardinals brought in the newly elected Pontiff; a humble commencement, and which did not promise much. Pius IX., mixed up in so many events, left behind him a brilliant renown and a great void; the despoiled Papacy seemed to have gone down with him. The heir without heritage which was shown to us was feeble in appearance and of a disputed renown. His coronation appeared to us a simulacrum of vanished realities, the exaltation of a phantom. These were the years when the shadow of the Cross was lessening over the world. How one deceives himself in judging hastily! We carried away from this ceremony the impression of a scene drawing to its close. The first years of the Pontificate, condemned to a discreet protestation, did nothing to correct this error.

"Little by little the figure stood out. I found it already very high when I returned to Rome, in 1886. Nevertheless, it had not reached its true pedestal. . . . They have understood at Rome that the foundation and the guarantee of the Holy See are, in the heart of the Catholic peoples, in the involuntary respect of the non-Catholics. From the day when Pope Leo XIII. has entered into this view he has become what we said above, the first man in Europe. He continues to negotiate with Governments, he treats them with prudence; but the resource of policy, more evident every day, is the appeal to the peoples. The pre-occupation of America, so striking in its latest acts, the consolation which this country gives him, have done much to hold him to his definite path. . . . And so the praise alternates with the criticism; but the thought underlying every man's expression—whether of laudation or reproach, whether of Crispi or of the Bishop of Grenoble—is the greatness, the ability and the power of Leo XIII. Such is the judgment on him of his contemporaries."

The Sisters of the Good Shepherd of the United States have been informed by cablegram of the death of the Mother-General of that Order, which took place on the feast of the Ascension. This venerable lady was known as Mother Mary of St. Peter de Condenove. She was an Austrian by birth and was at the time of her death about eighty-three years old, fifty years of her life having been spent as a member of the Order of the Good Shepherd. She was elected Mother-General of the Order in 1868, and was elected to succeed her in 1888, and was elected to the present year. This year, had she lived for one more week, she would have completed her fourth consecutive term.

To the members of a boys' club in London Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett recently wrote a letter in which she says: "I used to say to my own two boys, 'You are like the block of marble which is to be made into a statue. You yourselves are the sculptors. It depends upon you whether you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenerous act, every hurtful word, every unmanly thought, is a false stroke of the chisel, and mars the statue.'"

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