## The Fountain of Tears.

If you travel o'er desert and mountain, Far into the country of sorrow, To-day, and to-night, and to-morrow, and maybe for mouths and for years, you shall come, with a heart that is hardless.

For trouble, and tolling, and thirsting, You stati certainly come to the fountain, At length—to the Fountain of Tears.

At tengent very example, and solely for pieous lame oting and sighing; For pieous lame oting and sighing; And those who come, living or dying Alike from their hopes and their fears; Full for pyrus-like shadows the place is, and statues that cover their faces; Bat out of the gloom springs the holy and beautiful Fountain of Tears.

And it flows, and it flows with a motion so gentie, and lovely, and listless, and murmurs a tune so resistless, and murmurs a tune so resistless, To Sim who hath suffered and hears, You shall surely, without a word spoken Kneel down there and know you're neart broken.

broken, And yield to the long-curbed emotion, That day by the Fountain of Tears. Arthur O'Shaughnessy.

A MYSTERY OF THE SEA.

A TRUE STORY. From the Century.

In the summer of 1884 I was coming across the Indian Ocean in the steamship Glenearn homeward bound from Shanghai with a cargo of tea. We had passed Ceylon, catching a glimpse of the distant island and a whiff of the spicy breeze offshore, and were nearing the treacherous chain of coral reefs known as the Maldive Islands, when I came up from the cabin after dinner for a stroll on deck. The evening sky glowed with the beauty of a rich sunset such as is rarely seen outsile the tropics. The good ship rocked easily upon a long, smooth swell, and plowed her way into a sea of molten gold, turning it, as by the touch of a magician's rod, into the blue depths of water beneath her moltangers. kneel. The vessel's wake, churned into foam and shot through with countless

foam and shot through with countless flashes of phosphorescence, stretched far astern like a silvery path leading to the very edge of the full moon which hung just above the hor 22m.

I found the chief engineer leaning against the rail and enjoying the glorious beauty of the evening. For some time neither of us spoke. At length he re marked in a meditative way:

marked in a meditative way:
"It was just here that we met the
Portuguese brig when we were coming

Now Nesht was a clear headed Scot who had studied in one of the Eaglish universities and taken his degree; then, giving way to his passion for a roving life, he had gone to see and spent twenty years sfloat. He had doubled more than once the Horn and the Cape, made a dezen voyages to China and Japan, and, as engineer in the Portuguese navy, had visited the whole coast of Africa, and once crossed the Dark Continent on foot just below the equator. In short, he had just below the equator. In short, he had of the world, and taken good

ote of what he saw.

The chief engineer, therefore, was a man who had in his head much material for a good story; and it was in the hope of getting a story now that I asked:

"Well, what about the Portuguese

He looked up in surprise.
"What! Haven't you heard of the adventure we had on the last trip out?

No? Bout as curious a thing as ever I came within hall of. But it's a pretty

long yarn; so let's find some seate first, and then I'll spin it for you."

We took possession of a couple of steamer chairs on the after-deck, and forthwith the chief spun his yarn as fol-

lows:

"We came out in February loaded mostly with tron; had a rough time of it in the Bay of Biscay and the Mediterranean, but when we had gotten past those cussed Frenchmen on the Sarz Canal our that worse were over. troubles for that voyage were over.

Those canal pilots make an engineer

Those canal pilots make an engineer swear more than a storm at sea.

"Well, just in this place, one day about noon, we passed a brig about four miles north of us. The sun was hot, there was not a breath of wind, and the brig lay rocking on the swell with all her sails set and flapping. She showed no colors and the sun and the sails set and flapping. to answer the signals which were The captain swore a little at her want of maners and we went on ; but when we had passed her some distance, perhaps a couple of miler, I went on the bridge and found him still leveling his glass at her. As I came up he said: 'I don't like the looks of that craf: at all. She isn't ship shape, and I am going to run over to her and find out what's

"He put the steamer's head for the brig, and soon we were as close as the swell would allow. We halled her, but got no reply. Then the old man began to get excited, and ordered the mate to call away the crew of the cutter and investigate. When the mate came close alongside he hailed again. Still no reply. She lay with her starboard beam toward us. He called around her stern and found the with her starboard beam toward us. He pulled around her stern and found the port gangway open. A man in a red shirt and a pair of trousers sat there on the deck, his legs hanging over the side. He was lesning back upon a box under his left arm, and a red hand kerohlef trailed from his right hand across his cap. A loud hail at close quarters brought no movement or response, and a sudden awe fell upon the boats crew. The man was dead!

The mate pulled forward to the bow and climbed up the chain to the deck. He said afterward that nothing would have hired him to climb into the gangway be side that ellent figure. Four men lav on the deck around the forward hatch. They had been dead a long time, and the burn-ing aun poured down upon ghastly bodies

N,

DRY. FULLY ati, O.

uater aboard! Here was the secret of the tragedy. Every water cask was dry, every but had been upset and drained to the last drop. The little cabin boy lay with his head and shoulders inside one of the overturned casks, and his stiff fingers grasped a tin cup into which he had been trying to drain a few drops of water.

graped a fin cup into which he had been trying to drain a few drops of water.

"The ship's papers and two or three hundred Mexican dollars were in the dispatch box under the captain's clbow. I translated the papers—which were in Portuguese—when they were brought aboard the steamer. They showed that the brig was Portuguese, registered at Goa. Her name was the Santa Maria, and she had been cleared from Goa three months be cleared from Gos three months be fore for a trading voyage along the west coast of India. Her master was also her owner; his name was signed to the papers with a cross. There was not, as it seemed, a single man on board who could write, for no log was found. There was a comass and a crude chart of the Indian coast

pass and a crude chart of the Indian coast in the cabin, but no sextant or chronometer and no signal flags.

"So these poor wretches had probably been blown off the coast by a storm, and once out of eight of land they lost their bearings and could not find their way back again. Their supply of water gave out and they died. But judging from the size of the brig she required a crew of about fifteen men to banule ber, and there were only seven bodies on board. What about fifteen men to handle her, and there were only seven bodies on board. What became of the other no one can tell. They may have drunk salt water, gone mad and jumped into the sea to end their misery. There were lots of sharks swimming about the brig when we found her.

"I said there was no log on board.

"I said there was no log on board.
Perhaps that is true and perhaps it is
not. On the deck by the captain's side
was a little heap of pebbles which had
evidently been brought up from the
ballast, and carefully piled in one corner
of the dispatch-box beside the ship's papers were seventeen of these same peobles. It is not unlikely that each peobles. It is not unlikely that each pebble represented a day of thirst and watching. It makes me shudder, even now — the picture of that red shirted captain sitting in the waist of the ship watching for the sail, and seeing his crew, maddened by thirst or by sait water, jump down one by one into the jaws of the sharks waiting below. It always think of that captain as catching sight of some steamer on the horizon and raising himself to wave his red handker-

It is sgainst the law to leave a vessel adrift upon the high seas. So when the mate had come back with a white face and told had come back with a wante lass and sold his story the captain sent the crew over to the brig and dismantled her. We took out her stores, cordage, sails and every-thing we could move Then the carpenter thing we could move. Then the carpenter went down and bored a lot of holes in her bottom. We put all the bodies in the cabin and laid the ship's flag over tham. cabin and laid the snips flag over tham.
The captain read the prayer from the burial service. Then we locked the cabin-door and left her; and as we steamed away we could see her slowly settling

away we could see her slowly settling down
"We turned over everything belonging to her to the Portuguese consul at Singa pore; and if you sak the captain he will show you the letter of thanks he got from Portugal with King Luis' own signature. The consul wrote to Gos and advertised in all the Eastern papers three months for some one who could claim the things, but without success. At length they were without success. At length they were sold and converted to the crown, for no living soul could be found who knew any. thing about the Santa Maria or her crew.

AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE. HOW EDUCATION IS FOSTERED BY

SCHOOLS OF ONE OF THE MOST CATHOLIC Boston Republic.

It is now an almost universally admitted fact that the French Canadian stands in the front rank of races proud of being Catholic. France, Italy, Spain, Austria and many other nations claim Catholicity; yet within their borders they permit an often infidel government to trample on all that should be held dearer than life—the rights of their Church. The throne of the Vicar of Christ is now assalled by implous men, soldiers of Satan, acting under the authority and protection of the Catholic King of a Catholic people. of the Catholic King of a Catholic people. Grand old churches, wherein for hundreds of years the Holy Sacrifice of the New Law has been offered up, on whose pavements have trod the footsteps of saints and whose vaulted roofs have oft re-echoed with songs of praise, swelled from hearts as well as throats, are demolished or seized for secular purposes. The holy works of art are sold and the altars dessecrated. In Catholic Italy all this occurs, and the situaart are sold and the altars descrated. In Catholic Italy all this occurs, and the situation is almost as bad in France. But we cannot any longer style such nations Catholic, for they have forfeited that honor, until they shake off their lethargy and once more shine as gems in the diadem of the Church. The powerful nations are no longer friends of truth, but foes. Only the poor and downtrodden, as Ireland and Poland, cling to the mother.

But if we must turn from Europe in disgust, let us look around us, at home in

ing sun poured down upon ghastly bodies which were almost skeletons, they were so the cutter were ordered up, and they essached the ship from atem too stern. They found no one in the forecastic or the hold, and no one in the cabin; but in the galley they found the cabin boy, both dead, the cook lying upon bis face with his fingers twisted in his long black hair. All the men except the captain seemed to have ded in agon, for their bodies were writhed and twisted.

"There was plenty of food abroad—a "There was plenty of rice and some flour: There was plenty of rice and some flour: There was plenty of coals for the galley fire. The ship was perfectly sound, not a sail was split, not a balyard started; the masts and spars were all should and routed in all secure, and the wheel and rudder in good order. But there was not a drop of good order. But there was not a drop of good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks were and good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks were and good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks were and good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks were and good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks were and the whole and rudder in all secure, and the wheel and rudder in all secure, and the wheel and rudder in good order. But there was not a drop of the drawn and parks and parks

founded in 1852 This university with its valuable library of over 100 000 volumes, fully equipped medical haits, fine law and theological buildings, is wholly Catholic. Its art course is unsurpassed, its medical faculty unrivelled, its law training excellent, while its divinity graduates rival those of European institutions in theological science.

LAVAL UNIVERSITY
alone is indeed a noble work, a monument
of Catholic zeal for higher education. The Seminary of Quebec, too, situated near the university, is an institution ranking very high. Its eight years' classical and scientific course is thorough, and its graduates are found elevated in Church graduates are found elevated in Church and State to the highest positions. Another college deserving of special mention is that of Nicolet, founded in 1803, and, since that time, conferring on thousands the benefits of a higher education. The old walls have harbored earntly highors and prigate, indees and lawyers. bishops and priests, judges and lawyers, physicians, and even members of Parliam nt and governors in their youthful days. If any one institution can be proud

of her some old Nicolet can, and, if e'er children loved their Alma Mater her graduates do, and well they may. Montreal College, too, has a fine record and is also an old and excellent institution founded by the Kathara of S. institution, founded by the Fathers of St. Sulpice, who are generally supposed to count their resources in Canada by millions. The Jesuits, always to the front for learning, are in no danger of losing their laurels in Canada. St. Mary's College is worthy of them. The colleges of St. Ann, Joliette, Assumption, St. Hyacinthe, Three R. vers, Sherbrooke, Livis, Chicoutimi and others are all excellent institutions with large faculties for higher education. The various courses of study embrace Latin, Greek, French, English, Institution, founded by the Fathers of St. embrace Latin, Greek, French, English emorace Linn, Greek, French, English, literature, history, mathematics, natural science, mental and moral philosophy, etc. The teaching staff in Laval numbers more than fifty, and each of the sill cred colleges has, on an average, thirty professors, almost all priests or minor clergy. The tuition fees are by no means high in

ANY OF THESE INSTITUTIONS, ANY OF THESE INSTITUTIONS.

Prices are cut as low as possible; indeed many of the colleges would lose but for the revenues placed at their disposal by the generous French-Canadian people. But classical education is not alone fostered, for there are nearly one hundred

Catholic commercial colleges and acad emies in the province, the principal being at Montreal, Arthabaskaville and Rigaud. At these places, too, the course of study is strong, expenses low and teachers devoted. Strange it is, too, that the awful Separ

strange it is, too, that the awful Separate school law is in force in Quebec as well as in Outorio. Yet has "Romish" influence entered all the schools and smothered the consciences of Protestants? By no means. The Protestant minority have their own schools, colleges and university, and the Catholic government. versity, and the Catholic government helps them and often pays the salaries of their teachers as it does for the Catholic institutions. There was never a fairer-treated minority in the world than the Protestants of Q sehec, and they appreciate it. Not far from Catholic Quebec is Protestant Outario, and

SEPARATE SCHOOLS SEPARATE SCHOOLS are there, too. Yes, and so are bigots eaching to deprive the Catholics of them. Yet if the mejority in Quebec would even speak of doing the same towards Protestants, a howl would be raised by every loyal (7) association in America against the Portion accuration. loyal (?) association i "Romish aggression."

Such, then, is the state of higher education in this Catholic land, and the interest there shown in it by priests and people may be taken as a fair example of the attitude of Catholics towards enlightenment. The Catholic Church, far from being the foe of learning, is her greatest friend. Way? Because she knows the more developed the mind is by education the easier it is to understand her teaching and grasp her truths. Right thinkers, no matter how far away, always then toward Catholicity; for it is truly in it that they can find their ideal. It was patient search that brought a Newman and a Manning to the Church; and each day Such, then, is the state of higher edu-Manning to the Church; and each day spent in that search was an amount added to their learning's store. The greater the learning the clearer the view, and the "kindly light" leads on till, eafe and in peace at home from whence many have wandered, the happy searcher finds his

Ah! there is a lesson in French Canada for those who misrepresent us. Let us hope they will profit by it.

Oa the 27th ult., at Terrebone, Prof. Contact the director of the Catholic college, and one of the pupils of the college were drowned. The two, accomcollege were drowned. The two, accompanied by another pupil, took a boat to cross to an island near by. Be'ow the island is a dam, over which the current rushes with great force. When a little above this dam one of the oars was lost. and the boat became unmanageable and drifted into the current. The e professor and one of the pupils were carried over the Falls and were drowned. The other pupil was saved by clinging to the boat.

No language can be conceived more ardent or absolute than that in which the esrliest records of Christianity, the litur-gles, and the early Fathers, speak of the Mother of Our Lord. Spotless, sinless, notice holy, holler then the seraphim, hollest next after God — these are the familiar descriptions of her sanctity — Cardinal Manning.

actual state of this province, where a Catholic people, raised by Catholics, and invariably following the advice of the release, show a system of education so superior. Let us look at the factr. In Q tebec there are fifteen Catholic classical and scientific colleges, nuder the maternal wing of the great Lival University, founded in 1852. This university with its valuable library of over 100 000 with an ardent desire to give his life up in the service of God. His good parents were not slow in noticing this, and immedistely sent him to pursue his classical studies at Newry college, after which the young ecclesiastic was sent to study the-ology in the Irish college at Paris. In 1837 he saw his fondest hopes realized, and was ordained priest by the Archbishop of

was ordained priest by the Archimop of Paris, Minselgneur Quelen.

The young priest returned to his native land soon after his ordination, and pursued his priestly functions for ten years in different sections of the country. In 1847 he joined the illustrious order of St Sulpice, of which he is to day one of the most esteemed members, and in 1848 he bade an affectionate fare well to the green hills of his beloved Ireand in 1848 he bade an affectionate fare well to the green hills of his beloved Ireland and set sail for distant Canada After a long passage, Father Dowd landed in Montreal, a very small town at that remote date, and immediately after entered upon his ministerial duties in connection with St. Patrick's church. For nearly forty years this distinguished clergyman has been working assiduously for the spiritual and temporal welfare of the people of St. Patrick's parish, as well as for the Irish citizens in general through out the city, who have known him so out the city, who have known him so long and so well. The year after his arrival in this coun

tre, Father Dowd founded the St. Patrick's Orphan Asylum, which is to day a splendid monument to the untiring devotion and charitable instincts of th devotion and charitable instincts of the aged priest. St. Bridget's Home and Night Refuge were established through his energy in 1865 and the present commodious Home and Refuge on Lagauchettere street, built in 1866 67, and the handsome building known as the St. Patrick's school. Such are the buildings which owe their aception to the man whom his admiring

inception to the man whom his admiring countrymen have more than once designated Montreal's Itts Bishop.

There is, perhaps, no man in Montreal or throughout Canada who is better known and esteemed by all classes, trespective of creed or nationality, than the venerable pastor of Sc Patrick's, Rev. Father Patrick Dowd. His long residence in Montreal and his innumerable works. in Montreal and his innumerable works of charity in the cause of religion have resulted in his name being closely interwoven with the history of the country.

Father Dowd has been repeatedly offered the highest dignities of the Church, but has always declined them, preferring to remain with his S., Patrick's congregation rather than wear the mitre—the Sees of Kingston and Toronto having been offered to him.

In 1877 he organized the great Itish pilgrimage to Lourdes and Rome, and everyone can recollect the painful anxiety that was felt when the versel carrying the pilgrims and their beloved pastor was not pilgrims and their beloved pastor was not heard of for several agonizing weeks. Prayers were offered in all churches without distinction of creed—a pleasing proof of the high appreciation in which the esteemed pastor is held by even those disbelleving in Catholiciem. Father Dowd has more than once earned for himself the gratitude of his fellow citizens by the gratitude of his fellow citizens by the oyal stand he has taken when the law of loyal stand he has taken when the law of the land was menaced or when constituted authority was set at defiance, and his utterances on Sauday last in St. Patrick's church on the subject of the coming visit of the Irish delegates, which we have printed elsewhere in this issue, fully shows that he is alive now, as ever, to anything that would tend to the disintegration of his flook. It was not aurorising that the that would tend to the disintegration of his flock. It was not surprising that the occurrence of the fiftheth anniversary of his elevation to the priesthood should give rise to such widespread feelings of congratulation, and occasioned the donetion to him of so many tributes of respect from all the community, both lay and cierical, Protestant and Catholic.

The magnificance and the granders of

clerical, Protestant and Catholic.

The magnificence and the grandeur of this jabilee celebration in May, 1887, was a fitting testimonial of the esteem in which he is held. That day will long be remembered by the citizens of Montreal, and more especially by the Irieh Catholic worshipers at the shrine of State Patrick. It was truly a great day—reat Patrick. It was truly a great day—great for the city because its celebration called forth Christian septiments of brotherly love amongst all classes and creeds in th community, evoked by a feeling of ad miration for a lifetime spent in the pracmiration for a lifetime spent in the practice of heroic virtues; great for those
specialty committed to the charge of the
wenerable pastor whose jubiles was being
held because of the magnificent results it
has already produced and those that are
likely to flow from it in the early future.

To-day the position of the Irish Catho
lic community of Montreal and its victality is one of influence, power and prestige.

tive is one of influence, power and prestige.
The assessment rolls are evidence of
the interest they command to the
extent of millions of dollars. Their hold on commerce and manufactures, their representation in the Judiciary, in the Dominion, in the Local Legislature, at the Aldermanic board, in the various offices of trust and emolument connected with public affairs and their place in the learned professions, by men of their race and creed, leave no room for cavil. Consus returns are scarcely needed to establish numerical strength, when not only the throngs that worship at St. Patrick's from early morn until noon at the successive Masses, but the congregations of Saint Ann and Saint Anthony, Saint Gabriel and Saint Mary may be viewed every Sunday, and are the living evidence of how the Irish Catholic population of this great and growing city have increased and multiplied and preserved the inestimable boon of the faith of their fathers.

The Irlsh Catholics of Montreal will

pator, others will, in God's own time, be found to carry out the broad and compre-hensive policy he has so wisely devised; but Heaven grant that the day may be far distant when our records shall be devised. distant when our people shall be deprived of the inestimable benefits that are daily being conferred upon them by Father Dowd.

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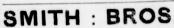
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