

St. Patrick's Day Celebrations

(Continued from page 2.)

of glory in heaven, he left Ireland a Christian nation.

IRELAND'S FAITH.

"Ireland's wonderful conversion to wonder of a century or two, no, no, the faith of Christ was no passing seed of faith which Patrick planted...

"Out in the timber country of the Michigan peninsula I saw a few years ago the land through which the great forest fire had swept. Like a hot breath from the open jaws of hell, it swept a mighty raging set of fire, and left but charred stumps in its wake.

"You may tell me of the fury of the wild beats who set upon the Christian martyr in the Roman arena, you may tell me of the cruel joy of a Nero who burned Christians at the stake to make a Roman holiday, but brethren you can tell me of no greater martyrdom in the history of Christianity than that which the Irish people underwent in the cause of Christ for centuries.

"For centuries her enemies have taken into their great rough hands the heart of Ireland and crushed it until the blood spurted from it. Every hill, every valley, every river of Ireland is made sacred with the blood of her sons and daughters.

"Ireland . . . thy chains as they rattle, Thy blood as it runs, But makes thee more painfully Dear to thy sons."

A GREAT VICTORY.

"A broken, defeated, crushed, conquered people, Ireland has won the greatest victory the world has ever known the victory of faith—the victory of the Cross.

"Was Patrick's mission a failure? Was the faith which he planted gone to seed and been destroyed? No, not while their lives on this earth one sturdy Irish body, one pure Irish heart, one noble Irish soul.

"St. Patrick fulfilled his apostolate, died the death of a saint, and is now numbered with God's saints in heaven, and though we may see him no more upon earth, he lives and he speaks in the hearts of his sons and his daughters. Driven from their island home, they have been scattered to the four corners of the earth, to the islands of Australia, to the Zephyr-swept shores of the States, to the shores of Canada, and with them they have carried the faith which St. Patrick brought them and for which their fathers shed their blood that they might preserve. St. Patrick is not dead, but he lives in the hearts of Ireland's sons and daughters, who love him as their forefathers loved him. St. Patrick is not dead but he lives in the charity and the purity of his children. St. Patrick is not dead, but he lives in the faithful souls of his children—faithful to the gospel which he bore them.

WONDER TO OTHERS.

"It is a cause of wonder and astonishment to those who know not our history why we of Irish blood celebrate each year the feast day of Ireland's apostle. They cannot appreciate the price the Irish people have paid for the preservation of the gift of faith which St. Patrick bequeathed them.

"Every nation is proud of its history, but none can boast more justly of their inheritance than can we who are of Irish blood—a blood than which there is none purer and sweeter and nobler in all the world. Sons and daughters of St. Patrick love and cherish your Christian heritage of faith; be true to the traditions of your forefathers. Buckle on the old heart-plate of faith, hold in your right hand the shield of purity; be honest, be temperate, be generous, be pure, and the glory of Ireland's apostle, St. Patrick, will shine forth in your lives; you will be true and worthy sons of St. Patrick."

BANQUET AT UNIVERSITY.

Ottawa, March 18. The Recreation hall of the University of Ottawa was yesterday at noon the scene of a joyful gathering when students, alumni and friends of the university celebrated by a splendid banquet the feast of Ireland's patron saint. The decorations were of a most attractive kind, comprising a gold worked banner bearing the mottoes, "Caed Mille Falthe" and "Erin-go-Bragh," a set of shields bearing the mottoes and arms of the four provinces of Ireland, garlanded and bright with greens and varicolored

bunting; portraits of distinguished Irishmen, clerical and lay, bedecked with streamers of ribbon and small green flags; festoons of green leaves and bunting gracefully draped from the ceiling to the corners and sides of the gallery.

His Excellency Monsignor Sbarretti, the Papal Alegate, occupied the seat of honor and His Grace Archbishop Duhaime sat at his right hand. Rev. Canon Michel, Rev. Father Emery, rector of the university; Rev. Father Murphy, of St. Joseph's; Rev. Father Sloan, of St. Mary's, Bayswater; Hon. Senator Power, Principal White, of the Normal School; Captain Tachereau, Prof. Stockley and Messrs. D'Arcy Scott, Ald. B. Slattery, E. P. Stanton and E. P. Gleeson were among the guests.

A tempting array of the choicest meats and delicacies was spread on tables bearing in a most conspicuous place the beautiful trophies won by and presented to the Varsity Football Club.

THE TOAST LIST.

A well arranged and comprehensive toast list was duly honored under the able direction of Mr. G. I. Nolan. Mr. M. F. Burns responded to "The Day," Mr. C. P. Cormac to "Leo XIII.," Mr. Jos. H. McDonald to "Ireland's Sorrows," Mr. T. E. Day to "Canada," Mr. J. O. Dowd to "Faith of Our Fathers," Mr. J. J. King to "The Stars and Stripes," Mr. J. J. Keeley to "Alma Mater," and Rev. W. J. Kerwin, O.M.I., to "Soggarth Aroon."

The greatest harmony prevailed throughout, and the clever foresight of the executive committee made all arrangements work out as smoothly as could be desired. The music introduced between the toasts was furnished by Valentine's orchestra and choruses of students who sang: "O'er the Dewy Green," "Come Back to Erin," "Vive Leon Treize," "Star Spangled Banner" and "Land of the Maple." The following committee is to be congratulated on having excelled all previous banquets under students' auspices: Chairman, G. I. Nolan, '03; Secretary, J. O. Dowd, '03; Treasurer, R. T. Halligan, '03; J. P. King, '03; J. J. Keeley, '03; H. J. Macdonald, '04; T. E. Day, '03; M. F. Burns, '03; J. E. Ebbs, '04; C. P. McCormack, '03; R. A. Carey, '03; J. O'Gorman, '04; V. J. Meagher, '04; Jos. H. McDonald, '03.

GUELPH ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY

Guelph, March 18.—St. Patrick's Day was fittingly observed by the Society of St. Patrick in the very excellent concert held Tuesday evening in the Royal Opera House.

President Jas. E. Day, of St. Patrick's Society, occupied the chair. On his right sat Mr. R. Barber, president of St. George's Society, and on his left Mr. Robert Johnson, president of St. Andrew's Society. The other gentlemen on the platform were Judge Chadwick, Mayor Hamilton, Rev. John Mills, Dr. O'Reilly, Dr. Walsh, John Higgins, James Davison, James Thorp, H. C. Scholfield, H. H. O. Stull, Thos. Ingram, Geo. J. Thorp, S. A. Heffernan, R. L. Torrance, John McConnell, J. McMahon, W. McMahon, Wm. Carroll, James A. Benson, A. L. Roberts, F. Nunan and others.

The programme was opened by Miss Mason, who with fine execution and coherent sympathy with the composers, rendered a selection of Irish airs. President Day then delivered the following address:

Once more, on the day of all days dearest to the hearts of Irishmen, St. Patrick's Society assembles to honor Ireland's patron saint and national apostle, to celebrate his festival day, and to express in some measure that fervent patriotism that is as real a part of an Irishman as the life blood that courses through his veins. And once more it is the privilege and great pleasure of the President of St. Patrick's Society to extend a welcome to a magnificent audience. For the society I bid you welcome the old Irish greeting "a hundred thousand welcomes." To the presidents of St. George's and St. Andrew's Society let me express our gratification at your presence. I well know that I but utter your sentiments when I express the hope and assurance that the friendship that has so long existed between us and our sister societies will ever continue and that side by side we may all go on in our work of making this one great United Canada. My good friend of St. George's will almost fancy himself a British Premier to-night, for he is surrounded by nearly as many Irishmen as there are in the Imperial Cabinet. I can assure both these gentlemen that that we, for once, find the situation as we like to have it, England, Ireland and Scotland working together, and Ireland, where, of course, we think she should be, a little to the front.

This harmony is characteristic, it is as it should be, and it is the aim and object of our society that it shall ever be.

When this was a small town in a struggling colony, St. Patrick's Society was organized to assist the exiles who were driven by poverty from the dear old land. To-day that need has passed, our Canada has become a great nation, our home a thriving city, but our society still exists as vigorous as ever, but with a new aim and purpose, and that is to do everything we can for the new land, our own land now, this Canada of ours. Its share in Canadian development is to make the Irish Canadians better Canadians, and this our

society hopes to do by keeping alive in them the best traditions of their motherland, and by inculcating in them their Irish morality, Irish virtue, Irish patriotism, in a word that same Irish spirit which has for so many centuries covered Ireland with a glory that the black pall of the saddest days of her history could never hide. This we will accomplish if we are but true to our Irish nature and our Irish name. To the cause of Canadian unity we bring a body of united Irishmen, for the proudest boast of St. Patrick's Society of Guelph is that in our ranks have never been known any distinction of locality, politics or creed, but that Irish Catholic and Irish Protestant, orange and green, north and south, have in this society ever been united and remained firm friends. If you find in this a healthy portent for Canada, with its mingled races, remember this one fact, that it is founded on appreciation and respect. We have buried the feuds that divided us as Irishmen; with equal relief we sink all memories which might separate Irish hearts from their brothers in the Empire. The day for weeping is passed. If Ireland had complaints against other peoples, we recall not the wrongs, but only the brave spirit with which our fathers bore them. God knows the Irish are willing to forgive, are anxious to let bygones be bygones, and to bury the bitterness of the past beyond power of resurrection. This society has but one protest to make, and that is that so long as we remember the glorious heritage of Irish history we cannot forget that the title of Irishman deserves all men's respect and no man's sneer. The one man who has no place in our ranks is the ignorant fool (sometimes even a well meaning fool) who persists in considering the Irishman as a good natured buffoon, willing to tolerate and even to laugh at the abominable caricatures that even yet are sometimes presented from the lecture platform, or on the stage as a typical Irishman, but which could only originate in a distorted brain. With modern education there can be no excuse of ignorance for any man who dare despise or call ignorant that country which was the beacon light of civilization when all else was dark and which to-day stands as vigorous, as hopeful, and as passionately true to its ideals as ever. The respect we give each other we ask from other nations, if the hope of a United Canada is to be in vain.

I said that the aim of our Society now is to help build up Canada. We believe that our race has its own good characteristics which should not be lost to Canada, and that if we keep the memory of our dear motherland green and are but true to the traditions of our race, we will have in the Irish Canadian a people, brave, chivalrous, respectful of women, moral, sober, virtuous and religious as were their ancestors of yore. Nor will they be a people who cannot mix with the other peoples for Milesians, Celts, Danes, English and Scots all have been absorbed into the race we call Irish to-day. The Irish Canadians will not be unfit to take full part in the responsibilities of nation building. We need not the experience of the Irish patriot, Sir Gavan Duffy, who left Ireland a rebel condemned to death, to become a chief minister in the great empire beyond the seas; nor need the experience of the thousands and hundreds of thousands on this continent who have shown their genius for leadership. No, we study the story of Ireland, and we know that Irish people have powers of increasing the sum of human happiness, and possesses a seed of greatness, which, given the opportunity, will blossom and bear fruit. Our belief that we can benefit Canada is based on faith, our message and our battle cry is hope. For Ireland has stood two tests as to her power and her character, and Irishmen have two unanswerable proofs. The one is that Ireland did in the days of her freedom, the other her marvellous vitality after centuries of reverse. In the days of old—and there was a golden age in Ireland then—when, from her thousand churches arose the prayers of her thousand saints, when nowhere else were as prosperous or as intelligent a people. The rest of Europe was in barbarism and darkness, while in Ireland were crowded universities, sending forth scholars who kept alive the light of learning in every country of Europe, among them King Alfred the Great of England, whose millenary last year reminded England of the debt she owes to the education he obtained in the Isle of saints and scholars; in Ireland was a people with a perfectly enforced code of laws, a nation where woman's person and woman's property were sacred, where virtue and valor went hand in hand, where the arts and sciences were fostered and the gentler grace so highly prized that the bard shared honors with the King. What European civilization owes to Ireland cannot be overestimated, and that is the test of what she did in the days of old.

As to the other test of her marvellous vitality to-day. How can one believe it who knows her story, yet how can it be appreciated is that story is not told. How she has suffered. Black is her story, bitter was her lot. Did some new power arise to write an epic of Ireland since the days of Strongbow, what a dirge it would be of desolate hearths and weeping women. But through it all runs the exultant note of a people never vanquished, a spirit never broken, a hope ever radiant of brighter days to come, a passionate struggle for better conditions never abandoned. And to-day when the dark clouds

have risen and the sunburst of Erin, its national emblem long looked for at last shines forth, the light of happiness falls on an Irish race, world wide, twenty millions strong, as vigorous, as enthusiastic, as proud as ever. That same spirit, which yields to easy conciliation but never to coercion we want here in Canada, and that spirit is in the earnest labor of our Society to build up. We hope to give to Canada, the Irish love of education, to foster here the Celtic ideal which has ever been too strong for contented degradation, too high-minded to buy prosperity at the sacrifice of right. To do our Canada that service is our aim and our hope.

And while we work at this pleasant task, chide us not if this prosperous land of our adoption we often turn our eyes in loving remembrance to the dear old motherland across the seas, who has sorrowed so much. Thank God our gaze is no longer on a land of sorrows. As I take my seat my fancy crosses the seas whence my father came, and I see something that makes this the most blessed St. Patrick's Day in the recollection of anyone here. For we greet the tidings that in the old land the landlord and tenant have united, that for the first time in centuries the ranks are closed, and unless something intervenes, which none at present foresee, at last the great canker sore will be healed and the Irishman may own his home. Never an acre could he call his own, save God's acre for his lifeless clay. We of the new generation can scarce realize what that meant; the older men can scarce believe what the new order will mean, but all can join in the joy of this day and welcome in this great event, which, at last, will make Ireland a nation of happy homes and a contented, happy, prosperous, partner in the great empire to the upbuilding of which her sons have done so much and for the preservation of which none would more willingly fight and die.

PROGRAM—PART I. 1.—Irish airs, Miss Mason. 2.—President's Address, Mr. J. E. Day. 3.—Song, "Kathleen Mavourneen," (Crouch), Miss Bonsall. 4.—Song, (a) "Wearin' of the Green" (Behrens), (b) "Eva Toole" (Stanford), Mr. Edward P. Johnston. 5.—Recitation, "Kissing Cup's Race, Miss Caraher. 6.—Song, "Delight" (waltz song), (Luckstone), Mrs. Coleman. 7.—Comic Song, "I Wouldn't if I was You," Mr. James Fax. 8.—Duet, "Twas a Lover and His Lass" (Wathew), Miss Bonsall and Mr. Johnston. 9.—Song, "Oh, the Marriage" (Davis O'Canan, 17th century), Mrs. Coleman. PART II. 10.—Piano Solo, "La Campagnella" (Paganini, Liszt), Miss Mason. 11.—Comic Song, "Mary Had a Little Lamb," Mr. James Fax. 12.—Song, "Four-Leaved Clover" (Brownell), Mr. Edward P. Johnston. 13.—Song, "Irish Lullaby" (Mrs. Lang), Miss Bonsall. 14.—Song, "De bharr na g-Caoic" (MacDonnahl), Mr. Coleman. 15.—Recitation, "The Old Surgeon's Story," Miss Caraher. 16.—Song, "Dear Little Shamrock" (Cherry), Mr. Edward P. Johnston. 17.—Song, "The Old Plaid Shawl" (Haynes), Miss Bonsall. 18.—Comic Song, "Everybody Laughed When They Heard It," Mr. James Fax. 19.—Duet, "True Love is Not for a Day" (from Maid Marian, DeKoven), Mrs. Coleman and Mr. Johnston.

A PLEASANT MEDICINE.—There are some pills which have no other purpose evidently than to beget internal disturbances in the patient, adding to his troubles and perplexities rather than diminishing them. One might as well swallow some corrosive material. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills have not this disagreeable and injurious property. They are easy to take, are not unpleasant to the taste, and their action is mild and soothing. A trial of them will prove this. They offer peace to the dyspeptic.

PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN GLASS HOUSES, ETC. (From The Lutheran.) The dangers of periodic religion are pointed out by a Philadelphia Methodist preacher thus: "Methodism has no place for a conception of religion which means forty days of fasting and 325 days of gluttony; forty days of humiliation and 325 of arrogance and pride; forty days of seriousness and 325 of frivolousness; forty days of self-restraint, and 325 of indulgence; forty days of concentrated church-going and 325 of Sunday dinners, musicales, house parties and various other social functions; forty days of formal penitence and 325 of business absorption and social madness and dissipation to the utter neglect of religious forms and the contravention of its spirit."

This is all very good as a protest against what most Protestant Christians who observe Lent regard as its abuse: but why did he not add: Methodism has no place for a conception of religion which means twenty days of "protracted meeting" fervor, and 345 days of fair, and festival and hot supper religion?

THE FAITH OF PATRICK.

Take ye my greeting, O sons of Banba! Fighting undaunted the ancient fight; Tho' foes oppress you, and woes distress you, Almighty Justice shall crown the right.

Press on, nor shrink from the brunt of conflict, The faith of Patrick and Columbkille, A fire-cloud o'er you, a light before you, Like Judah's pillar, shall save you still!

Take ye a greeting, oh, Land of Patrick! As sunbeam kissing each hoary shrine, On history's pages in future ages, Your hallowed lustre unceasing shine; Christ's mystic glory that gilds your story

Thro' gloomy aeons of the bitter past; Lo! sight of gladness, to end your sadness, The Hills of Promise gleam forth at last!

Take ye a greeting, oh, sons of Patrick! A lesson read from your martyred sires: The Faith they fought for, thro' blood and torture, They held at price of the hearts' desires. Shall we not cherish this peerless treasure, This heirloom worded at fearsome cost? Can earth repay us, can riches stay us, Can joy requite if this gift be lost?

Take ye a blessing, oh, sons of Eire—May holy Patrick our island guard, From fashion's lewdness and mammon's shrewdness, And Saxon rudeness and craft ill-starred!

A voice comes forth from her clay thrice hallowed, The blood of martyrs from plain and hill: "To God and Ireland, your sainted sireland, Be true forever in act and will." —Rev. James B. Dollard (Slav-nation), in Boston Pilot.

A GOOD MEDICINE requires little advertising. Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil gained the good name it now enjoys, not through elaborate advertising, but on its great merits as a remedy for bodily pains and ailments of the respiratory organs. It has carried its fame with it wherever it has gone and it is prized at the apothecaries as well as at home. Dose small; effect sure.

IN THE BOSTON GLOBE.

We are pleased to find in the Boston Globe of December 28th an abridged version of the beautiful poem of Phoebe Cary, telling how a little Dutch boy was sent out in a storm to carry assistance to a poor blind man living at some distance, and how, on the little boy's return, he discovered a small leak in the great dike which protects Holland from the ocean, and remained there all night stopping the leak with his little arm until help came in the morning. We give the last few lines of this beautiful poem:

The good dame in the cottage Is up and astir with the light, For the thought of her little Harold Has been with her all the night. And now she watches the pathway, As yester-eve she had done; But what does she see so strange and black Against the rising sun? Her neighbors are bearing between them Something so straight to her door; Her child is coming home, but not As he ever came before! "He is dead!" she cries; "my darling!" And the startled father hears, And comes and looks the way she looks, And fears the thing she fears: Till a glad shout from the bearers Thrills the stricken man and wive: "Give thanks for your son has saved our land And God has saved his life!" So, there in the morning sunshine, They knelt about the boy; And every head was bared and bent In tearful, reverent joy. They have many a valiant hero, Remembered through the years, But never one whose name so oft Is named with loving tears. And his deeds shall be sung at the cradle, And told to the child on the knee, So long as the dikes of Holland Divide the land from the sea.

Mr. John O'Connor: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted.

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The Rheumatic Wonder of the Age

BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures Rheumatism, Felons or Blood Poisoning It is a Sure Remedy for Any of These Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS

193 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted many a physician, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve, I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG. Tremont House, Yonge street, Nov. 1, 1901.

288 Victoria Street, Toronto, Oct. 31, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, City: DEAR SIR—I cannot speak too highly of your Benedictine Salve. It has done for me in three days what doctors and medicines have been trying to do for years. When I first used it I had been confined to my bed with a spell of rheumatism and sciatica for nine weeks; a friend recommended your salve, I tried it and it completely knocked rheumatism right out of my system. I can cheerfully recommend it as the best medicine on the market for rheumatism. I believe it has no equal. Yours sincerely, JOHN MCGROGAN.

475 Gerrard Street East Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1903. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto Ont.: DEAR SIR—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, your truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 13, 1901. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

65 Carlton Street, Toronto, Feb. 1, 1907. JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., 199 King Street East: I was a sufferer for four months from acute rheumatism in my arm; my physician called regularly and prescribed for it, but gave me no relief. My brother, who appeared to have faith in your Benedictine Salve, gave enough of it to apply twice to my arm. I used it first on a Thursday night, and applied it again on Friday night. This was in the latter part of November. Since then (over two months) I have not had a trace of rheumatism. I feel that you to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve are entitled to this testimonial in removing rheumatic pain. Yours sincerely, M. A. COWAN. Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, with the Boston Laundry. 356 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16, 1901.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts, send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours forever thankful, PETER AUSTEN, Toronto, April 10, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR—I do heartily recommend your Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for rheumatism, as I was sorely afflicted with that sad disease in my arm, and it was so bad that I could not dress myself. When I heard about your salve, I got a box of it, and to my surprise I found great relief, and I used what I got and now can attend to my daily household duties, and I heartily recommend it to anyone that is troubled with the same disease. You have this from me with hearty thanks and do with it as you please for the benefit of the afflicted. Yours truly, MRS. JAMES FLEMING. 13 Spruce street, Toronto. Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq., City: DEAR SIR—It gives me the greatest pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE. 72 Wolseley street, City. 114 George street, Toronto, June 17th, 1902.

JOHN O'CONNOR, Esq.: DEAR SIR—Your Benedictine Salve cured me of rheumatism in my arm, which entirely disabled me from work, in three days, and I am now completely cured. I suffered greatly from piles for many months and was completely cured by one box of Benedictine Salve. Yours sincerely, T. WALKER, Blacksmith. Address C. R. 199 KING ST. E. FOR SALE BY WM J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. Price, \$1 per box.

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