

THE CINDERELLA OF NATIONS.

This is the title of a little drama, from the pen of Rev. Dr. O'Ryan, which was performed with considerable histrionic skill by several young ladies, at the Jesus Marie Convent, Billery, Quebec. A novel and magnificent programme was prepared for their fifth annual Irish concert; and needless to say it was carried out with the greatest taste and ability, enhanced not a little by the patriotic fervor displayed in every part. The entertainment was a private one and very few invitations were issued. Such, however, as had the pleasure of assisting therein, were most agreeably impressed by the easy, artistic and expressive manner in which the pupils played their selections of Irish airs, and sang those melodies which are ever sweet to the Irish ear. The greatest interest was manifested in the performance which brought the concert to a close. Every eye was eagerly directed to the stage, as a masterpiece of scenic art in the gorgeous beauty of its decorations. Every ear was most attentive to the words uttered by the several dramatic personae in their respective characters. The sad, subdued and mournful appearance of the Maid of Erin excited deep sympathy. The fierce glances and fiery words of the noble warrior, Nemesius, commanded the admiration of the audience. Religion, clad in a white flowing mantle, wearing a gold cross, and displaying on her brow the triangle, symbolical of the Blessed Trinity, moved all who heard her by her calm and earnest language. Britannia, wrapped in her imperial mantle, with diadem and sceptre, and pages at the foot of her throne, worthily maintained her majestic and imperious manner. The dignity of Columbia was marvellously shown in her bearing and appearance. Draped in her star-spangled banner, shield on arm, a coronet of thirteen stars on her head, she proudly and haughtily gave her message to England. Justice was also admirably personified. With her sword and emblematic scales, she seemed justly disposed to defend and oppress alike. Her weight in her balance scale, the merits of contending nations. "God save Ireland" was sung as a final chorus with patriotic feeling and glad enthusiasm.

The Maid of Erin, leaning on her harp, listens to the soft strains of Irish melodies; and as she hears the notes of "The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," she begins the following soliloquy:

Alas! yea, that harp that once shed the soul of music through Tara's halls, where ruled in splendor and glory long lines of kings, is now silent. "The chord alone that breaks at night its tale of ruin tells." It is the symbol of my destiny. My heart swells with sorrow when I look through the waves of time to catch a glimpse of "the long-faded glories they cover." How dismal, how gloomy seems the present, when memory dwells on the far distant past! Centuries ago, my emerald isle was the quiet habitation of sanctity and learning. Harmony, harmony in peace, in faith, in learning, dwelt in the Land of Saints and Sages. A proud queen was there, surrounded by all that exalts and embellishes a nation, and greeted with the homage of strangers. From my shores went forth messengers of Christ to diffuse the light which shone so brightly in their home of the West. But the sun of my glory disappeared while yet it was day; discord and crime opened to the enemy the way of conquest; my greatness reduced me to servitude, and, oh my God! were it not for Thy assistance, would have quenched the last spark of life in my heart. Long, long night of slavery, wilt thou never end! I will a vista not gleam through the gloom which surrounds me! How long must I tread the wine-press of suffering and shame! Oh my God! my prayer when make supplications, that thou deliver my soul from the fear of the enemy. For they have whittened their tongues like a sword; they have bent their bow, a bitter thing to shoot in secret the undefiled. Deliver me from blood, O God, thou God of my salvation, and my tongue shall extol thy praise.

Nemesius: How long, O Queen of Slaves, will you endure the dire torments which afflict you? How long will you remain inactive while the vampires of tyranny are drinking your heart's blood? You weep over the sad memories of the past; has that past not taught you the lessons of revenge? You look hopefully through the dim vista of the future, and confidently expect that proud, haughty England will raise you up a force, one to defend the rights of the people of Ireland. The root of your misery lies within yourself; your sorrows are of your own creation. Your stubborn nature has ever revolted in its senseless, driftless way, against British administration. Generous efforts for the amelioration of your condition have been met forever by brutal turbulence, crime and outrage, suspicion and ingratitude. You have always been guided by demagogues, misled by false principles, urged on to extravagant lengths to resist law and order; and instead of remaining in peaceful subjection, which would have purchased for you peace and prosperity, you have always striven to sever the links which bind you to my throne, you have constantly aimed at the repeal of the union.

Erin: Union! yes, the union of the shark with its prey.

America: Listen, haughty Albion, listen to a messenger from Columbia, your former slave, now your peer and the peer of any nation in the world. The time is come when justice must be done to an impoverished and oppressed people. You have ruled Ireland for centuries with a rod of iron. Your laws now, as in the past, have a vicious perfection, your legislation is a machine of wise and elaborate contrivance, and as well fitted for the oppression, impoverishment and degradation of a people, and the abasement in them of human nature itself, as ever proceeded from the perverted ingenuity of man. Would you wish to hear the favors your legislation has bestowed on Ireland during the last fifty years: Died of famine..... 2,900,000 Driven out of their dwellings... 3,668,000 Expatiated..... 4,800,000 Died in emigrant hulks..... 57,000 "Thus you have ameliorated the condition of Ireland. This is the hecatomb

of the eagle of the Pyrenees; from the coast of St. Idora, where the fiery hand that rent the ensign of St. George on the plains of Ulster, has long moulded into dust; from the dual palace in this kingdom, where the memory of the gallant and seditious Geraldine enhances more than royal favor, the glory of his race; from the mute grave of Emmet, which a dying bequest has left without an epithet; Oh! from every spot where freedom has had a sacrifice or a triumph, a voice breaks in on the cringing crowd who cherish this maxim, crying "away with it! away with it!"—The sword of your liberty, and reddened with the heart's blood of your enemy, it will be the symbol of your revenge.

Erin:—Hear not, O Erin! the wicked utterances inspired by revenge. The burning desires you have known, the resplendent visions you have nursed, the sacred aspirations which have lifted you up so often from national humiliation and disgrace, will be fulfilled, realized, satisfied, by the restoration of your independence, in God's own good time, and by that man whom he hath ordained. You enemy has despoiled you of the jewels which erstwhile adorned your brow; she has stripped you of the mantle of wisdom and clothed you in rags; she has robbed you of the harvest of your rich green fields, and made you a beggar among nations; she has bound you with chains, and torn you with scourges, and offered you as a spectacle to angels and to men; but oh! martyred Erin, your faith in God's most precious gift to man; your ignorance is the knowledge of Christ and Him crucified; you still possess the bread of truth and the water of life; the tyrant's sword has not pierced your soul, and truth cannot be bound. Trust in God, the maker and destroyer of nations, the Author of true liberty, the Bountiful Providence of peoples. If it hath pleased Him to suffer your enemies to surround and overwhelm you, that His secret designs might be fulfilled; if, like the sad one of Sion, you have taken bitter draughts from the same cup of "trembling," during long centuries of persecution suffered for Christ's faith; if, even now, your enemies revile you and persecute you; remember that God is just; that his merciful mercy will shine out at last on the long dark night of your slavery; that the corn of sorrow which encircles your brow, will be transformed into a diadem of power, by that Almighty hand which, once niled to a cross, now wields the sceptre over all nations. Such is the destiny of the nations which are of Christ. In times they suffer, in time will they be rewarded. For eternity obliterates the boundaries of nations and the distinctions of nationality. The just are one in Christ.

Father of Erin's Faith, Beloved of God! Shield thy dear Church from the impending scath.

Or, if the roof Must scourge me yet again, inspire and raise To triumph high, Men like the heroic race of your days, Who love to die.

Nemesius:—Your religion has been your crime. Your God is always on the side of strong battalions. Might is the monarch of the world.

Erin:—Nay, wicked deceiver, my religion is my shield against crime; my God is the Lord God of hosts. Right may be overcome by might; the Giver of all righteousness was crucified on Calvary between two thieves. But His resurrection followed His death, and the Ignominies of His passion enhanced a thousand fold the glory of His victory over the might of earth and hell.

Erin addresses Britannia who is seated on her throne: Erin greets you, mighty Albion, and lays the homage of her loyalty at your feet.

England:—Your loyalty is not the fruit of love; your submission is the effect of coercion, which has diminished agrarian crime, and re-established the reign of law and order among the people of Ireland. Erin:—True, I have never been loyal to tyranny; I have never cheerfully accepted the lot of a submissive slave. My loyalty and my love have been fanned into a flame by the efforts of your noblest sons, and by the sympathy of the English people. Heretofore, hate and distrust separated the interests of our children; now, the gulf of centuries has been bridged over; the Briton, the Caledonian, and the Celt are united in the sacred bonds of brotherhood. They swear allegiance to you, but demand justice; they will maintain the integrity of the empire, but they seek legislative independence.

England:—Ever discontented Ireland! Have not centuries of our legislative union shown you that you have derived innumerable benefits from British civilization? The root of your misery lies within yourself; your sorrows are of your own creation. Your stubborn nature has ever revolted in its senseless, driftless way, against British administration. Generous efforts for the amelioration of your condition have been met forever by brutal turbulence, crime and outrage, suspicion and ingratitude. You have always been guided by demagogues, misled by false principles, urged on to extravagant lengths to resist law and order; and instead of remaining in peaceful subjection, which would have purchased for you peace and prosperity, you have always striven to sever the links which bind you to my throne, you have constantly aimed at the repeal of the union.

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you have offered to the Moloch of British civilization. You have attempted to quench the burning fire of faith and patriotism in the hearts of the Irish people, and you have failed; you have endeavored to make Ireland a homogeneous member of your empire, and you have failed; you have the ear of the world and have oftentimes tried to shut it against the story of Ireland's wrong by pouring in your delirium and vituperation, and you have failed. You have hunted the Celt from his home. The Celt is gone with a vengeance, you cried, forty years ago. Yea indeed, and maybe he will come back to you with a vengeance. From where the St. Lawrence pours its crystal tide into the Atlantic, to the sunny slopes watered by the waves of the Pacific, from the bleak North to the sunny South, are scattered the millions of the Clan-na-Gael, strong, fearless, brave and devoted citizens of the Republic. With one voice they demand, and their demand is echoed in every American heart, Home Rule for Ireland. Such is Columbia's message.

Justice:—Justice repeats the demand. O Albion! Justice for Erin's contribution to your glory; wrongs long suffered and yet unredressed; the genius of universal emancipation dwelling in your glorious institutions, should impel you to satisfy the wants of the Irish nation. Have not Erin's sons contributed to your greatness? Have they not wrought prodigies to increase your national glory? Recall to memory your bravest soldiers, your most eloquent and wisest statesmen. They were the sons of your slaves and their names are filed on the eternal head-roll of fame. While your laws were oppressing their brethren at home, Irish soldiers upheld your honor abroad, shielded your flag with their hearts, and reddened a hundred battle-fields with their blood. Irish valor is forever associated with your glory. Wherefore then do you turn a deaf ear to the expressed wants of a nation to whose bravery and genius you owe the brightest gems which deck your crown. You who have always espoused the cause of oppressed nationalities; you who oftentimes have cried out against the atrocities of Russia and Turk; listen to the voice of an enslaved sister crying in anguish at your door. Listen to the voice of the writhed soul asking for Ireland's freedom. Wipe out the wrongs of centuries by one act of justice and the historian of the future will record with pleasure and pride the glory and prosperity of a united empire, united not by violence and brute force, but in bonds of love and peace. You cannot deny Erin's claims to your gratitude; therefore satisfy them. You will not steel your heart against her sufferings nor silence her mournful entreaties; therefore give her that liberty which you have given to Canada, to Australia, to prosperous and happy lands, where is proclaimed the law: "Honor all men, love the brotherhood, fear God, and honor the Queen." I hear the voice of one of Erin's eloquent children extolling British liberty to man: "I speak in the spirit of the British law which makes liberty commensurate with, and inseparable from, British soil which proclaims even to the stranger and sojourner, the moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy, and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced, no matter what complexion, incompatible with freedom, an Indian or an African sun may have burnt on him—no matter in what disastrous battle the helm of his liberty may have been cloven down, no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery—the moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain, the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in its own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains, which burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation." Justice commands you to extend that liberty to Erin's sons.

Father Damien, Hero and Martyr. The London agent of the Sun has said: Many American are familiar with the history of Father Damien, the heroic young Belgian priest who, in 1873, voluntarily took up his abode in the island of Molokai, whither lepers are taken from the Hawaiian Islands. He has since labored to lighten the brief earthly lot of the wretched outcasts. After thirteen years almost miraculous immunity Father Damien was seized by the deadly disease, and now it seems as though death would soon end his sufferings. He continues, however, to minister to the spiritual and temporal wants of the poor lepers, assisted by Father Joseph, another devoted priest, who joined him in 1886. The following letter has been received in London by an English friend of the brave writer: Kilauea, Molokai, Nov. 3, 1887.

The disease on me works more now at the exterior, and does not give me much pain in the limbs. In regard to the cure of this, our incurable disease, I leave that in the hands of Almighty God, who knows better than I do what is best for my sanctification during our short stay in this world. The Blessed Virgin, our common mother in whose hands I have entrusted my health from the day I put my feet in this asylum of death, could very easily obtain me a miracle, but she, too, knows better than I do what may shorten my road to heaven; and, for myself, I feel very happy and well pleased with my lot. Since the change of our government I have received a great number of letters, and probably a great addition is to follow. I have here under my special guardianship fifty boys, who occupy pretty well all my spare time. The brother with me is greatly occupied dressing sores and other similar occupations. Our two churches are pretty well crowded on Sundays and every morning and evening a good number assist at divine worship. I will have to bury this afternoon two old lepers in one grave.

Many ladies admire gray hair—on some other person—but few care to try its effects on their own charms. They need not, since Ayer's Hair Vigor restores gray hair to its original color. Sold by druggists and perfumers.

NATIONAL PILLS are sugar coated, mild but thorough, and are the best Stomach and Liver Pills in use.

EXPRESSIONS OF ESTEEM.

FROM THE GUELPH CATHOLIC UNION TO JOSEPH P. DOWNEY.

We copy the following from the Guelph Mercury which speaks for itself. Mr. J. P. Downey and his brother are now on the way to Australia under a two years' engagement to canvass for the books of The Oceanic Publishing Co., or, as the firm is more familiarly known, Lyon, McNeil & Co. Mr. Downey is one of the most popular and intelligent young Catholics in the County of Wellington, and has been city editor of the daily and weekly Guelph Herald and for some time past has had almost the entire editorial charge of the paper.

On Saturday evening a very pleasing occurrence took place in the Guelph Catholic Union hall. For four years Mr. Joseph P. Downey had been a member of the League of the Cross, the strong temperance organization connected with the church of Our Lady, joining it in the days of its infancy, not for his own personal safety but solely to benefit others, he had put forth every effort to increase its membership and now has the assurance that he is one of the few to whom the success of this organization is chiefly due. Later on Mr. Downey was one of the men that undertook the task of organizing and making successful the Guelph Catholic Union, a branch of the League, and to him in a great measure the Catholic Union can attribute the great prosperity which has attended it. As in the League, he was ever ready to undertake any work necessary in order that the society should go ahead.

In the purpose of showing Mr. Downey, prior to his departure to Australia, that his efforts on behalf of these organizations had been appreciated about fifty members of the League and Union met him in the Union hall on Saturday evening. Mr. E. J. O'Brien occupied the chair, and in a lengthy speech paid a glowing tribute to Mr. Downey, referring to his departure as a severe blow to the League and the Union. At the close of his speech Mr. O'Brien called upon Mr. John J. Hazelton to read the following:

Dear Friend,—The Guelph Catholic Union, which you have loved so much and for which you have worked so hard, feels that in your departure for Australia it is meet that you should bear with you some memento of the days of its life with you together. We therefore, embrace this opportunity of expressing our sympathy with your undertaking and our hope and expectation that every step which you will be marked with success and happiness and that you will return to us to enlighten and comfort the hands which are about to visit.

As a comforter to you we promise you that when you return you will find the Union still successful, still united and a society of which you will still more proud than now.

We pray you to accept from us this present as an expression of our love and a pledge that in us you have a band of fellow workers faithful in you and whose friendship will not fail until the setting of life's sun.

At the proper time Mr. James Sullivan, secretary of the Union, stepped forward and presented Mr. Downey with a purse containing fifty dollars. Mr. Downey, on rising to reply to the address, could scarcely speak. He thanked the gentlemen for their expressions of kindness. He assured them he was pained to be obliged to leave Guelph, his home, and his friends. He would soon return, however—in a year or two years at most. He would ever remember the many kindnesses he had received from the people of Guelph, and in an especial manner he would fondly cherish recollections of the League and Union. He felt that he was indebted to the League and Union and not they to him. He spoke briefly of all the events of interest in the societies' history, and closed by again thanking the meeting for its good wishes extended to him.

When Mr. Downey concluded Rev. Father Plante, Director of the League and Union, delivered a lengthy and touching address. He spoke very highly of the gentleman who was about to leave, of the loss the societies would sustain. He entreated the other members to make great and renewed efforts to greet Mr. Downey on his return with the societies increased in strength. He spoke of Mr. Downey as an exemplary young man and his success in Australia, he felt, was assured. He would, indeed, be pleased to welcome him back to Guelph and home in a few years, but should it happen that his absence would be longer than now anticipated, if forever even, he wished him God speed.

Messrs. James Mays, J. E. McElderry, John J. Hazelton, Thomas Duigan, John Gallaher, Frank Nunan, and in fact, nearly everyone present, delivered brief addresses, thanking Mr. Downey for what he had done so willingly for the societies, sincerely regretting his departure, and wishing him abundant success and an early return to Guelph.

At the close of the meeting several of the members waited on Mr. Downey to bid him farewell, and many were the words of regret spoken and the kind wishes expressed for his future success. Mr. Downey left on Wednesday morning by the 1:45 train, and will be accompanied by his brother Edward. Many of his friends in the Catholic Union and out of it went to the depot to see him off.

Consumption Surely Cured. To the Editor:—Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I should be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of our readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Respectfully, Dr. T. A. BLOOM, 57 Yonge St., Toronto, Ont.

A WORLD-'ROUND RECORD! THE UTMOST PARTS OF THE EARTH PRAISE WARNER'S "SAFE" CURE!

Merit wins! In the past decade H. H. Warner, who was restored to health from an "incurable kidney disease" by what is now known as Warner's Safe Cure, and made a vow that he would spread its merits before the entire world of sufferers—the most sincere proofs of the world's need of a Scientific Kidney Specific. All nations recognize and welcome Warner's Medicines as standards of the highest excellence because their curative effects are PERMANENT—a sure proof of power and merit. Read a few of their voluntary testimonials. They speak a varied language, but tell a common story:

FRANK STUART, 25 Free School Street, CALCUTTA, INDIA. "In 1875 was prostrated with a sudden attack of liver trouble. From 75 to 81 I had twenty of these terrible attacks. On the way to Japan, Capt. Connor of the 'Genkal Maru' recommended me to use Warner's Safe Cure. After using 15 bottles, I had a sound, hearty appetite, through enjoyment of life, things to which I had been a stranger for six long years."

CAPT. CONNOR, of the Steamer "Genkal Maru," JAPAN, suffered from congestion of the kidneys and liver, losing four stone in weight, determined to give up his steamship, almost contemplating suicide. One day an American passenger recommended him to use Warner's Safe Cure. In two months he recovered his lost strength, and was the personification of health and strength. "God bless the day I took Warner's Safe Cure," he says.

GEORGE BICKNELL, Editor Daily Telegraph, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA. "I was a work of a sedentary character for 20 years developed unpleasant symptoms of illness, of the Liver and Kidneys. I used Warner's Safe Cure, which speedily relieved me of the unpleasant symptoms, remedied my Dyspepsia, bettered my appetite, increased my enjoyment of life and work. It is a most valuable medicine and I have no hesitation in recommending it."

DR. GUSTAV WEBER, of Dessau, Duchy of Anhalt, GERMANY, May 30, 1887, writes: "For several years I have suffered with inflammation of the Kidneys, Rheumatic Pains, etc., for which I go every summer to Carlsbad, and find a little relief. To this I have added a Diabetes Mellitus (sugar diabetes), which appears alternately with Rheumatism. With the using of the 15th bottle of Warner's Safe Cure I have completed my cure, for which I am greatly indebted to you. My general health has apparently been restored." I repeat with this my sincere gratitude.

REV. HENRY PLUMER, M. A., Archdeacon, Townsville, NORTH QUEENSLAND, Oct. 18, 1887, writes: "During my long hours I have been cured many wonderful cures effected by Warner's Safe Cure. For fever, so prevalent in the bush, it seems to be a certain cure. From what I have seen on my late trip, I should never station a journey without my pack being furnished with a bottle."

WILLIAM BEDE DALEY, Q. C., Privy Counsellor of the Queen, SYDNEY, NEW SOUTH WALES, writes February 21, 1888: "I can bear witness to the very great improvement in my health consequent on the persistent use of Warner's Safe Cure." The Hon. W. B. Daley is the most celebrated lawyer in the Colony and the most brilliant orator and greatest statesman in Australia; he is ex-Premier of the Colony of New South Wales.

H. H. Warner & Co. point with pride to the World-'Round Fame of Warner's Safe Cure. They offer the above as genuine in all respects and true, so far as they know, with \$5,000 for proof to the contrary. Ask your friends and neighbors about

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