AN IRISH FELON'S RECORD. WHAT JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY BAID OF HIS BRITISH PRISONS.

Among O'Railly's MSS, is the following fragment written several years ago—a curious study of prison life from the in-

Oue meets strange characters in prison, characters which are at or ce recognized as being natural to the place, as are bats or owls to the cave. Prison characters, like owis to the cave. Prison characters, like all others, are seen by different men in different lights. For instance, a visitor passing along a considor, and glancing through the iron gates or observation-holes of the cells, sees only the quiet, and, to him, sullen-looking convict, with all the crime-suggesting bumps largely developed on his shaven head. The same man will be looked upon by the officer who has charge of him as one of the best, most obedient, and industrious of the prisoners, which conclusion he comes to prisoners, which conclusion he comes to by a closer acquaintance than that of the visitor; although his observations are still only of exteriors. No man sees the true nature of the convict but his fellow convict. He looks at him with a level glance and sees him in a common atmos phere. However convicts deceive their prison efficers and chaptains, which they do in the majority of case, they never

deceive their fellows.

I was a convict in an English prison four years ago, and, before the impres-sions then received are weakened or rubbed out by time, it may be of interest to recall a few reminiscences. First, let me remove all fears of those who are thinking that where they least expect it, they have fallen among thieves. I was not in the true sense of the word a was not in the true sense of the word a criminal, although classed with them and treated precisely the same as they were. My offerse against the law was political. I had been a soldier in a cavalry regiment, and had been convicted of being a Republican and trying to make other men the same; and so, in the winter of 1867, it came about that I the winter of 1807, it came about that it occupied Cell thirty-two in Pentagon five, Millbank prison, London, on the iron barred door of which cell hung a small white card bearing this inscription,

"John Boyle O'Reilly, 20 years."

Some people would think it strange that I should regard that cell—in which I that I should regard that cell—in which I spent nearly a ver of solitary confinement—with affection; but it is true. Man is a domestic animal, and to a prisoner with "twenty years" on this door, the cell is home. I look back with fond regard to a great many cells and a great many prisons in England and Australia, which are associated to my mind in a way not to be wholly understood by any one but myself. And if ever I should go back to England (which is doubtful, for I seasaned from prison in Australia in 1869. escaped from prison in Australia in 1869, and so permanently ended the twenty years), the first place I would visit would be one of the old prisons. Remember, my name and many a passing thought are scratched and written on many a small place within those cells, which I perfectly well recollect, and it would be a great treat to go back some day and read them. n, during the time I was in prison, I got acquainted with thousands of pro-fessional criminals, old and young, who will be the occupants of the English jails for the next treater will be the occupants of the English julis for the next twenty years; and I confess it would be of great interest to me to go back and walk the corridor with all the brimming respectability of a vicitor, and stop when I saw a face I knew of old, and observe how time and villainy had dealt

CONVICT "NO 9843." One day O'Reilly was summoned by the efficer in whose immediate charge he was, who said to him, "You will go down to the vessel (mentioning her name), and deliver the articles named in this bill of hading; read it."

Arrived there he was assigned to one of the road parties, and began the hard toll of a convict, which, however, was relieved from the utter woe of Milbank's colltary days, or the revolting cruelties of Chatham and Dartmoor. Still it was bad enough. Among the criminals with whom he was forced to associate were some of the most degraded of the human kind—murderers, burglars, sinners of every grade and color of vice. They were the poison it wer of civilization's corruption, more deprayed than the eavage, as they were able to mis-use the advantages of superior knowledge. They were the overflow of society's cess-puol, the irreclaimable victims of sin—too often the wretched fruits of hereditary environment. Happily for the young, generous, clean-minded rebel, who had been doomed to herd with this prison scum, God had given him the instincts of pure humanity; and ill fortune, instead of blighting, had neurished their growth. He looked upon his fellow-sufferers with eyes of mercy, seeing how many of them were the victims, directly or indirectly, of of cruel, selfish, social conditions. In the Australian Bush he saw humanity in two naked aspects; the savage, utterly ignor-ant of civilized virtues as of civilized vices and the white convict, stripped of all social hypocristes, revealing the worst traits of depraved humanity. Buth were "naked and not ashamed." For the savages, so-called, he entertained a sincere and abiding admiration. "Why," he said, years afterward, "I found that those greatures were men and women, just like and the white convict, stripped of all creatures were men and women just like the rest of us; the difference between those poor black boys and the men of the Somerset Club was only external. I have good friends among those Australian savages, to day, that I would be as glad to meet as any man I know."

A CONVICT CONSTABLE We know from his own "Mocndyne," and other works how tenderly and how charitably he regarded even the lowest of his convict associates. It would be worth much to a student of human nature could we know how they regarded him. How strange a sojourner in their loggingcamps and prison cells must have been this young, handsome, daring, generous, kindly poet, who wore their convict's garb, toiled beside them with are or shovel, and dreamed dreams, while they cursed their hard fate or obscenely mocked

He soon won the respect of the officer

under whose immediate charge be was, a under whose immediate charge he was, a man named Woodman, who, appreciating O Reiliy's ability, gladly availed himself of his help in making out his monthly reports and other clerical work. He also appointed him a "constable," as those prisoners were called, who, for good conduct, were detailed as aids to the efficer in charge of each working party. The constable wears a red stripe on his eleeve, as a badge of his office; he is employed to carry dispatches from station to station, and is usually sent to conduct to prison any convict on the road gang who may any convict on the road gang who may prove refractory or mutinous. The con-stables must not be confounded with the

stables must not be confounded with the ticket of leave men. They were under no legal or moral parole; on the contrary, they were held to the strictest account, and punished more eeverely than ordinary criminals if they failed in their duties. O'Reilly had good reason to know this, as a slight involuntary breach of the rules once brought down upon him a most once brought down upon him a most heartless and inhuman punishment. At one of the stations to which he was At one of the stations to which he was occasionally sent with messages there was an overseer, warden, or watch-dog of some sort, who chose to be an exception to all human kind, by conceiving, at sight, a bitter dislike to yourg O'Rielly. On their very first meeting he looked hard at the new-comer, and said:

"Young may you know what you are

new comer, and said:

"Young man, you know what you are here for;" adding, with an oath, "I will help you to know it." From that time on he watched his victim sharply, hoping to catch him in some infraction of the many regulations governing the convict

settlement. At last his time came. O'Reilly, one At last his time came. O Reilly, one day, was a few minutes later in making his trip. He found the overseer waiting for him, watch in hand. "You are late so many minutes," he said; "You are reported." Among the penalties of being "reported," one was that the offender should not be allowed to send or receive a letter for six months. A few days after this incident the overseer called O Reilly into his office. He held in his hand a letter, heavily bordered in black, which he had just perused. O'Reilly knew that his mother, at home in Irelaud, has been dangerously ill for some time. The letter probably bore the news of her death, but it might contain tidings of a less bitter probably bore the news of her death, but it might contain tidings of a less bitter loss. Nobody in the place, except the overseer, knew its contents. He said, "O'Reilly, here is a letter for you." The prisoner said, "Thank you," and held out his hand for it. The overseer looked at him for a moment, then tossing the letter into a drawer, said, "You will get it in six months!"

When at the end of six months he re-

When at the end of six months he received the letter he found that it con-firmed his worst fears. The mother whom he had loved and idolized was dead.

he had loved and idolized was dead.

Listening to this story, years aftarward, from the lips of its victim, I asked him why he had never published the name of the cold blooded wretch, for the execration of humenity. He smiled and said that he did not bear the fellow any malice; that a man who would do a deed of that lind must be inseen and irresponsible—a being towards whom one could not cheish animosity. To a request that the name might be given to somebody of less magnanimous soul, he replied, "I do not know his name now; I have forgotten it." For that reason the name does not appear in these pages.

appear in these pages.

THE SUNNY SIDE OF CONVICT LIFE
But life in the Bush was not all made
up of tragedy, or even of misery. To the
poet there was consolation, and almost
happiness, in the glorious open air, amid
the grand prin zeral trees and the strange
birds and beasts of the antipodes. The
land about him lay at the world's threshold. Strauge monaters of pre historic hold. Strange monsters of pre historic form still peopled the forest, monsters of

enjoyed all the delight of communion with nature, his joy and love were personal pleasures. They formed no part of the sermon which it was his mission to preach. The text of that sermon was Humanity. To that he subordinated every impulse of mere sentiment. This long preface to a short story is excusable, because the criticism has been made, and with justice, that O'Reilly's poetry is atrangely wanting in the purely poetry is strangely wanting in the purely descriptive element. The only long poem to which that criticism least applies in his "King of the Varse," in which are many wonderfully strong and beautiful pictures

of nature.

It happened that a road-gang with which he was working, in following the course laid out by the surveyors, came upon a magnificent tree, a giant among its fellows, the growth of conturies, towerits fellows, the growth of conturies, tower-log aloft to sky and spreading enormous arms on every side. The wealth of an empire could not buy this peerless work of nature. The word of an unlettered ruler of a convict gange was potent for its destruction; for it lay right in the middle of the surveyed road. The order was given to cut it down. O'Reilly argued and pleaded for its prervation, but in vain. servation, but in vain. All he could obtain was a rejuctantly granted reprieve, and appeal to a higher power. He wen'—this absurd poet in a striped suit—to the communder of the district, and pleaded for the tree. The official was so amused at his astounding audacity that he told his wife, who, being a strip had a sool share surreys and a woman, had a soul above curreys and rights of way. She insisted on visiting the tree, and the result of her visit was a phenomenon. The imperial road was diverted, and a grand work of nature etands in the Australian forests as a monu-ment to the convict post.—Life of John Boyle O'Reil'y, Cassell Publishing Company.

SERMON BY CARDINAL GIBBON -- " IF MARVELS OCCUR IN THE NATURAL ORDER, WHY NOT GREATER ONES IN THE SUPERNATURAL?"

His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons reached as the Cathedral in Baitimore last Sandsy morning on "The Invocation of the Saints." It was the opening sermon of a series of the Sanday mornings of Lant. He spoke from the Gospel of the day,

He spoke from the Gospel of the day, descriptive of the occasion when Christ was tempted by the devil. "Jesus Christ was tempted by the devil; the Son of God was tempted by a fallen augel. This fact we cannot doubt," said His Eminence, "since it is recorded in the pages of the Gospel; and if God permitted His only tegotten Son to be thus tempted, surely we cannot escape a like ordeal, for the Scripture tell us that the devil goes about like a roaring iton seeking whem he may devour. Now if God permits the angels of darkness to tempt u, He not only per mits but commands the augels of light to help us in the path of victue. As the help us in the path of virtac. As the royal prophet says: 'He hath given His angel charge over thee to guard thee in all thy ways, lest thou dash thy foot against a sione.' I will now assert another proposition connected with the foregoing position connected with the foregoing— namely, that not only do the acgels com-mune with us, but that we may commune with them in prayer, and that it is profit-able for us to invoke the intercession of the just made perfect, and this is what we mean by the words of the creed, 'I be-lieve in the communion of saints.'

"It would be a great mistake to suppose that the blessed reigning with God see and hear in heaven as we see The Holy Mass is therefore offered up in and hear on earth, or that knowledge is communicated to them as it is imparted to us. We see and hear through the Every hour, every moment, the Immacumedium of our senses as long as we are confined in the prison of the body, and somewhere or other of the inhabited globe. confined in the prison of the body, and hence our power of vision and hearing is very limited compared with the spirits of the just. We are like a man confined in a darksome cell, through which a few rays of light dimly pene trate, but when the righteous soul is released from the prison of the body, like a bird freed from its case scaring heaven. leased from the prison of the body, has a bird freed from its cage soaring heavenward, its vision and knowledge are marvelously enlarged. 'So long as we are on earth,' says the apostle, 'we see through a glass darkly, but in heaven face to face. Now I know in part, but then I shall know even as I am known.'

"The facility we have in our day of

then I shall know even as I am known.'

"The facility we have in our day of communicating with our brettren at a distance is almost marvelous. I can send a message from my room to a friend in London or Rome, and in a few moments I receive a reply. If a hundred years ago you had predicted to a friend that a message would travel ten thousand miles in a few moments it would have been message would travel ten thousand miles in a few moments it would have been thought impossible; but in saying so you would not have been a fool, but a prophet. If marvels occur in the natural order, why If marvels occur in the natural order, why not greater ones in the supernatural? If science has made such revelations, how much greater ones are reserved for faith? How true are the words of the poet, there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreampt of in our philosophy, Horatic.' But our faith, or our belief in the invocation of angels and saints, rests on higher proof than these inferences; rests on the holy Scripture. You will readily believe that it is profit able for us to invoke the intercession of the blessed spirits if you are convinced able for us to invoke the intercontrol the blessed spirits if you are convinced that they can hear your prayers, that they are able to assist you, and that they are they are appropriately welfare. We are able to assist you, and that they are zealous for your spiritual welfare. We have repeated assurances in Holy Scripture to show that the spirits of God are acquainted with our petitions. The patriarch Jacob effered up the following prayer in behalf of the grand-children. was said to him, "You will go down to the vessel (mentioning her name), and deliver the articles named in this bill of lading; read it."

O'Reilly read it. If called for the delivery, in good order and condition, of three articles, to wit: One convict, No. 9843, one bag, and one hammock or bed. OR silly was No. 9843; his destination was the convict settlement of Bunbury, thirty miles along the coast, west of Freemantle. repenteth.' Now repentence is a charge of beart, an interior operation of the will, and the spirits of God know when such a change occurs. Of course we cannot explain how this knowledge is acquired. These remarks apply, it is true, to the angels, and not to the saints, but as our Saviour declares the blessed shall be like the angels in heaven in knowledge and happiness, we may apply the same truth to the one as well as to the other. When the friends of Job asked forgivenness of God. friends of Job asked forgivenness of God for their foolish and hypocritical profes slops of friendship, God said to them, 'Go to My servant Job, and he will pray for to My servant Job, and he will pray for you, and his prayers will I accept.' And are we not accustomed daily to pray for one another, and did not St. Paul invoke the prayers of his brethren? Now, if we, though sincers, may help each other by our prayers, how much more efficacious are the prayers of the saluts in heaven!"

are the prayers of the saints in heaven!"

After dwelling on this subject, His Eminence met some popular objections. He said, "It is asked, do we not dishonor God in praying to the saints and angels? Do we not make void the mediatorship of Christ? Do we not put the creature on a level with the Creator? We would dislevel with the Creator, we would use honor God, indeed, and be guilty of biss-phemy were we to concuit the saints inde-pendently of God. But we would abhor such a practice. Gud is the Giver of all bless. such a practice. Gud is the Giver of all good gifts. He is the source of all blestugs, the fountain of all goodness, and whatever inflaence, or power, or virtue the saints possess is all derived from the blood of Jesus Carist; and as the moon borrows her light from the sun, so the saints borrow their light from Jesus Carist, the eternal sun of justice. But in vain do we invoke the six of God's spirits if we do

we invoke the aid of God's spirits it we do
not endeavor to lead pure and holy lives.
No man is saved by vicarious plety.
"But do the saints and angels take an
interest in us? Have they a fellow feel
ing toward us, or has death been to them
like the waters of Larke blotting out all A Natural Filter.

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Ing toward us, or has death been to them like the waters of Letche, blotting out all memory of the past? Are they so much absorbed in the contemplation of God and in the fraition of heaven, as to be entirely unmindful of us? Fat from us such a sentiment! Heaven is the congenial home of charity. Faith and hope genial home of charity. Faith and hope are there absorbed in the contemplation of faith and plety will of the past? Are they so much absorbed in the contemplation of God and in the fraition of heaven, as to be entirely unmindful of us? Fat from us genial home of charity. Faith and hope genial home of charity. Faith and hope genial home of charity. Faith and hope are there absorbed in the contemplation of faith and plety will in the fraition of heaven, as to be entirely unmindful of us? Fat from us genuine when purchasing.

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INVOCATION OF THE SAINTS. prompt her to pray for you in her ab sence, and if she crosses the narrow sea of death and enters the shore of starcity why should she not pray for you there? For what is death but the separation of the soul from the body? The soul has not ceased to think, to remember and to large. The earthly dress of sin has been love. The cartilly dress of sin has been consumed in the salutary fires of contri-tion, and nothing remains but the gold of pure charity. Her love for you is intensified and elevated."

THE MASS.

From the Mylapore Catholic Register. It seems impossible for any religious function or service to possess a preroga-tive more excellent than the Sacrifice of the Mass. As we said before, this is no mere copy, but one original with the Similize of the Cross. Its super-excellence is further enhanced by having for its priest is further enhanced by having for its priest none other than Ged Himself made man. How marvelous is the grandeur of this greatest of mysteries. The priest who offers is God; the victim offered is G.d; the offering made is to God. The true celebrant is not so much the human priest as the adorable person of Jesus Christ. He is the primary offerer, He transubstan tiating the bread and the wine into His own most sacred body and blood. The human priest is but the visible agent of the invisible Great High Priest, the Redeeuer Himself. The goodness or Redeemer Himself. The goodness or badness of the human priest can in no possible or conceivable way affect the sac-rifice, which is ever and always a spotlers im moiation, ever and always agreeable to God every clime and country from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof and there is no space of time, however in finitesimal, in which Jesus is not renewing the sacrifice of Calvary by the anointed hands of His pricets upon earth. On, who does not see the greatness and excellence of this vast, immense, boundless treasure—this fund of inestimable riches posse sed by the Church of God! If Catholics could

by the Church of God! If Catholics could but assist at all the Masses that are daily celebrated on earth, what a store of rewards would they not possers! What an accumulation of grace in this life and treasury of glory in the next life would be the !rait of so loving an attendance!

And yet how indifferent are not most Catholics in respect to attending and bearing Mass! With the exception of Sundays and other days of precept, how small is the number of those who assist at this days and other days of precept, how saids at this Holy Sacrifice on the other days of the week! Our churches, whereld the Holy of Holles continually resides and dwells shut up in our tabernacles, seem to have but little attraction for her mem bers, and are left abandoned and deserted.
Where is the Catholic who makes it his duty to go to Mass every day? Where are they to be found who visit the Lord in His own house even once a day? When we observe the coldness, and indifference, we observe the coldness, and indirection, the apathy of our people, we are forced to exclaim: They know not God, they have not the faith, they heed not, they believe not the Secred Presence of our balleve not the Sacred Presence of our saviour in the Most Holy Sacrament of the altar! How, then, is their disregard to be interpreted? If they verily believe, why then do they not daily go to assist at the Mass, by means of which they can obtain grace and blessings for themselves more than by the performance of almost any other relitations act especially should any other religious act, especially should they have the happiness of receiving into their hearts the sacred and spotless Victim there offered up for their salvation? Do there offered up for their saivation? Do they not know, too, that whenever they discharge the duty of attendants at Mass they themselves become offerers and obtain a right to the title of priests? The offering up the sacrifice Hence, he says we not all be whenever we assist at Mass, where the angelic choirs, inhabitants of the heavenly Jerusalem, are present and stand trembling in mute astonishment at

the contemplation of this most stupendous mystery ! THE TRUCE OF GOD.

In 1095, Pope Urban II., with wisdom laid down the rules relating to the Cru-sade for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre, to break the power of the Turks and the false religion of Mohammed, which was threatening Europe with war and carnage He used his authority to extend the 'Truce of God" by forbidding fighting during Lent. One of his decrees was confirmed a year later by the Council of Rouen. It was that all acts of war must stop from Ash Wednesday till the Monday following the Octave of Pentecost, on all feasts of the Blessed Virgin of the Aposties, and during the latter part of the week as given before. Thus all Caristian nations showed their respect for the holy time of Lent during the Middle Ages.

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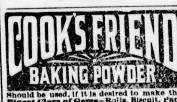


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