

"The Lost Mission of the Irish Gael"

On February 2, at the weekly meeting of the Dublin Literary and Debating Society a lecture was delivered by Dr. George Edgerton, F.R.S.E., on the "Lost Mission of the Irish Gael." The chair was occupied by the Very Rev. William Delaney, S.J.

The lecturer, who, on rising, was loudly applauded, said:—"Nations have their functions, their faculties, and their fates. Placed between sky and earth, mankind has grown and developed amongst the great energies of nature, using, resting, and influenced by them. In this immemorial struggle with the great destructive cosmical forces, the survival of the fittest race, like that of other nations, has depended on the perfection of the organization it presented to its surroundings. Considering this, we contemplate mankind as a whole, in its history, and see that it has advanced not through each of its members acting separately, but by means of many, acting collectively. The simplest group, the family, did not suffice; it required that numerous lesser groups should co-operate, and this great complex group we name a Nation. Its members are natural for men to gather into nations as for bees to assemble in swarms. This, then, is the organization-unit of humanity (applause). Each Nation is an organ, developed because it was NECESSARY FOR THE GENERAL WELFARE OF THE RACE, therefore essential for a purpose, of great importance, or perhaps of little—but of some, so long as it fulfils its function. It differs from the lesser groups, because of its greater power of assimilation. Families of different races, of diverse blood, even introducing foes are seized, and by some mighty influence are wrought upon, and combined into one great interdependent and self-helpful association. Such is the magical power of Nationhood (applause). To develop normally a Nation must develop freely; to develop well it must be true to its proper function. Magnitude is not the measure of its importance in the world's life. The smallest, indeed, may hold predominant sway. How insignificant numerically, compared with Jewish nations were Israel and Hellas, yet how majestic in spiritual and intellectual control! Over the troublous seas of time from the night of the past, those two sovereign stars still shine unclouded, and shall for ever. Nations have different functions, which thus illustrate: one is the exponent of profound spirituality, the other of brilliant intellectuality. Differing in their gifts, they were both inspired by the common instinct of ardent patriotism. This is the preservative principle of the organism. Without this, there is no promise of strong life, the great associates in its cohesiveness, because the more intimate groups grow colder, blinder, antagonistic, and from external shock or inward decay, one great organism after another perishes. All are subject to this law, but the history of the human race shows us this great truth, for our learning; those Nations of the world

WHOSE LIFE HAS BEEN THE MOST SPIRITUAL, and the most intellectual are the least perishable. As each Nation has its special function, we should assume that, in one way or another, nations are unlike in some dominant trait of character, diverse in disposition, various in aim, and, therefore, therefore, be hostile? No, because on account of these very differences, they are complementary, one accomplishing chiefly one purpose, another achieving a supplemental one, each good of its kind. Carthage was more addicted to commerce than the Hebrews or the Greeks, and it wove an inviolable web from nation to nation, servicable and satisfying. Nevertheless, the case quoted gives better emphasis to that underlying universal truth which has been stated; the more spiritual, the more intellectual the life-force of a nation, the less perishable is that people. Carthage was a great commercial centre, its galleys ruled the seas; its adventurous armies invaded Europe, and soiled mountain ranges that seemed impregnable. Now travellers seek its foundations in the sands. Its name and fame live only in the literature of its enemies. There is something eternal in that answer which the Celtic envoy gave to Alexander the Great, then thrust on his victor. "Is there not, then, something that your nation fears?" he asked, expecting that the yet unconquered people might pale before his power. Their answer came promptly: "True, we have sometimes feared lest the sky might fall on us." There spoke the indomitable spirit of a Free Nation (applause). The great conqueror of kingdoms, to whom material triumphs were all in all, thought them haughty and insolent. They, indeed, would never have worshipped him as a god because of his physical prowess. But there may have been something more subtle and symbolic than at first appears in their scornful sarcasm. Their nation

LOOKED UP, AND NOT DOWN, they saw the sky above the earth. A thousand years later, and more, a similar thought found voice in the verse of a Gaelic bard, who tells how four men stood by the grave of Alexander, extolled him as the victor of victors, the great of all things great, supreme sovereign of sovereigns, nothing above him—only God. And the earth crouched by, a wide dust, in the earth at their feet (applause). Since nations have several different functions, their faculties, and their fates, might it not be well for us to enquire—is it im-

portant for us to learn what are the predominant faculties of this ancient nation to which we belong, in order that we may rightly comprehend the function it has been formed to fulfil, so that we should understand whether it is going on the true lines of its mission? For on this, whether it be faithful to its inner, greater, inner life-energies, or whether it fall off from them, and, fairly, surely depend its future and its fate (applause). No doubt the subject is one of much complexity, and time and space and capacity for a thorough and keen analysis are lacking. Still, one may act as pioneer, and direct attention to untrodden ways which others may clear and follow. So, justifying hesitations aside, though conscious of all deficiencies, I would classify the predominant characteristics of the ancient Irish as threefold:

FIRST SPIRITUALITY, SECOND INTELLECTUALITY, THIRD CHIVALRY.

No nation has more clearly shown its possession of a leading characteristic than the Celt that of spirituality, nor has any been so true to it (applause). Caesar saw, with surprise, on his arrival in Gaul, that the Druids occupied the highest positions in the public and social life of the people. They taught, he said, the course of the stars, the magnitude of the world, the power of the divinity, and the immortality of the soul. Under Druidism, the Chief-Druid of the Aedín, Druids studied their religious rites. From our earliest records we know that the same words may be used to paint the picture of the ancient people of our island. In Pagan times, their interest was not limited by the black bulwarks of the material world; these fell away before their seeing eyes; they beheld the worlds beyond—full of beauty, delicacy and delight; not always apart and aloof, but the invisible perpetually present, permeating, and influencing the visible. When Christianity came, it came to a cultured people, it was welcomed by an understanding spirit, and, in a brief time, the entire island took flame. Who can fully realize the vast energy this nation then displayed, when, remote in the Western sea, isolated, alone, it sent forth year after year, generation after generation, hosts of spiritual champions, admirably equipped, to convince and convert the wrecked world of Europe. Their lives are held in the hearts of foreign nations; their names are names of honor, amongst the monuments of time none so noble as their eternal memories (applause). Has the nation preserved this in a quickening faculty still, or is it gone? No longer the Continent of Europe gives welcome to such converts; for it needs them not now. But, when one looks to the illimitable expanses of since discovered continents, and to the new gigantic realms, unexplored, then, through the vast populating wastes and crowded Babylonians of to-day, the

SPIRITUAL DESCENDANTS OF THEIR ILLUSTRIOUS ENVOYS WILL BE FOUND,

and with respect to this question, the world's verdict must be, "No, the nation has been faithful, and has not failed" (applause). Chivalry unquestionably a distinguishing character of the ancient race (hear, hear). "Two things," wrote a Latin author, "Gaul natives above all: martial courage and polished eloquence; virtutum bellorum et argute loqui. The Greeks bore the same testimony. Strabo said:—"The common character of the entire Celtic race is that it is irritable and wild for war, prompt to battle, yet simple, and without malice. If provoked, they march straight on the foe, attack him face to face, without other thought. Hence, they readily fall victims to ruses and ambushes; they do not matter to fight whenever one likes, no matter what the motive; they are drawn ready, even though they have no other aim than their strength and daring. Nevertheless they can be led, through persuasion, without any difficulty, towards useful things, and are open to culture and literary learning. Content in their tall statures and in their numbers, they readily assemble in great multitudes, simply and spontaneously, and willingly take in hand the cause of anyone who is oppressed." The description is fair, though imperfect, and applies sufficiently to the ancestors of those gallant Irish soldiers of whom Mr. Walter Scott sang that "They moved to death with military glee" (loud applause). Certainly as a race they delighted in chivalrous warfare, gladdening whatever they deemed noble, or mean. In our old heroic romances, and the tales which should be found, the pursuit of idealism tends to exalt the ideals of generations. The record of their prowess does not depend only on native writers, for we know from foreign sources that

THE IRISH RANGERS INVADED GAUL,

that they brought over thousands of captives, that they waged valorous war against the Roman legions in Caledonia, that Britannia wept when the sea foamed beneath the Irish oars. This is Claudian's view, and Claudian spoke on behalf of the Britannia which had become a Roman province, not had free Britons kindred of the Gaul, whose allies they were; for the ancient Irish were by mainstay and sole hope of all in those islands who still cherished the principle of independence, as against the terrorizing power of Rome. The author of the life of Agricola asserted it, when he wrote: "I have often heard Agricola declare that a single legion, with a

moderate band of auxiliaries, would be sufficient to achieve the conquest of Ireland. Such an event, he said, would contribute greatly to bridging the stubborn spirit of the Britons, who, in that case, would see with dismay, the Roman arms triumph, and every spark of liberty extinguished under their coast." We may put aside Agricola's boast of what he could do, since he did not even attempt to invade Ireland. At that time, indeed, the Irish Gael were more willing to meet him half-way, as

HE DISCOVERED IN SCOTLAND WHETHER THEIR ARMIES HAD GONE

to the succor of their colonies and the assistance of their allies. The most renowned of the Caledonian chiefs was one called in Latin Galgacus, a name confessedly Celtic, and very Irish, seeing that Doire Galgach was the name of the Ulster City which was frequently changed to that of Doire Columelle. The ovation which the Latin author ascribes to Galgacus expressed, no doubt, the very sentiments of the Gaels in their strife against Roman domination, and the fact that such a speech should be composed for him indicates that the Romans found the Celts of these islands as expert in eloquence as those of Gaul. It also shows that the Roman could do justice to the motives of the enemy. The address, indeed, resembles that of Bruce to his army, and Burns probably found the idea of this poem in the speech of Galgach. "When I reflect on the need that calls for our staunchest vigor, I expect all that is great and noble from that union of feeling which pervades us. From this day, I date the freedom of Britain. We are the men who never crouched in bondage. Beyond our sea, there is no land where Liberty can find a refuge. Even the sea is shut against us, while the Roman fleet is hovering on the coast. To draw the sword in the cause of freedom is the true glory of the brave. In our condition cowardice itself would throw away the scabbard." Again, "We have lived in freedom, and our eyes have been unpolished by the sight of ignominious bondage. This end of the earth is ours; defended by our situation we have till this day preserved our honor and the rights of men." This follows a scathing indictment of Roman tyranny and greed, and a solemn description of the degeneracy of their subjugated serfs. "Are the nations rich, Roman armies, their enemy. Are they poor, Roman armies, lords it over them. To rob, to ravage, and to murder, in their imposing language are the arts of civilization. When they make a desert they call it peace." "Our money is conveyed into their treasury, and our crops into their granaries. Ineult and uncultured the slaves of work. The lot of conquered worse than that of the born slave, led by his master, and brought into the habit of the mirth and ridicule. In the general servitude to which Rome has reduced the world the case is the same; we are treated at first as objects of derision, and then marked out for destruction." He warns the soldiers that Roman glory grew on their disensions, and reminds them that the enemy's forces were now largely mere mercenaries that the victory of the Celts would cause the Gauls and the Germans to remember that they also were once free men. He concludes, "In me behold your general; behold an army of free-born men. Your enemy is before you, and in his train, heavy tribute, drudgery in the mines, and all the horrors of slavery. Are these calamities to be entailed upon us, or shall this day relieve us by a brave revenge? There is the field of battle; let that decide. Let us seek the enemy, and, as we rush upon him, remember the glory delivered down to us by our ancestors, and let each man think that upon his sword depends the fate of all posterity" (applause). This speech, composed by a generous foe, is designed to show

THE MOTIVES WHICH MOVED THE CELTIC RACES AGAINST THE ROMANS,

and demonstrates their unconquerable spirit, their virile courage, and their union of sentiment. Strange as it may seem, paradoxical even, it is yet true that in those early ages the Irish nation was looked to by free-born Britons as their protectors, and proved itself the saviour of the freedom of Britain by assisting to expel the Romans (loud applause). Has the martial and chivalric spirit which animated our nation in former times disappeared

Mr. M. T. Wigle Of Kingville, Essex Co. CURED OF ITCHING PILES OF 23 YEARS STANDING

M. T. Wigle, better known to every one in the vicinity as "Uncle Mike," was troubled for over 23 years with itching piles. At times he was so bad he would have to give up the idea of going to work, and he would have to remain in bed for several days. He had been treated by all kinds of doctors, but found nothing that gave him relief. Finally he was advised to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, he purchased a box, and after a few applications he got such relief that he had the piles removed. He has not had any more since. He is now well and is able to do his work as usual. He is over 70 years of age, and has never been troubled since.

Physicians fail to make a cure when Dr. Chase's Ointment gives Immediate Relief.

Enameline Is so very clean and DUST-LESS, which is such a comfort to good housekeepers. The old-fashioned brands of Stove Polish do the work in the old-fashioned way. Enameline is the Modern Stove Polish, and that is the difference. Put up in paste, cake or liquid form. Sold in every civilized country on earth. J. L. PRESCOTT & CO., New York

with the generations who exemplified it then? If there could be such an assertion, but there is none, how convincing would be the contradiction given by the great nations of Russia, Austria, Spain, and France, where the exiled Irish and their noble descendants upheld the honor of their adopted lands, and the memory of their forefathers with heroic fidelity. The New World, American, both North and South, would be silent witness, nor could Great Britain be silent when the chief commander of her armies and navy are Irishmen (applause). There remains another characteristic of the Celtic race which I have kept for the last, that of intellectuality. AS EXPRESSED BY MENTAL WORK AND ESPECIALLY BY LITERATURE.

the lord of earth and time. No one can contest its possession to our predecessors. It was the passion and the pride of the ancient nation. In Pagan times men of learning held the foremost rank in Ireland next to the monarch, and their hands conferred protection and sanctuary. When the Christian Church, emerging from the gloom of the asceticism and many persecutions, began like a bird on whose wings the sunshine falls after a thunderstorm, to raise its voice in hymns of praise, the gift of song came into the Western Church from the Celts. St. Ambrose was born in Gaul, where his father was a Governor; St. Hilary was himself a Gaul, and when the first Council of the Church met in Rome, he decided as to what books should be approved and what rejected, one work which went with the highest commendation—his own almost every year since has been published in new editions was the "Carmen Paschale" or Easter song by Sedulius, an Irish bard. Most of the nations of Europe have been proud to produce this poem, which is the first epic of Christendom, but Ireland has been silent. So great was the enthusiasm for learning in the old days, so high was the honor of literature that the Irish universities counted their students by thousands. Their renown OVERSPREAD EUROPE AND CALLED VISITORS TO THEIR HALLS from all the adjoining kingdoms, Norsemen and Saxons and Gauls had names named after them in our university towns; Romans came, and the words of authority witnesses, was the words of "New Home," the "School of the West." In no place, at no period, was there shown such intense zeal for the cultivation of letters, nor was the world ever witnessed such marked hospitality as that lavished on foreign students by the Irish nation. On the evidence of that great Saxon, the venerable Bede, we learn that Ireland received all comers with a liberal welcome, and hospitably entertained them, giving them books to read when books were scarce and precious—instruction in every art and science then known and all gratuitously (applause). When Rome fell, amid the wreck of nations, its intellectual sceptre did not pass to any country of the Continent, but was caught from the ruins by Ireland, and borne for three centuries at least by Ireland in sovereign supremacy over the known world. It is a great claim, but it is admitted. That glorious period Irish authors help to give classic letters from degradation and low moods; they laid the deep and strong foundations of modern literature. They gave of their higher culture and elaborated methods to the Anglo-Saxons to the Germans, to the French, and the Spaniards, directly or indirectly. They TAUGHT THE NEW NATIONS THE SYSTEM OF VERSE AND MUSIC, of rhymed and non-rhymed lines, on which all later poetry has been fashioned. Beyond the classical world they created new realms of heroic romance, imaginative fiction, aerial visions, other states, mystic dreams, and heroic tales, which inspired or influenced much of the great intellectual efforts of other and later men. It is an undeniable fact that ancient Ireland was the Mother of Literatures (loud applause). What of modern Ireland? Have her people of the present proved faithful to the noble characteristics that glorified her past, and made her name famous among men. Is this faculty exercised, is this function rightly fulfilled, is Ireland now faithful to the great mission bequeathed her in illustrious heritage? All this can be put forward as foreseen and admitted. No doubt, storm after storm has swept over our country, wrecked our universities, destroyed our great schools, and at last, for a time, swept

over the land like a blizzard burying all education under the Sahara of sterility sand. But our nation outlived it all in the very worst of the tempest, when plagues and death banished learning at home, it created a constellation of college abodes Ever witness for it Salamanca, Alcala, Bilbao, Seville, Compostella, Madrid, Lisbon, Avila, Douai, Antwerp, Tournay, Lille, Louvain, Rome, Prague, Toulouse, Bourdeaux, Poitiers, Nantes, Rouen, Boulay, Paris, Capranica, and Rome. All these were founded in the space of a century, dating from 1582; they were fostered and assisted out of hard-earned salaries, by the gallant commanders of the Irish regiments on the Continent, whose hands had been so often stained with the blood of their countrymen, and whose loyalty to principle and principles (applause). And of these colleges arose

SCHOLARS WHO WERE JUDGED WORTHY OF PROFESSIONAL CHAIRS.

In the universities of the generous people who welcomed them (applause). Has the nation fallen away from its strong enthusiasm and high ideals? No doubt, in the last half century much has been accomplished, and ruins have grown again into schools and colleges, but are the people inspired by the same intense zeal as of old? If we look to those lands toward which the Irish race has outflowed we see with it, their poverty and their struggles, they have succeeded in achieving; schools and colleges have appeared, and at last a university raises its hallowed head (hear, hear). But that is not enough (hear, hear). One seeks for the harvest that should show if the soil be suitable, the conditions favorable, and the husbandman prompt, earnest, and energetic (applause). Take a text and apply it. Look, for instance, at the publishers lists of any year; see that multitudes of volumes are poured forth from the press amongst English-speaking people, and count how many of these, and how few of these come from Irish authors, and how few or still are produced by Irish publishers. The result is one that should CAUSE A FELLING OF PAINFUL HUMILIATION.

In the heart of anyone who holds the honor of his nation dear. It is a general complaint that the Irish people do not buy books, that books are rarely seen even where there can be no excuse of want of means to purchase, that Irish authors find a more friendly audience abroad than at home, and amongst strangers because of its fine qualities, is almost ignored by the nation it has been earnestly created. This was an exceptional and an eminent mission which enabled and inspired the Ancient Nation of Ireland to become a Mother of Literature. My fear is that this may be a lapsed and lost mission if the people be not awakened to the presence and effect of a paralyzing apathy. Other nations have been advancing with rapidity, and our too might and should advance with the rest to accomplish its ever-youthful race. But to accomplish its task, it must perceive its false standards, and must put aside the false standards and glided victory before refined metal, and mercenary materialism preferred to the expressions of spiritual and mental life (applause). Self-indulgence degrades it; the victory of the spirit, the other triumph of matter. The burden of a Nation's heritage, the responsibility for a Nation's fate, lies on every generation, as it comes. It is a heavy burden, a great responsibility; the heavier it is, and the greater the danger and the more shameful the infamy of that generation which brings down upon itself the high Nationalities of the world. Let not that dishonour be ours! (Loud applause.)

HER MAJESTY AS GREAT-GREAT-GRANDMOTHER.

It is expected that the Queen will shortly attain the very unique position of being a great-great-grandmother, as it is expected in the family of the Prince of Wales, the Prince's being a great-great-grandchild of the Empress Frederick. This will make the Queen of Wales a great-grand uncle, and the very youthful Kaiser a grand uncle.

A FISHERMAN'S TRIALS.

Exposure While at Sea Result in an Attack of Delirium Which caused the Boat Striking a Rock. Mr. Geo. W. Shaw, of Sandford, N. S., follows the occupation of a fisherman, calling it a very frequently to inclement weather. Some years ago, as a result of exposure, Mr. Shaw was attacked by delirium, and for months suffered intensely. He says the pain he endured was something agonizing, and he was not able to do any work for some months. His life was in danger for some months. He said that it had also affected his trouble, and the doctor who attended him for several months without getting relief. Mr. Shaw discontinued medical treatment, and resorted to the use of plaster and liniment, but with no better results. He was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and finally he decided to do so. After using them for a couple of weeks, he found a decided relief, and in about two months' time every trace of the trouble had disappeared, and he has not since been troubled with the illness. Mr. Shaw says he occasionally takes a box of pills to ward off any possible recurrence of the trouble. Those attacked with delirium, rheumatism, and kindred troubles will avoid much suffering and save money by taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the first sign of the trouble. Sold by all dealers for \$2.50, by direct mailing Dr. Williams, Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Said the Big Man—"You're a little second!" Said the Little Man—"Don't be on your size!"—Puck

No man should scold his wife for keeping plants in winter, when leaving the window open on a cold night will have more effect than cross words.—Aitchison Globe.

Engrossing Clerk (Ohio Legislature)—Here is this bill proposing to restrict marriage to persons of sound mind and sane mind; how shall I entitle it? Married Love—An Act prohibiting matrimony.—Cleveland Leader.

Aunt—Wouldn't you like to study languages, Bobby? Bobby—I can talk two languages now, Aunt. "You can't! What are they?" "English and baseball."—New York Weekly.

Wife (aghast)—Henry, where did you get that appetite? Returned Soldier (lavishly eating away)—That appetite, Jane, was presented to me by the War Department for gallant and meritorious service in the field.—Chicago Tribune.

Philanthropist—Do you believe capital punishment, may I ask? Cynic—I certainly don't. "Why, how's that?" "Because I never let met a man that I thought it worth while hanging a other for."—Brooklyn Life.

"Wal, Jim, wot d'ye think about 'em of Russia and this 'ere unlive disarmament?" Jim—Well, it's a mat like me and my ole woman, I when there's a bit of shindy bray, I the one wot proposes peace is th' one aint got 'old of the poker.—Fun

Leon—Pavbrocker's shop in east London. Time, 9:30 p.m. Boy enters with Irwinpan and shouts "Furrence." "Furrence" it over. "Why, you young rascal, it's hot!" said the shopman. "In the sausage, and ain't heer jest fer the supper here?"—Spice Moments.

Mrs. Wiggins—Let the children have their fun, Henry. You and I must not forget that you were young once ourselves. Mr. Wiggins—What's the use of talking back to the storm, sir, at your time of life? The storm siren was then hoisted.—Cleveland Leader.

"Don't you think it's too bad to lose the good old-fashioned custom of rotting from door to door singing 'Christmas carols'?" asked Willis Washington. "Oh I don't know," answered Miss Mayenne. "Our forefathers had to put up with such primitive methods. The piano organ wasn't invented then, you know."—Washington Star.

"This is outrageous; it ought to be hushed off the stage." "What's all that?" "Why, this 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' with two Cyrano in it."—Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Peck—Prof. Reader, the palmist looked at my hand to-day and told me He said I had the hand of an artist. Mr. Peck—My before! I'm sorry you didn't find that out before! Who knows? You might have got wedded to art.—Chicago News.

"I reckon," said Senator Sorghum, "that I am one of the most unbusiness in congress. I kin always hear all aspects of a case discussed without any leaning one way or another." "You befohand?" "Certainly. What's the use of being? Both sides generally have money."—Washington Star.

DEATH OF JOHN FOIK.

After only two days' illness the death of Mr. John Foik occurred on Monday morning, February 13, from a stroke. Deceased was proprietor of the Arlington hotel, Tavistock, and formerly one of the best-known residents of Stratford. John Foik was born 14th of December, 1845, in the town of Gielwice, in the Province of Silesia, Prussia. Prussian army, fighting for the Fatherland through the terrible Franco-Prussian war. He came to this country in 1877, and was proprietor of the Ontario house, this city, for a number of years. After disposing of it, he established a tailoring business, and on July recently purchased the Arlington hotel, a handsome structure in Tavistock. During his short residence in this village Mr. Foik had made himself very popular, and his unexpected demise will bring heartfelt grief to all who knew him, both in that place and in Stratford. Besides a sorrowing wife, he is survived by a family of three: Gertrude and Paul, at home, and Henry, High School teacher, of Colborne, Ont. The deceased was a member of Branch No. 11, C.M.B.E.A. for seventeen years, and served a term as President of the branch. The funeral took place at 10 o'clock Wednesday morning from the station, the body being brought up from Tavistock. A large number of friends of the family were at the station, and the funeral was large, being under the auspices of Branch No. 12. The pall-bearers were: —Brothers O'Donoghue, Dely, Goodwin, Devlin, Hagarty, and Seiler. The services at the church were conducted by Rev. Father Coot, interment being made at Avondale cemetery.

When Beauty Fades. In response to repeated inquiries from ladies with whom Dr. Chase's Ointment has become so popular for skin diseases, asking if face powders are injurious and can be used while using the ointment, we state that while the use of face powders are injurious we can recommend the recipes given in Dr. Chase's supplementary recipe book on page 45, which will be sent to any address on receipt of 5c. In stamps. Dr. Chase's Ointment for the ladies' friend for skin diseases. Address Dr. A. W. Chase Co., Toronto.