

# A NEW MAN.

By Edward S. Van Zile, in the Etica.

IT WAS HALF AFTER SIX, and Robert Gere had lost his patience and stood in danger of losing his dinner. He paced the library with restless tread. His face was pale, and there was an appealing melancholy in his eyes that was due either to hunger or a soul distraught.

Presently Mrs. Gere bustled into the room. There was a glow on her cheeks and a dancing light in her eyes. She was attired in a bicycle costume, bifurcated with extreme good taste, and doing what seem to be reluctant justice to her plump figure.

"Oh, Bob!" she cried. "How ghim you look! Come, kiss me! How are the children?"

"Well—I believe," answered her husband, gloomily. "I undressed them and put them to bed."

"You dear, good fellow!" exclaimed Mrs. Gere. "I was so sorry to be late! But we got into a discussion at the meeting of the Society for Solving Great Problems, this afternoon, about the possible existence of soul in the lower orders of animals—and I couldn't get away."

"Which side of the question did you take?" asked Gere, who still retained flickering gleams of interest in his wife's intellectual progress.

Mrs. Gere flushed for an instant, and avoided his eye.

"I really forget now," she faltered. "But if you'll excuse me a moment, Bob, I'll change my togs and be with you for dinner."

"Change her togs?" groaned Gere, as his wife left the room. "I fear—in fact, I know—that things are growing worse. But heaven help me, I am powerless!"

The soup was cold as it was served to them. But Mrs. Gere, looking somewhat reactionary in the historic garb of her sex, smiled at her lesser half, as though the temperature of soup was an insignificant matter to one who was interested in the problem of soul or no soul in the lower animals.

"I am looking forward, Bob, to such an exciting evening," she remarked, as her silent spouse carved a badly-roasted piece of beef. He glanced at her questioningly, almost timidly. Perhaps her conscience pricked her.

"I am sorry to go out again," she went on hurriedly, "but the House Committee of the Woman's Club has a meeting to-night and I expect a lively fight over the proposition to put in a new brand of—"

"Of what?" he asked, with some show of excitement.

"Of cigarettes, my dear." There was a cold, defiant ring in her voice, and Gere dropped his eyes and remained silent. He felt somewhat confused, and when the coffee, too weak for the taste of an epicure, was served to him, he sipped it musingly, wondering in a dazed way if the lower animals smoked cigarettes and if there was a soul in the new woman.

"You are not going out?" asked Mrs. Gere, as they re-entered the library after dinner. Her husband did not answer at once, but paced up and down the room, nervously.

"I think not," he answered, after a time. "I—I have some work to do here." He made a sweeping gesture with his hand that seemed to his wife to refer to the library, but in reality, included the whole house. His overwrought mind had painted a picture of a wardrobe upstairs belonging to two neglected little girls, and he realized that his duty compelled him to overhaul their outfit and discover where and how it needed re-plishing.

Mrs. Gere arose and put her well-shaped hand on his arm.

"You aren't annoyed with me, Bob, are you?" she asked, sweetly. He had no time to answer for she went on in self-defense: "You must realize, Bob, that I must keep up with my generation. You wouldn't want me to be a frowsy, fussy, finicky, old-maidish kind of woman, at home only in the kitchen or the nursery?"

"No," he gasped, realizing how Trilby felt when Svengali turned on his hypnotizing power.

"You wouldn't like to feel, Bob, that I am not keeping up with you intellectually?"

"No," he gasped again, thinking for an instant of soul in the lower order of animals.

"You must acknowledge, Bob, that the mental friction I obtain outside makes me a more companionable wife?"

"Yes," he faltered, sinking into a chair, and gazing helplessly around the room.

"Then, Bob," she went on, sternly, "don't take it so hard. You may make me feel, at times, that you don't approve of my course. You don't say much, but there is a look in your eyes that seems to reproach me now and then. How would you like it, Bob, if I didn't hold as prominent a position in the club as Mrs. Gowing?"

She delivered this crushing question with such suddenness that Gere was obliged to gaze at her in speechlessness. He was conscience-stricken. His memory tortured him with the fact that he had, at times, exhibited to his wife a certain jealousy that he himself entertained of his neighbor, Gowing.

"I don't—I don't disapprove of your course, my dear," he remarked, submissively. "It's—it's all right. A woman must have some freedom. You're quite right, my dear. Quite right." She stood before him, with a smile on her strong, handsome face.

But, Bob, I know you so well; I know how broad-minded and progressive you are! Sometimes, when I hear other women denouncing the bigotry and narrowness of their husbands, I feel as though I could hardly wait until dinner to see you again. You seem, in comparison with other men, to be a giant by the side of pigmies."

Gere had grown even paler than usual as she spoke. He longed to cry out, to tell her the truth, to confess that he was only a little fellow, after all. He realized that now, perhaps for the last time, Fate had offered him an opportunity to make a clean breast to his wife; to acknowledge that he didn't care a rap whether the lower order of animals had souls, that he didn't care a rap whether she cared a rap; to admit that he loved the memory of the pies that grandma used to make; that he felt a loss of dignity when he put the children to bed; that the whole world seemed out of joint, and that he was, at heart, a most unhappy man.

But her glowing eyes were upon him and her smile of perfect confidence made him a coward.

"Will you be out late?" he asked, rising and walking aimlessly to the further end of the room. She hesitated before replying, as if not quite satisfied with his manner.

"Not late, my dear," she exclaimed, at length. "You needn't wait up for me, if you are tired. I will come in quietly and not disturb you."

A few moments later Robert Gere found himself alone in the library, with a long evening before him and a sad heart with which to spend it. He took up several books, but they, one and all, refused him the solace his mind craved. Finally he wandered softly up stairs.

Standing by the bed in which his two infant daughters were asleep, he bent over them gently and breathed a prayer of thankfulness that they were not boys.

There was something in this action that revived his spirits; and, in a way, his ambition, such as it was. He entered the ante-chamber, opened several drawers in an inner closet, and examined the dresses and undergarments of the sleeping girls. After a half-hour spent in a minute inspection of their respective outfits, he returned to the library and killed another hour in making notes to be submitted to a woman he had determined to engage for a week's general sewing. A list of purchases he must make for the children he placed carefully in his wallet.

And still the evening dragged. The clock came up to the library and he gave her directions about breakfast, sadly conscious that his orders would not be obeyed to the letter. But he felt that it would be undignified to complain of the breakfast of the past on the remote chance that he might get an eatable breakfast in the future. The cook's eye possessed a latent fire that he did not care to arouse. Furthermore, he had heard that she was saving her wages to buy a bicycle, and the knowledge of this fact caused him to feel a lack of self-confidence in her presence that it was hard to conceal.

As the hours passed with reluctant tread, Gere grew constantly more lonely and discontented. He threw himself upon a sofa and was annoyed to feel the tears welling up in his eyes. If he dared to leave the house and the children to the care of the cook, he would have rushed forth into the night and sought the companionship of a policeman or a night watchman. But there was something heroic in Gere's make-up. He knew that his duty, though a simple one, permitted of no compromise; and, by a strong effort of the will, he finally resigned himself to the task that circumstances had cast upon him—the task of tending his home and awaiting the arrival of his wife.

At length he heard the rattle of her latch-key in the door, and presently she entered the library, a flush on her cheeks and a smile of contentment on her face.

"Oh, Bob!" she cried. "Did you wait up? How good of you! I'm so sorry I'm so late. If I'd known you were going to wait, you know, I'd have been back an hour ago. But just as I was coming away, Mrs. Gowing asked me to crack a small bottle with her—and—and I couldn't refuse, you know. We'd had some words in the committee meeting about the new cigarettes and I really couldn't decline the olive branch she extended, could I, Bob?"

"I suppose not," answered Gere, gloomily. "Well, good night, my dear! I'm very tired. Are you coming up at once?"

"Presently," she answered. "You do look worn out, Bob. I'm really quite worried about you. Sit down just a moment. Some of the women were talking to-night about the serious way in which men take life. Now, my dear Bob, I don't want you to get into a rut. Make an effort, my dear. It is so easy, I know, to grow hum-drum and stay-at-homeish, but you must make up your mind, Bob, to resist the tendency to devote all your time and energy to your business and your books. There is a kind of selfishness, you know, Bob, that is very insidious. You will make an attempt to resist it, won't you, my dear? Don't think for a moment that I consider you a selfish man, Bob. Far from it. But you must not permit yourself to get absorbed in things that render you unsympathetic."

She held out her hand to him and he gave it a cold, listless grasp.

"You understand me, don't you, Bob?" she asked, sweetly.

"Yes," he muttered, hoarsely. "Good night."

"Good night, my dear," she returned, graciously. "I'll be up presently. I must smoke one more cigarette before I go to bed, or I shan't sleep. Good night, Bob. Must you be up early? Yes? I'm so sorry. Good night."

## A TRIBUTE TO CATHOLIC NUNS.

The British Medical Journal has a remarkable tribute to the work of Catholic Sisters as nurses in Irish workhouses; "Those who have been saddened by previous reports of the condition of the sick poor in Irish workhouses will be cheered by our Commissioners' account of Ballyshannon Union Infirmary. Eighteen months before the visit was paid a community of Roman Catholic nuns had taken over the management of the workhouse. 'In conversation with the Superior,' writes the Commissioner, 'we learn that this house had until lately

been quite as bad as others on which we have already commented; pauper nursing prevailed, and with it the attendant evil of blackmailing, the demoralized creatures preying on the helpless inmates, robbing them of their tea, tobacco, money, or any mercantile articles on which they can lay their hands before they will give them such service as they are told off to do, and for which they receive extra rations from the guardians. Rather than go back to that old-told tale, let us record our admiration of the work done in the short eighteen months which have elapsed between the date of our visit and the day when the nuns took possession. The Superior, by filling the matron's post, has been able to make her influence felt in almost every department, and it is clear that the Board has been ready to second her efforts. The nursing staff consists of the Superior, three nuns and the night nurse, the Superior being also matron of the workhouse. The night nurse is trained, but she works from written instructions left by the nuns.' The Superior, clearly a woman of rare capacity and tact, took on herself the office of matron, and with the willing co-operation of the medical officer, the guardians and the master, has in that short time worked wonders. The structure is the same, the sanitary arrangements were at the time of the visit of the old primitive kind, but order, efficiency, and above all humanity, now prevail in the management. The moral of it is that capacity and self-devotion are not to be thwarted by the worst system ever invented. Such work as that of the good nuns at Ballyshannon brings us nearer the day of a general reform in the administration of the Poor Law."

# House and Household.

### HOME MATTERS.

A dose in time saves the doctor's bill and sometimes the undertaker's also. When a woman feels a cold coming on or when she realizes that she has been exposed to cold, she should immediately set about her preventive work.

There is much virtue in hot drinks, in friction and in warm covering. The woman who feels that she is a candidate for a cold should take a hot mustard foot bath, rub down vigorously, drink a tumbler of steaming lemonade, with perhaps a dash of whiskey in it, and then go to sleep under as many and as warm coverlets as she needs. The room should be ventilated during the night, but she must be protected against draughts. A big screen placed at the foot of the bed is an excellent guard against breezes. It is not a bad plan to wear a nightcap as part of the outfit.

In the morning the patient should dress in as warm a room as possible, or there is danger of increasing the cold. An alcohol rub down may be substituted for the regular bath, as it closes the pores and tones up the skin.

### FILETS OF DUCK.

To make filets of duck with stuffed olives, remove the filets of two ducks and cut them in nice sized pieces. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and fry them in butter. Take them up and dish in a border of puree of green peas. Fill the center of the dish with olives that have been pitted and filled with forcemeat, and heat them in some clear stock. Serve with this browned sauce flavored with lemon.

### ALMOND CREAM CAKE.

This recipe calls for two cups of pulverized sugar, one-quarter cupful of butter, one cupful of sweet milk, three cupfuls of flour, two and a half teaspoonfuls of baking powder, whites of four eggs beaten very light, one-half teaspoonful of vanilla. Bake in four layers. Whip one cupful of sweet cream to a froth, stirring gradually into it half a cupful of pulverized sugar, a few drops of vanilla and one pound of almonds, blanchéd and chopped fine. Spread thick between layers, frost top and sides.

### ROGOT OF TURNIPS.

Use a quart of turnips cut into cubes, three tablespoonfuls of butter, one teaspoonful of sugar, one heaping teaspoonful of salt, one-fifth of a teaspoonful of pepper, one tablespoonful of chopped onion, one tablespoonful of flour and one cupful of stock, or milk. Put the butter on the stove in a stewpan, and when it becomes melted add the turnips and chopped onion. Stir until the vegetables begin to turn brown, then add the salt, pepper sugar and flour and stir two minutes longer. At the end of that time add the stock or milk. Cover the stewpan and set it where the mixture will simmer for twenty minutes.

### FASHION AND FANCY.

In spite of all the mistakes and exaggerations, the tendency is clearly toward the more artistic side of costuming, and this is shown in the full evening dress as worn in the year 1812, in contrast with the graceful gowns of the present time. An example of an 1830 gown shows the effect of expansion in the skirt and sleeves, and a pretty white sarin gown shows a modern reproduction, with graceful outlines. It is made of white satin, with tracings of silver spangles down either side of the skirt. The corset is covered with spangles and the chemise and sleeves are formed of a bouillonne of white crepe de chine, white flowers decorate one side of the neck. Sequins of every imaginable color have been a decided novelty of dress trimmings during the past year, and the prospect is that they will continue to show their fascinating tints in still more elaborate designs for the year to come. A second evening gown of white tulle over white satin shows the use of sequins on bands of embroidery down either side of the waist and skirt, where the tulle ends, to show the plain satin breadth in front. A trailing bunch of chrysanthemums

### NOT CRUDE MATERIAL.

Scott's Emulsion is Cod Liver Oil perfected and is prepared upon the principle of its digestion and assimilation in the human system; hence it is given without disturbing the stomach.

finishes this at the foot. The bodice has puthings of tulle at the neck, flowers on the shoulders, and the sleeves are a mass of rich wide tucks in the tulle.

It is the details and accessories of dress that stand out conspicuously as the distinctive feature of really new things in fashion this year, and the supply of novelties in decoration, design and combination of color has not been equal to the increasing demand for variety. The possibilities of effect gained by the use of many colors in one gown have been studied with great care by the fashion designers of 1895, and some very novel combinations may be recorded to the year's credit. English velvets, brocaded satins, rich silks and the daintiest gauze materials of exquisite coloring, with the finest laces, rare embroideries and jewelled trimmings make up the extravagant side of the present fabric of fashion, and it would not seem that another year could produce anything more beautiful in color or texture than already exists. The very lavish use of lace during the past two years has given fresh impetus to the manufacture of laces, and most wonderful imitations of the old-time hand-made pillow laces are the result. Dainty laces are the refinement of dress-decoration, and no matter how plain the gown a little lace rightly distributed will make it dainty. Mechlin lace is especially fashionable, and some of the finest patterns are revived in silk, while Renaissance, Chantilly, point d'Alencon and point d'Angleterre are quite as desirable. With entire gowns of velvet and fur, and real laces at the head, the fashions of 1895 are, indeed, charmingly extravagant. There is no immediate prospect of a change in the interest of economy. Jewelled girdles, belts and clasps, together with the lavish use of fancy and expensive buttons, have established their claim for favor during the year. The Louis XV. coat bodice is another revival of fashion which has come to us in 1895. Still another which is threatened is the long shoulder seam that has been agitated with it any serious results yet. Bodices differing in color and material from the rest of the gown have developed unlimited variety, and round waists still hold their own with the coats and basque frocks. The threatened fashion for bodices like the skirts and sleeves has not yet suppressed the convenient silk waist, and it bids fair to prosper for some time to come.

### YOUTH'S DEPARTMENT.

#### KATIE'S FAILURE.

Great excitement prevailed in the primary class-room of Belmont school. The Mother Goose entertainment which was to form the holiday festivity of the school, had been arranged with the exception of one important feature, that of Mary's little lamb.

Boo peep and little Boy-blue knew their parts well, and glowed with secret satisfaction at the thought of the pretty costumes laid away by mamma's and auntie's careful hands in readiness for the eventful evening. The one character lacking was that of the lamb—Mary's little lamb—without which no Mother Goose entertainment would be complete.

There stood Mary, fair-haired, sweet-faced little girl, feeling very disconsolate and incomplete without her lamb. Teacher and children were racking their brains for a suitable representative for this animal, when Kate Bloomdale stooped up quickly, with a flushing face.

"I tell you, Miss Palmer, let me be Mary, and my dog Beppo can be the lamb; I can make him do anything, but he won't mind another soul but me."

An expression of keen disappointment flashed over Mary's gentle face, for she well knew that all along her little schoolmate had rebelled at having the part of the "Old woman who lived under a hill," for Katie was vain of her dancing curls and wide brown eyes, and had longed all the time for a character that would display them to the best advantage. Mary, who guessed at this with the quick intuition of a child, naturally felt disappointed and cross when Miss Palmer, after questioning as to Beppo's disposition, put Katie's name down as "Mary," and poor Mary must be content to represent that much-abhorred character of the "Old woman who lived under the hill."

Now, Beppo, in reality, was a cross, overfed pig that belonged to Katie's little brother, and his disposition was neither gentle nor obedient. Katie, however, had carefully considered all this, and decided that she could "train" him in time for the entertainment. So every evening, after Miss Palmer's decision, the little girl, armed with some delicate bit from the table, coaxed Beppo from the dining room into the nursery, where with much trouble and much feeling, she succeeded in fastening a string around his neck. By dropping a bit of chicken, or cake every few steps, Beppo was induced to follow her slowly around the room. The performance was gone through with every evening, till at last the thrilling hour arrived for Katie to don "Mary's" pretty costume, and repair with Beppo to the hall where the entertainment was to be held.

First, however, Beppo must be transformed into a lamb, and this took time and patience. The fleecy was tied on piece by piece, during much coaxing and petting. As he had been taught to run after his tail, when this curly member was attacked with a view to tying on the wool, true to his training he started round and round, in a most alarmingly dizzy and noisy manner. The little mistress was tired, flushed and anxious when Beppo finally exhausted himself, and peace was restored. He really looked like a soft broad-backed lamb, with the cunningest black nose and eyes. Katie, up to this time, had felt anxious and fearful for the success of her plan, but now, with Beppo standing there looking so much like the little animal he was meant to represent, surely she need only feel triumphant and hopeful.

The audience assembled and one by one Mother Goose's charming family was introduced. Little Miss Moffit screamed at her spider. Little Jack Hornor sat in the corner, eating his Christmas pie, and the Three Little Kittens marched on to the stage to say their part. These kittens were charming, dressed in gray and white canton flannel, that covered feet and hands, making them look just like little paws that could disclose the sharpest of claws if the occasion required. Altogether they were fine and life like representations. Their lines being recited, the kittens marched to one side of the stage, where they nestled together in a loving and graceful attitude. Next in order came Mary and her little lamb.

Now, the lamb, by this time, was in anything but a lamb-like mood; the strings with which the wool was tied on were too tight for comfort, and then Katie had forgotten her tempting bit that had always been his reward for allowing himself to be led around in this manner. Nevertheless, all went well at first; the lamb marched meekly upon the stage in Mary's rear. She had recited her first line. "Mary had a little lamb," when the lamb looking around, gave a quick bark; a pull at the string instead of quieting him had the opposite effect, for Beppo had spied his enemies, the three kittens. A cat had never been admitted to the Bloomdale household, for Bippo's dislike to them was a well-known fact, and now he seemed to look upon the kittens as a personal affront. The mischievous children behind the kitchen masks took in the situation at a glance; it was irresistible—Spt! spt! spt! three paws flew out in a threatening manner, and—horror of horrors—the lamb began to bark! A sudden angry leap snapped the strings that tied the fleecy on, and piece by piece it fell—till Beppo was revealed; only a white head, and four woolly leggins remained to show that he had for one brief moment been a lamb.

The kittens hissed, and showed their feline nature to perfection, and Beppo grew more frantic each moment; the audience, overcome with merriment, clapped and laughed—boys cheered, and Katie was led, disappointed and weeping, from the stage.

Perhaps she deserved that her selfish scheme should fail, but it was pretty to see that "Little Old Woman from under the Hill" put a gentle arm around her rival, and forgot her own disappointment in offering her childish sympathy.

### AN IMPORTANT CASE.

A VICTORIA COUNTY (ONT.), PEDDLER BEFORE THE COURTS.

DETECTED IN SELLING A PINK COLORED PILL, WHICH HE REPRESENTED TO BE DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS—THE COURT GRANTED A PERPETUAL INJUNCTION RESTRAINING HIM FROM OFFERING AN IMITATION OF THIS GREAT MEDICINE—SOME FACTS THE PUBLIC WILL DO WELL TO BEAR IN MIND.

In the High Court of Justice yesterday morning, before Mr. Justice Meredith, the case of Fulford v. McGahey was heard. It consisted of a motion for an injunction to restrain Fred McGahey from selling a pill which he claimed to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Mr. Douglas E. Armour appeared for the plaintiff, and stated that the defendant had been peddling these goods about Victoria County, claiming them to be Dr. Williams' genuine Pink Pills. It was impossible, however, on the face of it, that they should be genuine, as he sold them greatly below what they cost at wholesale price. The defendant had given consent, Mr. Armour said, that the motion should be changed to one of judgment against him. No defence was offered, and his Lordship gave an order for judgment restraining McGahey from continuing to vend the article as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The above paragraph, taken from the legal columns of the Toronto Globe of the 15th inst., contains a warning which every person in Canada in need of a medicine will do well to heed, and shows the care and pains the Dr. Williams Medicine Company takes to protect the public from imposition, and to preserve the reputation of their famous Pink Pills.

It is only a medicine that possesses more than usual merit that is worth imitation. Ordinary medicines are not subject to that kind of treatment, as there is not sufficient demand for such medicine worth while.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People have achieved a reputation for sterling merit unparalleled in the history of medicine. In every part of the Dominion the remarkable cures wrought by the use of this great medicine have given it a name and a fame which has made the sale of Pink Pills simply wonderful.

It is because of this great merit, and the consequent enormous demand for the medicine, that it is being imitated by unscrupulous persons in various parts of the country. The imitation is cheap, usually worthless, and is only pushed because the imitator can make much more money by its sale than he can by the sale of the genuine Pink Pills. Hence the pains he takes to sell the imitation.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company annually spends thousands of dollars endeavoring to impress upon the public that the genuine Pink Pills can only be purchased in one form—namely, in packages enclosed in a wrapper (or label), which bears the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." No one can buy them in any other form, not even if they offered many times their weight in gold for them. And yet in the face of these continuous warnings there are people confiding enough to permit some unscrupulous dealer to convince them that he can supply them with the genuine Pink Pills in loose form by the dozen or hundred, or ounce, or in some other kind of box. Any one who pretends to be able to do this is telling an untruth. Bear this in mind and refuse all pills that do not bear the full trade mark, no matter if they are colored pink, and no matter what the dealers say. Please bear in mind also that the formula from which Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is compounded is a secret known only to the company, and any one who claims he can supply you with some other pill "just as good" is guilty of misrepresentation, for he does not know

the ingredients of the genuine Pink Pills and is only trying to sell you some other pill, because he makes more money on its sale.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Company is determined to spare no expense in protecting, both the public and themselves against these unscrupulous imitators, and will always be thankful to receive information concerning any one who offers to sell an imitation Pink Pill purporting it to be Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, or "the same as" the genuine Pink Pills. Such cases will be investigated by the company's detective and the name of the person giving the information will not be made public, while any expense entailed in sending us the information will be promptly refunded.

Ask for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and take nothing else. They cure when all other medicines fail.

F. M. T. A., ALMONTE.

### ELECTION OF OFFICERS FOR THE YEAR.

At the last regular meeting of the F.M.T.A., the following were elected as officers for the ensuing term—Chaplain, Very Rev. D. F. Foley; President, M. Hogan; Vice-President, A. C. Kane; Treasurer, P. Daly; Secretary, Jas. R. Johnson; Assistant Secretary, Frank Burke; Committee of Management: P. Fraley, John Sullivan, B. M. Bolton, F. M. Johnson, Joseph Stuart, Ed. Letang, Jas. P. O'Connor, John O'Reilly and Jno. Lynch.

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