Lessessessessessessessessessessesses OR half an hour past Dr. Sanborn had been certain that had been certain that he was on the wrong road. The main high-

way ran straight to Winchester, but ne had come upon unfamiliar dips and turns soon after leaving his patient's 'Ah, Dick, a man can't get anything house Rather than risk another mis- worth having unless he works for 1thouse. Rather than risk another mistake, he drove straight on. There were outlying villages all about the city, and before long he must reach some thoroughfare leading toward home.

It was nearly midnight. The sky was thick, and a lantern hanging over the dasher barely showed the breadth of this forest bordered way.

The reius hung slack from the doctor's hands, but suddenly he tightened them, and grasping his whip leaned forward to pierce the darkness shead. Between the jogging steps of his horse he had caught the sound of quick, soft footfalls upon the dust of the road.

It was a time and a place for caution, Doctor Sanborn presently saw a man's tigure on the road before him. He held the whip ready to lash the horse on ward. but the stranger turned to one side and halted at a discreet distance.

Say, are you a doctor?' he called out, breathless with running.
'Yes What do you want?' Without

relaxing his guard at all, Doctor Sanborn polled up his horse.

For God's sake, come with me! There's a tellow taken sick a little way above here. I'm airaid he's got pneu-

monta.

'Who are you?' the doctor saked, distrustfully, for the man was too ragged and unkempt to be an honest farm-

hand.

'Oh, I'm a tramp,' he acknowledged hurriedly. 'Never mind about me. He's on the road, too, but he's a fellow that's worth saving. Won't you come?' His voice quavered, but quickly rang true again. 'You wouldn't let even a grant wouldn't day. true again. tramp die like a dog; you wouldn't doc tor?"
That's so! Well, I'll see your friend

Go shead and lead the way.' Tnank you, doctor. It isn't far.'

With a look of relief he faced about and ran on just in front of the carriage> Meanwhile, strange stories were flashing turough Dr. Sanborn's mind. On such pretexts men had been enticed away and robbed; yet he resolutely quelled all suspicion, and touched up his horse. The tramp's face had been sharp with unteigned distress.

Soon after emerging from the woods the man ran off to one side and stood in a driveway leading back to some build-

ing.
'In here, doctor,' he called as the carriage drove up. 'We crept into an old barn for the night. Let me hitch your horse and cover him.'

With medicine case and lantern in hand Doctor Sanborn followed his guide. Swinging the light around he saw that the barn was used for storing bulky

farming tools and the poorest hay. The tramp shut the door carefully and held up his hand. For a moment the two men stood still to listen. Out of the gloom beyond them came a weak incessant cough which fell ominously upon

the doctor's ear. 'He's breathing worse,' whispered the tramp, and, running ahead, he jumped over into a partly filled bay.

A young man hardly yet of age sat propped against the haymow. He was panting rapidly and his dusky face turned from side to side in search of

'I've brought a doctor.' the tramp answered hopefully. 'How are you, Air, Dick! I can't breathe!' the boy

whispered; and Dick anatched off his hat and knelt down to fan him. The doctor bent over his patient. Time

was precious and a moment of listening revealed all that he needed to know. The disease worked swiftly. In an hour or two the crisis would come.

He opened his case and filled out a little tablet doubtfully. 'Can you swallow it?' he asked. Before long this would become impos-

sible, but the young man nodded. With momentary acuteness he glanced at the physician, and then closed his eyes wearily. For the present everything had been

done, and the watchers stepped back. All around them lurked heavy shadows, and their little circle of brightness formed a strange scene.

Through the chinks and crevices of the barn the light wind of the night blew freely. Dick had thrown his coat over the sick man, and shivering slightly, he moved closer to the doctor.

It was a silent plea for sympathy. All that was best in life he had long since flung away, but there were still human ties to which he could appeal. From his friend's unconscious face he glanced, in some hesitation at Doctor Sanborn.

'Will he be better soon?' he ventured, * apea king softly.

'No, I fear not.' The doctor heaitated. It seemed cruel not to offer the comfort of simple friendliness. "It is all I can say,' he added with an impulse of good will. 'At best the matter is serious, and I can't tell what may be back of this.' 'Is it pneumonis?' Dick asked, after

a short silence; 'No. it's worse than pneumonis.' Dr. Sanborn returned to his patient. It was time for some improvement, but an hour passed by in apparently fruitless ministrations. Never had disease seemed so merciless or the strongest drugs so

Dick stood by, ready to give aid when needed. Presently he dropped upon his knees and impulsively clasped his friend's hand. Its very touch seemed to awe him, and looking up, he saked one tremulcus question:

Doctor, is he dying?!

away. With every sense intent upon the slightest changes of pulse and breath, Doctor Sanborn took no heed of his going. The silence grew oppressive. Dick soon returned, and sitting down, bowed his head upon his hands.

'I hate to lose Will this way,' he said mournfully. 'We've been together a long time now. Will ran away from home because he thought his father was working him too hard, but it wasn't easy to find work elsewhere, and he took to tramping with me.

'This last year he's been getting tired

'Many a time of late he's said to me: steady, mind you, Dick,' he would say;

All this passed the doctor's ears unheeded. He was reading a more absorbing story, and its climax was near at hand. There lies the romance of a physician's life. The night's adventure and its strange surroundings scarcely moved Doctor Sanborn's imagination, but it stirred his blood to feel the pulse growing stronger under his fingers and the deadly chill passing away.

For, almost incredulously, he admitted the fact. It had been a long fight, and

his eyes sparkled with triumph. Dick was still talking. It was only a variation of the old, sad story, but something in his manner of speech seemed incongruous, and the doctor flashed a

critical glance over him. 'You were a man of some education. he remarked abruptly.

'I?' Dick queried in surprise. 'Oh, I had an academy course.' He gave a shamed, uneasy laugh. 'They used to think I'd study for the ministry.' 'Where are 'they' now? asked the

doctor quietly. 'Dead.' A moment passed in silence. There wasn't any trouble with my scholarship. I lacked something else, I guess. Well, I've spent my chances.'

A shade of genuine regret clouded his face, but he turned the subject, and went on: 'It was diff rent with Will. He never forgot the old folks, and maybe, if they were kind, he might pull up again.'

Then his parents are living?" 'Yes; that's why he came this way. Will wasn't meaning to be seen himself, but just to be around till he caught sight of them. 'It will do me a world of good just to look on my mother's face' he kept saying, yesterday, and was full of of plans to get a job somewhere and then come home. Well, we made a long day of it, but Will was sickening all the time and we had to stop here, though the

Forrest house is not far ahead.' 'What is his father's name?' de manded the doctor.

' Nathan Forrest. Do you know him 'Indeed I do! But I didn't know his house was so near. I have always come around the other way.

With a new interest he studied his patient's face. Under its mask of pallor there were familiar features. I knew there was some trouble in the Forrest family, he mused. The mother is broken by her sorrow. The father has pent his grief into silence'

'It seems to me his folks ought to know of this, Dick suggested. 'He made me promise I wouldn't tell them.'
'I haven't promised,' the doctor re-

joined decisively. 'However, I can't leave him yet. There is a good chance for recovery now and we must fight it out alone.

An hour later the sick boy opened his res and half unconsciously raised both hands to his temples. 'My head aches,' he muttered drowelly and soon dropped to sleep again.

'It is the medicine,' Dr. Samborn explained. 'He has had enough and now you can watch him till I return. I am going for help,' he added with a meaning nod.

His horse neighed impatiently as he stole out of the barn. How cold the night air was! Drawing a long breath of relief, he wrapt his overcoat closely about him, uncovered his horse, and drove away.

In the darkness it would have been easy to miss his destination, but he kept a sharp lookout and at last descried the Forrest house looming distinctly upon the right.

The night was still, but no one seemed to be aroused by his coming. He walk ed up the gravel path to the front door, and drumming soundly on a panel, stepped away to watch the upper windows. Presently a sash was raised above his

'Who is there?' asked a well known

'I am Doctor Sanborn. Mr. Forrest. 1 have urgent business with you.'
The window was closed and a faint

murmur of voices dropped out into the hush. Doctor Sanborn fastened his horse and went back to the doorstep. Knowing Will's father as a stern and silent man, he had already begun to doubt the issue of his intercession.

A glimmering light shot through the close shutters of the hall and descended the stairs. There was a rattle of bolts, the door was opened, and a tall, spare man came forward, hastily clothed, but erect and dignified.

'You may enter,' he said gravely. In anatere silence he led the way to the parlor and solemnly con routed his able to do pretty good work one day, and visitor as one who expects the worst. the next day, because of some little in-In the chill of the early morning he looked old and gray.

'Sir, are you a messenger of good or of evil?' be saked. Perhaps of both, the doctor replied.

Mr. Forrest, have you a son?" The man's stern face softened a little as his wife entered the room and came quickly to his side. But he had been deeply wounded by Willie's desertion.
'I had a son,' he answered grimly.

Don't say that, father, his wife pleaded. He is always our son. O, doctor, have you any news of Willie?" One could read unabaken love in her appealing eyes. Doctor Sanborn's smile was sufficient reply, and with a glad and

grateful look she hurried from the room. Her husband's line were still set in unrelenting lines. He was a proud and iust man and he waited for some token of Will's repentance.

Mr. Forrest, said the doctor impres-There was no answer, and shaken by sively, do you believe in the story of An irrepressible sub, the man orept the prodigal son?"

It was a touch upon the quick and the father bowed his head. Oh, if he THE WHOLE system feels the leffect of Hood's Sarsaparilla stome and liver; kidneys heart nerves are strengthened and SUSTAINED. To night her lies, sick in a barn not fit

for your cattle. He has fallen by the way, but he was coming home if only to

look upon your face again.' I'ne old man raised his hand ; he could bear no more. Soon a light touch clung upon the doctor's arm and Mrs. Forrest stood beside him hastily dressed for the night air. Her worn face was fairly aglow with joy.

'Doctor, I'm going to my boy!' There was a deep thrill in her voice which strongly moved the young man. 'Where is he? What shall I take to him?'

'Some one must stay here and pre-pare for him,' was the gentle reply. You can do that best. Your husband will go with me.'

With a quick, nervous stride Mr. Forrest started for the carriage, while nis wife hurried to get the necessary wraps. It was all one to her so long as she could work for Will.

They drove in silence. The roll of carriage wheels announced their coming and Dick was waiting outside the door. 'Where is my son?' Mr. Forrest ask

ed hoarsely.
'At the further end, resting quietly, sir. He's been talking about the old folks, doctor, I'm glad you have come. As they entered the barn D ctor Sanborn laid a warning hand on the old man's arm. 'Remember to control your-

selt. He has been very near to death this night ' 'I will! I will! Only let me see him. But, even with the words upon his lips, he sprang into the bay, and, as he knelt and caught Will into his arms, the boy opened his eyes upon his father's

'Will! my son!' The father's voice was choked and broken and Will sobbed aloud.

'Father, I didn't treat you right,' he faltered. 'I'm going to do better now.' 'My son!' It was all the old man could utter, but he wrapped the blankets around his boy and, passing his strong arms underneath, smilei down upon him tenderly.
'Come. Will!' he said. 'Mother is

waiting for you.' - Monitor St. Francois.

A DREADED DISEASE

More People Are Tortured by the Pauge of Rheumstism than by Any Other Cause-There is a Cure for it.

From the Advertiser, Hartland, N.B.

Mr. Richard Dixon, of Lower Brigh ton, is one of the most prosperous and best known farmers in Carlton county N.B. In June, 1897, Mr. Dixon was sersed with an attack of rheumatism and for six weeks lay abed suffering all the tortures of this terrible disease. He grew so weak that he was unable to turn in bed and his friends almost de spaired of his recovery. At this stage one of his friends, who had been cured of the same disease by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, urged Mr. Dixon to give them a trial, which advice was followed. Almost from the day Mr. Dixon began the use of the pills an improvement was noted. Previously his appetite had almost completely failed, and the first sign of returning health was a frequent feeling of hunger. Then the pains began to leave uim, and his strength gradually returned and after using about a dosen boxes Mr. Dixon was as well as ever he had b en To a nealth was due entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and since his recovery he occasionally uses a box to ward off a possible recurrence of the

trouble. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by making new blood and invigorating the nerves, but you must get the genuine. always put up in boxes the wrapper around which bears the full trade mark name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." D) not be persuaded to take any of the numerous pink colored imitations which some unscrupulous dealers say are "just the same." In case of doubt send direct to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont, and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2 50.

The Hun. Robert Charles Sinclair de Courcy, only brother of Lord Kingsale, premier baron in the peerage of Ireland, was, till quite recently, a first saloon steward and trumpeter on board the P. and O. mail steamer Britannia. He has now (says the Westminster Gazette) left the company's service, having obtained an annuity from a relation which is said to be worth £900 a year. He was ap-prised of his good fortune when the ship touched at Plymouth on her homeward voyage from Australia. Mr. De Courcy was making his last voyage as a trum peter, since the P. and O. Company had lately decided not to have a band on any of their ships.

The dyspeptic carries a dreadful load on his back. It seems as if he were really made up of two men. One of them ambitious, brain; and energetic; the other sick, listless, peevish and without force. The weak man weighs the other one down. The dyspeptic may be discretion in eating, he may be able to do nothing at all. Most cases of dyspepsia start with constipation. Constipation is the cause of nine tenths of all human sickness. Some of its symptoms are sick and bilious headache, dizziness, sour stomach, less of appetite, toul breath, windy belchings, heartburn, pain and distress after eating. All these are indicative of derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels, and all are caused by constipation. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellete are the quickest, essiest and most certain cure for this condition. They are not violent in action.

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That is What the Official Figures Place

Department of Agriculture. Acreage is final, but the yields of grain will be revised in November from actual thresh-

Fall wheat-1,048 182 acres, yield 25,-805 890 bushels, an average of 24 1 bush. ner acre. In 1897, 950,222 acres gave 23 983 051 bushels, an average of 25.2 busnels per acre. The average for the sixteen years, 1882 "07, was 891,144 acres, giving 18022 748 bushels, being an average of 20 2 bushels per acre. Acreage this year is the largest since 1883, when 1,097 210 acres yielded only 10 6 bushels per acre. The largest crops of the past sixteen years were in 1884, 20 717 631 bushels; in 1891, 21 872, 488; in 1892, 20,492, 407 bushels, and in 1897, 23 088 052 bushels. The yield of 1898, therefore, promises to be the largest recorded by the Department since 1883. The big increase this year is partly due to the fact that only 25,159 acres were ploughed up this spring, as against 55,477 in 1897. On the basis of acreage, yield and quality, the Ontario fall wheat crop of 1898 may be set down as the best since 1883 at least.

Spring wheat—Spring wheat has an area of 389,205 acres, yielding 6.714.516 bushels, an average of 17.3 bushels per acre. In 1897, 323 305 acres gave 4 868, 101 bushels, or 15.1 bushels per acre. The crop this year is the largest since 1891, in which year 510 634 acres gave 10711 533 bushels, or 21 bushels per

Barley-438,734 acres give 12,048,245 hushels or 27 5 bushels per acre. 1897, 451 515 acres gave 12 021 779 bushels, or 26.6 bushels per acre. The acreage has fallen steadily since 1890, when 701 326 acres were sown, but the yield of the past four years has been

about stationary. Oats-2,376 369 acres promise a yield of 82,132,026 bushels, being 34.5 bushels reporter of the Hartland Advertiser, Mr. per agre. In 1897, 2 432.491 agree gave Dixon said he had no doubt his present 86.218,128 bushels of 355 bushels per ore. In 1896, the yield was about 83 - 000 000 bushels, and in 1885, 84,700,000 bushels. The great increase in recent years may be seen from statement of the eixteen years: 1,875 240 acres giving 64,476,051 bushels, or 34.4 bushels per

> Rye - 165,089 acres give 2,683,828 bushels, being 16 3 bushels per acre. In 1897, 187 785 acres gave 3 382,005 bushels, or 18 bushels per acre. The average of the sixteen years was 16 2 bushels.

Peas - 865,961 acres give 15,681,782 The regular meetings for the transaction of bush-bushels. Or 18 1 bushels per acre. In ness are held on the 2nd and 4th Mondays of the 1897, 896 735 acres gave 13 867 093 bushels, of 15 5 bushels per acre. The aver age for the sixteen years was 199 bushels per acre. The total crop of 1891 was 18 300,000 bushels, that of 1896, 17,500,000 bushels.

BREVITIES.

ladolence is a state in which we have no grief or pain.

A doctor says that the growth of children takes place entirely when they are asleep. It is always a sure sign of rain when

horses and cattle stretch their necks and snuff the air for a long time. Two British Guiana stamps, dated 1850, and worth originally one penny

each, were sold in Berlin not long ago for £1,000. All French subjects who are seventy

claim admission to one of the hospices, where they are well housed and fed. Germany and Austria have about one hundred and fifty cooking schools. A four years' course is necessary before the student obtains a diploma. Most of

or more years of age have a right to

the hotel chefs have diplomas from these schools. The Chinese are perhaps the most lightly taxed people in the world. In streets. China all the land belongs to the State, and a trifling sum per acre-never altered through long centuries-is paid as rent. This is the only tax in the country,

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Society Meetings.

Young Men's Societies.

Young Irishmen's L. & B. Association

Organised, April 1874. Incorporated, Dec. 1875. That is what the Official Figures Place

the Ontario Wheat Yield At.

Regular monthly meeting held in its hall. In Duprestreet, first Wednesday of every month at a compiled by the Ontario

Department of Agriculture. Acreage is

Organized, April 514. Incorporated, Dec. 1875.

Regular monthly meeting held in its hall. In Duprestreet, first Wednesday of every month at a compiled by the Ontario

Monthly Medical Power of Management meets

menth. President, RICHARD BURKE; Secretary

M. J. POWER; all communications to read deserted to the Hall. Delegates to St. Patrick's League

W. J. Hinphy, D. Gallery, Jas. McMahon.

Organized 1885.

Meets in its hall, 157 Ottawa Street, on the first Sunday of each month, at 2.39 rm. Spiritual Adviser, REV. E STRUBBE, C.SS.R.; President, JOHN WHITTY: Secretary, D. J. O'NEILL Delegates to St. Patrick's League: J. Whitty, D. J. O'Neill and M. Casev.

Ancient Order of Hibernians. DIVISION No. 2.

Meets in lower vestry of St. Gabriel New Church, corner Centre and Laprairie atreets, on the 2nd and 4th Friday of each month, at 8r. m President, ANDREW DUNN: Recording Secretary, THOS. N. SMITH, 63 Richmond street, to whom all communications should be addressed. Delegates to 8th Patrick's League: A. Dunn, M. Lynch and B Counsughton.

A.O.H.-Bivision No. 3.

Meets the 2nd and 4th Mondays of each month, at Hibernia Hall, No. 2042 Notre Dame St. Officers: B. Wall, President: P. Carroll. Vice-Presidents John Hughes. Fin. Secretary: Wm. Rawley, Rosecretary; W. P. Stanton, Treas.: Marshal, John Kennedy: T. Erwine, Chairman of Stauding Committee. Hall is open every evening (except regular meeting nights) for members of the Order and their friends, where they will find Irish and other leading newspapers on file

A.C.H.-Division No. 4.

President, H. T. Kearns, No. 32 Delorimier avenue: Vice President, J. P. O'Hara; Recording Secretary, P. J. Finn, 15 Kent street; Financial Secretary, P. J. Tomilty; Treasurer, John Traynor: Sergeant at-arms, D. Mathewson, Sentinel, D. White; Marshal, F. Geeban; Delegates to B. Patrick's League, T. J. Donevan, J. P. O'Hara, J. Geeban; Chuirman Standing Committee, John Costello. A.O.H. Division No. 4 mosts every and and 4th Monday of each month, at 1113 Notes Dame street.

C. M. B. A. of Canada.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 74,

Organised March 14, 1883. Branch 74 meets in the basement of St Gabriel's new Church, corner of Centre and Laurairie streets, on the first and third Wednesdays of each month.

Applicants for membership, or any one desirous of information regarding the Branch, may communicate with the following officers:

REV. WH. O'MEARA, P. P., Spiritual Advises, Centre street. Centre atreet.
Carr. Wm Dargan. President. 15 Fire Station.

MAURICE MURPHY, Financial Secretary, 77 Forter street,
Ww. Cullen, Treasurer, Bourgoois street.
James Tayloz, 217 Prince Arthur street.

C.M.B.A. of Canada, Branch 26

(ORGANICED, 13th November, 1883.) Branch 26 meets at St. Patrick's Hall, 92 Bt Alexander Street, on every Monday of each month.

month. at 8 p. m. Applicants for membership or any one desires of information regarding the Branch may communicate with the following officers: MARTIN EAGAN, President, 577 Cadieux St. J. H. FEELEY, Treasurer, 719 Sherbrooks St. G. A. GADBOIS, Fin.-Sec., 511 St. Lawrence St. JAS. J. COSTIGAN, Secretary, 325 St. Urbain St.

C. M. B A. of Quebec.

GRAND COUNCIL OF QUEBEO

Catholic Benevolent Legion.

Shamrock Council, No. 320, C.B.L. Meets in St. Ann's Young Men's Hall, 157 Ottawa Street on the second and fourth Tuesday of each month, at Sp.w. M. SHEA, President; T. W

LESAGE, Secretary, 417 Berri Street.

Catholic Order of Foresters.

St. Gabriel's Court, 185. Meets every alternate Monday, commencing Jan 31, in St. Gabtiel's Hall, cor. Centre and Laprairis

M. P. McGOLDRICK, Chief Ranger.

M. J. HEALEY, Rec.-Sec'y, 48 Laprairie St. St. Patrick's Gourt, No. 95,C.O.F Meete in St. Ann's Hall, 157 Ottawastreet, every first and third Monday, at 8 P.M. Chief Ranger, JAMES F. FOSHER. Recording Secretary, ALEX. PATTERSON, 197 Ottawastreet.

Total Abstinence Societies. ST. PATRICK'S T. A. & B. SOCIETY.

Established 1841.

The ball is open to the members and their friends every Tuesday evening. The society meats for religious instruction in St. Patrick's Charch, the second Sunday of each menth at 30 r.m. The regular monthly meeting is held on the second Tuesday of each month, at 3 r.m., in their hall, 92 St Alexander St. REV. J. A. McCALLEN, S.S. Rev. President: JOHN WALSH, 1st Vice-President: W. P. DOYLE, Secretary, 254 St. Martin street. Delegates to St. Patrick's League: Messre John Walsh, J. H. Feeley and William Rawley. Established 1841.

St. Ann's T. A. & B. Society.

ESTABLISHED 1863. Rev. Director, REV. FATHER FLYNN; Fresh dent. JOHN KILLFEATHER; Secretary, JAS. BRADY, 119 Chateaugusy Street. Meets on the second Sunday of every south, in St. Ann's Hall. corner. Young and Ottawa streets; at 7.30 vol. Delegates to St. Patrick's League. Meesrs. J. Killfeather: T. Rogers and Andrew Gullen

PROGRESS OF INVENTION.

The following information is furnished by Mesers. Marion & Marion, Patent Attorneys, Montreal:—

The number of applications for patenta received during the year 1897 is, as has been stated, the largest in the history of the office. Yet in all probability this number will be exceeded in the coming year. The increase in the number of applications filed is a steady increase. Throughout the history of the Patent Office the number of applications filed in any one year has never fallen materially below the number filed in any previous year, and, except in times of general financial depression, has uniformly exceeded the number filed in any previous year. Taking the average number received for each decade since 1840, this increase is most striking:

From 1830 to 1840...... 11 869 1840 " 1850 38 842 1850 " 1860 117 245 1860 " 1870202,595 1870 " 1880334 439 1880 ** 1890414,790 The number of applications filed in

SURGEON-DENTISTS

1897 exceeded by over two thousand the

total number of applications filed in the

twenty four years from 1836 to 1860.





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