

# That Lass o' Lowrie's,

A STORY OF THE LANCASHIRE COAL MINES.

By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT.

## CHAPTER XV. A DISCOVERY.

The first time that Joan appeared at the night school, the men and girls looked up from their tasks to stare at her, and whisper among themselves; but she was to all appearances, oblivious of their scrutiny, and the flurry of curiosity and excitement soon died out. After the first visit her place was never vacant. On the nights appointed for the classes to meet, she came, did the work allotted to her, and went her way again, pretty much as she did at the mines. When in due time, Anice began to work out her plan of co-operation with her, she was not disappointed in the fulfilment of her hopes. Gradually it became a natural thing for a slow and timid girl to turn to Joan Lowrie for help.

As for Joan's own progress, it was not long before Miss Barholm began to regard the girl with a new wonder. She was absolutely amazed to find out how much she was learning, and how much she had learned, working on silently and by herself. She applied herself to her tasks with a determination which seemed at times almost feverish.

"I mun learn," she said to Anice once. "I will," and she closed her hand with a sudden nervous strength.

Then again there were times when her courage seemed to fail her, though she never slackened her efforts.

"Dost tha think," she said, "dost tha think as I could ever learn as much as the knows thysen? Does tha think a workin' lass iver did learn as much as a lady?"

"I think," said Anice, "that you can do anything you try to do."

By very slow degrees she had arrived at a discovery which a less close observer might have missed altogether, or at least only arrived at much later in the day of experience. Anice's thoughts were moved in this direction the night that Derrick slipped into that half soliloquy about Joan. She might well be startled. This man and woman could scarcely have been placed at a greater distance from each other, and yet those half dozen words of Fergus Derrick had suggested to his hearer that each, through some undefined attraction, was veering toward the other. Neither might be aware of this; but it was surely true. Little as social creeds influenced Anice, she could not close her eyes to the incongruous—the unpleasant features of this strange situation. And, besides, there was a more intimate and personal consideration. Her own feeling toward Fergus Derrick was friendship at first, and then she had suddenly awakened and found it something more. That had startled her too, but it had not alarmed her till her eyes were opened by that accidental speech of Derrick's. After that, she saw what both Derrick and Joan were themselves blind to.

Setting her own pain aside she stood apart, and pitied both. As for herself, she was glad that she had made the discovery before it was too late. She knew that there might have been a time when it would have been too late. As it was, she drew back, with a pang, to be sure; but still she could draw back.

"I have made a mistake," she said to herself in secret; but it did not occur to her to visit the consequences of the mistake upon any other than herself.

The bond of sympathy between herself and Joan Lowrie only seemed to increase in strength. Meeting oftener, they were knit more closely, and drawn into deeper faith and friendship. With Joan emotion was invariably an undercurrent. She had trained herself to a stubborn stoicism so long, and with such determination, that the habit of complete self-control had become a second nature, and led her to hold the world aloof. It was with something of secret wonder that she awoke to the consciousness of the fact that she was not holding Anice Barholm aloof, and that there was no necessity for doing so. She even found that she was being attracted toward her, and was submitting to her influence as to a spell. She did not understand at first, and wondered if it would last; but the nearer she was drawn to the girl, the less doubting and reluctant she became. There was no occasion for doubt, and her proud suspiciousness melted like a cloud in the spring sunshine. Having armed herself against patronage and curiosity, she encountered earnest friendship and good faith. She was not patronised, she was not asked questions; she was left to reveal as much of herself as she chose, and allowed to retain her own secrets as if they were her own property. So she went and came to and from the Rectory; and from spending a few minutes in Anice's room, at last fell into the habit of spending hours there. In this little room the books, and pictures, and other refinements appealed to senses unmoored before. She drew in some fresh experience with almost every breath.

One evening, after a specially dis-

couraging day, it occurred to Grace that he would go and see Joan; and dropping in upon her on his way back to town, after a visit to a parishioner who lived upon the high-road, he found the girl sitting alone—sitting as she often did, with the child asleep upon her knee; but this time with a book lying close to its hand and her own. It was Anice's Bible.

"Wil yo' set down?" she said, in a voice whose sound was new to him. "There's a chair as yo' con tak'. I con na' move fur fear o' wakenin' th' child. I'm fain to see yo' to-night."

He took the chair and thanked her, and waited for her next words. Only a few moments she was silent, and then she looked up at him.

"I ha' been readin' th' Bible," she said, as if in desperation. "I dunnot know why, unless happen some un stronger nor me set me at it. Happenit eom out o' settin here wi' th' child. An'—well, queer enow, I eoom seat on summat about childer,—that little un as he took and set i' th' midst o' them, an' then that ther when he said 'Suffer th' little childer to eoom unto me.' Do yo' say aw that's true? I niver thout on it afore,—but som' how I should na loike to think it wur na. Nay, I should na."

Then, after a moment's pause—"I niver troubled mysen wi' readin th' Bible afore," she went on, "I ha' na lived wi' th' Bible soart; but now—well that ther has stirred me up. If he said that—if he said it hissen—Ah! mester,—and the words breaking from her were an actual cry—"Aye, mester, look at th' little un here! I munnot go wrong—I munnot, if he said it hissen!"

He felt his heart beat quick, and his pulses throb. Here was the birth of a soul; here in his hands perhaps lay the rescue of two immortal beings. God help him he cried inwardly. God help him to deal rightly with this woman. He found words to utter, and uttered them with courage and with faith. What words it matters not,—but he did not fail. Joan listened wondering, and in a passion of fear and belief.

She clasped her arms about the child almost as if seeking help from it, and wept.

"I munnot go wrong," she said over and over again. "How could I hold th' little un back, if he said hissen as she mun eoom? If it's true, as he said that, I'll believe aw th' rest an' listen to yo'. Forbid them not—Nay, but I wunnot—I could na' ha' th' heart."

## CHAPTER XVI.

"OWD SAMMY" IN TROUBLE.  
"Craddock is in serious trouble," said Mr. Barholm to his wife and daughter. "Owd Sammy" in trouble," said Anice. "How is that, papa?"

The Reverend Harold looked at once concerned and annoyed. In truth he had cause for irritation. The laurels he had intended to win through Sammy Craddock were farther from being won to-day than they had ever been. He was beginning to feel a dim, scarcely developed, but sore conviction, that they were not laurels for his particular wearing.

"It is that bank failure at Illsbery," he answered. "You have heard of it, I daresay. There has been a complete crash, and Craddock's small savings being deposited there, he has lost everything he depended upon to support him in his old age. It is a hard business."

"Have you been to see Craddock?" Mrs. Barholm asked.

"Oh! yes" was the answer, and the irritation became even more apparent than before. "I went as soon as I heard it, last night, indeed; but it was of no use. I had better have stayed away. I don't seem to make much progress with Craddock, somehow or other. He is such a cross-grained, contradictory old fellow, I hardly know what to make of him. And to add to his difficulties, his wife is so prostrated by the blow that she is confined to her bed. I talked to them and advised them to have patience, and look for comfort to the Fountain-head; but Craddock almost seemed to take it ill, and was even more disrespectful in manner than usual."

It was indeed a heavy blow that had fallen upon "Owd Sammy." For a man to lose his all at his time of life would have been hard enough anywhere; but it was trebly hard to meet with such a trial in Riggan. To have money, however small the sum, "laid by i' th' bank," was in Riggan to be illustrious. The man who had an income of ten shillings a week was a member of society whose opinion bore weight; the man with twenty was regarded with private awe and public respect. He was deferred to as a man of property; his presence was considered to confer something like honour upon an assembly, or at least to make it respectable. The Government was supposed to be not entirely oblivious of his existence, and his remarks upon the affairs of the nation, and the conduct of the Prime Minister and Cabinet, were regarded as having something more than local interest. Sammy Craddock had been the man with twenty shillings income. He had worked hard in his youth, and had been too shrewd and far-sighted to spend hard. His wife had helped him, and a lucky windfall upon the decease of a parsimonious re-

lative had done the rest. The weekly deposit in the old stocking hidden under the mattress had become a bank deposit, and by the time he was incapacitated from active labour, a decent little income was ready. When the Illsbery Bank stopped payment, not only his daily bread but his dearly valued importance, was swept away from him at one fell blow. Instead of being a man of property, with a voice in the affairs of the nation, he was a beggar. He saw himself set aside among the frequenters of the Crown, his political opinions ignored, his sarcasms shorn of their point. Knowing his poverty and misfortune, the men who had stood in awe of him would begin to suspect him of needing their assistance, and would avoid him accordingly.

"It's human nature," he said. "No one loikes a dog wi' th' mange, whether th' dog's to blame or no. Th' dog may ha' gotten it honest. 'Tis na th' dog, it's the mange as foakes want to get rid on."

"Providence?" said he to the Rector, when that portly conoler called on him. "It's Providence, is it? Well, aw I say it is, that that's th' ways o' Providence, th' less notice Providence takes o' us th' better."

His remarks upon his first appearance at the Crown among his associates, after the occurrence of the misfortune, were even more caustic and irreverent. He was an irreverent old sinner at his best, and now Sammy was at his worst. Seeing his crabbled, wrinkled old face drawn into an expression signifying defiance at once of his ill luck and worldly comment, his acquaintances shook their heads discreetly. Their reverence for him as a man of property, was to have possessed worldly goods which had been "made away wi'," it scarcely mattered how. Indeed even to have "made away wi' a mort o' money" one's self, was to be regarded a man of parts and of no inconsiderable spirit.

"Yo're in a mort o' trouble, Sammy, I mak' no doubt," remarked one oracle, puffing at his long clay.

"Trouble enow," returned Sammy, shortly, "if you ca' it trouble to be on th' road to th' poor-house."

"Aye, indeed!" with a sigh. "I should think so. But trouble's th' lot o' mon. Riches is deceitful an' beauty is vain—not as tha wur iver much o' a beauty, Sammy; I canna mean that."

"Dunnot hurt thysen explainin'," I niver set up for one. I left that to thee. Thy mug was allus thy fortune."

"Tha'rt frettin now, Sammy," he said. "Tha'rt frettin, an' it makes thee sharp-tongued."

"Loike as not," answered Sammy. "Frettin' works different wi' some folk to what it does wi' others. I niver seee thee fretted, mysen. Does it ha' th' same effect on thee? If it happens to, I should think it would na harm thee—or other folk either. A bit o' sharpness is na so hard to stand wheer it's a variety."

"Sithe, Sammy," called out a boisterous young fellow from the other side of the room. "What did th' parson ha' to say to thee? Th'waite wur tellin' me as he carried th' prayer-book to thee, as soon as he heard th' news. Did he read thee th' Christenin' service, or th' Burial to gi' thee a bit o' comfort?"

"Happen he gi' him both, and throwed in th' Litany," shouted another. "How wur it, Sammy? Let's hear."

Sammy's face began to relax. A few of the knots and wrinkles showed signs of dispersing. A slow twisting of the features took place, which might have been looked upon as promising a smile in due course of time. These young fellows wanted to hear him talk, and "tak' off th' parson." His occupation was not entirely gone, after all. It was specially soothing to his vanity to feel that his greatest importance lay in his own powers, and not altogether in more corruptible and uncertain attractions. He descended to help himself to a pipe-full of a friend's tobacco.

"Let's hear," cried a third member of the company. "Gi' us th' tale owt an' owt, owd lad. Tha'rt th' one to do it gradually."

Sammy applied a lucifer to the fragrant weed, and sucked at his pipe deliberately.

"It's na so much o' a tale," he said, with an air of disparagement and indifference. "Yo' chaps mak' so much out o' nowt. Th' parson's well enow i' his way, but," in naive self-satisfaction, "I mun say he's a fool, and th' biggest fool fur his size I iver had th' pleasure o' seein'."

They knew the right chord was touched. A laugh went round, but there was no other interruption and Sammy proceeded.

"Whatten yo' lads think as th' first thing he says to me wur?" puffing vigorously. "Why, he eooms in an' sets hissen down, an' he swells hissen out, loike a frog i' th' cumber, an' ses he, 'My friend, I hope you troubling to th' rock o' ages.' An' ses I, 'No I dunnot nowt o' th' soart, an' be do'm'd to yo'.' It wur na hospitable, with a momentary touch of deprecation,—'An I dunnot say as it wur hospitable, but I wur na i' th' mood to be hospitable just at th' time. It tuk him back too, but he gettin round after a bit, an' he tacketle me again, an' we had it back'ard and for'ard betwix us for a good half hour. He said it wur

Providence, an' I said, happen it wur, an' happen it wur't. I wur na so friendly and familiar wi' th' Lord as he seemed to be, so I could na tall foak aw he meant, and aw he did na mean. Sithe here, lads," making a fist of his knotty old hand and laying it upon the table, "that ther's what stirs me up wi' th' parson kind. They're allus settin down to explain what th' Lord-amoighty's up to, as if he wur a confidential friend o' theirs as they wur bound to back up i' some road; an' they mun drag him in endways or sideways i' their talk whether or not, an' they wunnot be content to leave him to work for hissen. Seems to me if I wur a disciple as they ca' it, I should be ashamed i' a manner to be allus apologisin' fur him as I believed in. I dunnot say for 'em to say nowt, but I do say for 'em not to be so do'm'd free an' easy about it. Now ther's th' owd parson, he's gotten a lot o' Bible words as he uses, an' he brings 'em in by th' scruff o' th' neck, if he canna do no better,—fur bring 'em in he mun,—an' it loiks loike he's aw i' a fever till he's said em an' gotten 'em off his mind. An' it seems to me loike, when he has said 'em, he soart o' straightens hissen out, an' feels comfortable, loike a mon as has done a masterly job as conna be mended. As for me, yo' know, I'm naan the Methody soart mysen, but I am na so, an' I know a foine loike principle when I see it, an' this matter o' religion is a foine enow thing if yo' could get it straightforward an plain wi'out so much trimmin. But,—feelin' perhaps that this was a large admission, "I am naan o' th' Methody breed mysen." "An' so that tell parson, I'll warrant," suggested one of his listeners, who was desirous of hearing further particulars of the combat.

"Well, well," admitted Craddock with the self-satisfaction of a man who feels that he has acquitted himself creditably. "Happen I did. He wur fur havin' me thank th' Amoighty fur aw ut had happen to me, but I tow'd him as I did na quite see th' road clear. I dunnot thank a chap as gies me a crack at th' side o' th' head. I may stand it if so be as I conna gi' him a crack back, but I dunnot know as I should thank him fur the favour, an' not bein' one o' th' regenerate, as he ca's 'em, I dunnot feel loike singin' hymns just yet; happens it's 'cause I'm onregenerate, or happen it's human natur. I should na wonder if it's 'pull devil, pull baker,' wi' th' best o' foak,—foak as is na prize foak, loike th' owd parson. Ses I to him, 'Not bein' regenerate, I dunnot believe i' so much grace afore meat. I say, let's ha' th' meat first and th' grace arterward.'"

These remarks upon matters theological were applauded enthusiastically by Craddock's audience. "Owd Sammy" had finished his say, however, and believing that having temporarily exhausted his views upon any subject, it was well to let the field lie fallow, he did not begin again. He turned his attention from his audience to his pipe, and the intimate friends who sat near him.

"What art tha goin' to do, owd lad?" asked one.

"Try fur a seat i' Parliament," was the answer, "or pack my bits o' duds i' a wheelbarrow, and set th' owd lass on 'em an' tak' th' highest road to th' union. I mun do summat fur a bein'."

"That's true enow. We're main sorry fur thee, Sammy. Tak' another mug o' sixpenny to keep up thy spirits. Theer's nowt as cheers a mon loike a sup o' th' rest soort."

"I shanna get much on it if I go to th' poor-house," remarked Sammy, filling his beer mug. "Skilli an' water-groel dunnot fly to a mon's head, I'll warrant. Aye! I wonder how th' owd lass'll do wi'out her drop o' tea, an' how she'll stan bein buried by th' parish! That'll be worse than owt else. She'd set her mind on ridin' to th' graveyard i' th' shiniest hearse as could be gotten, an' wi' aw th' black feathers i' th' undertaker's shop wavin' on th' roof. Th' owd wench wur quite set i' her notion o' bein' a bit fashynable at th' last. I believe hood' ha' enjoyed th' ride in a quiet way. Eh, dear! I'm feart she'll niver be able to stand th' thowt o' bein' put under i' a common style. I wish we'd kept a bit o' brass i' th' owd stockin'."

"It's a bad enow look-out," granted another, "but I would na gi' up aw at once, Sammy. Happen tha could find a bit o' leet wur, as ud keep thee owt o' th' Union. If tha could get a word or two spoke to Mester Howland, now. He's jest lost his lodge-keeper, an' he is na close about payin' a mon for what he does. How would tha loike to keep the lodge?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

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## SALT IN BRUSSELS.

Mr. F. C. Rogers' Well Producing First-Class Brine—Building the Block and Putting in the Pan—The Owner Full of Hope and Action.

He would have been a bold prophet who one year ago would have declared that to-day first-class brine would be pumped from a well in Brussels, and that the activity attendant upon the erection and furnishing of a salt block could now be observed in what was once the quietest corner of the snug little town of Brussels.

Even Mr. F. C. Rogers, to whose enterprise the discovery of salt here is owed, had

BUT A FAINT HOPE of getting the saline of sufficient strength to pay, and had he not made an open promise to bore for it, it is a question if he would have gone on with his plucky venture.

"I never expected to get it like that," said Mr. Rogers on Saturday morning, as he squirted out a mouthful of powerful brine, and smacked his lips to get rid of the taste. "I sometimes felt as if I was sinking that \$1600 for nothing."

We had once been skeptical, too; but the strong taste of the flowing brine, pumped steadily by the powerful engine, convinced us that salt in Brussels was a reality, and the sin of the pan builders as they hammered at the bolts and plates, argued that the owner of the well meant to take advantage of his discovery, and endeavor to make Brussels a salt centre.

About ten years ago a number of the wealthier residents of Brussels sank a well in the village about half a mile north-end of the present works, but their efforts to find salt were unsuccessful. This added to the risk of the later venture; although there are some who now declare that salt can yet be found within 100 yards of the old boring.

THE ROGERS' WELL FIRST TALKED OF. Last fall Mr. Rogers first publicly announced his intention of sinking a salt well in Brussels. As he was spoken of as a candidate for the Reveschep of the village, this was looked upon by many as a mere election dodge. He was elected by a large majority, however, and the public anxiously awaited his future action. Mr. Rogers then felt that he was committed to the undertaking, and determined to go right ahead with it. Accordingly in March

THE DERRICK WAS PUT UP, and boring began in the following month. Mr. Rogers was pitted by some, laughed at by others, and encouraged by but very few; but he went right on with the enterprise and to the surprise of everybody (himself included)

A BED OF SOLID SALT was struck at a depth of 1000 feet. Then Brussels went wild for a week, and talked of nothing but salt. Sight proved to be greater than faith, and Mr. Rogers as the hero of the hour. The citizens tendered him a banquet, and quizzing changed to congratulation. The bed of salt entered proved to be about 22 feet in thickness, and since the twenty-horsepower engine has been put up, brine has been pretty regularly pumped at a strength ranging from 92 to 100 degrees.

The well has been declared a success by the contractor, Joseph Porter, of Petrolia who has sunk the Blyth well. The tubing is 1,000 feet in depth, and the sucker rod goes down some 600 feet.

THE BLOCK AND PAN are now being built. The building is 122 x 90 feet, and is being put up by Mr. Walker, of Seaford. The pan is 100x22 feet, and is being put in by Mr. Hunter, of Baden, although the contract was originally let to Runciman, of Seaford. The work is going forward rapidly, and it is hoped that salt will be made early in December. It is quite probable that Mr. Rogers will eat his Christmas turkey seasoned with his own salt.

87,000 WILL BE INVESTED in buildings and plant, a large sum certainly for one citizen to lay out in a new enterprise. Considering that there is so small a margin for profit in salt, the venture would appear to be a risky one; but the pushing owner is hopeful of success. He is cheered by the fact that already orders for salt from outside parties have been sent in, and feels confident that the local demand will prove pretty large. The manufacture of the salt is superintended by Mr. W. A. Calbeck, formerly of Goderich, who has had forty years' experience in handling the briny product.

THE FUEL SUPPLY. One thing in favor of Brussels' salt well is the cheapness of fuel. The price of cordwood is about 50c, a cord cheaper than at Goderich, and the owner of the well has secured the timber growing on ten acres of good bush land, and will hire men to chop and team it in for him.

Time will tell whether or not salt making will pay in Brussels. There is great competition in the market for salt, and at present there is little or no profit in handling it. Perhaps a "boom" may soon occur in the trade. At present there is more money in sugar.

TIME, it is said, proves everything, and among other things it has proved the value of Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral as a standard remedy for diseases of the throat and lungs. This is a household medicine with thousands of people, and deservedly so, for it has been in use more than forty years, and all who use it know that it accomplishes even more than is claimed for it. Nearly every community possesses evidence of its great curative power, in persons whose throat and lung complaints, and who owe to it alone their recovery from the threatening symptoms of consumption. In emergencies like croup and sudden colds, Ayer's Cherry Pectoral is the remedy that every family should have at hand for the treatment of these cases as they arise.—(Richmond, Va., Standard.)

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