

A WALKING TOUR.

Stepping Westward Toward North Cape.

The Acadian Colony and Its Citizens—Hotel Men Who Invent and Postmasters Who Shave Customers.

A Big Church and a Clever Priest—Foraging for a Dinner in Tignish Pastures.

No. 7.

People who sail as Cook's tourists with set route and days for being at this place and at that, must feel as if they fitted into some great machine which lack of care on their part might throw out of order. It is not for them to reason why, but to go and come as some courier directs to do, and, if need be, to die. These travellers must have an occasional feeling of disappointment if changes are made which prevent them from visiting some place which they had been thinking of in their scheme. Such disappointments are not possible to the members of the walking tour. We have no certain idea on one day where we may be next, and, consequently, have no tantalizing visions of some other place which might have been better than where we happen to be. Thus when the rain came upon us at Houston's and prevented us from going further along the shore, we started without any vague regrets for Charlottetown to get a train westward. The next morning found us bound for Tignish, the terminus of the railway, some 200 miles from Souris and only nine miles from North Cape. Since we had seen one end of the island, it seemed fitting that we should go to the other. We were possibly more sensible of the fitness of things from the fact that the railway ran all the way, and we had found the trainmen most obliging. The conductors began to recognize the tired look in our eyes as we rode along through the country, and frequently they made enquiries about the walking tour. We came to know that it was after a while, and it would be difficult to say which took the most interest in us and was the most patient in answering our various questions.

The train goes from Charlottetown to Tignish and back every day, which gives the travellers, however, only twenty-five minutes in Tignish for dinner. After leaving Summerside one strikes into the French settlement of Misouche, and from that to the end of the island there is a considerable French population. Alberton, fourteen miles from the terminus, is the largest English settlement. The railway runs in a Y, and the engine either shifts to the other end of the cars or backs them out and cuts across the base of the triangle. Only a couple of miles from Tignish is DeBelle, the home of Mr. Bute's newspaper, *L'Impartial*, which is published in Tignish, of a certain Madame Melene Gaudet, who had just celebrated her eighty-fifth birthday. For 65 years she had lived in the same house to which her husband brought her after their marriage. She still goes regularly to church and excels most of the young women in spinning and weaving. Our host of the village hotel, Capt. Frank Gallant, is a good representative of the best class of Frenchmen. He has a large, well-painted house and neatly kept grounds, which spread about an air of general prosperity. The captain no longer goes to sea, but joins with his hotel business some fishing and lobster packing. In the latter business he hopes that he is likely to make a name and some profit by a new machine for packing lobsters into the cans. Here, therefore, that has been the least perfect part of the business. The meat was apt to get crushed into shapeless bits and look unattractive when taken out. A piece of parchment paper is always placed next the can to keep the meat from becoming discolored and it was not an easy matter to get this casing inserted smoothly. The captain says that not only are these difficulties overcome by his device, but the arrangement is simple and cheap. A girl can with it pack more lobsters and do the work better than a highly paid, skilled workman in the old way. The local press, and people who know, have all spoken well of the contrivance, and the inventor hopes to have it patented and in use in many factories by the next season.

Although a railway terminus, Tignish is not a large town. A small cluster of railways, surrounded by a few shops and dwellings, make the place as one first sees it. The original villages are down on the shore on each side of the island. They were of somewhat equal importance and the railway, with its unequal impartiality to both coasts, stopped midway between. There a new village arose along the country road, but the main support of the place is still derived from the industries along shore.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

ON THE PACIFIC COAST.

A Former Nova Scotian Writes About Populists and Strikes.

The Financial Depression Aggravated by Strikes and That Sort of Thing.

AN ENTERPRISING YANKEE, Mr. Myrick of Boston, is now the chief business man. Years ago he and another American, Mr. Hall, sr., the father of the proprietor of the Acadia hotel, began a trade in fish along the north shore. After some time Mr. Hall withdrew from the business. The other partner went on and prospered, until now he has stores in Summerside and Charlottetown, as well as Tignish. In former years the American fishermen came about the coast much more than at present and the Myricks are reported to have sent out vessels with supplies, which were transferred to the fishing boats outside the three mile limit. The founder of the business lives now in Boston with an occasional trip to the pleasant coasts where he made his money. His sons have succeeded to his business, one of whom has lately built the handsome residence of the village.

The modest Tignish is evidently a trade centre for a large district of P. E. I. It must also be a place of ecclesiastical importance, since on the most conspicuous site in the vicinity are three large brick buildings belonging to the Roman Catholics. The church sitting in broad grounds with its lofty, graceful spire, is continually before the eyes of the people to warn or to cheer and encourage. The heroine of Besant's "For Faith and Freedom," who in the time of James II., saves in her old-fashioned way, "the building of churches upon hillocks is a common custom in our parts and seemeth laudable, because a church should stand where it can be seen by all the people and by its presence remind them of death and of the judgment." This particular church is much larger and better inside and out than one would expect to find in such a settlement. It reports he true, it stands as a monument of the mechanical gifts and energy of one priest. He was not only a spiritual edifier, but

A PRACTICAL BUILDER.

From the clay of the neighborhood he taught his people to make brick. Some he sent into the woods to get out timber. Under his supervision, with no great outlay, except the work of the worshippers, this part of the island gained a church which ranks with those of St. Peter's Bay and Charlottetown. As we passed along on a cold dreary afternoon, occasional worshippers were dropping in. We entered by the side door and found the interior of a finely decorated Gothic chapel capable of seating twelve hundred people. The single gallery contained a pipe organ. The walls were decorated with mosaic and the portraits of saints, perhaps sixteen in all. A large pulpit stood at the side near the upper end. A track was laid part way down the aisle so that in case after a while, a pulpit might be nearer the centre of the congregation. There was nothing garish in the ornamentation of either walls or altars to interfere with the serious meditation of the quiet of a cathedral always produces, and we came away with considerable respect for the taste, as the activity of the priest who was his builder.

In the case of a morning walk, we visited the post office. The building is not large, but contains three connected sections. One is the jewelry store, the other is the barber shop, and the third is the post office. The barber is to be the barber, and the barber the postmaster. When we passed the window of the barber shop a customer was being shaved. The brush and razor were used with a masterly hand, and we came away with considerable respect for the taste, as the activity of the priest who was his builder.

A MUSHROOM HARVEST.

Pursuing our walk toward the shore, we turned into several ways which seemed to lead in the right direction, but which took us to a creek which could not get round or over. We took to the fields and in the course of our wanderings the editor's sharp eye detected a mushroom and soon a whole legion. My friend asked as if I had been a professional gatherer and cook of mushrooms all his life. He knew the size and colors which made the most luscious morsels. He knew how to peel them and how much butter and pepper to salt to place on their tender, delicate flesh. We would carry up as many as we could and he would cook them with his own skilled hand and I should bless the day I saw Tignish. The proper ending of this story after the manner of Frank Stockton and Aldrich, would be that the hotel cook repudiated mushrooms as foodstuffs, or that we poisoned ourselves and the hotel people. But truth is mighty and must prevail. The mushrooms were eaten and enjoyed by everybody. My critical friend objected that they were washed up too much, from which it may be inferred that he was not the cook.

Fresh from our eating of mushrooms with an extra physical vigor and intellectual calm which may come from that form of diet, we started for Summerside, intending to strike across country through Bedeque to Cape Traverse.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.

When she was a child, she cried for Castoria.

When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.

When she had children, she gave them Castoria.

"Speaking of the financial depression, I am very glad to notice that it seems to have very little effect in Nova Scotia, and my friends write me that the crops are very good, so the country is reasonably prosperous."

"Here the situation is very bad indeed, and to aggravate the case we have the generally unsuccessful men in all lines banded into a party called the populists, who have the most crazy notions and the most desperate measures of paper or cheap silver money, repudiation of bonded indebtedness—this by the extremists—practical confiscation of railways, in fact, general discontent with any system which allows the frugal, industrious and far-seeing to rise above those who spin out and toll only with their mouths. During the great strike the venal press of San Francisco, with a view only of keeping solid with the mob, almost unanimously took sides against the company and practically incited the strikers to take the law into their hands, with results which, including such incidents as the failure of the militia to fire on the mob when ordered, are a disgrace to the state. No doubt you read the ridiculous letter of the governor of California. When wanting to go to Sacramento he asked the strikers permission to ride on a certain road, which permission was given only on such terms that he was not to be arrested. He refused and went roundabout by steamer."

"None of the men, either in track or bridge service struck, but the trainmen, especially firemen, with the encouragement of the populists, were able to stop all business for nearly three weeks. When the company realized that the people were against them they made no effort until the terrible consequences of business brought them to their senses, and they were ready to take sides against law breakers. Had it not been for the federal troops at San Francisco, who were sent to suppress the riotous, the situation would have been much worse than it was."

"The strikers have no grievance against the company, and some of the men who have been arrested are now the worst strikers. The strikers have all been discharged and are now the lions of the populists. One striker, who was under indictment for murder, is now a candidate for sheriff of Yolo county. He was one of a gang who removed a rail from a trestle when the first train was moved out of Sacramento, which caused the death of two cars to fall into the water, killed the engineer and four federal soldiers, who were guarding the train."

"Another leading striker corresponding to our legislative councillor—from the city of Oakland."

"I often feel that I would like to live back in our country, where such idealism and high principles are to be found, and when times pick up so that I can dispose of my property I will go."

Mr. F. tells me he had a very nice time in Nova Scotia. He was inclined to disparage the country before he went back, but has got over that and wrote me from Truro, "there are no Coxiteys or populists here."

WHY SHOULD WE CARE FOR SAILORS?

The question has been asked by some, "Why Should We Care for Sailors?" which we shall endeavor to answer. Because they are peculiarly exposed to hardships, they have squills, they cannot provide the means of their own support, they are dependent upon their destinies for eternity upon the ocean. Their conversion to Christ is promised in Holy Writ. "The abundance of the sea shall be converted, and the ships of Tarshish shall wait for Zion to bring her sons from afar, their silver and their gold with them to the home of the Lord." Their occupation subjects them to dangers, and they are often called away from the means of grace; they encounter storms and shipwreck and in some cases are treated with cruelty; frequently they have neither friends nor home to which they can turn for comfort and support. They are in most cases poor, without organization or local attachment. The most of them are brave, hardy and generous; they have the elements of a noble character; they need only to become the servants of Christ to exhibit some of the noblest specimens of manhood. Wicked sailors bring reproach on their calling and country, hinder the missionary's work and scatter the seeds of pollution and death, because they visit everywhere and port, coasting in with all classes of people and exert a vast influence in the world. If they are the servants of God they will be equally efficient in doing good. Millions of treasure and many thousands of precious lives are dependent upon their fidelity and skill, because they have, for the time being, the custody of ship and cargo and all on board. The vessel has been to them as well as to others, "the power of God unto salvation." Thousands have been converted to Christ, and the efforts for the salvation of seamen have been blessed of God. They pass rapidly into eternity like the swiftest ships, so let us work for them quickly.

In the month of February, 1894, a Seamen's Mission society was organized in this city, consisting of the following committed and twelve members, representing the Episcopal, Congregational, Presbyterian, Baptist and Methodist denominations. Missionary rooms were procured at 109 Water

street, and were opened March 16, 1894. Since then fully 5,785 sailors have spent some of their time in these rooms. Out of those about 2,341 have attended the 187 gospel meetings there have been 36 who have been converted; 110 Bibles, 120 Testaments and 60 hymn books have been distributed, along with a large quantity of English and foreign tracts and other reading matter among seamen. The rooms are open every day from 9 a. m. till 10 p. m. A gospel meeting is held every evening at 8 o'clock. Any one may become a member of this society by paying the annual \$1. We take this opportunity to thank those who have helped us in this work, hoping in the future we may be enabled to do more than has been done so far.

A. G., in behalf of the Seamen's Mission society of the port of St. John.

A NOCTURNAL VISITOR.

Westfield, Sept. 2.—Last Thursday, at 8 p. m., as Mrs. Eva Douglas, who lives in Westfield, was about locking up her home for the night she saw a man lurking around her barn. Her first thought was naturally enough of a tramp. Although a good deal frightened, she determined to find out who he was, so she called to him and asked what he was doing there, at which he turned and fled. But Mrs. D. who is a plucky little woman, escorted by her twelve-year-old boy, gave chase. After hunting around some time they found the man crouching behind a hay rack. He turned out to be an old crank well-known in the vicinity who makes a business of travelling round the roads carrying a basket and umbrella, and who is a worse pest to the neighbors than the horn fly. What his intentions were are best known to himself, but it is said to hold a grudge against Mrs. D. Mrs. D. does not wish to publish his name, but, she says, after this she will keep a revolver in the house, and it will be no use his coming to her for tramps or other untimely visitors.

A SUCCESSFUL FARMER.

A correspondent who has just returned after spending a couple of weeks at Woodstock, Carleton Co., says that while there he became acquainted with Chas. L. Smith, one of the most successful provincial farmers he has ever had the pleasure of meeting, and whose farm borders on the town of Woodstock. Almost three years ago Mr. Smith lost his residence, barns, with nearly everything in them, by fire; since then he has completed two very large barns, which are now filled with the products of his farm. He is also finishing one of the largest and finest residences to be found in or about Woodstock. Mr. Smith as a farmer shows a good example of what can be done on a farm in our province. At the present time he employs three farm hands, and has during his farming career accumulated considerable wealth.

WEDNESDAY'S AUCTIONS.

Geo. W. Gerow, auctioneer, sold by order of the trustees of the estate of J. A. & W. A. Chesley the Chesley foundry (so called), situate on the corner of Harrison street and the street leading to the foundry, and the contents of the same, including the leasehold interests in the land on which the same is situated, and all machinery, plant, stock and materials being thereon and contained therein. George R. Vincent became the purchaser for \$200. Mr. Gerow also sold two sixty-fourth shares of the ship Canada at \$100 per share; two shares of ship Willwood at \$50 per share, and two shares of bark Arcturion at \$25 per share. These shares also belonged to the same estate.

NEW FASHION IN BRICK.

The Old Red Brick Has Seen Its Day and Will Soon Pass Away.

The Washington Post says that in no department of human industry has there been greater evolution of late years than in the business of making bricks. Formerly we had nothing but the old-fashioned red brick, which was made in a primitive way at Philadelphia, and was shipped thence at great expense to other parts of the country. The new grade article was in demand, but the red brick has had its day for a while. The new brick is lighter blue—pink, buff, yellow, and in fact of every shade.

A brick can be made that is as strong as a pig's egg, or one that will melt in a varying time of an autumn leaf. It is done by adding certain metallic ingredients to the clay after the latter has been ground to the finest powder. It is the iron in the clay that gives color to the brick, and the more of it the more of our city residences are going to be constructed from these pleasing colors. They give relief to the eye and variety. What can be more monstrous than a row of red brick houses?

It is failing to the eye and in its clear atmosphere, unimpeded by the soot from soft coal combustion, the new color of brick material will stand fresh for a century and be solid for years after one built of brick had disintegrated.

At the imperative command of his medical advisor Hon. L. H. Davies has abandoned his projected visit to the Northwest and British Columbia with Mr. Laurier.

We love to expect, and when expectation is often disappointed or gratified we want to be again expecting—Johnson.

We are all of us more or less echoes, repeating involuntarily the virtues, the defects, the movements and the characters of those among whom we live—Johnson.

Unbounded courage and compassion joined proclaim him good and great, and make the hero and the man complete—Addison.

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SPORTING.

The Races at Moosepath Witnessed by a Good Crowd.

A Lively Free For All in Which Pilot Jr. Breaks the Track Record.

THE TURF.

Sept. 4th was a great day at Moosepath park. The track record in a race was knocked all to pieces. Every heat in the free-for-all was finished in better time than had ever previously been made in a race on the track. It was a great race, the contestants being Pilot Jr., Arc Light and Rampart Jr. Pilot Jr. is a new horse in this province. He made his great reputation at Amherst the other day when he trotted a mile in 2:21 1-2. Arc Light was looked upon as our fastest horse, but since Mr. Willis brought this new one in it looks as if Arc Light would have to be content with a second place. Rampart Jr. is not to be laughed at either. He was close up on the other two all the time. Pilot Jr. won the race, but strange to say Arc Light got the track record in the heat which went to his credit. His time was 2:24 1-4. This beats the time made by Straker last year about five seconds, and that was the track record. Moosepath has never been gone over at such a pace except when Nelson was here last summer. Dr. Taylor cannot be blamed for feeling proud of his horse. He is a beauty and a credit to his owner and the county in which he was raised. But what of Pilot Jr. He was raised in Nova Scotia, being a son of Black Pilot, but now that he has passed into Mr. Willis' hands St. John must feel proud of him. Rampart Jr., who is a half brother of Arc Light, did not make such a bad showing either.

J. O. C. captured the biggest part of the purse in the 2:40 class, taking the race in straight heats. Natalie Cuyler, owned by Geo. O'Brien of Macan, was the only animal that was in it with him.

The crowd was a good one, much better in fact than for some time past, and for once the judges showed the people in the races as well as those who were watching them that they had something to say about them. The judges were J. M. Johnson (starter), Edward Ruggles of Bridgetown, N. S., and D. F. George of Fredericton, with W. S. Jewett and John Wilson as timers.

THE 2:40 RACE.

The 2:40 race was called on first. Four of the seven horses entered starting, viz., Nellie Y., J. O. C., Isa Wood and Natalie Cuyler.

In the first heat J. O. C. captured the lead shortly after the word was given. He did the half in 1:20. Nellie Y. got the lead for a time, but J. O. C. passed her and won by a length in 2:39 1-2, with Nellie Y. second, Isa Wood third and Natalie Cuyler last.

In the second heat Natalie Cuyler got ahead of J. O. C. and led the procession for a time, but the latter snatched the coveted place from the Nova Scotia mare and won. Natalie Cuyler and Nellie Y. pushed him hard on the home stretch. Time 2:40.

Another heat was started, but it was declared no heat as Wilbur, the driver of Isa Wood, was disqualified. Cuyler out of her position and deterred her driver, Slipp, from getting the position to which he was entitled. As it was J. O. C. did the mile in 2:36.

The last heat saw only three starters, Isa Wood being, of course, out of it. J. O. C. won it, none of the others being able to look at him in the heat, which was finished in 2:38 3-4.

Summary.

2:40 class: purse \$200, divided into four monies.

1st heat: J. O. C., Geo. Wm. Henderson, 1:11 1-2; Natalie Cuyler, b. m. Geo. O'Brien (Macan), 1:12 1-2; Nellie Y., b. m. W. M. Gordon, 1:13 1-2; Isa Wood, b. m. D. Wilbur (Moncton), 1:14 1-2.

THE FREE-FOR-ALL.

The free-for-all was the great race. There were five entries, but only three of the horses showed up. They trotted a grand race, the new St. John possession in the way of horse flesh getting first money.

Arc Light had the pole in the first heat, but it did not take Pilot Jr. long to steal it from him. Pilot Jr. did the first quarter in 38 3-4, being well in advance of Arc Light. Rampart Jr. was away behind his half brother. Pilot Jr. was the leader at the half, which was finished in 1:11 3-4. He was several lengths ahead of Arc Light. Arc Light tried his best to get up with Mr. Willis' horse, but he could not get there. Pilot Jr. won in 2:25. Arc Light's time was 2:27 3-4 and Rampart Jr. was behind him.

There was a pretty start in the second heat, Pilot Jr. and Arc Light being ahead on even terms for a while. Pilot Jr. did the first quarter in 38 seconds and the half in 1:11. Then he broke down. Arc Light passed him. In his attempt to get past Arc Light again Pilot Jr. made a bad break, which gave the former a good safe lead. Coming down the home stretch Pilot Jr. was sent after the big stallion and passed under the wire a few feet ahead of him, but was set back for running. The judges gave the time as 2:24 1-4 and awarded Arc Light first

position, Pilot Jr. second and Rampart Jr. third.

Arc Light got the best of it in the first part of the third heat, but Pilot Jr. at length got up with him and passed him. Pilot Jr. did the first quarter in 37 seconds and was leading Arc Light by some distance at the half, which was done in 1:14. Pilot Jr. won easily in 2:21 1-2.

The fourth heat saw but two starters, Pilot Jr. and Arc Light. The first named horse got the lead and kept it all through the heat, winning in 2:27. He did the first quarter in 37 1-2 seconds and the half in 1:13. Arc Light being close up on him all the time.

Summary.

Free-for-all: purse \$300, divided into three parts.

Pilot Jr., br. s. E. LaRue, 2:21 1-2; 1 2 1

Arc Light, bk. s. C. W. Bell, 2:27; 2 2 2

Rampart Jr., br. s. A. L. Slipp, 2:27; 3 3 3

Time: 2:24, 2:25, 2:26, 2:27.

Pilot Jr. is a great horse. He is a small, well built brown stallion. His sire was Black Pilot. Mr. Willis has a prize in him.

A STRANGE ACCIDENT

During Experiments with a Captive Balloon at Aldershot.

Aldershot, Eng., Sept. 5.—A strange accident occurred today during experiments with a military captive balloon in the presence of the Duke of Connaught. The weather was stormy and while the balloon was being hauled down from its elevation by means of a rope attached to a winch, it was struck by lightning, and the electric fluid running down the rope knocked down and seriously injured three members of the engineer corps who were at work at the winch. The three soldiers are not expected to live.

KING'S CO. TEACHERS' INSTITUTE

King's County Teachers' Institute will meet at Hampton on Sept. 13th and 14th. The following is the programme:

1st session—"Penmanship," by F. L. Day.

2nd session—"Originality in Teacher and Pupil," by Miss Reicker, and "Agriculture," by M. E. Harrington.

3rd session—"History," by H. W. Robertson; "Mathematics," by W. N. Biggar.

4th session—"How do we lead our pupils to think," by the Misses Darling, McFay, Wetmore, Robertson, and Gunter; "Our duties as Teachers," by R. D. Hanson, B.A.

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Dressmakers in Paris are said to charge unmarried women less for their costumes than they do their married sisters.

Grit is the only kind of glue that will ever hold together the stray pieces of a shattered fortune so that the cracks will not show.

The first man thing that a man has to do in this world is to turn his possibilities into powers, or to get the use of himself.—T. T. Munger.

Eyes, which, when viewed from the side, seem almost parallel with the nose, denote a weak mental and physical organization.

A flat forehead or an abrupt descent at the back of the head are both unfavorable, either indicating limited understanding.

"What can you tell me of Lot's wife, Mamie?" Mamie (promptly)—"Nothing." "Mamie," says we should never speak of people behind their backs."

"I'll tell you what," said McSwatters, the other evening, "if you want to bring out what's in a man give him a sea voyage."

"Does your husband growl about the meals if they are not on time?" "Wife—"I don't know, I've never eaten at the club."

"I got off a pretty good thing last night," said Straddles. "What was it?" asked Raddies. "Took a header from my 125 bicycle."

Mrs. Charles Oelrichs, one of the handsomest women in New York society, has lately been having a full length portrait of herself painted.

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