



A GOOD WIFE.
A good wife is to a man wisdom, strength and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness and despair. No condition is hopeless to a man where the wife possesses firmness, decision and economy. There is no outward propriety which can counteract indolence, extravagance and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He needs a tranquil mind, and especially if he is an intelligent man, with a whole head, he needs its moral force in the conflict of life. To recover his composure, home must be a place of peace and comfort. There his heart renews its strength and opens forth with renewed vigor to encounter the labor and troubles of life. But if at home he finds only jealousy and gloom, is assailed with complaints and censure, hope vanishes and he sinks into despair.

PROPER WAY TO COOK RICE.
Rice is one of the most easily digested of the dry vegetables, yet it too often comes to the table as a pasty unwholesome appearing mush. When properly cooked it is fluffy and dry with each grain separate and distinct. There are several ways of attaining this result—of these we give the easiest. Wash the rice through several waters, rubbing it between the hands, draining and repeating the washing until the water runs off clear. Have a large kettle filled with boiling water—three quarts is none too much for each cup of rice. For this quantity add one teaspoon of salt. Bring the water to a galloping boil, drop in the rice and cover until the water begins to boil over. Tilt the lid but keep the water at a rapid boil as the motion prevents the grains adhering together. In twelve minutes begin to test, taking out a few grains and rubbing them between thumb and fingers with considerable pressure. Some varieties of rice cook tender more quickly than others, but at most will hardly require more than twenty minutes. Now turn the rice through a colander, draining off every drop of water. Throw a towel or thin cloth over the top and stand over boiling water for ten minutes. Use a fork in preference to a spoon when cooking rice and after steaming turn it lightly into a heated vegetable dish.

RIGHT WAY TO USE DRIED FRUIT
Californians would spurn a mess of dried fruit put upon the stove to stew as has been our custom when we deigned to cook them at all. They claim twenty-four to thirty-six hours is none too long to soak the fruit in clear cold water, and those of us who have eaten it after such treatment can substantiate the claim. The soaking restores the fruit to its original size and flavor. The fruit is then allowed to simmer gently for a few minutes in water in which it has been soaked. Try this with California prunes, and you will be surprised at their sweetness, requiring no sugar for the ordinary taste. Perhaps no fruit loses so much of its lusciousness, as the peach in drying, canning or preserving; and yet the dried peaches which have been soaked the prescribed hours, and served with sugar and cream, almost defy detection. Its half-sister the apricot, also is most delectable when so prepared. So many who have tried, and failed to make an appetizing dish for the children from the dried fruits, will find the solution in the soaking for hours and the simmering for minutes. The golden rule is never to throw away water in which the fruit has been soaked, for in it lies half the virtue of your "saucy"; simply rinse the fruit thoroughly before putting it to cook.—Exchange.

"LOVE ME AND TELL ME SO."
We want appreciation and the expression of it in our family. The condition of happiness in the home is love; but love needs to be uttered and expressed. We have no right to take it for granted that our dear ones know how we feel and, therefore, need not be told. Even if they do know, they are all the better for having the old story repeated. When Dr. Hale was in Australia, speaking about this reserve of ours, he said he felt inclined to give to English people this motto: "Love me, and tell me so." And deep down in many a heart—wife's heart, husband's heart, parent's heart, child's heart—there is that same wistful desire, "Love me, and tell me so." That is why so many homes are so cheerless. It is not that husband and wife and children do not love one another, but they never say so—they never tell what they feel.

In this connection—though I have no wish to hold out Carlyle as an awful example—one naturally recalls the miserable story of the Chelsea philosopher's home. He married a woman of brilliant gifts. She devoted herself to Carlyle's interests, gave up her favorite authors to read his notes, relieved him of the drugery and let his work—in a sense laid herself a sacrifice on the altar of her husband's fame. And Carlyle took it all as a matter of course and uttered no word of gratitude or love. Jane Welsh Carlyle was of all women in London the most miserable. "He humored me for love and died a broken-hearted woman for lack of it." After her death Carlyle read her journal and realized at last that the woman he had married had been starving all her days for want of affection. Then the old man took the pathetic pilgrimage to her grave, where Froude found him, murmuring: "If I had only known! If I had only known!" Let us beware of committing the same tragic mistake. Fools may sneer at what they term "gush" and "sentiment," but let us not forget that "Love me and tell me so" is one of the secrets of the happiness of a home.—Rev. J. D. Jones.

HOW TO BUY MEAT.
Marketing is one of those branches of the domestic economy which must be learned by doing, just as one must learn to swim by swimming, says a writer in Good Housekeeping. All the papier mache models or cuts of meat, forequarters, hindquarters and roasts are as nothing beside one well-spiced morning in a market, where your marketman, who is, of course, obliging, is cutting up a side of beef or lamb. Get him to tell you when that is to be done and then be willing to display your ignorance by asking about every cut you do not understand or know the use of. Keep yourself posted in the matter of prices and seasonable materials, meat, fish, fruit and vegetables. Learn to buy accurately as to quantity and quality and plan beforehand what you will want, always allowing for a little flexibility in case the particular vegetable or fruit which you desire has risen in price or fallen in quality. The cutting of meat varies widely in the markets of different sections, so that only a few general directions in regard to the uses of certain cuts can be given. For example, a roast of beef may be any one of several qualities or cuts, and a steak will vary in price according to cut, tenderness and flavor. A corned piece of beef may be either a flank cut or a piece of what is called the rattle rand, a part of the forequarter in front of the ribs. This larger piece is subdivided into the "rattle" or upper cut, the middle cut, which is very poor in quality, and the breast, which many people regard the best piece for corned.

A roast of beef is chosen from the sirloin, from the rib cuts, or from the back of the rump, which is almost solid meat and an economical cut for a large family; from the top of the round or the fillet, the latter being an expensive though tender cut. For beefsteaks, we can have a cross-cut of the rump, the top of the round or a sirloin steak, the latter being the most expensive of the three, though there are fancy cuts, which call for high prices and which give us no more value. A tough piece of the round may be finely chopped and seasoned and made into hamburger steaks of a very appetizing quality. Another economical dish is the stew which is good if well made. For this any good piece of meat with bone and fat as well as lean, will do—an aitch bone, the upper part of the chuck rib, the flank end of a sirloin roast or the middle cut of the side. For a "boiling piece," which, by the way, should be a "simmering" piece if it is to be tender, a rolled flank is good, while an excellent pot roast is prepared by long cooking of a middle or face cut of the rump. The cuts of mutton or lamb are not so numerous or difficult to recognize. For a roast, we will have a choice of a saddle or loin or leg and for a stew or fricassee, the breast. It is good economy to buy a forequarter if the family is large and the store closet reliable.

No Drinkers Need Apply
(Montreal Witness.)
In Canada the Grand Trunk system informs all its employees that "intoxication, or the use of intoxicating liquors, will be sufficient cause for dismissal," and also "that persons frequenting gambling houses, or places where liquor is sold, will not be retained in the service." The Toronto, Hamilton and Buffalo railway threatens any of its servants frequenting saloons, gambling houses or respectable resorts with "immediate discharge," and forbids the use of intoxicating liquors "under any circumstances and at all times." The Intercolonial railway will only employ persons of sober habits, forbids the frequenting of taverns, and holds persons in authority as responsible for the character of their subordinates.

It is no use praying for your debtors if you won't pay your debts. Mgr. Agius, the new Apostolic Delegate to the Philippines, has been consecrated titular Archbishop of Conynra.

Kidney Disease, Bad Circulation.
A License Commissioner, Who Suffered Dreadfully From These Ailments, Entirely Cured by
DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS
Bad circulation of the blood, the usual cause of the extremely painful and dangerous diseases, arises from defective action of the kidneys. The blood cannot possibly be pure and in a fit condition to nourish the body when the kidneys are diseased and fail to filter from it the poisonous waste matter. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, by their direct and healthful action on the kidneys, not only overcome diseases of the kidneys, but by doing so ensure a purifying of the blood. Mr. William B. Best, License Commissioner for the County of Haldimand, and who lives in Cayuga, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled with cramps in my legs. I would awake from sleep in keen distress. The pain would seize me at the ankle and work up the leg almost to the body. "Relieving this trouble to arise from kidney derangements and bad circulation of the blood, I bought some of Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills at W. J. Quinsey's drug store and began using them. They benefited me from the very first, and by continuing their use I have been completely cured. I would recommend Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills to any suffering as I did. I was so bad that I would have to jump out of bed two or three times during the night." Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Company, Toronto. To protect you against imitations, the portrait and signature of Dr. A. W. Chase, the famous receipt book author, are on every box.

Children's Corner

REASON ENOUGH.
"For goodness sake, Dorothy," exclaimed mamma, impatiently, "why do you talk so much?"
"I guess," replied the little girl, "it's because I've got so little to say."—Philadelphia Ledger.

HER INTEREST IN SCHOOL.
"How do you like school?" asked a father of his little daughter, after her first day.
"I like it awfully!" was the reply.
"And what did you learn to-day?" inquired the interested parent.
"Oh, a lot!" said the child. "I've learned the names of all the boys."

WHAT WAS WRONG?
"Spell 'don't,' Mary."
Mary spelled "D-o-n-t."
"Not quite right," said the teacher; "what has she left out?"
"Jessie's little hand shot up and she proudly spelled, 'D-o-n-prosecute-t!' and wondered why they laughed."

HE HAD A KEEN SCENT.
The neighbor had been requested by Eddie's mother to no longer furnish him with candy as had been her custom. So it happened that on the occasion of the next neighborly call Eddie's disappointment was great.
At last he remarked: "It seems to me I smell candy."
Importuned so indirectly, Mrs. A. presented him with a diminutive portion.

GOOD-MORNING.
"Sorry your elevator boy has left, Thompson," remarked my lawyer friend to his friend as we walked down the hall-way.
"Yes; nice little chap, wasn't he? I quite miss him."
"Why do you miss him?" I asked my friend as we turned into the street. "The boy in there seems to be able to run the elevator."
"Oh, yes. Well, I don't know. What do you say, Thompson? Why do you miss the last boy more than we usually miss boys?"
"Whv, it's his bright 'Good-morning, sir,' that I miss. It was a pleasure to begin the day. I came to look for it. This new chap is as dumb as an oyster, runs the elevator all right, though, and 'Good-morning' is not 'in the bond,' I suppose."
"Good-morning, sir." A small thing for a busy man with an important day's work ahead of him to notice; one might think; but it's just these courtesies, the things "not in the bond," that make life not only bearable but sweet.

WHICH WAS THE PURTIEST?
They got acquainted while getting a drink at the end of the car. One little girl was dressed in a cheap calico dress, made very plain. Her name was Jennie. The other one said her name was Myrtle. She wore a dress of some rich stuff, ornamented with all those pretty tucks and frills that are so dear to the heart of a little girl. They had been friends for fifty miles, and after a scamper up and down the aisle their mamma called them back to their seats. They stood up in their chairs and drew wonderful designs on the frosted windows. Directly Myrtle's mamma began to prepare to leave the car. She took up a very pretty, soft fluffy cap and tied it on the little girl's head.
"Oh, ain't it purty?" burst out Jennie. "Where did you get it? Did the woman you wash for give it to her?" she asked, turning to Myrtle's mamma. "I have to wear this old one all the winter—and it's a boy's cap, too," she continued, without waiting for an answer. Then, turning back to the window to hide her tears, she began to draw again on the frosted glass, and added, "But my window's the purtiest!"
Myrtle threw her arms around her mamma's neck and whispered something, and her mamma nodded and smiled. Then, taking off the pretty cap, she reached it out impulsively to the poor little girl.
"You can have it for a birthday present, I have another one just like it."
"Oh, can I?" she cried, as her eyes flashed with joy. Hastily putting it on her head, she leaned over the top of her chair and said, "Your window is lots the purtiest!"—Sunday School Times.

DICK, THE ENGINEER'S CAT.
A father and little son were travelling from St. Louis to a town in the western part of the state, and among the things they carried was a small yellow kitten in a basket. They had a sixty-mile ride before they changed cars. The gentleman pulled out a newspaper and began reading. The little boy amused himself by looking out of the window. At last, tired of that, he thought of his pet kitten, and taking him out of the basket, played with him until he went to sleep. The kitten, being left alone, climbed into the next seat and went to sleep.

The train arrived at the station where the man and little boy were to change cars. And the man, folding up his newspaper, took the little boy and his bundles and the empty basket and rushed into the other train. The boy had been awakened so quickly that he had not thought of his kitten.
The first train passed on. At night when it drew up to its final station, the conductor went through the train and found the little yellow kitten asleep on one of the seats. He carried it to the fireman, who was fond of cats. The fireman fed the kitten and put him in the baggage car for the night.
When the train went out the next day the kitten, which the fireman called Dick, went with it. Dick rode in the baggage car for a week or so, when his master took him on the engine with him one day. Dick was quite frightened at first, but soon got over it, and always rode on the engine after that.

One thing very much frightened Dick—that was when he heard another train coming. He would crouch on the floor of the cab at his master's feet, and would remain so until the other train passed. His master had tried in vain to break him of this.
A year passed and Dick was on the same engine with his master, who had been promoted to be an engineer. Dick still appeared frightened at hearing another train.
One day in winter Dick's master was running in the western part of Missouri, when a severe snowstorm came up. They reached one station at 4:30 in the afternoon, and a freight train was due about the same time. They waited fifteen minutes for the freight, and then the conductor decided to go on to the next station, ten miles beyond. So he telegraphed to the next station to keep the freight until he reached there; and receiving no message back that the freight had left that station, he thought it all right, and Dick's train started. He had gone about five miles when Dick suddenly raised his head, listened for a moment, and then jumped to the floor and crouched at his master's feet. The engineer knew that Dick had heard a train. Then it flashed into his mind that perhaps it was that freight. He reached his head out of the cab window and listened, but he could hear nothing but the wind. He had so great confidence, nevertheless, in Dick that he signalled for the conductor. The conductor came and inquired the matter, and when the engineer told him his Dick had acted, he advised the engineer to back the train to the last station. The engineer lost no time in taking the conductor's advice, and backed the train at full speed. They had been in the station about five minutes when in came the tardy freight. They were all agreed that it had been a narrow escape from a serious accident. When Dick's train arrived at the next station they asked why they had not telegraphed back that the freight had already started. The station agent said that he had received no message from the conductor at all. The next day the wires were found broken, so that the station agent had not received the dispatch.
Dick received due praise. His master is very proud of him, and he is a general favorite on that railroad.—Our Dumb Animals.

THE FARM BOY.
At 5:30 a.m. the boy is perched on the barnyard fence, impatiently waiting for the "hired man" and "hired girl" to finish milking the cows. The boy dangles his bare feet to drive away the mosquitoes, while he uses both hands to relieve the itching and burning caused by the invisible "nose-ems." He looks at the mud nests under the eaves, and wonders why the swallows desert the cliffs when barns appear in the wilderness. "It shows sense, anyway," he mutters to himself.
Before the milkers are out of the yard the boy jumps off the fence; the straight spruce bars rattle to the ground and the cows pass out, one by one, with a clicking of toes on the lowermost bar. The boy puts up the bars, then waits for something to happen. "Old Short Legs," the leader of the herd, braces herself, throws up her head and sends out a blast that causes the air to vibrate, and the boy to wonder, for the hundredth time, what it is all about.
Down the hill through the narrow lane the boy follows the cows, listening to the rattling of hools, while he wonders why cows have split hools and the horses round. The end of the lane is soon reached. The boy drops the bars, and as they rattle to the ground he hears another boy letting down bars in the edge of the woods across a burnt land clover field. But the boy does not care for echoes this morning; it is his life that claims his undivided attention.
Down by the brook in the alder grounds blackbirds are sending up a wild chorus. On all sides the boy hears the songs of native birds. The loud carol of the robin, the clear notes of the song sparrow, the tender strain of the Peabody bird, the rich, rollicking roundelay of the bobolink, the sweet, canary-like trill of the thistle bird, and over in the burnt land clover field the springing song of the house wren arises from many a blackened stump. Why the little bird was called house wren was beyond the boy's knowledge. He had never found a nest near a house while nearly every hollow stump in pasture and field had its tenants. (Years later the wrens disappeared with the hollow stumps, but in that locality—northern Maine—did not build in or around farm buildings.) The boy visited several robin nests in the pasture. The nests were all in the roots of upturned trees. The boy wondered what the robins would do when there were no upturned trees.
The boy climbed over the rail fence into the clover field. He was no stranger to the birds; he had provided bread crumbs and nesting material so the birds did not resent his curiosity. Two mornings before he had saved the eggs of a pair of house wrens by killing a large striped snake that had made its way to the top of the nesting stump. It was this nest towards which he struggled through the tangled clover.
If the birds did not resent his visit the bumblebees did. The bumblebees, little and big, thronged the clover field, and a scent of honey was in the dew-laden air, but the boy could not tell whether it came from the bees or from the sweet clover blossoms. He found nine eggs in the wren nest. They were rosy white, densely covered with brown spots and patches. The boy thought they looked like costly gems, such as his fairy books claimed for the prince and princess.

While inspecting the wren's nest the boy thought of breakfast and thereupon he climbed back to the lane, homeward bound. He did not follow the lane to the barn but turned off to visit the spring at the foot of the hill. When he stood down to quench his thirst there looked up to him a 10-year-old boy with round face, blue eyes and a mass of curly brown hair.
To-day, fifty-six years later, the same boy knelt to drink from a Massachusetts spring. The face that looked up to him was the face of an old man, long and wrinkled. The blue eyes were there, but the mass of brown hair had disappeared and thin white locks had taken its place.
Ah, me! How the years are drifting—Forest and Stream.

Memory is not so brilliant as hope, but it is more beautiful and a thousand more true.
An uncertain currency, that goes up and down, hits the laborer, and hits him hard. It helps him last and hurts him first.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE
BENEDICTINE SALVE
This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FLEAS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.
A FEW TESTIMONIALS
RHEUMATISM
What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:
212 King street east.
Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.
John O'Connor, Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.
S. PRICE.
475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont.
DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly,
(MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256½ King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I went out on the street again and now, after using it just over a week, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him.
Yours for ever thankful,
PETER AUSTEN
198 King street East. Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinsmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve.
Yours truly,
GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvelous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit.
Yours respectfully,
MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES
7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.:
DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles.
Yours sincerely,
JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Itching Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure.
Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer.
JAMES SHAW.
Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am,
Yours, etc.,
ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE,
With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING
Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.
John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto:
Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital uncured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning.
MISS M. L. KEMP.
Toronto, April 16th, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., City:
DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough.
Respectfully yours,
J. J. CLARKE,
72 Wolseley street, City.
Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.:
DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work.
J. SHERIDAN,
34 Queen street East.

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WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E.
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