The buying of real estate for investment or speculation, or what you will, has always been a subject on which the greatest politico economic minds have differed. Tremendous fortunes have been made when land was bought for investment and could be held in face of scute difficulties, and small fortunes have been lost when the purchase took the speculative form, where there was no idea of improvement, but simply that o. waiting for a rise, much after the manner of the saying that parasites on other parasites do feed. We have in stances innumerable in Canada where ill-judged land speculation resulted in something akin to rain, the Manitoba boom being a fairly good example; but where ordinary common sense in the buying of real estate and the same com mon sense in its improvement has been exercised the result has in nearly every case been satisfactory. Striking examples are, perhaps, the most useful in this regard, and the sale of some of the Astor property in New York serves the pur-

The World, in reference to these sales,

The policy of the family has always been to buy land and to improve it to a point where it would yield a revenue. Recently the Astors have been selling some land, and the fact suggests interesting figures on the profits of land speculation on Manhattan Island.

The tract just sold by the Astor family was bought by the original John Jacob in 1803, and was a part of the old Semler farm. It embraces the full block on the west side of Avenue A, between Seventh and Eighth streets, and the full block front on the east side of avenue A be tween Fourth and Fi th streets.

When the Samler land, of which these plots are only a small part, was bought in 1803 John Jacob Astor paid \$20 000 for it. To day it is worth at least \$50 000,-

The land is covered by four-story tenements and stores of an antiquated type, which are to be replaced by modern structures in order to increase the value of the other Astor lands in that neighborhood.

In the course of the ninety five years during which the Astor family has owned property, the ground rents have amounted to at least \$10,000,000. All the houses on the property were built by the tenants. These people have also paid taxes amounting to \$575,118.75 the city charges for paving, sewers, watermains, &c, amounting to from \$8,000 to \$100,000. Thus the Astor f mily has made a clear profit of nearly \$60 000 000 in ninety-five years on an investment of \$20,000 without trouble or worry to speak of.

If John Jacob Astor had put his \$20. 000 out at compound interest in ISO3 instead of purchasing the Samler farm, and it had remained at interest during the intervening ninety-five years at an averhave earned an aggregate of about 17,

Its investment in New York real estate yielded more than three and a half times that amount.

If, however, the land had been allowed to lie idle the Astors would probably have lost money instead of making it. With compound interest at the rate which was legal until recent years the purchase price of \$20,000 would have come to \$17 000 000 as has been seen,

The \$100 000 spent for improvements and the \$570 11875 for taxes—at compound interest for varying terms-would alone sum up more than the remaining \$33,000 000, leaving no profit at all on the land, and presumably a considerable

Holding vacant land in New York is a speculation pure and simple. It is apt to be successful only when the property can be resold quickly. Improved real estate is an investment, and one of the best known on earth.

There is perhaps no spot in the Old World that can show such marvellous results in the way of increase in the value of land within a single century. In London and Paris and in a few other great centres of poputation there have been advances of 50, 100 or even 500 fold; but in this case the advance is nearly 3 000 fold, and has not yet by any means reached the limit.

A martyr to duty has passed away at the early age of 27. Dr. Thomas Sullivan, son of T. D. Sullivan, M. P., contractdistrict be was medical officer. He contracted the disease several days before he took to his bed, but as fever cases were numerous, he struggled hard to keep at his post. Had he been a little more careful of bimself at the expense of the sick poor he would probably have been alive to day. On his death bad he Rev. Father Kelly, parish priest of Ardara. The deceased gentleman had been over three years in Ardars, where hiz zeal in the discharge of this duty won on Sunday, when it became known that he had contracted typhus, prayers

removed on Tuesday night from Glenties, to Ardara Church, where the funeral obsequies were solemnised. Although so young a man, Dr. Sullivan was a Magistrate for County Donegal, having been nominated for the position without his knowledge by the respected parish priest of Ardara, on whose recommendation the Duke of Abercorn, the Lieutenant of the County, acted. Many messages of regret have been sent from the district to soften the blow for his afflicted family, who deeply feel the sympathy shown them by the warm hearted clergy and people of Ardara.

One of the most remarkable gatherings ever held in Ireland was the Irish Ruce Convention of 1896, the proceedings at which were of surpassing interest to Irishmen all over the world. The publication of a complete record of this great gathering will therefore meet with general approbation, and such a task has been undertaken and brought to a successful completion by Rev. Father Mc-Crae, vice rector of the Irish College at Rome. The book is entitled 'History and Album of the Irish Race Conven tion.' The style in which the work is put before the public must have entailed vast expense. It contains six full page portraits, the frontispiece being an excellent picture of His Holiness Leo XIII. The others are Archbishop Walsh, Toronto; Bishop () Donnell, Raphoe, John Dillon, Hon. Edward Blake and the author. Besides these there are a hundred additional portraits of the speakers and persons prominent at the convention, not to speak of considerably over a hundred illustrations of Irish scenery, and a group of the assembly taken on the first day. Memoirs of speakers, speeches. press opinions and specially written articles form a very interesting portion of the work. The Irish National League of Great Britain is also treated at length, and Hon. Edward Blake's great speech on the financial relations between Great Britain and Ireland, delivered in the House of Commons, is reproduced. Canada comes in for a fair share of space, special notices being accorded to Archbishop Walsh, Hon, Elward Blake, Dean Harris, Dr. Flannery and others. The book is artistically bound and a credit of the art of printing. It is published by Messrs. Sealy, Bryers & Walker, Dublin, and the price is 10s. 6d.

A London writer the other day penned the following truthful paragraph:--

It is really surprising in what a number of cases and in what varied capacities Irishmen distinguish themselves when not trammelled by the want of opportunity. which is denied them at home. Three instances of this were noticeable last week in three continents, Australia, Europe, and America. We read that one of the volunteer crew of the Merrimac, which carried its living burthen to almost certain death in the harbour of Santiago last week, was John Kelly, whose home is near Glasgow, and age of 7 per cent. per annum, it would | who had recently enlisted in the Ameri can Navy. There is no mistaking where John's stock aprang from. Then there is the news that the Irishman who retires from the post of British Ambassafor at St. Petersburg is to be followed by a fellow-countryman of his, Sir Charles Scott. The third instance is brought to mind by the death of the Hon. Francis Longmore, a Monaghan man, who has long been one of the champions of Australian Radicalism. As a child he had the harrowing experience, as Mr. Davitt had, of seeing his parents evicted from their homestead. The incident burned ittelf into his memory, and it is little wonder that to the day of his death he was the bitter opponent of landlordism. A popular testimonial to this veteran Radical chief was in process of organization at the time of his death.

> What would they do without us, anyway?

MR PATRICK FORD, of the New York Irish World, has been instrumental in sending \$20,000 for the relief of the peasantry in the West of Ireland. The bishops and priests in the distressed districts are the distributors. The young Mr. Balfeur smacks his lips, says he prefers a dry to a fruity wine and trippingly lisps out an attenuated thread of wisdom to the effect! that "we can't afford to feed them on champagne." Such is the difference between the men. One ed typhus while minnistering to the poor is a philanthropic felon, according to in Ardara, County Donegal, for which Balfour; the other is an assumedly felonious philanthropist, according to the whole world.

After what Piper Findlater did at that awful rush for the Dargai Ridge, it might easily be imagined that the War Office would let a gallant soldier alone | chaplain of the cruiser Cincinnati, atto make a living; but no; the lacing at | tached to Admiral Sampson's aquadron. was consoled by the ministrations of that office is as straight and as hard as a Horse Guardeman's harness. Here is what an English exchange has to say :-

Piper Findlater's absurd persecution by the War Office has brought him a him universal respect, so much so, that good deal of sympathy in the House of on Sunday, when it became known Commons. Whether he should appear on the music hall stage or not is a question of taste and personal feelings, but if were offered for him, not only in the he decides to do so it is admitted that Catholic Church, but also in the Protest- the War Office has not the slightest title ant and Methodist Churches. He acted to interfere. Findlater has a short sernot merely as a doctor to the poor in his remote district, but often as a nurse, and abled as the result of his wounds, was known in unsanitary and fever and cannot undertake any labor-stricken habitations to have even assistious work. The place of stable ed in coffining the dead. At the special only eighteen shillings a week wages. At the Alhambra he was being paid at to his family, Dr. Sullivan's remains were the rate of £25 per night, and he has studies may point.

since been offered an engagement at the rate of £150 per week for two months certain. To seek to compel him, as the War Office has attempted to do, to neglect the chance of making an independence for himself is a gross excess of authority on the part of that depart-ment. Some of the Scotch members in tend to criticize the action of the War Office in the House, although Findlater has now, it seems, determined to defy his self constituted musters and return

to the stage The Aberdeen correspondent of a news agency telegraphs-In a letter to sn Aberdeen concert promoter, Piper Find later says he has declined the cituation offered him by the Queen. He com plains bitterly of his treatment by the military authorities, who have bound him down not to appear as an artiste for twelve months.

Speaking at Leeds, John Morley said 'Whether there were six millions or sixteen millions of Irishmen in the United States-both figures were givento nobody was it imaginable or con-Great Britain could be made in which the Irish vote of America would not count. Well, if that vote were against a conciliatory policy, at least it was not the fault

of the Liberal Party.' Mr. Morley might have remembered, what we all knew, that the man of the orchid and monocle is a poseur, and plays to the gallery, one who also should know more about the cosmopolitanism of the United States than to suggest an Anglo Saxon alliance, but one, unfortunately, who does not. Joe Chamberlain and Channey Depew would go in double harness about as everly as a breaking broncho and a moribund mule.

An Irish exchange, speaking editorially of the hardships of the evicted tenants. says:-

'Whatever be the cause there can be no doubt as to what the evicted tenants now endure. Many of them are in the workhouses. Others are day-labourers in districts where they farmed their own acres and employed labour. Many have died of their sufferings. Others have crossed the sea broken hearted, in search of the means of livelihood that they had never need to seek for, had they not been true to the best traditions of Irish Nationality, sacrificed themselves to better their class and risen in manly fight against the country's enemies. Their families are scattered, their rooftrees are pulled down, the grabber's feet is on their hearthstone.'

Yes, many of them have crossed the seas and become hewers of wood and drawers of water, but they may lift their heads in the pure atmosphere of freedom. They might even vote for an Anglo-Saxon alliance! But they won't.

The Milwaukee Citizen, in a leading article, refers to the prominent place which Catholics occupy in the war, in the following manner :-

Pat Mullen fired the first shot for Uncle Sam in the present war; and one Hickey, a gunner on an American ship in Manila bay, sent off a discharge which disposed, it is said, of a hundred Spaniards. At any rate, Hickey's shot

became famous through the whole fleet. who achieved that daring deed with Hobson, last Friday morning, the following named:

George Charette, a French-Canadian Catholic, from Lowell, Mass. John Patrick Phillips from Boston,

probably a Romanist. J. C. Murphy from New York, not an A. P. A. Francis Kelley born in Scotland of Irish parentage, not Scotch Irish.

Daniel Montague, born in Ireland. The audacity of these Catholics, threatens the integrity of our institutions. We believe that these places at the front should be reserved for those upon whose loyalty to the flag we can depend. How can a man like Murphy, who owes allegiance to the Pope, be trusted to scuttle the Merrimac, or a man like Kelly to run the Spanish guns? We are surprised at Lieutenant Hobson's choice. He must be another one of those persons like Woodruff, our exminister at Madrid, who is reported to have said that he 'always liked to have an Irishman near him when he got into a tight place.'

"KELLY AND BURKE AND SHEA."

A correspondent writing from Tampa, Fla., where the United States troops are being mobilized, says:

The flag of Ireland has already appeared in the camps. It is only a bit of a one, though, painted on a button. Occasionally a soldier can be seen with one of the buttons pinned on his hat. 'I've been knocking around the camps for two weeks, and, by the blue smoke, believe a third of the soldiers are

Irish,' said an old Kentucky colonel. There must be as many Irish in the army as there are in the navy.' Father Chidwick, who was chaplain aboard the Maine when she was destroyed in Havana harbor, and who is now

told the correspondent that 50 per cent

of the Maine's sailors were Irish.

The annual report of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith shows that France is still the most generous giver for the spread of the gospel, ber contributions being \$833,552 98, considerably more than half the whole sum received by the society. Germany holds the second place, but her contributions are hut about one-ninth of those sent in by France; and Belgium claims the third place with \$71 641. The United States sent \$34,196 31, which averages about 25 cents apiece for the 12,000,000 Catholics who are said to be in that country.

Let us read with method and purp ne that we may have an end to which our

## THAT ANGLO-SAXON ALLIANCE.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CAMBOMIC CONTROL

Essay by One of America's Greatest Editors.

What Joseph Medill, of the Chicago Tribune, Wrote of the Anglo-Saxons Twenty Years Ago-What Irishmen Have Done for the Great Republic.

The Washington Post reproduces the following essay, published by Mr. Joseph Medill in the Chicago Tribune (of which he for many years was editor), in January, 1868:-

' My children,' Dr. Johnson used to say to his friends, 'deliver yourselves from cant.' Every age has its cant, which, in some of the thousand forms of the thing, ceivable that a treaty of alliance with is the prevailing rage. That of our own time is the Anglo-Saxon glorification. Not a day passes but we read in print or hear from the platform the eternal, hackneyed boasting about our 'manifest destiny' - the wearisome ding dong about the Anglo-Saxon energy, and the rapidity with which the race is belting the globe and supplanting the laws, manners and customs of every other people. This cant has been echoed and re echoed-in newspaper articles, stump speeches, Congregational harangues and even in works of ethnology - till it has become a nuisance. We are as sick of it as ever Dr. Johnson was of the everlasting 'Second Punic War.' 'Who will deliver me from the Greeks and Romans?" cried in agony the classic ridden Frenchman. 'Who will deliver us from the Anglo-Saxon?' despairingly

> There are in the United States some six or eight millions of persons who are descended from the Anglo Saxon-and that is probably all. That population is to be found principally in New England, side by side with men of every clime and land; not a very stupendous item, is it, out of some 34,000,000 of men, women and children, who think and toil between the St. Croix River and the bay of San Francisco? True, these thirty four millions all, or nine-tenths of them, speak the language of Shakespeare and Bacon; but this no more proves them the descendants of the race which was first whipped by a few Scandinavian filibusters, and afterward thrashed, held by the throat, and spit upon when they complained, for century after century, by a handful of Normans, than the wearing of woollen clothes proves a man a sheep, or drinking lager over proves

Who are the men that have built up this nation, and made it the glorious Republic that it is? Are they all, or nearly all, of Anglo Saxon birth or descent? Not to speak of the Swies, the Huguenots, the Dutch and other minor peoples, let us look at the Irish contingent to American greatness. From the very first settlement of the country, in filed and street, at the plow, in the Senate and on the baudefield, Irish energy was represented. Maryland and South Caroling were largely peopled by Hibernians. Maine, New Hampshire and Kentucky received many frish emigrants. During the first half of the last century the emigration from Ireland to this country was Now we notice among the seven men I not less than 250,000. When our fore fathers threw oil the British yoke, the Irish formed a sixth or seventh of the whole p pulation; and one-fourth of all the commissioned efficers in the army and navy were of Irish descent. The first general officer killed in battle, the first officer of artillery appointed, the first victor to whom the British flag was struck at sea, and the first officer who surprised a fort by land, were Irishmen; and with such enthusiasm did the emigrants from the "Green Isle" espouse the The audacity of these Catholics, cause of liberty, that Lord Mountjoy crowding into positions of danger in our declared in Parliament: "You lost navy, is something intolerable. It America by the Irish." We will not speak of the physical development of America, to which two generations of Irish laborers have chiefly contributed, but for the constant supply of which the buffalo might still be browsing in the Genessee valley, and "Forty-second street" be "out of town" (speaking Hibernice) in New York; we will confine ourselves to the men of brain who have leavened the mass of bone and sinew by which our material prosperity has been worked out.

> Who were the Carrolls, the Rutledges, the Fitzsimmons, and the McKeans of the Revolution?—whence came Andrew Jackson, Addis Emmet, J. C. Calhoun and McDuttie of a later day?-whence the projector of the Erie canal, the inventor of the first steamboat, and the builder of the first American railway ?whence two of our leading sculptors, Powers and Crawford?-whence our most distinguished political economist, Carey ?-whence the hero of Winchester, whom our city, with all the cities of the North, has recently delighted to honor? They were all Irish by birth or

extraction. Even to the Welsh element in our population, our country is indebted in no small degree for its prosperity. Of the signers of the Declaration of Independence eighteen had Welsh blood in their veins, and among them were Samuel Adams, John Adams, Stephen Hopkins, Francis Hopkins, Robert Morris, B. Gromnett, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Harrison, Richard H. Lee and Francis H. Lee. Among our Revolutionary generals, "Mad" Anthony Wayne, the fiery Ethan Allen and David Morgan, together with Charles Lee, John Cadwallader, and many others were of Welsh blood; and so on were six of our Presidents, viz.: John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Harrison and Buchanan.

We may add that our next President, the hero of Vicksburg, is not of Anglo-Saxon descent, but of Norman French, via Scotland.

How we came to be infected by the Anglo Saxon mania it would be hard to tell. Even in England it is ridiculous enough; but there it is beginning to be laughed at by men of sense, who perceive the absurdity of Englishmen claiming to be Anglo Saxon, when there is no such race in existence, and never was. Those

who parrot this boast should read Defoe's True born Englishman," in which, at a time when it was customary to denounce King William as "a foreigner," the au-thor was at pains to instruct his countrymen how many mongrel races had conspired to form "that vain, ill natured thing, an Englishman," and showed, in limping verse, but unanswerable logic,

A true-born Englishman's a contradic In speech an irony; in fact a fiction; A metaphor invented to express

A man akin to all the universe.

Anything more motley and heterogeneous than the Anglo Saxon blood, even before the Norman invasion, made up, as it was, from the veins of Britons, Romans, Saxons, Picts, Scots and Danes, it would be hard to conceive. It began with the Celtic, of which it is a dilution that very Celt with which certain writers are fond of telling us it is in deadly antagonism and enmity. Next comes the Roman blood-blood shared, more or less, by every people in Southern and Western Europe, to say nothing of parts of Asia and Africa-and which we know was derived from the mingling together of all the races of ancient Italy and of the ancient world. Then follows the blood of the Picts and Scots, the Jutes, Angles and Saxons, the Danes, and last of all the Normans. who, as Dr. Latham says, were from first to last Celtic on the mother's side, and on that of the father, Celtic, Roman and German, and hence brought over to England only the elements it had before-Celtic, Roman, German and Norse. All this shows plainly that the idea of an Anglo-Saxon race, composed of pure Anglican and Saxon elements, is sheer nonsense. It shows that the E glish Anglo Saxon race is composed of the same constituents as the leading European races, not excepting the French; and that hence it is simply abourd for Americans to call themselves Anglo-Saxons, when they have confounded, and are daily more and more confounding, the confusion of the English blood by infusion from the veins of all other nations of Europe.

The truth is that, made up as we are of so many nationalities, pigging together, head and points, in one trucklebed,' we are as mixed, piebald and higgledy piggledy a race as the sun ever looked down upon. Compared with us, the Roman, who first comprised all the vagabonds of Italy, and finally incorporated into the empire all the semibarbarians of Europe, were a homogeneous race. To plume ourselves on our Angle-Saxon extraction is as ridiculous as the inordinate pride of ancestry rebuked by Defoe, which led the selfstyled 'true born Englishman' of his day to sneer at the Duten-

Forgetting that themselves are all derived From the most scoundrel race that ever

lived. A horrid crowd of rambling thieves and drones, Who rausacked kingdoms and de-

peopled towns, The Pict and painted Briton, treacherous

By hunger, theft and rapine hither hrought: pirates, buccaneering Norwegian Danes Whose red-haired off-pring everywhere

remains; Who, joined with Norman French, com-

pound the breed whence our 'true born English-Frommen' proceed.

Out, then, upon this stereotyped laudation of the Anglo Saxon race and its progress! There is nothing more dangerous to our political unity than this miserable cant about "races," and especially this gabble about Anglo-Saxon blood, which we hear so often in

the United States. It is just such talk as this which has caused many civil wars in Europe, which, in 1818, set the Germans and the different Slavic races to cutting each other's throats, and it may lead to similar horrors in our own country. It has already roused the jealousy of our South American neighbors, whom our demagogues are so fond of teaching us to regard as an inferior race, and therefore doomed to be our prey—the victims of our "manifest destiny." Those Americans who join in these vauntings, proclaiming that we are a great people



Fishing for Health.

When a man breaks down with that dread disease, consumption, and recognizes his condition, he starts out to fish for health. He tries this thing and that thing. He consults this doctor and that doctor. He indulges in all kinds of absurd athletic exercises. He tries first one climate and then another. He tries the rest cure and the work cure. He grows steadily worse. That is the story of most consumptives. Finally, when the consumptive dies, the doctor shrugs his shoulders and pronounces consumption incurable. A thirty years' test of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Dis-covery has demonstrated that it cures of per cent. of all cases of consumption, if taken in the earlier stages of the disease, before the lungs are too far wasted. In a consumptive there is a weaker spot than even the lungs. That spot is the stomach. A consumptive never really begins to die until his stomach gives out. The "Golden Medical Discovery" not only braces up the stomach, but acts directly on the lungs, healing them and driving out all impurities. Honest medicine dealers will not urge you to take an inferior substitute. "I had a very bad cough, also night-sweats, and was almost in my grave with consumption," writes Mrs. Clara A. McIntyre, Box 171, Ashland, Middlesex Co., Mass. "A friend of mine who had died with consumption came to me in a dream and told me to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and, thank the Lord, I did so. By the time I had taken half of the first bottle I felt much better. I kept on until I had taken three bottles. "Inst was all I needed, I got well and strong again."

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Whenever constipation is one of the com-plicating causes of disease, the most perfect remedy is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which are always effective, yet absolutely mild and harmless. There never was any remedy invented which can take their place. They never gripe. MAKAMAMA ALLS. THEATRES PUBLIC BUILDINGS, PRIVATE RESIDENCES, SCHOOLS DDGE ROOMS, STORES

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because we are of the same stock of the English, forget that this self-stultification is anything but creditable to them; that it detracts from rather than adds to the dignity of the American character. Instead of blushing or hanging down our heads on account of our mixed origin, we should be proud of it, for all history, ancient and modern, shows that it is by the fusion of races that all great and vigorous new races are made. All the powerful races of Europe have been reconstituted-made anew-in this way, and those are the weakest which have received the least stimulus of admir. ture. "The purest population of Europe." says that distinguished ethnologist, Dr. Latham, 'are the Busques, the Laps, the Poles and the Frisians, confessedly among the weakest and most insignificant tribes of Europe, and he adds that "the most powerful nations are the most heterogeneous." The British are, in many respects, the most powerful people of Europe, and they are almost the most beterogeneous. We are still more mixed, and every day blends new elements with our blood, making our pedigree more and more a puzzle, Considering how much Celtic, Scandinavian and other blood runs in our veins, this Anglo Saxon glorification in our Republic is peculiarly invidious, examperating and misplaced. America is not Anglo Saxon any more than it is Norman or Celtic; it is the grand asylum or home of humanity, where people of every race and clime under the whole Heaven may stand erect on one unvarying plane of political and religious equality -feel that, despite "the lack of titles, power and pelf," they are men "for a' that," and bless Hearen that they have work to do, food to eat, books to read, and the privilege of worshipping God according to the dictates of their own consciences. Such may it

The victory rests with America's Greatest Medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla when it enters the battle against impure blood.

SWINDLED.

'Don't you come around here with any more of your patent frauds,' said Uncle Reuben. 'I've been took in once, but you sin't goin' to ketch me again.'

'What's the matter?' asked the gentlemanly agent. 'The lightning rods I sold you are all right, aren't they ?"

'All right? Well, mebby you call 'em all right, but they've been up for more'n six months now and the lightnin' hasn't hit 'em once ?'--Chicago News.

Toothache stopped in two minutes with Dr. Adams' Toothache Gum. 10c.

We say of a man who has no will mastery, "He is ruled by his passions;" they govern him, not he them. Centuries ago an Arab wrote: "Passion is a tyrant which stays those whom it governs." It is like fire, which, once thoroughly kindled, can scarcely be quenched; or, like the torrent, which, when it is swollen, can no longer be restrained within its banks.

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