A Man in a Hurry

"Chief wants you at once, Miss Mordaunt," said the manager. He was mopping his forehead.

I finished the sentence I was writing, took out my shorthand books and examined the points of my pencils. Finding one unsatisfactory, I sharpened it carefully.

"He's in a hurry," the manager protested. The chief flurries him.

"He usually is," I answered calmly. "He does not flurry me."

"He's worse than usual," the manager persisted. "The American mail came in five minutes ago. Four minutes ago he decided to go across to-morrow afternoon. For goodness sake, look sharp!"

"I amay not look sharp, Mr. Harnden," I rejoined; "but I am."

I had already decided to accompany the chief to America.

"What do you think time is made for?" he snapped, when I entered. He is John Freeman, financier and millionaire. I am his secretary.

"I am ready," I said calmly, and seated myself in my usual place.

"To Isaacs & Co.," he began, and gabbled off letter after letter for twenty minutes. Then I looked up.

"You're misquoting them," I remarked. "What they actually said was—"

"I know," he interrupted testily. "It's a bluff. Go on." But I shook my head.

"The bluff is too palpable," I told him.

"Umph! Well, put it like this"—And on he went for another quarter of an hour. Then I held up my hand.

"Too quick for you!" he said triumphantly.

"Not at all," I contradicted. "But I must send this batch out to be transcribed if you want them done to-day. Other people aren't so quick as we are."

I am not quite so quick as he is; but I always say that I am. It is one of our standing quarrels. There are several others. He threatens twice a week to dismiss me, but he doesn't mean it. I possess four qualities that he values, he informs me when in good humor. The qualities, according to him, are quickness (inferior to his own), intelligence (for a woman), honesty (without qualification) and—impudence! I admit the first three. My impudence consists in correcting him when he is wrong. It is on account of this quality that he pays me as much as the assistant manager.

"Umph!" he growled. "I don't trust those girls of yours. You're to read them over, mind."

"Of course!" I said, tartly. He has no business to interfere in my department. "I never trust them—or you!" He is a very clever man, but he is careless over details, and I always check his facts and figures. "I don't know what you'll do without me in America."

"Like to come?" he inquired.

"Yes," I said promptly.

He looked at me for a few seconds under his eyebrows.

"Will you marry me?" he asked, abruptly.

The entry of a clerk for the letters gave me a few moments to recover from my astonishment and saved my reputation for promptness of decision. I was really taken aback for once.

"No," I said, when the door closed.

"Umph! Go on. Memorandum as to Flight Syndicate; in cipher; to be opened by the manager only, and only in emergency"— And on he rattled for another half hour, till I objected to a passage in a letter to Sharp & Sons, with whom he had a long standing dispute.

"It's all right," he said, impatiently. "It brings the matter to a head."

"That's the mistake," I answered. "You can afford to wait. They can't. Why help them?"

"Right," he agreed. "Strike it won't you come into partnership?"

"Do you offer me a business partout. You're a clever girl. Why nership?" I inquired.

"If you'll throw in a—wedding!"

"Mr. Freeman!" I ejaculated.

"That's my offer. Will you marry me before we start?"

"No."

"Umph!— Send out these things to be done." I rang the bell, and sent them to be transcribed, except the one written in cipher. Only the chief, the manager and I know that.

"Well?" I asked, when the clerk had gone.

"You've got to marry me," said the chief, firmly.

"Indeed I've not!" I replied, with equal firmness. "Why should I?"

"I'm worth marrying," he stated

I tossed my head. "Do you imagine I would marry you, or any man, for his money!" I demanded.

"I know you wouldn't." he agreed

"Then?"—I asked.

"You like me."

"Yes," I agreed.

"I like you."

"I'm glad to hear it."

"Then?"— he asked in turn.

"Then our liking is mutual!" I laughed and he frowned. He does not like being laughed at.

"Then why not marry me?"

"Neither 'liking' nor 'business' would induce me to 'throw in a wedding,'" I said scornfully.

He sat down and fidgeted with a penholder.

"I didn't know you were—sentimental!" he said. His tone implied that "sentiment" covered every folly under the sun.

"I'm not sentimental," I told him, "only—a woman. 'Throw in a wedding,' indeed! It is evident that you are not sentimental!"

"Umph!" he growled, doubtfully. "I don't know. Sometimes I have a troublesome feeling here!" He laid his hand upon his waistcoat.

"In your watch pocket?" I inquired.

"I mean my—my heart." He grinned apologetically at the word.

"That," I stated, "is lower down, and more to the right, but I expect it's only indigestion!"

"It's nothing of the kind," he roared. "It's a—a sentiment; a sentiment, I tell you!". He banged the table with his fist.

"I hope it isn't catching," I observed. "The symptoms are rather alarming."

He got up and stamped about the room before he answered.

"I'll tell you something that will surprise you," he volunteered. "I have a mother; and—"

"That does not surprise me in the least," I protested.

"I mean the sentiment," he explained. "It's about her."

"Oh!" I said. I thought he meant me.

"She's getting very old; hasn't been well lately; wants me to run over. That's why I'm going."

"Then you don't want me?"

"Yes I do. I—she's got a sentiment. She's set her mind on seeing my wife before—she's old, you know. So she wants me to take you."

"Your wife, you mean," I corrected.

"Same thing," he asserted.

"I assure you it isn't!" I declared.

"But it is! You see"— He sat down and wagged his finger at me. "She was always worrying me to get married. So, just to quiet her, I wrote that I'd got my eye on someone."

"Oh!" I said. "You had, had you?" I thought it was rather mean of him not to have told me.

"No, I hadn't," he disclaimed. "It wasn't likely! I'd enough to keep my eyes on, without running after women. I don't see what there is in them to run after. They look all right; but they do nothing but chatter."

"I don't," I stated indignantly.

"Other women, I meant. You're different. That was why I thought you'd do."

"Do!" I cried. I felt as though I would like to "do" for him!

"I meant—you're not a fool." I raised my hands. "No, really you're not. We'd get on all right. Don't you think—er—you might?"

"I've told you I won't," I said firmly.

"Umph!" He frowned. "It's beastly awkward. You see, she wrote by the next mail, and wanted a—a specification of the lady. I had to say something. So I answered that she was tall, and had a good figure, and big, dark eyes. I prefer that sort, don't you?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, I do! I'm hanged if she didn't ask me for more particulars! Women are so confoundedly curious! That stumped me altogether. So I went into the room where you girls sat—when you used to sit with the rest—to get a model; and there you were!"

"What?" I cried. "Do you mean to tell me that was the reason that you gave me confidential work? And made me your secretary? And paid me a good salary? To use me as a model? A model!" I was so cross that I stamped my foot. "It seems that my face was my fortune!"

"Not in the least, he said. "Not in the least! I don't care about your face." I gave him a look that seemed to startle him. "Your face is all right," he explained hastily. "I only meant that I didn't take any notice of it after the first time. At least, I noticed it, but—Look here, you needn't get savage. You know what I mean."

"I presume," I said stiffly, "you mean that you regarded me originally as a model, but that you advanced me, and made me your secretary on account of my work, and not on account of my appearance."

"Quite so," he said. "Quite so. In fact, I regarded your appearance as a drawback."

"Oh!" I cried furiously.

"I don't care for a secretary to be so very good looking"—

"Oh-h!" I gasped.

"As you are."

"Oh-h-h!" I was glad to find that he did not mean to be insulting.

"In short you were so capable that I put up with your looks. Besides, they came in very well for—for the model. You are so beautiful"—

"Don't be absurd!" I begged.

"So beautifully in accordance with the specification, I was going to say! You're tall. You haven't such a bad figure." The wretch! "Your eyes—I suppose some fellow has told you about your eyes?"

"Lots of fellows," I said cheerfully.

"Did you like any of them?" he asked sharply.

"Several!" I stated.

"Umph! I don't mean 'liking' exactly. Did you—did you—I mean—er—sentiment, you know?"

"Really, Mr. Freeman! Of course not! What did you say about me in your letters?"

"What didn't I say!" He groaned. "I described your voice—you've rather a good voice, you know—and your cleverness; and your—er—manners"—

"My impudence?" I suggested.

"No-o. You are, of course, but—but I left out the drawbacks."

"The letters must have been short ones," I observed, feelingly.

"No," he said. "No. You see I put in all the good qualities I could think of. I daresay you possess some of them, but—"

"I should not advise you to take them on trust!" I said, grimly. "Really, Mr. Freeman, you have taken an unpardonable liberty. However, it doesn't much matter. Your mother is not likely to see me, and if she did she would not be likely to to recognize me from your fanciful description."

"Ah!" he said. "But, you see, I sent her your photo."

"My photo! Well! How did you get it?"

"It was the group, the ladies of the office, with you at the head of them. I got a photographer to take you out separately and touch you up a bit—"

"Touch me up!" If I had not sent my shorthand books out I believe I'd have thrown them at him.

"Anyhow, he made you look very nice. So I bought a dozen—"

"A dozen!"

"I thought she'd like to send some to her friends, and I wanted one or two myself—for purposes of description, you see."

"I don't see," I said furiously. "You are a beast."

"Beauty and the beast," he agreed. "A good, old-fashioned story, with a good, old-fashioned ending. Don't you think— Well, you mustn't look so disagreeable. There was no reason why I shouldn't have one of your photos. We were very good friends. You said yourself that you liked me."

"I did," I said, "but after this!—Besides, I only meant as an employer."

"Nonsense!" he retorted. "If you like anybody you like him; and you can't stop liking him just because you don't like something that he does. We're friends, right enough. What's the use of trying to bluff one another? You know very well that we are."

"Ye-es," I admitted. "I suppose we are. I'll see you when you come back from America. I shall have had time to cool down by then."

He groaned.

"Do you mean to say you're not coming?"

"I do."

"Is that final?"

"Absolutely final."

He groaned again.

"I don't know what I shall do without you," he complained. "I was thinking of doing that deal with the Amalgamated Metal Syndicate. You have always taken such an interest in it. You worked out that if we got— What was the figure?"

"It all depended," I said, eagerly. "There are nine sets of figures, and— You mustn't do it without me. Really, you mustn't. It's the one thing I know better than you do. I do, really, Mr. Freeman."

"Yes," he agreed, "you do!"

It was the first time he had ever admitted that I knew more than he

"Then wait till you come back. I did about anything in the business. do so want to have a hand in that. Really, I do. You must wait."

"Wait!" he cried. "Did I ever wait for anything?"

"No," I agreed. "But this is really my business." I had made out the original suggestion, as well as worked it out.

"Then come over and do it," he said. "You shall have a free hand. I'll let you conduct the negotiations, even."

"Oh!" I cried. "How—how good of you. I—really it is a great compliment, Mr. Freeman."

He sat up straight and looked at me.

"It is an absolutely honest and well deserved one, Miss Mordaunt," he said. "I consider you perfectly competent to do that business. Will you?"

I considered with my chin on my hand. I wanted to go to America, and I simply itched to have a finger in the deal with the Syndicate.

"Oh, well!" I said at last. "If it's the original suggeseion, as well as plied, 'Bridget, acushea, squeeze me stantly present when the sensers dif-Dei is something used as anamulet; art of quibling with God; an Angus place to place throggh space?) Anthe would be clown plies his craft

Poor wit, flat sarcasm. Only low,

"then you might see a clear notion of the world, Proaffoed to leave it out.—"A Pope's teen hundred pages, purporting to contingencies." It is a pet mexim lar about that too," he asserted,

"s have!" But you seem to have admitted that I know more than he

"Quite so," he said. "Cuite so. in the least! ó don't care about religion is nothing is not enthusiasproachement between priests and peo-Italians are naturally a loveable and

Still it is hard to account of the both by their teachess and their pubthese many years are becoming alar means that sre MMMM MMMMMMM a matter of business I'll come with pleasure. Will you promise that you will not let me hear a word of anything but business?"

"What's the use of promising?" he said, gloomily. "When my mother sees you—"

"She mustn't see me."

"She'll come to meet you, if she has to be carried— Bless her! I've cabled that I'm taking my wife."

"Really!" I cried. "It is preposterous. Do you mean to say that I'd jump at your offer and marry you on the spot?"

"You always decide quickly," he muttered.

"I have! But you seem to have assumed that I could only decide in one way. You didn't provide for contingencies." It is a pet maxim of his.

"Oh, yes, I did! I knew if you wouldn't some one else would."

I rose with dignity.

"Then you can take—some one else," I said. "Perhaps you would like to have all the girls in, and make a choice."

I meant this for sarcasm, but he did not seem to see it.

"You might send in the tall ones," he said. "If they've tolerable figures and eyes!"

I moved to the door.

"You can send for them yourself," I said. "I give you a month's notice. I'm not going to stay here and take orders from Beatrice Webb."

"Umph!" he said. "Why Miss Webb in particular!"

"She is in accordance with specifications," I said, frigidly, "she is tall—taller than I. She has a good figure—not merely tolerable. Her eyes are larger than mine, and darker. She is quite nice, and quite nice looking; and I think she will marry you. You see"—I looked at him artlessly—"she is very stupid!"

"Women ought to be," he said, cheerfully. "If she comes up to specifications in other respects, I really think she might do for me. But I'm afraid she wouldn't do for my mother. There are one or two things I mentioned about—about the lady, that my mother would notice directly."

He looked at me as if he expected me to ask questions. I felt it was undignified for me to do so, but my curiosity was greater than my signity.

"Yes," I asked, sulkily.

"In the first place I said she was very fond of me. My mother would be very particular about that."

"May I ask why you thought that I should satisfy her in that respect?"

"You wouldn't marry me if you weren't."

"No; nor unless you were—but that doesn't matter. What else did you say?"

"I said that I was awfully fond of—of her."

"Mr. Freeman!"

"My mother would be very particular about that, too," he asserted, "If I pretended that I liked Miss What-you-call-her, the old lady would find me out in half a minute."

"Then," I said, "what would be the use of taking me?"

He jumped up from the table.

"And you call yourself quick!" he cried scornfully.

I simply stared at him.

"I—I—What do you mean?" I asked. My voice sounded funny.

"Do you want me to tell you that I'm in love with you?" he inquired.

Somehow I had to laugh. I don't know why.

"Yes," I said, "I do."

"Then, if it is any satisfaction to you, I am. But you knew it all along. You've only been bluffing."

I looked at him.

"I did not," I said. "I thought it was only business, and—and your mother; and as for business—you said—you said"—

"I was bluffing about Miss—Miss Go-and-hang-her!—if that's what you mean."

"And your mother?"

"No. That's true."

"And the—the model?"

"That's right."

"And—all the rest?"

"All the rest. Only I—I got fond of you; and I was fool enough to think that you— Well, it serves me right. I ought to have seen that you didn't. I was a fool, and—That's all."

He turned round and dumped his head on his hand. I opened the door and shut it with a bang; only—I stopped inside. He gave a miserable sort of growl.

"And she doesn't give a hang for me," he muttered.

I tiptoed across the carpet and put my hand on his shoulder.

"And you call yourself quick!" I said.

And then I laughed; and then I—was very silly! So was he!

My clerks murmured when I said they must come at 8 the next morning, and finish everything by 10.30 o'clock. (The wedding was at 11; but of course I had not told them.)

"You're in a dreadful hurry," it complained.

"You should see the hurry that he's in," I said. "I never saw a man in such a hurry."—Owen Oliver, in The Graphic.

How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked.

Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold?

Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, disgusting Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption.

Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine woods so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other pectoral herbs and barks.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Croup, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. C. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and I have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more that pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trade mark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

To Prevent Taking Cold

And Promptly remove Colds use Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills.

The first thought of the physician when treating a cold is in regard to the activity of the excretory organs. He gives something to ensure prompt action of the bowels.

And if you wait to consider, you will probably recall that your cold was contracted when the bowels were in a sluggish condition.

You will be unable to find a medicine so well suited for the purpose of preventing and curing colds as Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, because of their wonderfully prompt and thorough action on the liver, kidneys and bowels.

These excretory organs when once awakened quickly carry off the poisons and thoroughly cleanse the system. Colds quickly disappear instead of hanging on and finding lodgment in the lungs or developing into kidney troubles.

Dr. A. W. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills, one pill a dose, 25 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto, Ont. The portrait and signature of A. W. Chase, M.D., the famous Receipt Book author, are on every box.

WEAK TIRED WOMEN

How many women there are that get no refreshment from sleep. They wake in the morning and feel tireder than when they went to bed. They have a dizzy sensation in the head, the heart palpitates; they are irritable and nervous, weak and worn out, and the lightest household duties during the day seem to be a drag and a burden.

MILBURN'S HEART AND NERVE PILLS

are the very remedy that weak, nervous, tired out, sickly women need to restore them the blessings of good health.

They give sound, restful sleep, tone up the nerves, strengthen the heart, and make rich blood. Mrs. C. McDonald, Portage la Prairie, Man., writes: "I was troubled with shortness of breath, palpitation of the heart and weak spells. I got four boxes of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills, and after taking them I was completely cured.

Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for $1.25, all dealers or the The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

They Advertise themselves.—Immediately they were offered to the public, Parmelee's Vegetable Pills became popular because of the good report they made for themselves. That reputation has grown, and they now rank among the first medicines for use in attacks of dyspepsia and biliousness, complaints of the liver and kidneys, rheumatism, fever and ague and the innumerable complications to which these ailments give rise.

A Thirteenth Century Preacher.

An article published in the Etudes Franciscaines (Paris) by M. Matrod cannot fail to be interesting inasmuch as it sketches the career and emphasizes the methods of one of the greatest popular preachers the Church has yet known. This was a Franciscan, Berthold de Ratisbon, who lived in the thirteenth century and who to an eloquence of the highest kind, added a persuasiveness so effective as to bring to his pulpit not only the pious and the well-disposed, but also men and women of all shades of character and opinion. Little is known of the life of Friar Berthold, though documents are still in the archives of many a city in Germany attesting the wondrous effects of his preaching upon rich and poor, soldier and peasant, believer and unbeliever. It is proposed here to deal with the methods of this extraordinary preacher and so the void in the history of his life matters but little. That his missions had a prodigious success would seem clear from the fact that the Friar had at times as many as one hundred thousand hearers and that few churches could hold all that ran to hear him in his journeys through Europe. Though gifted with a magnificent voice of more than stentorian powers, the Friar always took the precaution of directing his words to the people along the course of the wind. He usually preached under a tree to which was attached a plume showing the direction of the wind. As the congregation arrived, it disposed itself in accordance with the wind, and when massed, listened intently to the preacher.

The sermons of Friar Bertholdi never on one occasion transcended the intelligence of the lowest among his hearers. It was his rule to take those incidents of life which, being most commonplace, most frequently escaped the notice of the people, but which when brought home to them and clothed in language that, so far from being obscured by severe or heavy admonitions, was often relieved by humorous and homely allusions and even personal application of the moral to be taught, ever proved to be most effective in holding the interest. Some of his discourses still remain to us and it is with considerable interest that we discover among them a sermon dealing entirely with the subject of widows; another on the question of gaudy dress among girls; another on husbands. From a glance at these sermons, it is sufficiently clear that human nature is much the same today as it was six hundred years ago and that, consequently, the same sermons addressed to widows, overdressed girls, or neglectful husbands, would avail at this day even as they did then.

It is specially to be noted that there was an entire absence in the Friar's sermons of anything like controversy. The discourses were essentially for the people and in that consisted their novelty and caused them to be quoted by their hearers long years after the preacher had passed to his reward. Nearly all preaching before that time, as, indeed, to a large extent at the present time, had been doctrinal and of such a kind as to be of little interest to the uneducated. The Friar took care to speak of those who were listening to him, and to make his discourse so personal, that his hearers could not fail to carry away the lesson. And he by no means confined his preaching to peasants. When he came among the tradesmen and citizens of great towns, he would take as his subject matters concerning petty fraud, artifice and lying at which tradesmen have been accustomed to wink since trade came into fashion.

In dealing with the rich, Friar Berthold always broached those subjects which struck most deeply home. So successful was he in combating the evils of over-dressing among the fashionable women of Germany, that the purveyors of rich clothing to the wealthy classes, in one city, on one occasion, sent him a deputation asking him, on the consideration of a sum of money, to leave the city. Drink and the senseless spending of money were in those days the curse of the wealthy classes, and it was by showing his hearers the opposite side of the picture, the poverty which prevailed among the lower orders, that he effected most of his conversions. He was at one time asked by a reigning prince from what source he drew his inspiration. "From reading," he answered, "from a knowledge of the Bible and from mixing among the people, men, women and children. It is my practice to go down if necessary to those whom I wish to raise up. Consequently, in order to make my sermons effective, I must study before hand the conditions and circumstances in which the objects of my discourse live. I take no account of the art of oratory, since I subordinate everything to my desire to win over souls to God. The law of God is my criterion, not the law of rhetoric. My sermons are not for the audience, but for the cause of humanity."

LIVER COMPLAINT.

The liver is the largest gland in the body; its office is to take from the blood the properties which form bile. When the liver is torpid and inflamed it cannot furnish bile to the bowels causing them to become bound and costive. The symptons are a feeling of fulness or weight in the right side, and shooting pains in the same region, pains between the shoulders, yellowness of the skin and eyes, bowels irregular coated tongue, bad taste in the morning etc

MILBURN'S LAXA-LIVER PILLS

are pleasant and easy to take, do not gripe weaken or sicken, never fail in their effects, and are by far the safest and quickest remedy for all diseases or disorders of the liver

Price 25 cents, or 5 bottles for $1.00, all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS

MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY

BURDOCK BLOOD BITERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes us as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters.

Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good.

I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B.

Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters There is nothing "just as good."

Nothing looks more ugly than to see a person whose hands are covered over with warts. Why have these disfigurements on your person when a sure remover of all warts, corns, etc., can be found in Holloway's Corn Cure.

The "True Witness" can be had at the following Stands:

J. Tucker, 41 McCord street.
Miss McLean, 182 Centre st., Pt. St Charles.
Mrs. McNally, 345 St. Antoine st.
H. McMorrow, 278 Carriers st
E. Watkin Etches, 44 Bleury st.
Miss White, 680 St. Denis st.
C. J. Tierney, 149 Craig st, west.
M. Shaw, 739 St. Catherine st, west
Mrs. Ryan, 1025 St. James st.
A. W. Mulcahey, 325 St. Antoine st.
Mrs. Levac, 1111 St Catherine east.
C. A. Dumont, 1212 St. Denis st.
Mrs. Cloran, 1551 St. Denis st.
M. Lahaie, 1097 St. James st.
Jas. Murray, 47 University st.
Mrs. Redmond, 438 Notre Dame west
Milloy's Bookstore, 241 St Catherine west.
James McAran, 28 Chaboillez Squ.
Aristide Madore, 2 Beaver Hall Hill.
Miss Scanlan, 63 Bleury st
Miss Ellis, 375 Wellington st.
Mrs. Sicotte, 149 Dorchester st.

THE TRUE WITNESS is printed and published at 316 Lagauchetiere street west, Montreal, Can., by Mr. G. Plunkett Magann, Toronto.