A Story For Young People

One frosty November morning, back | know Molly Maguires the way we do In the fifties, two covered wagons down here.' rumbled over the frozen road out of the little village of Deepwater.

The wagons were loaded with dressed pork to be sold to the miners in Pottsville, 60 miles across the mountains. They were in charge of four Manes, and Paul and Peter Apple.

It was not the first trip across the mountains for any of the boys. The thriving mining town in the center his shoulder fearfully-"we're none of the anthracite region of Pennsylvania offered the best market for the a part of the year's work as the plowing, the sowing and planting, and the reading. But it was the first time McManes teams had been started off without some experienced man, upon whom rested the responsibility

A sudden attack of rheumatism prewented Mr. McManes from making the trip himself, and forced him to trust prudence and judgment of his son

There was \$300 worth of pork in the two wagons. To take that across the mountains over a road infested with robbers, peddle it out to the turbulent miners, and get back to Deepwater with the money, was something of an undertaking for an inexperienced

Youngster. Ezra was a sturdy lad of 17, with a fairly good opinion of himself. He had confidence in his ability to carry the matter through as well, or better than any one else. It was a chance to win his sourt, the longed-for oppor-tunity to show how well fitted he was to take his place as a man and do

man's work. "I have just enough Irish blood in me to know how to handle the Irish in Pottsville. They've bamboozled father more than once; but I don't intend they shall bamboozle me—not this time," he remarked, confidently to the 'Apple boys and little Jimmy, who ought his brother the greatest fel-w living, said he'd just like to see by one try bamboozling Ezra, and e Apple boys cordially assented;

they'd like to see any one try it, too. hey passed the scattered houses of Deepwater while the stars were still who knew the teams and the gay, boisterdus voices of the drivers stuck out their heads and called out greetings. Look out for Molly Maguires!" they

The boys answered with yells of defiance, "Let the 'Mollies' come on!"

And Ezra pulled his father's big
horse-pistol from under the seat and

fired into the air to show how they would greet highwaymen.

Any one who lived in Central Pennized band of robbers and cutthroats a lane that led to the shaft of one of infesting the mining districts. From the collieries, and Ezra realized that

panions made their memorable trip the region about Pottsville was at the swarmed everywhere. In five minutes beginning of an unenviable notoriety there were hundreds crowded are on the way over with the loads the boys had no fear of being molested; it with a pale, grave face elbowed his connection with the "Mollies." was on the homeward journey, when way through the crowd, and engaged they would be known as carrying money, that danger might lurk along gineer of the hoisting machinery, lonely road through the forests

and across the mountains. Late on the afternoon of the second day they drove up to The Sun, on old than before. red tavern half a mile outside of Pottsville, patronized by the farmers Rae who drove across the mountains. The old landlord knew the boys well, and greeted them with loud and wheezy hospitality

It was too late to go on into Pottsville with the pork that evening, so the teams were unhitched and the wagons safely locked up in the tayern directions there, making the necessary After supper the young adventurers

At half past nine, when they got

gated in the barroom.

At an invitation from the landlord dropped swiftly into the grim, noisome Ezra took up an old violin from a darkness, shelf and with great spirit and some At the

skill commenced to play a lively old a group of excited miners with inco-herent and contradictory stories of jumping up and cracking his heels to gether three times—"give me room!"

Paul Apple could dance. A circle was formed, the men clanping their hands and gazing with open-mouthed amazement at the active young figure, bounding, leaping, swaying, kicking, in perfect time and

was giving some fantastic steps that a scene of wreck and destruction-had never been dreamed of before, fallen timbers and loose coal blockin and Ezra was executing a remarkable

Molly Maguires!" he velled. all rushed out and across to

had been so securely locked and chain-ed, standing open, he knew what had the flame already gave evidence of the Taking advantage of the and merriment in the tavern, robbers had broken in and stolen his

So it was: every fine, fat porker had been taken. The hostler had happened out in time to see a wagon start off from the front of the shed was what he expected to get for his and drive up the road at a mad pace. a regular mony said the men, shaking their 'It's a regular 'Molly Maguire'

The men endeavored to restrain him. 'Do you think I'm going to let a lot of sneaking thieves steal my meat, and never turn my hand to catch shouted the excited youth. "Not! We're not built that way in Deepwater.

'Not much!" said Paul and Peter Apple. "Not much!" said Little Jimmy.

May McHenry. 

"Listen to me," said the landlord, in a loud, husky whisper, that sent shivers down the boys' backs. "If you was to start now after them that's just gone down that road with your pork, we might as well go to work nailing up a pine box to send you home to your daddy in. You'd be shot beboys-Ezra and "Little Jimmy" Mc- fore you went ten rod. 'Mollies' always has men posted to pick off any what sets out to pursue; and shooting a man in the dark is meat and drink to them. I tell you"—he glanced over

too safe here." Instead of pursuing the thieves, Ezra and the hostler galloped off to hay, grain and other farm produce the town to arouse the police. As they rode under a group of trees by a litnearest outlet to the railroad; and the bridge there was a flash, a report, "hauling to Pottsville" was as much and the whiz of a bullet past their

"What did I tell you?" exclaimed Welliver, the hostler. Ezra made no reply, his teeth were chattering too much. The bullet had shrieked past his ear and left a hole

his hat-rim. The next morning at daybreak Ezra sat alone in the cold, cheerless bar-room at The Sun waiting for the others to get up. He had been out all night with the

Pottsville police on a fruitless and, it seemed to Ezra, a trifling, perfunctory seemed to Ezra, a trifling, perfunctory search for the stolen pork.

Alone there in the gray dawn, the boy acknowledged himself beaten and wretched. It seemed to him all his life must be a failure owing to the miscarrying of this first venture. The thought of going home empty-handed made him groan aloud. They had all been counting so much on the money those hogs would bring. There was a those hogs would bring. There was a big doctor's bill to be paid, and the rest was to send his crippled sister Polly to the hospital in Philadelphia where she might be made strong and well as she had once been.

Poor, patient, tender little Polly;

how disappointed she would be!
"I'll get that money somehow before I go home, I will—I will!" Ezra whis-pered to himself. "And I'll never play on the fiddle again-never anything but

nymn tunes," he added.
After breakfast, instead of hitching hymn tunes," his horses, Ezra walked off toward the town alone. He had "matters to attend to," he told the others. The truth was he could not persuade himself to start home. He wandered aimlessly along thinking of a hundred impossible bright and the gibbous moon low over the western hills. Some early risers guires, forming a hundred impossible plans for winning back what he had

> Suddenly the ground under his feet seemed to rise and to rock to and fro, and there came an ominous booming sound that jarred the broad mountains. Ezra was half stunned by the shock, and stood still, saying to himself, stupidly:

"An earthquake-an earthquake!" Women and children ran out of the warped and wrecked shanties along sylvania 30 or 40 years ago will re-member the Molly Maguires, an organ-hands. They all rushed frantically up imparatively innocent beginning as there had been an explosion in the cret society among the miners the mine. He ran with the rest and made rough wrapping paper was rudly band became a pest and a terror to one of the excited group about the

At a time when Ezra and his com
Men came a pest and a terror to the extend group about the mouth of the shaft.

Men came running from the town. "Here's the superintendent!" "The jumped on one of the horses that young superintendent!" yelled the stood ready to be hitched—"I've got to crowd, and the women shrieked louder see the superintendent. Be

> "My man's down there, Mister "And mine's down, too!"

"And me boy-me boy, Denis, Mr. The superintendent, cool and self-

possessed, moved rapidly from place to place, giving orders here, sending preparations for going down into the mine with methodical promptness. "Now then, my men," selves to themselves, started out for standing on the platform at the mouth the town whose lights twinkled invit-ingly ahead of them, bound "to see me? It is likely there are men down there needing our help."
As he glanced over the crowd his

back to the tavern, laughing and talking boisterously, and filled with pleasant excitement over unusual sights and experiences, they found the usual number of loungers still congre-

At the foot of the shaft they found "Whoopee!" shouted Paul Apple— what had happened. The superin-mping up and cracking his heels to-ther three times—"give me room!" a moment, then hurried his men for-And he commenced to dance as only ward. They went along the main gangway for some distance, then

turned down a slope where the scat-tered debris, smashed cars and broken timber, served as a trail to indicate the direction of the explosion. Ezra had never been in a coal mine ocord with the music.

The fat old landlord roared with de
before, and the succession of black, stiffling galleries was like a hideous light, the women peeped in at the door and laughed, the loungers stamped and yelled applause.

In the midst of the uproar, as Paul they came to a chamber showing such

the way, pillars cracking and crazing flourish on the "G" string, the door the roof squeezing, with huge blocks burst open and the hostler stood ready to fall—and the miners paused, there waving his lantern excitedly. and said it was not safe to enter.

"Come out here! The Mollies—the The superintendent turned authori-"Mulhall is in there," he said. "I the shel that stood at some distance | want one of you to go with me."

When Ezra saw the big doors that deadly after-damp, and pointed to the One hundred dollars to the man who goes," announced the superintendent.

"I can do nothing alone." stirred. "Two hundred dollars." stirred. Ezra started. Three hundred dollars

lowed the superintendent.

The dark hole ahead looked like the Trembling with rage and excitement.

Ezra got out two of his horses, and was for starting at once in chase of the lad felt suddenly mean and ashamed. Should he be hired to be a sale money to help save brave or take money to help save men's lives? Polly would be ashamed of him. In a flash he forgot his reasons fo

being mercenary. "Til go with you for nothing, sir," he said to the superin-Mr. Rae nodded, and placed his

grant a stranger who crosses his threshold and claims protection any the first opportunity. fingers on his lips in a warning gesture. He knew even a loudly spoken Root Tea, the great Blood Purifier. Ireland with the British isle by tun-

The Independent.

A Smile: A Laugh. the light of his lantern showed the head and shoulders of a man so burnt SX XXX

fully, stooping under leaning timbers, orawling on hands and knees, all the

time searching everywhere under the fallen props and masses of rock where

the body of a man might be caught. Suddenly the superintendent uttered a low exclamation. Right at his feet

and blackened as to be almost indis-tinguishable from the heap of loose

coal that covered the rest of the body

The two sprang fiercely to work, dig-

ging with their hands, lifting, pulling

the noxious gas that had rapidly ac-cumulated, they bore the mangled, ap-

"The others can't we get them

out?" asked Ezra.
"Thank God, there are no others,"

answered the superintendent. "That breast was reported unsafe for work-

Rae's office he grew ill at ease.

unkindly.

his hand.

sense of degradation.

repeated, doggedly.

dragged himself reluctantly along the

was before him.
It had been a trying day for the

"Yes; I've come for the money," he

Mr. Rae wheeled around in his chair

unlocked a drawer and counted out a

pile of crisp, new greenbacks.
"Three hundred dollars, I said. Here

it is," and he pushed the notes across

out of the room: in his tumult of feel-

ing failing to hear the call the sup-

take it. He offered it, and I'm go-

and Peter Apple and Little Jimmy

to start home. Ezra leaned in stable door and gazed off mo

toward the big breaker on the hill.

liver, the hostler.
Peter Apple rushed excitedly out

found 'em on the wagon seat.

The bag contained three

drawn death's head:

ustled about to get the teams ready

"I reckon I'll come back here and go

to work in the mines," he told Wel-

printed the following, with a roughly

"FUR HIM WOT WENT

Mr. Rae was at breakfast veth

d dollars, Mr. Rae," he said, brisk-"I had made up my mind to work

the mines and pay you back every

them get hurt or something. The hogs wouldn't have fetched over three

hundred, though they were all corn-fed, of our own raising; and I don't

ing to me."
"Why, what are you talking about,

exclaimed Mr. Rae, looking in sur-prise at the boy's flushed, honest face

and eager eyes. "I do not want the money back. I do not understand"—

any other way. It would like enough kill Polly not to go to the hospital

now, and-and I couldn't stand that,

Before Ezra started out to mount

words of cordial friendliness that rais-

ed the lad immensly in his own esteem; and the superintendent's pret-

ty sister also smiled and held out her

hand, to Ezra's secret delight but un-

toward embarrassment.

Mr. McManes hobbled out to the

heard the gay shouts of the boys and

"Well, boys, you're back all right! Did you have much of a time?" he called.

"Yes, sir; very much of a time,"

35 Cents.

Dr. Agnew's Ointment relieves in one

acts like magic in the cure of all haby

Ezra told his story in a

dOwn sLOPE wiT THE

Ezra leaned in the

PAYIN FUR PIGS"

IRES

erintendent sent after him.

Without a word Ezra thrust the

their fears.

"My wife took a nap yesterday af-ternoon and I kept the baby still two hours." "How did you manage it?" "Nailed his clothes to the floor and they succeeded in freeing the body they were joined by two of the miners, who had grown ashamed of gave him a paper lampshade to play At length, stumbling and swaying like drunken men, half overcome by

. .

Squildig—I thought that baseball was not played in England. McSwilligen—It isn't. Squildig—Then what is parently lifeless body into the main gangway. There the current of air this diamond jubilee they are making such extensive preparations for in from the ventilating fans was like the London?

"And now, little children," said the Sunday school superintendent, "if you are good children, some day you may wear a golden crown." "Paw's got one ing. The fire boss was directed to on his tooth now," chirped the smallest make an investigation and make arand newest boy. rangements for displacing the gas. There would have been no danger but

Dr. Ende-There's nothing serious the matter with Patsy, Mrs. Mulcahey. for this lantern which I found beside He went in with a naked light. I think a little soap and water will do He has paid the penalty for such criminal recklessness, though I do not think he will die." him as much good as anything. Mrs. Mulcahey—Yis, docther; an' will Oi give it t' him befoor or afther his males? When they got back to day, dazzled and blinking in the golden sunlight, the superintendent told Ezra to come to his office that evening.

"I have had people come in to use So Ezra weited and told over and over to an admiring, awe-struck audience at The Sun the wonderful tale of his adventures in the mine. As the amount of nerve. She came in, asked to use the telephone, and then tele-phoned for another doctor." time approached for this visit to Mr.

street to the tall brick building feel-ing that the hardest task of his life A characteristic story is told of a New England man and his wife, who live very methodically. One evening at exactly 9 o'clock they went to the superintendent. He looked up wearily and impatiently at Ezra, with his kitchen to make the final preparations for the night. hat over his eyes, slouched awkward-ly into his private office. 'Marthy," said the husband, after a few moments, "hev ye wiped the sink "Well?" he said, briefly, though not

"Oh, is it you?" The superintendent's look of surprise completed Ezra's "Yes, Josiah," she replied; "why do you ask?' "Well," he answered. "I did want a drink, but I guess I'll git along till the morning."-New York Tribune.

\* \* \* \* A gentleman, not unknown to fame had left his corner seat in the already crowded carriage to go in search of buns and milk, or cake and sherry leaving a rug to reserve his seat. On returning, he found that, in spite of noney into his pocket and fairly ran the rug and protests of his fellow passengers, the seat had been usurped by one in lady's garments. To his pro-testations her lofty reply was:

"I've got to take it, and I am going "Do you know, sir, that I am one of the director's wives! ing to take it," he said to himself, with his teeth set hard as he hurried "Madam," he replied, "were you the director's only wife, I should still proback to the tavern.

The next morning at daybreak Paul

The professor of mechanics at an English college records that he once gave a lecture upon the locomotive and was particularly struck by absorption of one juvenile listener. He spoke to this student after the lecture, and asked him: Well, I suppose you understand all

about the locomotive now?" the wagon shed, waving something in "Yes," was the reply, "all but "Great snakes! Look here, Ezra!" "And what is that?" said the prohe exclaimed, holding out a piece of paper, and a little leather bag, "I essor, kindly.
"I can't make out what makes the gcomotives move without horses."

News Links.

After counting the money two o B 8 three times Ezra put it back in the bag, jammed the bag into his pocket, jumped on one of the horses that ONE per cent of alcohol in water will kill a gold fish in one hour and thirty minutes; 20 per cent will kill him instantly. The experiments may he called as he galloped away. lead to the use of chemicals in the commercial pursuit of larger fishes. sister when Ezra was shown into the There was little trace of the boy's

WESTLEY RICHARDS, head of the celebrated Birmingham firm of gunshamefaced manner of the evening be-fore as he stepped forward and laid a roll of bills on the table-cloth. "I've brought back the three hunmakers, died recently at the age of 83 He was one of the inven vears. of the Enfield rifle, and made the first capping breech-loading rifles and cartridges in 1858. Later he invented the top-lever breech-loader, and the falling in the mines and pay you back every cent of it; but I'll not have to do that now. You see, the Molly Maguires have paid for the pork they stole, and that makes it all right. There's fifty dollars over that I wish you would please take and use when some of block rifle with the metallic cartridge for it. . . winding A CHILD named Catherine Elliott,

alleged to be "the smallest living atom in existence," has just died. It was ten weeks old. For exhibiting the midget her father, a Glasgow stonemason, was receiving £3 10s. a week. The fed, of our own raising; and I don't child weighed twenty ounces, was as we had determined upon a course want more than what's rightly com- twelve inches high and the palms of policy her daughter came up, and se twelve inches high and the palms of the hands were only the size of a ing the old woman on the track, kiss FOREIGN ideas of the inclination of

Englishmen to commit suicide on plenty of time, though, for I slight provocation will be strengthened by a recent occurrence at Hawley, EZTA told his story in a brief straightforward way.

"Of course, he said, in conclusion, "I had no right to come and ask for the money after I had told you I'd go with you for nothing, and I did not like to do it; but I couldn't think of any other world." in North Staffordshire. A well-to-do master builder informed a friend of his also a prosperous builder, and some other persons, that he could not endure life, and walked away, later in the day jumping into a canal. His grain of perliteness." friends was so depressed at his statement that he at once went to the town reservoir and drowned himself. The bodies were recovered at nearly his wondering, half harnessed steed the superintendent shook his hand, with same time

THE action of a woman in the Aberdeenshire fishing village of Broadsea in seeking to eject a family from property which she claims to be hers, having roused the ire of the female portion of the villagers, a hostile proession of almost the entire number of the chill twilight when he them was formed, and after marching for a couple of hours through the streets bearing along with them an efthe creaking of the wagons coming up figy of their neighbor, they brought the proceedings to a close by throwing the effigy into the sea amid the noisy and violent execrations of the excited

"Yes, sir; very much of a time," answered Ezra, as he jumped down and commenced to unbuckle the harness. "But I got three hundred dollars all right! How is Polly?"—Trom LORD ESHER, master of the rolls, still active at 82 years of age, has been giving some unconventional dicta from the bench marked by common sense, of late. In an action for libel involv-Itching, Burning Skin Disease Cured for ing the professional sensibilities of two musicians, one of whom was Tito day, cures tetter, salt rheum, piles, scald head, eczema, barber's itch, ulcers, blotches and all eruptions of the Matteo, the composer, the judge stopped a lawyer who wished to authorities as to what may be libel. saying: "If you do, it will be a serious libel on us. We ought to know skin. It is soothing and quieting, and enough law to decided a wretched case humors. 35 cents. Sold by C. McCallum and B. A. Mitchell. of this size, where the damages were only £20, without counsel having to help us by referring to authorities. Do An Afghan is bound by custom to shut up your book.

BRITAIN frowned down the plan to favor he may sik even at the risk of build a tunnel under the sea from his own life. Yet, apart from this, he is cruel and revengeful, never forgiving a wrong, and retaliating at the French any nearer to them, they "That's all right," said Welliver, the word would bring down some of the Cures Headache, Nervousness, Erupunstable masses poised above their tions on the Face, and makes the head

The tunnel will be the most tremendhostler, who had once been a Deep- unstable masses poised above their tions on the Face, and makes the head The tunnel will be the most tremend- water lad himself; "but you don't heads. They made their way care- clear as a bell. Sold by all druggists. ous one ever built or planned. It will

start from the Scottish coast and run under the Irish Sea, called the North Channel, striking the coast of Ireland at a point several miles north of Beifast. Railway traffic through the tun-nel is expected to be so great that it will pay 6 per cent on the cost of con-struction. This will be \$35,000,000. The capital is already subscribed, and the government is examining the plans. A syndicate will construct the work.

THE grand fancy dress ball which the Duchess of Devonshire is to give in London, and which Rev. Mr. Adderley recently denounced in a London pulpit, will be the notable social event of the jubilee season. Over 700 invitations have been issued. The function will, it is said, be the grandest of its kind seen in the present century. The last great ball in England of this derast great ban in England of this de-scription was given by the Prince and Princess of Wales at Marlborough House in 1874, and many aristocrats, it is known, embarrassed themselves for years by extravagant expenditures in connection with it. The Prince and Princess of Wales have eagerly entered into the present project, and all the arrangements have been settled by them in consultation with the Duchess of Devonshire. The idea is that the costumes are to be divided into periods. The representatives of each peri-od will form separate processions and pass a throne on which the Princess of Wales will be seated in the character of Margaret of Valois, the prince standing before her as Henry o

A MOVEMENT is on foot for the erection of a monument to Sir David Wilkie, the famous Scottish painter. A suitable site has been granted in the Fifeshire village of Pitlessie, close to Wilkie's birthplace in the parish manse of Cults. It may be said that Wilkie was in painting what Scot was in fiction and Burns in poetry as interpreters of Scottish life and character The scenes depicted by the great novelist, like those where Monkbarns tackles Mrs. Macleuchar in her "laigh shop" in the high street of the Scottish metropolis, over the delay of the ferry boat for which the ancient virago sole tickets or where Jonathan Oldbuck net his match and more in Maggie Mucklebackit, when he would price down her bannock-flukes and cock padles, and such scenes in Burns as or where "puir cotter bodies" had to 'bear the factor's snash," have thei counterparts in form and color in Wilkie's "Rent Day," "Blind Fiddler,"
"Village Festival," "Reading of the "The Penny Wedding." many other humorous and pathetic reproductions of Scottish national life.

SHE HELD THE TRAIN Being a Woman She Objected and of

Course Had Her Way.

St. Joseph Gazette. "Before I came to this part of the country I was an engineer on a railroad down south," said a railway man. 'We used to make a long run, and we were pretty slow about it. While on that line I had some very odd experiences. I remember one day, when we reached the junction station a woman came up to me and asked me to hold the train for five minutes. She said that her daughter wanted to take the train to the city. I told her it was impossible for me to hold the train for

I think you might do a little thing

"I tried to explain to her that trains an on schedule time, and, like tim for that matter. youldn't have it, and finally, just as we were about to start, she shouted indignantly: "'Well, I'll just see about that!'

"I laughed, but soon ceased to laugh, for what did that old woman do but get right on the track about three feet in front of the engine. She set herself there, firmly grasping hold of the rails with both hands. ductor signalled me to go ahead, as our stop was over. But I couldn't do it as long as she remained on the track, for I would kill her certainly. called to the conductor, and he, impatient at the delay, came up. I ex plained the situation to him. He was as mad as I was, and going up woman he told her to get off the track. "'I just won't,' she replied, 'until my daughter gets on board your train.' "He pleaded with her for some time, and finally declared that he would

have to use force.
"'Just you dare," she cried. I'll sue you for damages if you do!"
"This opened a new complication, and we reasoned with ourselves whether w had better remove her by force. Just ed her good-by and got on the train, while her mother called to her: "'Go ahead, Mary Ann. You have on the track until you get on board "And then, when Mary Ann was safely on board, and we were ready to run over the old woman, if necessary, she calmy and slowly got up and waved me a good-by, calling, as we pulled out of the station: "I hope I've teached you fellers a

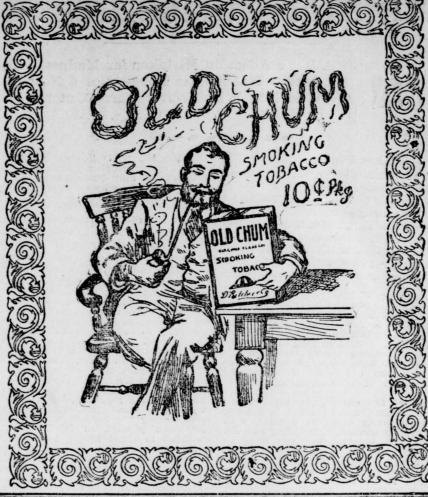
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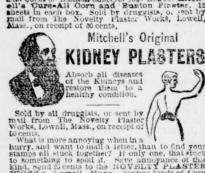
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