

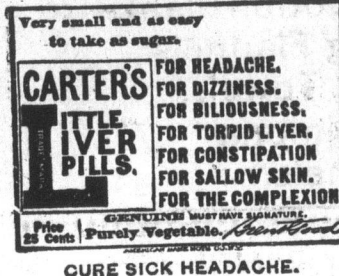
ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine
Carter's
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

Wm. Wood

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.



CURE SICK HEADACHE.

Cook's Cotton Root Compound.

Ladies' Favorite.

Is the only safe, reliable

regulator on which woman

can depend. "In the hour

and time of need."

Prepared in two degrees of

strength. No. 1 and No. 2.

No. 1.—For ordinary cases

is by far the best dollar

medicine known.

No. 2.—For special cases—10 degrees

stronger—three dollars per box.

Ladies—ask your druggist for Cook's

Cotton Root Compound. Take no other

as all pills, mixtures and lotions are

dangerous. No. 1 and No. 2 are sold

and recommended by all druggists in the

Dominion of Canada. Mailed to any address

on receipt of price and four 2-cent postage

stamps. The Cook Company,

Windsor, Ont.

No. 1 and No. 2 are sold in Chats-

ham by all Druggists.

AN HISTORIC HOME GONE

HOLLAND HOUSE DEMOLISHED TO
MAKE ROOM FOR WAREHOUSES.

Another Old Toronto Landmark a Thing
of the Past—Built 73 Years Ago by Hon.
Henry John Boulton, When He Was
Solicitor-General for Upper Canada—In-
teresting Memories of Past Recalled.

"It's going."
"What? Oh, yes! Taking it down,
I suppose, to make way for offices.
Well! It's a pity, for it was an old
landmark and kept us in touch with
the past."

They had stopped in their progress
along the south side of Wellington
street, and were contemplating an
old building which stood almost mid-
way between Bay and York street,
and whose walls were, the other
day, quickly disappearing under the
efforts of a gang of workmen. And
then with what sounded like a sigh
of regret they passed on, says The
Toronto Telegram of the 5th July,
from which we take this sketch and
cuts are reprinted.

Nor can any one interested in To-
ronto's past contemplate the de-
molition of Holland House, for that
is the name of the mansion referred

to, without experiencing a pang of

regret that it should become among

the things that have been but are

no more. For it is a structure that

linked the present with the old days,

those palmy times, when the makers

of Canada trod our city streets.

Looking at the old building one

forgot for a moment the stir and

bustle of the city around and saw in

its place a quiet, shaded lawn, and

stretching out on either side and

extending down to the edge of the

lake, and heard the laughter of the

young and the graver tones of the

old, who were wont to walk in

away an hour or so there in the

summer afternoons.

There moved Bishop Strachan with

slow and deliberate step, the some-
what stern lines of his face relaxed

as he listened to the merry chatter

of a daughter of the house who tripped

along by his side; there, the picture

of dignity, was visible the

form of Sir J. Beverley Robinson,

who had come down to discuss with

his colleagues matters affecting the

welfare of the growing colony; and

there too was seen Lord Elgin, the

care of his office laid aside for the

time, laughing and chatting like an

ordinary mortal. Among other black

robed visitors was to be observed

Bishop Charbonelle, whose keen eye

missed nothing that was passing,

and perhaps among the fair visitors

the form of Harriet Beecher Stowe

might be noticed, for it is hardly

likely that during her memorable

visit to Toronto she did not enjoy

the hospitalities of the historic man-

sion.

Yes! and on that verdant lawn the

eye also saw the old, and ever new

story being enacted. There under

that sheltering tree stood a young

and maiden, softly whispering, just

as youths and maidens whisper to-

day, and within those walls were

hearts that throbbed with love and

hate, with joy and sorrow.

A white glove is in the door.

Crowds are streaming in and out

with glad faces and the owner of

the house stands in the broad draw-

ing-room, his face beaming with

smiles; while upstairs a woman, with

pale face but joyous eyes was strain-

ing a tiny babe to her breast. An

heir has been born to the mansion

and the proud parents are receiving

congratulations.

But hold; the scene changes. The

windows are darkened; the dark

plumed hearse with its sombre steeds

stands before the door; a long nar-

row casket is borne solemnly out of

the door, and is followed by a sad

procession, while within are heard

the subdued sobbings of women.

The lord of the mansion is being

carried to his last resting place.

Holland House was built just ex-

actly seventy-three years ago by the

Hon. Henry John Boulton, the son

and heir of Judge Boulton. By the

name he gave it, he sought to com-

memorate the famous residence of

the same name in London, where he

had been born.

The Hon. Henry John Boulton was

Solicitor-General for Upper Canada

at the time he built the mansion.

Two years after its erection he was

appointed Chief Justice of Newfound-

land, and on his departure for that

colony the house was let successively

to Mr. Truscott, the first private

banker in Toronto, and to the Elms-

ley and Sherwood families.

It was then purchased from the

Boultons by Alexander Manning, who

with his family, lived in it for a

time.

In this connection an anecdote

worth recalling is told. When Mr.

Manning landed at Toronto wharf

with the proverbial shilling in his

pocket, Holland House was the first

object that met his eye. It was an

imposing structure and excited his

IMAGINATION. There and then he

made up his mind to possess it.

Years passed on, and though Mr.

Manning had many back-sets, he nev-

er lost this ambition. And with the

first sum of any magnitude he pos-

sessed he purchased the mansion.

A daughter dying in the home, the

place became distasteful to Mr. Man-

ning. It was then taken by the Re-

form Club.

It was at Holland House that the

Earl and Countess of Dufferin held

high festival during their visit to

Toronto in 1872.

In evidence of the substantial char-

acter of the structure, it only needs

to be said that although the recent

fire raged for hours in its close prox-

imity, it practically sustained no

damage, only the front porch being

slightly scorched.

The place is still a part of the

Manning estate, and the house is be-

ing demolished to make room for

warehouses.