

IN WOMAN'S REALM.

FASHION AND FANCY.

ENGLISH HAIRDRESSING.

THE HEAVY FRIZZED, CURLED HANG STILL HAS FULL SWAY.

Lady Helen Stewart, a fashionable leader, has declared that society—that is, the feminine element—must part its hair on the side or expose the forehead guileless of coquettish curls, says the Philadelphia Press.

And fashion—that is, in England—is beginning to sway a bit in her direction. While the American girl would look with horror on this unbecoming coiffure for her adoption, yet she gives a sign of relief when she thinks that maybe Lady Helen's example will take effect among the world of Britain's elect.

The frightful curled, frizzed bang that the Princess of Wales insists upon retaining has spoiled the faces of many women who might otherwise have been called pretty.

I shall never forget once seeing a famous English actress make her toilet for a reception. She had invited me up to her room. She was combing her mass of yellow hair down over her eyes, and I thought it was only a trick of getting her back hair out of tangle. Judge of my surprise when she frizzed up this mass with the comb as one does feathers with a knife, and let it hang in front.

On went the ever-present English touque over this hair, and I did not wonder that the belleys stared.

But she was only arranging her hair as all of her sex do. Therefore let every lover of beauty hope that even the formality of Lady Helen's plain forehead may make a headway against the untidy, unbecoming coiffures of the women of the English nobility.

What a change the sleek, well groomed head of the American girl must be to them!

HYGIENE OF THE HAIR.

HOW TO MAKE THE MOST OF SCANT LOCKS AND THEIR PROPER TREATMENT.

[From the New York Journal.]

We are all agreed upon the value of a beautiful head of hair, and always have been for that matter. Beginning with Liilt, whose lovely golden hair was said to have been found twisted around Adam's heart, we descend the historical slope for once at least constant to an appreciation of nature's gift and unchanging in our attitude of loyalty.

Luxuriant, rippling locks of gold or brown have been ever the glory and ornament of a woman, the envy, delight and sign of strength in a man. There is something about a bald head that always affects the individual as a cut price does a standard article. The old Romans marked down all bald-headed slaves, and they were for this one affliction, if in the prime of life, sold at half-price. A bald-headed woman, no matter of what age, is (to continue the simile) a damaged article and discounted accordingly.

Few of us stop to consider the care the hair should receive. When we find our temples and crowns getting bare we rush to a coiffeur's, and invest in crimps and curls, frizzes and bangs, or most insidious and hard-to-be-rid-of water waves; and we attach these monstrous, heating things to our already fevered scalps, we look in our mirrors, and we hope the new purchase will not be so crudely, cruelly artificial as that looking glass shows it to our wistful eyes, in its aspect to the world in general or to our world in particular. We hear the irritation of the crepey, scratchy net, and with a flush of mingled courage and humbled pride that we have had to come to it, we prepare to grin and bear the torment. We all of us buy the same style of curls and frizzes; we none of us have the same features; every one of us has an individual head, but we buy our bangs as we do our laundry soap—so much a bar, so much a bang. It is such a mistake. The chemical composition of the hair and its life history shows it to contain in the first place two kinds of oily matter, one bland and the other the color which determines the shade of the hair, and also proves that human hair is perennial. Unless its connection with the skin be severed by violence, decay of the hair bulbs or disease, the growth should continue in vigor and integrity until a very old age.

The greatest enemy of the hair is uncleanness. I cannot for my life understand how a sensible person can advocate infrequent cleansing of the hair and scalp. The law which has been so frequently proved in the case of the remainder of the body, namely, that health and beauty largely depend upon soap and water, finds no exception in the hair. The management of the hair consists in simply keeping it and the skin of the head clean. If the head is treated as though it were a garden, each hair a little plant that must have ventilation, water and freedom; if the brush and comb are daily and systematically used, the locks of youth will gratefully respond to such care except where there is disease or accident.

The hair should in all cases be washed at least once a week—oftener if possible. The popular dread of catching cold from washing the head ought to be as absurd an idea as the one that washing the face would give a healthy woman a shock or chill.

FROM SIXTEEN TO TWENTY

GIRLS LOOK ONLY ON THE BRIGHT AND PLEASING SIDES OF LIFE.

A young man addresses to Edward W. Bok the query: "Why is it that in so many cases, I might almost say the majority of cases, a quiet, well-behaved, earnest-minded, religious young man's seriousness is ignored by so many girls [between sixteen and twenty], and the company of giddy, idle, senseless youths preferred?" and in the July Ladies' Home Journal editorial reply is made. Mr. Bok contends that girls at that age take few things seriously, and are not given to looking upon the serious side of life; that only the bright, pleasant side

attracts them. "It is only natural that to a girl of such an age the young man of bright conversation, flirtant and meaningless though that talk may be, has an indefinable attraction. She would far rather have it that he can dance well than that he can recite Emerson to her. It is the dancing time of her life, and not the Emersonian period. She is apt to notice a man's clothes more than his character. She likes the man better who pays her a pretty compliment than the one who says something serious. \* \* The young man who pays her graceful attentions is pleasing to her: she does not seek to penetrate beyond the mere compliment. And why should she? Young men are simply one form of her amusement: she does not take them any more seriously than she does anything else. The young man of presentable appearance, who dresses well and has a command of the small talk of society, is her girlish Jack-in-the-box. The more attention he pays her, the more he flatters her, the better she is apt to like him. The earnest young man who has ambition, who studies and learns, whose talk is sensible rather than light, is a bit tiresome to her. She may admire his high purposes so far as she can grasp them. She may respect him. But if she is going to a party she does not want his company." She passes him by for the other fellow who is graceful in the dance. And is she to be blamed or to be censured for this? Not a bit of it. While she is a girl she does as a natural, healthy girl should: she lives her years of enjoyment and gets as much pleasure out of them as she can. For this she is a girl. But if he will watch her after she counts her years with the figure two he will observe that slowly but surely a process of gradual development takes place in the girl whom he believed to be without thought or reason. And equally sure will be his discovery that the companion of her dances is not so eagerly welcomed by her as once he was. He will then gradually discover that the girl is not the light-minded butterfly that he thought her to be. She becomes interested in other things; conversations which bored her a year or two earlier now begin to have some meaning for her. She begins to regard the internal value of things. She looks at young men from a different standpoint. The young man who can simply dance well does not represent the same thing to her. She begins to look for something else in the young men who come to her. The woman has simply begun to develop; the girl is ceasing to be.

THE BICYCLE ICICLE.

The professor is very punctilious about the use of language. His youngest daughter has learned to ride a wheel, and the fact is very apparent in her conversation. Now and then he moved uneasily in his chair, but he made no comment. After a time he said: "Lucia, would you mind closing that door? I am getting as cold as an ickle." "As cold as a what?" "As cold as an ickle." "I don't understand you." "That is very strange. It seems to accord with your theory of verbal expression. If a bicycle can consistently be called a 'bike,' I see no possible objection to my alluding to an icicle as an ickle."

WOMAN'S SPHERE NOT POLITICS.

While the committee on resolutions of the national Republican convention was in session at St. Louis it was visited by Mrs. W. Winslow Crannell of Albany, N. Y. She holds an influential position in the Woman's Anti-Suffrage Association, of New York State, and, unattended and unannounced, appeared before committee with a protest against the incorporation in the platform of a suffrage plank. She made a strong, though brief, appeal on behalf of the organization she represented. Later she outlined as follows her objections to woman suffrage:

"I do not believe that the women of this country desire to have suffrage thrust upon them. Nor do I believe that women can purify politics by mixing in it. Women have enough duties now in making home pleasant for their husbands and in rearing their children properly. If they dabble in politics to any beneficial extent they must take time they now devote to their families and give it to political study and work. Who are the women who demand suffrage? The majority of the leaders are paid for the work they do, and my observation has been that the great majority of them are either unmarried or are not living with their husbands. You do not find the woman whose chief delight is in her husband and children demanding the ballot. She is content to trust in her husband and sons to secure equality with men under the law. I do not know how it is in Missouri, but in New York women have more legal rights than men. How can the entrance of women into politics purify it? I do not know that the average woman is any better than the average man. While I believe that a pure woman is infinitely better than the best man, I think that a bad woman is much worse than the worst man. You cannot sort the women out in politics. They all go on equal terms, and the chances are that the pure, home-loving women, whose influence and ballots might be used to support good measures, would be the last to exercise the right of suffrage. In the states that have adopted female suffrage you cannot point to a single political reform introduced or pushed by women. If you ask a woman suffragist what she expects to gain by it she cannot tell you, except in platitudes. One thing they demand is 'equal pay for equal work.' Now I cannot endorse this. I think that a man with a family to support should receive more than some women who only work to tide over the time until some good man agrees to marry and work for her. The fallacy of the argument of the suffragists that women could obtain bet-

ter wages were they allowed to vote is apparent at a glance. It is the object of men everywhere to obtain higher wages, yet can they obtain them because they can vote? Why do women think they could do with the ballot what men cannot?"

WHAT THEY SAY.

Hot oatmeal water is a good wash for the hands.

Two maids of honor, six bridesmaids and six ushers is the correct style for swell weddings.

Ice can be noiselessly broken by using a hat pin. This is an excellent sick room suggestion.

The woman who would dress well must know something about art of all kinds—art in painting, in sculpture, poetry, music, literature.

A dainty addition to the bath is to be found in a few drops of violet water.

If you want to know exactly how you look ask a small boy's opinion on the subject.

The small sleeve may have the approval of fashion, but it is not as becoming as the larger style.

The habit of eating something before retiring is a good one to acquire if you are troubled with insomnia.

Pearl, yellow and pink tan shades are the correct colors in gloves.

Vandyke collars of corn and white batiste, trimmed with lace and insertion, are made to wear over thin summer gowns.

Tulle and chiffon, with a satin edge, are sold by the hundred yards for neck ruffles and frillings on capes, parasols and gowns.

Old-fashioned silk brocade is used for waistcoats, revers and cuffs, and white moire silk appears in this guise on white alpaca gowns.

White gowns are to be worn more than ever this season for informal as well as dressy occasions, and these are accompanied by white hats, shoes and parasols.

The woman who knows how to dress when travelling is never seen in a black satin.

Linen neck ruchings combined with white satin ribbon are to be worn much with summer gowns.

No load of baggage designed for out-of-town shipment is complete without a bicycle or two perched on top.

Little by little wall paper is getting back to the designs that our grandmothers thought truly beautiful.

Now that the season of cooling drinks is at hand buy a glass lemon squeezer if you wish to know how to make a lemonade easily.

The latest place in which to carry the handkerchief is the edge of the sleeve, allowing the corners of the mouchoir to fall over the hand.

Seal chatelaine bags are very stylish and serviceable, and so are those made of lizard and water snake skin.

USEFUL RECIPES.

FRIZZLED BEEF WITH CREAM TOAST.

Place one-half pound of chipped dried beef in a spider or flat saucepan add pour over it one quart of cold water; let it come to boil; pour off the water (this freshens the beef sufficiently); and one tablespoonful of butter, quarter-teaspoon of white pepper, and cook one minute. Have ready toasted half dozen small slices of bread. Make a cream of one pint of milk, one tablespoonful of butter brought to a boil in double boiler, add one tablespoonful of cornstarch, wet with milk; let boil four minutes; pour over the toast on hot dish. Add the frizzled beef, placing a large spoonful on each slice—or can be served apart.

FRIED POTATOES.

Slice four medium-sized potatoes, after washing and peeling them carefully, into strips lengthwise; lay in water; dry on a napkin and place in boiling fat; fry until brown; take from fire and drain on a paper before serving.

BICYCLE BUNS.

Over one pint of finely sifted boiling flour pour one-half pint of water; stir into it one tablespoonful of butter, one quarter tea-spoonful of salt, two thirds of a cup of sugar and one-half cup of softened butter. When all are thoroughly mixed add one-half cake of compressed yeast, which has been dissolved in one-half cup of lukewarm water. Set this sponge to rise over night; in the morning knead and roll out the dough to about one-half inch in thickness, cut with round cookie cutter, then with case-knife cut stripes toward the center, making "wheels;" connect two of the buns with small strip of dough, making imitations of bicycles; brush over with melted butter and bake in moderate oven thirty minutes. If carefully prepared these buns are an ornament to the table, as well as being very toothsome.

EXPLAINING IT.

[From the Washington Star.]

"Say, Mame," said Maud, as she bit off a tiny piece of chewing gum, "I've been improving my mind again."

"Go 'way! You haven't!"

"Yes, I have. I have been reading all about the convention. It's perfectly fascinating, too."

"Can you understand it?"

"Most of it. I used to think a convention was stupid, but it isn't a bit. It's just like a gymnasium or riding a goat at an initiation, or something of that kind, you know."

"How do they do?"

"Why they bring out a plank."

"Yes."

"And it's very wide; and the candidates try to straddle it, and other people try to keep them from doing so; and the side that wins gets the nomination. I don't know what it means, but that's the way it's done, for I saw it in the paper."

A LARGE BOOK.

The largest book in the world, according to a recent lecture by Professor Max Muller, of Oxford, is the "Kutho Daw; or, The Religious Codex of the Buddhists." It is written on marble slabs, 729 in number, which it takes a city of pagodas to house, for each slab has its own separate house.

These stand not far from the ancient city of Mandalay, once the capital of

Burmah. Contrary to what might be supposed, this gigantic work was constructed during this century, it being done at the command of Mindomin, the second of the last Kings of Burma.

Owing to the influence of the tropic rains and heat and the falling into ruin of some of the brick buildings, the inscriptions are becoming defaced. A British official, Mr. Ferrars, has petitioned the Government for financial aid in order to have these 729 plates carefully photographed.

If he fails in interesting the Government he will ask for a popular subscription for the purpose. It was largely for this purpose of calling public attention to this unique book that Professor Muller made it the subject of a lecture.

The "Kutho Daw" is in three parts, or as the Buddhists call it, "baskets." From the point of view of the number of words, these 729 plates of this great codex far exceed the Bible and the Koran put together. As the Jews estimated that the Old Testament contained 59,493 words and 2,728 100 letters, so the Buddhist priests have computed that the "Tripitaka," as they call their colossal book, contains, written as it is in the Pali tongue, 275,250 stanzas and 8,808,000 syllables.—Post-Dispatch.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GREAT MEN.

JUSTIN MCCARTHY TELLS SOME GOOD STORIES OF MEN HE HAS MET.

Of the great men he has met, Justin McCarthy has some excellent stories to relate. A few of these he recently recounted in a lecture in the Tyne Theatre, Newcastle.

Among his most cherished memories are collections of William Makepeace Thackeray. Those who know Thackeray from his books will readily conceive that he would take infinite delight in telling a story against himself. Here is a anecdote that he used to relate: Thackeray found much pleasure in taking long walks into the country. When on one of these excursions with a brother journalist, "Jacob Omnium," who, tall as Thackeray was, was even taller than the author of "The Newcomers," the two gentlemen came across a country fair. Observing a tent where "giants" were exhibiting themselves, they agreed to enter. When Thackeray was preparing to pay the usual admission fee the attendant at the door remarked: "We make no charge to the profession, sir."

An instance of very smart repartee on the part of John Bright is told by Mr. McCarthy. Mr. Bright, unfortunately, had on this occasion to leave his parliamentary and other duties on account of an affection of the brain. Recovering from the attack Mr. Bright resumed his active interest in public affairs. But in the course of a debate a member of the House of Commons, with surprising and inexcusable indecency, replying to Mr. Bright, said that that gentleman had been suffering from a disease of the brain. With comparative self-restraint the famous repeater retorted: "That is a disease which Providence itself could not inflict upon the noble lord."

Mr. McCarthy remembers very well all the speech he ever heard the Great Duke of Wellington deliver in the House of Lords. It made a decided impression upon the future Irish leader. The man of iron wore a blue frock coat and a pair of duck trousers, the only person he knew except his friend, Gibson Bowles, who adopted such unmentionables. A bill was under discussion and Wellington criticised it adversely. The peer in charge of the bill remarked bitterly that

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Anxiously watch declining health of their daughters. So many are cut off by consumption in early years that there is real cause for anxiety. In the early stages, when not beyond the reach of medicine, Hood's Sarsaparilla will restore the quality and quantity of the blood and thus give good health. Read the following letter: "It is but just to write about my daughter Cora, aged 19. She was completely run down, declining, had that tired feeling, and friends said she would not live over three months. She had a bad

Cough

and nothing seemed to do her any good. I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla and had her give it a trial. From the very first dose she began to get better. After taking a few bottles she was completely cured and her health has been the best ever since." MRS. ADDIE PROX, 12 Railroad Place, Amsterdam, N. Y.

"I will say that my mother has not stated my case in as strong words as I would have done. Hood's Sarsaparilla has truly cured me and I am now well." CORA PROX, Amsterdam, N. Y.

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the noble duke did not understand the bill. Then Wellington rejoined: "I have read it three times; and if, after that, I do not understand the bill I must be a fool."

Among the anecdotes Mr. McCarthy relates is one concerning himself. At the close of a lecture in Glasgow he turned to the chairman and said he hoped he had not spoken too long. "Na, Na," said the Scotchman, "aw think ye hae a vera patient audience!" —London News.

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

[Written for the Dedication of the Memorial.] "What pledge of fealty do ye bring, Children of Erin at the gate?" He asked, and answered: "Everything Best for the building of a State—

"Strong arms to delve for nature's wealth; Stout hearts to bear what fate decrees; The poor man's heritage of health And brains unspoiled by slothful ease

"The new-born joy that captives feel Stepping from darkness into day, That bids them face the fire or steel If life alone their debt can pay—"

All these, the poet said, they brought, Though scant indeed their worldly store Naught saying (for he reckoned naught) Of that best gift of all they bore—

The exile, whom no chain could bind, Who won his way to freedom's goal, Wearing no fetters on his mind, No brand of prison on his soul;

The man of kindly word and deed, Who suffered much, forgiving all, And questioned not of race or creed When duty rang the battle call.

The walls of caste, that are so strong, The chains of sect that hold so well— Built on the adamant of wrong, Forged in the furnace fires of hell.

The insolence of birth; the pride Of intellect, God's unearned gift To thankless man; vain wealth astride Its beggar steed, extolling thrif—

All these he fought, yet held no hate For any man, but wrong alone; And if this shaft proclaim him great It is because love raised the stone.

Not less he loved the new, who saw Through tears the sad old mother land; An exile's pencil best might draw The picture of the Pigrim Band.

And if one ask for proof or test Of Irish faith, we answer: Lo! He is the pledge in every breast For all that gratitude can owe.

But let the best of him belong To all mankind by sorrow tried— The brother of the lowly throng, The Soldier of the Weaker Side.

JAMES JEFFREY ROCHE.

USES OF GRAMMAR.

SOME WAYS OF TELLING A STORY GIVE IT A DOUBLE MEANING.

Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sometimes young people who are not accustomed to expressing themselves in print, and therefore do not know the necessity for the use of correct English, by experience, say that "they don't see what is the use of spending so much time over the study of grammar."

The following sentences which have appeared from time to time in various journals will be sufficient to prove to young readers the necessity for the study of composition:

"Annual Sale Now On. Don't go elsewhere to be cheated—come in here."

"For Sale. A lady wants to sell her piano, she is going abroad in a strong iron frame."

"Furnished apartments suitable for gentlemen with folding doors."

"Wanted, a room by two gentlemen about 30 feet long and 20 feet broad."

"For sale, a piano by a widow lady with carved legs."

"A boy wanted who can open oysters with a reference."

"Bulldog for sale; will eat anything; very fond of children."

"Wanted an organist and a boy to blow the same."

"Wanted, a boy to be partly outside and partly behind the counter."

"Wanted for the summer, a cottage for a small family with good drainage."

"Wanted, a good boy for punching."

"Young People, Attention. Our new schoolhouse is now completed, and is capable of accommodating 400 pupils two stories high."

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Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's Short Life of Thomas Davis, which forms the latest volume of "The New Irish Library," is a work which, we doubt not, will prove of interest to many of our readers. No writer could be, or is, better qualified to deal with the men and events of the Young Ireland period than the tried politician and accomplished journalist who during a momentous portion of the existence of the Nation occupied its editorial chair. The story of the life of Thomas Davis loses nothing in picturesqueness in the telling by Sir Charles, and the reader lays down the little volume in which his narrative is contained profoundly impressed by the many-sided nature of the intellect of his colleague in the founding and writing of this paper. Davis was essentially the possessor of a statesmanlike or constructive mind, allied with which he owned a poetic and literary capacity rarely found combined in one personality. The work now published will enable every reader

to form a true conception of the real nature and character of a man the force of whose work for Ireland have been constant in effort to describe as being rather a sentimental dreamer than a practical patriot. No conception of Davis's nature could be more false or more inaccurate. What his true nature was Sir Charles Gavan Duffy's study of his career and labours will undoubtedly help to make plain, while at the same time it casts much light on many circumstances connected with an eventful period in the history of Ireland. In common with the other volumes of "The New Irish Library," the Short Life of Thomas Davis has been admirably produced by Mr. T. Fisher Unwin, —Dublin Nation.

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