

Where The Turf Fires Burn.

BY DOROTHY GREENHAM.

(FROM O'DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.)

TWO letters lie before me demanding an immediate answer. I have taken a week to make up my mind as to what I shall say, and now there is only one hour before the post goes out and I must decide to-day. One letter is from a dear aunt who wants me to spend the winter with her at the Ponce de Leon, St. Augustine. The attraction is great; this wonderful Moorish hotel, its exquisite halls and stairways, and Florida, with its flowers and sunshine, are irresistible. I feel I must go. Then, on the other hand, here is the second epistle tantalizingly enchanting. Nell, my cousin, my life-long friend, a bride of a year, calls me across the water to see her in her old house among the mountains, on the green shores of Erin. How I wish I could be Boyle Roche's bird, and be in both places at the same time. I think, and think; time goes, and at last I begin to write. St. Augustine is fair; but Ireland, its tales and histories, Lever and Lover, whom I have read and laughed over, come up before me; Nell's blue, wistful eyes beckon me to her clearer still; and I finish my notes. Aunt Charlotte's is four pages, loving, apologetic, refusing; Nell's a few lines: "I shall leave for Dunger next week; expect a wire from Queens-town." I take them to my mother; she has left the decision to myself, and now she approves. The letters are posted and I go on my way rejoicing and preparing.

It seems but a day later when they all see me on board a Cunard steamer. Father has some friends going to the Riviera for the winter, and they take me in charge. It is my first trip to the ocean, and for a girl but six months from the school-room it is perfect bliss. How I enjoy everything! and it seems no time before the spires of Queenstown Cathedral, far up on the hill, loom above the water.

It is in the early September morning, and my heart goes upwards with a glad cry, for I am in a Catholic country. The cross is the first view I had of "Faithful Ireland"; it shines out over the harbor gloriously suggestive of the trials and victories of those brave children of St. Patrick. The bay is full of life ruddy with the morning sun, the houses rise tier upon tier, crowned far above by the cathedral towers. I am put off on the tender and find myself on Irish soil; soft and mellifluous fall on my ear that never-to-be-forgotten brogue. Every one looks so bright and friendly that I feel as if I knew them all. We take the boat for Cork, and the trip up the Lee is charming. It is one uninterrupted scene of natural beauties; fine woods in their autumn tints grow down to the water's side. Slowly we steal into the "beautiful city," with its bells of Shandon and its historic landmarks. Very handsome it looks running up the sides of a great hill backed by luxuriant woods.

We leave it behind and come on Blarney Castle, standing in the midst of an open field; a little chattering brook wanders at its base and some cows stand idly beneath its walls.

This is all I see as the train tears past on our way to Ireland's premier county, golden-veined Tipperary. Through the long day we flash past streams, woods, castle, tower and mansion. It is like one verdant garden, each green field as my eyes have never feasted on before. Our bleak American fences are here replaced by picturesque stone walls covered by moss with ferns and bushes growing on the top. I never tire of looking, it is all so new and lovely. We have a short stay at Limerick, the city of the "broken treaty," and I think of "the women who fought before the men," and "the men who were a match for ten," and of brave, noble Saratoga.

The sun is preparing for slumber, and I begin to think of Nell awaiting me at the end of the journey and how she will look. The hour of our meeting is at hand, and after some panting and wobbling over a rough, hilly road, the train pulls up slowly and I jump out. It is a little wayside station, clean and fresh; a pretty garden a mass of bloom, and walls smothered in rollicking scarlet runners, are the first things I see. The porter comes and tugs out my trunk. I look around in vain for Nell; it is growing dark and I get a little anxious. The porter asks if I do not expect some one, and I reply by inquiring if the Dunger carriage is not waiting. He goes to see, but returns with a disappointing negative. I am like Imogen, "past hope and in despair," and the good-natured fellow brings me to the station-master and we hold a council of war.

In the office, sending off some flowers, is a lady, bright, winsome, maternally. She hears our discussion and that I telegraphed Mrs. Fortescue I would arrive by this train. Then I learn, to my dismay, my wife came but a short time before myself, and that the messenger has just started on his seven miles to Dunger. If my expressive countenance shows all that I feel, I must look very mournful, for as I raise my eyes from solving problems on the floor they fall on a sweet, womanly face smiling kindly at me. A figure advances, a soft hand is laid on my shoulder, grey eyes look pleasantly into my troubled ones, and a rich, musical voice says: "You cannot be Dorothy, whom we are all expecting from New York? Mrs. Fortescue came over with the news yesterday that you had consented to come." My face changes like a flash from grave to gay, a light breaks through the darkness. "You will come with me to Dunger, dear; I pass the

gates and we can start at once." The station-master looks almost as pleased as I, and we go out to the road, where a handsome pony and phaeton stand waiting us. An old coachman puts us in with the greatest care—he mounts the box, and we are off.

The stars came out brightly; my old friend, Orion, looks down as familiarly as when last I saw him off Sandy Hook. We chatter away as if we had known each other for years. To think of meeting "Aunt Eva" the first seems like my usual good fortune. Mrs. Desmond is Nell's neighbor, and now her almost mother. She is the kindest, dearest, wittiest woman in the world. She took Nell under her protection when she came to Dunger a bride, a stranger in a strange country, smoothed difficulties, cheered and helped in moments of trial; and warm-hearted Nell gave back all her loyal, devoted affection in return. Mrs. Desmond has no children of her own, but her large sympathies and heart are open to other people's; she has numerous nieces and nephews, and, indeed, she is "Aunt Eva" to every one who knows her—for to know her is to love her. Through Nell's letters Aunt Eva and I have sent many messages across the Atlantic. Nell thought we were so congenial, and we certainly are beginning splendidly.

How I talk! and more, how I laugh! She tells me many funny stories about her people, but warns me I must prepare to have my Lever and Lover ideas vanish like smoke. Ireland is not at all what novels and the stage show it; and from my preconceived notions, learned from such sources, she is glad that I see the Emerald Isle as it really is. We drive past thatched cottages, the open doors showing the pleasant turf fires burning on the wide hearths. It is my first sight of what I always wanted to see, and I ask Aunt Eva a whole string of questions about it. She promises to bring me to a bog as soon as I care during the week, and I am satisfied.

The moon shines out a brilliant welcome as we turn in the lodge gates and trot up the great lime avenue. We climb a hill and far above I see the lights from the grand old house. The pony comes to a stand before the deep stone steps and the door is flung wide open. I catch a glimpse of an immense hall, antlers, a winding handsome stairway, and the next moment I stand beneath Nell's roof-tree. Evidently my telegram has not come—no one expects me. The servant greets Aunt Eva as if she were glad to see her, and is bringing her to Nell, when I hear her voice in the distance, and the well-known step comes joyously as in the old days to me. I glide into a deep recess, give Aunt Eva, whose eyes are brimming with mischief, a warning look, and await the *dénoûment*. Nell comes, lovely and radiant as ever; she is dressed for dinner, and all my old pride and affection for my Nell is intensified as I see her greet my new-found friend as she would mother. She puts her arm through hers to lead her away as she says: "I heard the pony, and I knew you were coming, and, fearing you would not stay, I ran down to catch you. Has Kathleen come?" "No" is the answer; "but," smiling quizzically, "some one else has, that I fear will be a worry and distraction to us all; you would never guess who." Nell looks surprised, and her face grows a tiny bit long. "Some one whom we shall all be at a loss to know what to do with," goes on Aunt Eva, now waxing solemn: "who says dreadful things, and thinks worse of us. In fact—" Nell looks puzzled. Aunt Eva woe-begone, when she looks round cautiously and breaks off abruptly, seeing my irate countenance. She cannot keep serious any longer, so ends with "Come and let me introduce you." I dash out with "Nell! Nell! here I am. You will know what to do with me." She does; she stands astonished, then opens wide her arms and gives me a welcome worth coming across the Atlantic to get. We meet as we parted: loyal and loving.

It is a whole week later, and I have learned many things meanwhile, even if two of the seven days are spent in bed. I have written home reams and quires of all my adventures and impressions. Irish country life, with Nell, her handsome, buoyant, clever Kevin, old family retainers, picturesque medieval Dunger is already dear to my soul. I have been out all the morning on the hills, holding animated conversations with every man, woman, and child I meet, and lose my heart to every urchin on the way. Where do those little Irish lads and lassies get their laughing eyes and bonnie blushes?

It is now four o'clock and Nell and I are having one of our never-ending chats; she is laughing gayly in her old way over some of my experiences of the morning when Aunt Eva comes driving up to the open window. She and Nell are going to see some mutual friends, and I am to be introduced to a bog on the way if, Aunt Eva adds, I promise to be a good girl. I do solemnly, and Nell takes the ribbons and we start.

After an hour's drive down the hills we come on a wide, level expanse, somewhat like a prairie, lying on either side of the narrow, white country road. This is the bog! The monotony is broken by a fringe of heather and pines, which seem to flourish in the vicinity. I am disappointed, and cannot believe that this dreary, bleak outlook is the delightful turf-fire in embryo. I ask Aunt Eva how the development is accomplished. She smiles at my first illusion dispelled as she tells me how:

"Late in the spring, or early in the summer, the bogs become quite lively; the men arrive to cut the brown, yielding soil in immense blocks three or four feet deep. This is called 'cutting the turf.' Later on the women and boys arrive on the scene, adding life and brightness to the work for 'footing the turf.' The blocks are spread out and trodden under foot to harden them before cutting into the prescribed shapes, namely, about the size and form of bricks. The turf, if good, is very hard and black; if of inferior kind, loose, light brown, and spongy. It is then piled up on the bog in small heaps or 'clamps' and left for weeks to dry before fit for the fire. Should the weather be fine the work on the bog is pleasant and healthy, but unfortunately Ireland, like all beauties, is 'fond of pouting, and she weeps so often that her sons and daughters are fain to be ever in smiles and laughter as an offset to her tears. Rain or shine, the fun

and jokes echo across the bog, for who deluge could drown Irish spirits, especially of the poor?"

Aunt Eva adds pathetically: "Merrily the footing goes through the day; old and young are one in heart—for the gay heart is always young. Should any one have crotchets, or be what you Americans call a crank, woe betide him on a bog! The Crimean veteran, with marvellous tales of his prowess at Alma and Inkerman, comes in for a fair share of the raillery."

We are passing the gate leading to the bog now; the people are at work, and I gaze so wistfully at them that Aunt Eva proposes I should run in and look at the "clamps." Nell pulls up and laughingly gives us five minutes. I am delighted, and walk over the brown, springy soil to receive a warm welcome from the workers. They all know Aunt Eva, and when she tells them I am all the way from New York and want to see the turf, they are very much interested. To them New York is but another Ireland, and they look on me as coming from their kith and kin, and tears start to their eyes thinking of their hearts' treasures far over the water. I shake hands with them all, and take them to my heart as their kindly "God bless you, miss!" and "May the Lord spare you long among us!" welcome me in their midst. Old Corporal Casey presents me with a sod of turf to see what it is like. I take it gratefully, and—well it is to-day one of my most treasured relics of the Emerald Isle. It is nice to be loved by the poor, and if anyone is so blest it is Aunt Eva; they gather round her with almost reverence. Even in the few moments we are on the bog she has time to say kind things to every one. A question about the sick, a smile, a word of praise or encouragement, and we are away, leaving sunshine and happiness as a souvenir of her visit. The colored shawls, bright kerchiefs, short skirts of the women, their blue eyes and dark hair; but above all, their soft, sweet, delicious brogue, never more beguiling than when teasing, are my cherished memories of an Irish bog.

It is now time to stop work, and horse, mule, and donkey, which have been tethered to their carts on the roadside, are brought into requisition, and in loaded cars the workers go homewards. Songs enliven the journey, and they come into the village greeted with cheery "Good evening, boys! Good evening, girls!" "God bless ye all!" from the neighbors as they pass. Meanwhile we have driven on our way, and we part on the village street: Nell and Aunt Eva are to call at Shanbally and Killester, while I beg to be let go for the letters and stroll around in search of adventures.

They let me off, and we agree to meet later on at the chapel. I am coming out of the post-office when I come on a scene that I shall never forget. An old fiddler has strolled into the village and is playing from house to house. The music is remarkably good, and he is in the middle of the *Colin* when the workers get in from the bog and join the crowd around him. The old man knows what will please them, and without a moment's pause he strikes up "Charming Judy Callaghan." It is soul-stirring! The men become excited and keep time with their feet to the music. One woman with her turf-basket across her shoulder is a study, her bright eyes dancing in unison to the tune. It is Mary Shea, a poor, hard-working widow, with six small children to support. The old air seems to bring back her happy girlhood, with its life and joy. A voice cries out "Arrah, girls are ye going to let that fine music go for nothing?" The crowd with one accord call for Mary Shea, the "best dancer in the parish." Back hangs Mary, fearing she will be seen. Faster and faster goes "Charming Judy"; the voice rings out again, "Where is Mary Shea?" She must give us a few steps. A break in the crowd reveals poor Mary, and she is captured and on the "floor." In a second the crowd moves back, eager, expectant; Mary looks imploringly at her friend Kitty Tyrrell, and she comes to the rescue. The women meet in the middle of the road, their baskets thrown aside, and the dance begins. With joined hands they advance up the middle, then back and take their places, *vis-à-vis*; retreating, backing, swaying light and graceful, the steps fall on the hard road, not a note lost, not a bar omitted; note and step fall on the ear simultaneously. Nothing could be more beautiful, modest, womanly, than that Irish jig in the village street. There is a buoyancy, joyousness in it that no one but an Irishwoman up at daybreak, working in a bog all day, living on potatoes and milk, and sleeping on a straw bed at night, could put into her feet; and oh! what tired ones they must often be. "Musha, more power to ye, girls!" "May the Lord spare ye the health!" "God bless you, Mary!" broke from the audience as the dancers joined hands again and made their bow to each other, still on time to the last bars of inspiring "Charming Judy Callaghan."

The great day has come for the "drawing home the turf." One farmer names his day, and each neighbor sends a horse and man to help. From early morning till night successive "creels" and "kishes" of turf arrive at the farm from the bog. The turf is built along the wall in one immense "clump," sod upon sod making the three sides, the stone wall the fourth. The clump rises thirteen or fourteen feet in height, tapering to the top, and when finished is quite an ornament to the farmyard. At night, when all is over, the boys celebrate the homecoming by a dance in the barn. In the great old flagged kitchen the tables are set for the guests; up the wide chimney the new fire is proclaiming its excellence. The beautiful, peculiar blue smoke curls upwards, the turf looks like so many black bricks, one over the other, blazing with a light, pleasant flame. A strong iron bar runs across the chimney, from which the pots are suspended. The old people sit round the fire, its cheerful ruddy glow falling softly on their white hair and furrowed cheeks. The scene recalls other days, and old stories are told and old hearts grow young, and they live once more in the "Auld Lang Syne" when they too danced and sang at the "drawing home of the turf."

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NEW YORK FIRE BRIGADE.

The qualifications necessary to become a Fireman—A well arranged programme.

An American Magazine for boys gives the following interesting details about the New York fire brigade, in answer to an enquiry from a correspondent who was desirous of joining its ranks.

To obtain an appointment to the ranks of the fire department of New York city you must apply to the civil service board in the Criminal Court building, where blanks will be furnished you. It will take at least two months and sometimes more after application before you will be summoned to undergo the physical examination. This latter is exceedingly rigid in every particular, and you will need to be an almost perfect specimen of physical manhood to hope to pass.

An applicant must have passed his twenty-first birthday, be at least five feet seven inches in height, and weigh not less than one hundred and thirty-five pounds. The smallest chest measurement allowable is thirty-four inches.

About two months after the physical examination the mental examination takes place. This consists of reading, writing, local geography and arithmetic, and a good knowledge of all these branches is essential. To pass, an applicant must answer at least seventy per cent. of the questions correctly.

After both examinations have been successfully undergone, the candidate is placed on the eligible list until a vacancy shall occur.

It is not generally known, but in all the large cities there are regular training schools where applicants are carefully drilled in the art of handling fire and saving lives. The one in New York is situated at 157 East Sixty-seventh street, the headquarters of the department. Captain H. W. McAdams is the instructor, and to him are brought all applicants for admission to the department.

The men are trained in the use of the scaling ladder, in the "standing-on-sill," the "swinging-from window-to-window" drill, how to send and use the life line, how to jump in case of necessity, and how to hold the drop net.

When an applicant has been declared proficient in the exercises mentioned, he is formally mustered into the department and waits for promotion at a salary of \$1,000 a year.

There are nearly 1,300 men in the New York fire department, divided into sixty-three engine companies and twenty-two hook and ladder companies. The several grades of the service are chief, deputy chief, chief of battalion, foreman or captain, assistant foreman or lieutenant, engineer and firemen of the first, second and third grades. Three years of service advance a fireman from the third to the first grade and increase his annual salary from \$1,000 to \$1,400. The salary of the second grade is \$1,200. There are two deputy chiefs, each with an annual salary of \$4,300, and six chiefs of battalion, each receiving \$3,300 a year. A chief of battalion has under his supervision six companies, each composed of two officers and ten men. The annual salary of a captain is \$2,160, of a lieutenant \$1,800, and of an engineer \$1,600. The chief of the department is paid \$5,000 a year.

At the end of twenty years of service, a fireman, if he so desires, may be retired on half pay for life.

In case of death, by accident or otherwise, the widow or nearest of kin receives \$1,000 and a pension of \$25 a month.

As to the daily life of a fireman, each man is on duty twenty-one hours a day, with three hours off for meals, and twenty-four hours' leave of absence three times a month. A vacation of ten days is also given to each man during the summer months. One man keeps "house watch" from six o'clock in the evening until midnight, when he is relieved by two comrades, who remain on watch until six o'clock in the morning. The daily examination and roll call take place at 8 a.m., when all the men appear in full uniform.

When the alarm gong sounds, it is the duty of every man to be out of bed, dressed, down the pole, which connects the dormitory with the ground floor, and at his post on the apparatus within ten seconds from the first stroke on the gong; but as a rule, so perfect is the discipline maintained that, before the time limit expires, each man is in his place, every horse is hitched, and everything is in readiness for a start.

I need not dwell upon the dangers of a fireman's life, and the magnificent bravery they are called upon to display. The men are a splendid body physically and mentally, and the vocation is a most worthy one, deserving and receiving the deepest respect from all classes of citizens.

A PROBABLE IRISH CARDINAL.

ity of there being another Irish prelate in the Sacred College before long. It was at first rumored that one of the two created in petto at the last consistory was His Grace the Most Rev. Dr. Walsh, Archbishop of Dublin and Metropolitan of the Leinster province, but this gave place to another name subsequently. Now, again, the rumor is revived, and this time with somewhat more assurance, at least, of the nationality than of the person. But these rumors often float about without there being the least ground for them, and, therefore, one must at all times receive them with the accustomed grain of salt. At any rate, if the hint should turn out to be true, all will rejoice in Ireland's representation in the college, though it would be nothing more than she deserves.

THE POPULAR VOTE.

The Official Returns of the General Elections.

The official returns of the result of the general elections of the 23rd of June are now prepared. The number of names on the voters' lists was 1,353,735, the total number of votes polled was 890,711. The total vote polled was: Conservative, 413,006; Liberal, 397,194; Independent, 80,511, and by Provinces was as follows:

	Con.	Lib.	Ind.
Ontario.....	191,052	106,335	62,639
Quebec.....	98,980	113,873	3,725
Nova Scotia.....	50,772	43,186	737
New Brunswick.....	31,600	28,868	5,892
Prince E. Island.....	9,157	9,194	321
Manitoba.....	15,459	11,519	5,906
Br. Columbia.....	8,174	8,321	1,067
North W. Terr.....	7,812	9,693	284
	413,006	397,194	80,511

The number of names on the list and the number of votes polled by provinces are as follows:

	Names	Con.	Lib.	Ind.
Ontario.....	650,021	420,026		
Quebec.....	351,076	216,583		
Nova Scotia.....	111,124	100,646		
New Brunswick.....	91,087	66,300		
P. E. I.....	25,245	18,672		
Manitoba.....	65,684	32,884		
British Columbia.....	38,010	17,762		
N. W. Territories.....	20,878	17,789		
	1,353,735	890,711		

WHERE A STRIKE IS DIFFICULT.

[Harper's Bazar.]

The custom of kindness has been found to work so well in private life between the employer and the employed that one is inclined to question why it is not more generally adopted in public life, where great bodies of employes, becoming dissatisfied, occasion disturbances and disorders that are an injury to themselves and to their employers, and an immense inconvenience to the public. Would it not be better if some sort of bond of personal union existed between the parties furnishing the moneyed capital and the muscular capital, seeing that neither can get along without the other—if, in the one case, the need were not treated as an inexhaustible fountain of crude wealth, and, in the other, if the hands were not treated altogether as hands, but a little more as souls?

In many of the immense establishments this must be difficult; but it is not altogether beyond the bounds of possibility, as here and there an experience has proved. But in the best shops and factories such a thing is perfectly practicable. It seems strange that we should have the best example of this from a country that we are not wont to think of as in the vanguard of progress. In the town of Malaga, in Spain, is a mill employing about two thousand hands, and owned and operated for more than a generation by the Marquis of Guadario, who has lately died. During forty years there has never been heard in this mill, we are told, a murmur of general discontent; and that not because wages have been more, hours of labor less, or a superior class of people has been employed to that in other like places; but because a personal bond of union has been created through the effort of the mill-owner to promote the comfort of each of the men and women and children in his service there, and to regard every individual as a fellow-being, with feelings and wants and capabilities to be considered, remembering that it was the life of these people that was being treated, and not an episode in their lives.

In this instance, when any of the work-people were ill, a physician was sent and medicines were provided, and the wages were continued during illness as if nothing had happened; and in cases where funeral expenses would have been too great a burden, such expenses were paid. At marriage every one was

A RAILWAY MANAGER SAYS:

"In reply to your question do my children object to taking Scott's Emulsion, I say No! on the contrary, they are fond of it and it keeps them pictures of health."

assisted with a gift of a certain amount of plenishing; holidays were allowed with full pay; any superior industry and interest was recognized; any complaint was listened to, investigated, and the party making it satisfied, if the complaint were found to be well-grounded, and no official was retained who was discovered to be guilty of any act of oppression. In a word, the employer was willing to make something less money in order to insure peace and pleasantness, and enjoy the consciousness of duty fulfilled. As a consequence, a sense of obligation to do their best animated all the people, and mutual friendship followed.

Such a case does not require that an employer should know all his people by face or name. It merely obliges him to recognize a common humanity. But when the politician can make himself acquainted with as many and more names and faces, it does not seem too difficult a thing to be done for better reasons than the politician has; and the personal recognition goes a great way towards keeping peace and friendship, and giving the one so recognized by one whom he considers his superior a feeling of belonging not to a machine, but to a community, a neighborhood, or almost, as one might say, to a family, certainly to an enterprise. Apart from the righteousness of such a course, the wife and daughters of an employer may render him immeasurable service in this way, as many politicians' wives and daughters expect to do; and by their personal recognition and occasional expression of interest, without patronage or condescension, they can make the feeling of the employes that not of mere hirelings, but of friends, not too quick to take offence and suspect injury.

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