

.....The HOME CIRCLE

SHAPING THE SOUL.

There was never a disappointment borne in the right spirit that did not leave the sufferer stronger and better for it; but if one frets and stew and worries; and fumes over every little thing that does not turn out just as it should—from the standpoint of the injured party, of course—wrinkled and woe-begone looks, fretfulness and general disagreeableness with ever-increasing weakness, will be the result.

After all, a great deal depends on seeing things as they are—on a lively sense of the relations of cause and effect and a full appreciation of the value of discipline to the human soul. To those who have never been taught either directly or indirectly, to find anything save special ill-will or bad luck in the evils that befall them, to whom no beacon light of greater strength and nobler life shines just beyond the wreck of hopes, sad, indeed, must disappointments often be; and such are truly to be pitied. Oh! that all could feel the grand principles of growth—feel and know that whatever woes, whatever fallen idols and broken images are piled up around them, they can still climb up and out into the glorious light of a higher life, can still see before them grander hopes, more beautiful images, than those they have lost. They may make their ideal as high as they will; still they can rise beyond it, even in this life, by earnest, untiring endeavor and the help of Him Who never forsakes.

In our earlier years, circumstances have much to do in making us what we are; later we must conquer circumstances. If a nature has at its core the true moral stamina, even though it sink for a while, it is pretty sure to cast off the dragging weights and rise to its proper level.

And so, at last, we learn to bless the shock that weakens us, to analyze its effect and trace its influence toward the good we covet. This does not refer to the great trials that shake life to its center and make to overthrow character, but also to the little annoyances and ills, that come very often, and are, perhaps, even more trying. Once firmly determined, however, that all obstacles shall be surmounted, that all trials shall be made servants, and not allowed to be masters, and the task is easier. Keep this grand purpose ever in view; the shaping of the soul to its noblest form, and then use everything for a chisel.

But the Virtue that conquers passion And the sorrow that hides in a smile— It is these that are worth the homage of earth, For we find them but once in a while. —Catholic Columbian.

THE FAULTS OF PARENTS.

Children have a right to live the life of children. In their home they ought to have, if possible, at least one room where they can have the utmost freedom consistent with health and safety. In that room there should be nothing that requires special care. There they should keep their playthings.

And there they ought to be taught to leave everything when they are done playing. It is a great mistake not to make them learn habits of order—a place for everything and everything in its place when not in use.

They soon discover the advantage of knowing where to find their belongings, instead of leaving their toys anywhere, just as they may happen to drop them.

In the playroom, children should have corners or particular spots especially their own, and there they can begin to learn the difference between what is theirs and what is not.

The greatest obstacle to children's training seems to be the indolence of their parents or their weak fondness for them that make them so shortsighted regarding the real happiness of their little ones.

There is one thing that should be unstinted in dealing with children, and that is praise for all the good they do and warm appreciation of their efforts to do right. And no one should ever say to any child, "You are bad." This is the way to cultivate just what you do not want to see in them.

Let them know that you expect the best and are surprised when they fail to fulfill your expectations. They will be much more likely to try to live up to the ideal that they know you hold for them.

Above all, let there be nothing artificial in the children's lives. Chas. Wagner has put it so well that give closing this article I give his own words: "Falsehood is the vice of a slave, the refuge of the cowardly and the weak. He who is free is strong and unflinching in speech.

"We should encourage in our children the hardihood to speak frankly. What do we ordinarily do? We trample on natural disposition, level it down to the uniformity which, for the crowd, is synonymous with good form.

"To think with one's own mind, feel with one's own heart, express one's own personality—how unconventional, how rustic! Oh, the atrocity of an education that consists in the perpetual muzzling of the only thing that gives any of us his reason for being!"

"Of how many foul murders do we become guilty! Some are struck down with bludgeons, others gently smothered with pillows! Everything conspires against independence of character.

"When we are little, people wish us to be dolls; when we grow up they approve of us on condition that we are like all the rest of the world; when you have seen one of them you have seen them all.

THE RECOMPENSE.

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, I all alone beweep my outcast state, And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries, And look upon myself and curse my fate,

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope, Featured like him, like him with friends possessed, Desiring this man's art and this man's scope,

With what I most enjoy contented least; Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising, Haply I think on Thee, and then my state, Like to the lark at break of day arising

From sullen earth, sings hymns at Heaven's gate, For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings That then I scorn to change my state with kings. —Shakespeare.

Many people seem to think that ambition is a quality born with us; that it is not susceptible to improvement; that it is something thrust upon us which will take care of itself. But it is a passion that responds very quickly to cultivation, and it requires constant care and education, just as the faculty for music or art does, or it will atrophy.

If we do not try to realize our ambition it will not keep sharp and defined. Our faculties become dull and soon lose their power if they are not exercised. How can we expect our ambition to remain fresh and vigorous through years of inactivity, indolence or indifference? If we keep letting opportunities slip by us without making any attempt to grasp them our inclination will grow duller and weaker.

"What I most need," as Emerson says, "is somebody to make me do what I can." To do what I can, that is my problem; not what a Napoleon or a Lincoln could do, but what I can do. It makes all the difference in the world to me whether I bring out the best thing in me or the worst, whether I utilize 10, 15, 25 or 90 per cent. of my ability.

Everywhere we see people who have reached middle life or later without being aroused. They have developed only a small percentage of their success possibilities. They are still in a dreamy state. The best thing in them lies so deep that it has never been awakened. When we meet these people we feel conscious that they have a great deal of latent power that has never been exercised. Great possibilities of usefulness and of achievement are, all unconsciously, going to waste within them.

If you interview the great army of failures you will find multitudes have failed because they never got into a stimulating, encouraging environment, because their ambition was never aroused or because they were not strong enough to rally under depressing, discouraging or vicious surroundings. Most of the people we find in prisons and poorhouses are pitiable examples of the influence of an environment which appealed to the worst instead of to the best in them.

Only those who have had experience can tell the torture corns cause. Pain with your boots on, pain with them off—pain night and day; but relief is sure to those who use Holloway's Corn Cure.

THE BEST TYPE OF YOUNG MEN

"The best type of young men is the one who is punctual at Mass and who is frequently seen at the altar. It is a most edifying sight to see young men at the altar receiving our Divine Lord. Such young men are numbered by thousands in our cities. They are sober, industrious, honest; the pride and staff of aged parents; true and loyal friends. Are they everything that is desirable? What is there to complain of? In what are they lacking? There is amongst them a lack of apostolic zeal. To most young men religion is something too sacred to be spoken of. They seldom make religion a subject of conversation, and often when it is broached turn the conversation to something else. They would not act so about any other topic, yet we are told that in this country the field is ripe for the harvest. Our Catholic young men can reach their American fellow-citizens, which the priests cannot do. The priests do not come into contact with non-Catholics as do those in the everyday world. If the work of converting America is to be done it must be done by the apostolate of the laity, and the young men have been fitted for it by their religious training, to which so much care has been given. They are much better educated than their parents. They are in many instances as well qualified to instruct those ignorant of Catholic doctrine as are the priests, and so their opportunities are much greater. If much work is to be done among those outside the Church it must be done by the young men. The best sermon and the greatest thought you are preaching in your daily lives. You are showing what it is to have the word of God abiding in you, not merely on your lips, but being the life of all your actions. By your life you overcome the world and are living a practically blameless life in the sight of God. The Church can stand you forth before the world and be proud of you no matter what scandal your brethren may cause. The world may point the finger of scorn at us when those fall away, as did one in the college of the apostles, but of the majority the Church has reason to be proud. They preach a sermon in their daily life and the Church thanks them. They should, however, try to imbue with supernatural faith those with whom they come in contact. See how the members of other denominations try to bring recruits into their societies and effect all the good they can according to their lights.—Philadelphia Catholic Standard and Times.

A ROYAL WEDDING.

(By Ben Hurst, in April Donahoe's.) Meantime, King Alfonso is supervising some alterations to the Prado in honor of his new mistress and Princess Beatrice is busy in Paris selecting the trousseau of the future Queen of Spain. This will scarcely be as elaborate as that of the Infanta Maria Theresa, King Alfonso's sister, —married last January to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria—which gave employment to four hundred women during three months. Put the workers in Paris, London and Dublin, will, nevertheless, have reason to rejoice, for big orders have already been given.

King Alfonso will take a trip to the Canaries next month and hopes to arrange another rencontre with his fiancée—this time in Brittany,—before he receives the visit of King Edward. The wedding has been fixed for June, and it is rumored that the honeymoon will be spent among the Connemara hills in Ireland. The Duke of Manchester has offered the use of his splendid castle to the royal pair, and what more ideal scenery can be imagined as a proper setting for this royal romance!

Next to finding the north pole itself the greatest arctic discovery yet to be made is that of a vast unknown polar continent or archipelago, which from soundings, driftwood, thickness of ice, currents, etc., is thought to exist in the Beaufort Sea to the north of the North American continent. Here is an immense, unexplored area which may contain land and people of great interest, of which nothing is now known. Captain Mikkelson, a Danish explorer and Arctic traveler, is making preparations to seek this land. He will sail in an American ship under American colors.

Much distress and sickness in children is caused by worms. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator gives relief by removing the cause. Give it a trial and be convinced.

A general survey of the cost of railway extensions now in progress in Mexico, show approximate expenditures of \$60,000,000. There will be abundant employment for thousands of men for several years.

Very often they think it is from so-called "Female Disease." There is less female trouble than they think. Women suffer from headache, dizziness, nervousness, irritability, and a dragging-down feeling in the loins. So do men, and they do not have "female trouble." Why, then, blame all your trouble to Female Disease? With healthy kidneys, few women will ever have "female disorders." The kidneys are so closely connected with all the internal organs, that when the kidneys go wrong, everything goes wrong. Much distress would be saved if women would only take

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS

at stated intervals. Price 50 cents per box or three boxes for \$1.25. All dealers or sent direct on receipt of price. The Doan Kidney Pills Co., Toronto, Ont.

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CHILDREN'S CORNER

MOTHER AND SON.

On the Boston express the other day I witnessed a scene which I wish I could describe as it impressed me. It was the "4 o'clock express," and an elderly woman, evidently a foreigner, stepped on the train with that peculiar square rigged, canvas covered, broad valise so much used in Europe. Directly behind her was a sturdy young man, who carried the remainder of her luggage on his shoulder. He, too, was evidently a foreigner, whose dress and appearance indicated that he was thoroughly acclimated and was now a prosperous adopted American citizen.

With a peculiar motion the little woman shrank from taking a seat in the coach among the finely dressed people. Although I did not understand the conversation I heard her inquiry as to whether they were to go "first class." The son—for I had gotten that far in conclusions—went toward the centre of the car to select a good seat, while the mother had seated herself in one near the door. His bright face beamed as he ushered that little stooped mother to the seat as tenderly as if she were his bride. What happiness was reflected in those faces! They were seated in front of me, with their luggage carefully stowed away overhead and underneath. Her hands were brown and rough; her little bonnet was very simple; her gray hair was snatched down in front and was twisted into a picturesque Norwegian knot behind; her features were irregular, her face wrinkled, her large nose sharp, and she had no upper teeth—and yet, I pledge you, I never saw a more beautiful face when, after the son was seated, this little woman turned and stroked the hair of her son only as a mother can, regardless of the curious eyes in the coach, and then, unable longer to repress the joy of a mother's heart, she kissed him. Such tenderness in those eyes glistened with tears—she was with her boy again! The heads came just above the top of the seat, and how close they were together as they talked and talked over the past. What memories of the old home were awakened in the heart of the young man while the mother recounted, as only a mother can, those things which he was most anxious to know about! When he brought her a drink, when he pulled the shade, every act was devotion. If I could only impress upon sons the priceless heritage they have in their mother. There never can be but one mother, and every little act of devotion and love will some day be a treasured memory.—National Magazine.

Two surprises. A workman pined his clumsy spade As the sun was going down; The German King, with a cavalcade, On his way to Berlin Town.

Reigned up his steed at the old man's side. "My toiling friend," said he, "Why not cease work at eventide When the laborer should be free?"

"I do not slave," the old man said; "And I am always free; Though I work from the time I leave my bed Till I can hardly see."

"How much," said the King, "is thy gain in a day?" "Eight groschen," the man replied, "And thou canst live on this meagre pay?" "Like a King," he said with pride.

"Two groschen for me and my wife, good friend, And two for a debt I owe; Two groschen to lend, and two to spend For those who can't labor, you know."

"Thy debt?" said the King, said the toiler, "Yea, To my mother with age oppressed, Who cared for me, toiled for me, many a day, And now hath need of rest."

"To whom dost lend thy daily toil store?" "To my boys—for their schooling; To my see When I am too feeble to toil any more They will care for their mother and me."

"And thy last two groschen?" the monarch said. "My sisters are old and lame; I give them two groschen for raiment and bread, All in the Father's name."

Tea's welled up to the good King's eyes. "Thou knowest me not," said he; "As thou hast given me one surprise, Here is another for thee."

"I am thy King; give me thy hand"— And he heaped it high with gold— "When more thou needest, I now command That I at once be told.

"For I would bless with rich reward The man who can proudly say That eight souls doth he keep and guard On eight poor groschen a day." —R. W. McAlpine, in St. Nicholas.

When the Portland fishing schooner Moses B. Linscott, Capt. L. J. Miller, arrived in port recently she brought a badly bruised-up sailor and a monster man-eating shark which he had killed after a desperate fifteen-minute battle off Tanter bank, says the Boston Journal.

This is one of the few cases of a man-eating shark having ever been taken in these waters. The big fish weighed 675 pounds and measured seven feet four inches.

The hero of the conflict, E. H. Miller, a brother of the captain, was pulling trawls in a small dory about 500 yards from the schooner, when he pulled the trawl to the surface, wondering at its weight, and saw the big shark lying in it. The fish was quiet until he saw the dory; in an instant he made a rush for it.

"When I saw that terrible wide-open mouth and four great rows of teeth my nerve left me," said Miller. "But I picked up a big oar to defend myself with.

"The shark's leaps carried him away out of the water, and when he struck the dory I had all I could do to keep from being thrown out into the water.

"The second jump came near seeing the end of me, for the big fish made such a leap that he threw himself right across the boat and carried her gunwale under water, at the same time hitting me a terrific blow with his tail that dazed me.

"On the third jump, by a lucky blow with my oar over the back of his neck I stunned him. Another boat came to my rescue just then, and together we finished him."

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friends, was able to graduate at Williams College. The lives of many of the Presidents prove that no boy is so poor but that he may hope to attain the highest honors which the American people can give.—Philadelphia Press.

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When PAPA IS AWAY. Darling papa, here is I Writing you a letter; And I hope 'at you will try To write me on 'at's better; For I don't know what to say, Les' I say I love you, An' when you are far away I gets awful blue. Here I put a great big kiss On this black ink blot, So I know you cannot miss Finding the right spot; Now I hug you very tight; I'm so sleepy—so good-night.

A METAGRAM. A metagram is a puzzle in which various letters are changed. I am an animal; change my first and I fly, my second and I am another animal, my third and I am an inhabitant of South Africa, my fourth and I am a small ship. Answer—Boar, soar, bear, Boer, boat.

GRANDMA'S POSY-BOWL. On grandma's birthday, Maud and Bess and Pearl and Ned and Clare, They paid their dimes and nickels in, and bought a jardiniere; But grandma says that jardiniere is quite too long a name, And so she calls it "posy-bowl," which means the very same. —St. Nicholas.

T. P. O'Connor is no longer connected with the publication called M. A. P. (Mainly About People). He publishes also T.P.'s Weekly, which he will continue as usual.

AFTER 18 YEARS OF SUFFERING

An Ontario Farmer Finds a Cure at Last in Dodd's Kidney Pills.

The direct Cause of his Trouble was a Strain in the Back which affected his kidneys—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured him.

Ardoch, Ont., April 16.—(Special.)—Mr. Ami Jeanneret, of this place, gives a very interesting account of his experience with Dodd's Kidney Pills. He says: "I hurt my back and strained my kidneys and for 18 years I suffered on and off intense agony. I was subject to attacks of Rheumatism and Lumbago. My joints were stiff, my muscles cramped. I lost my appetite, my flesh began to fall away, my nerves were shaken, I could not rest or sleep at night and I was sinking into a deplorable condition when I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I used six boxes and I am now as strong and healthy as ever I was. I am certain I owe my cure wholly to Dodd's Kidney Pills."

Five Presentations Made to Father Englert

Father Englert will have every reason to remember Brantford, for five times during the past week has he been honored by the Catholic citizens of the city. For the past year he has been assistant with Father Lennon, and during that time he had made himself beloved by all, young and old, and the news of his removal came like a shock to his many friends. On Sunday afternoon the Young Ladies Sodality of St. Basil's church gave him a reception, during which they testified their regard by the presentation of a gold watch and also a sum of gold. Father Englert made an appropriate reply. On Sunday evening the Sanctuary boys waited upon him after Vespers and gave him a silver fruit basket as a token of their esteem. On Tuesday afternoon the children of St. Basil's Christian Doctrine Class, who attend the Collegiate, assembled in St. Joseph's school to do honor to their retiring superintendent. The children had a very neat programme prepared, during the course of which three young pupils came forward to read an affecting address, and to make a presentation of a set of silver spoons, knives and forks. Those making the presentation were Clara Cahill, Mary Brohman and Josephine Mullaney. On Wednesday afternoon the school children of St. Basil's assembled to do him honor. An excellent programme was rendered and a beautiful address was read by Gertrude Schuler, Eddie Maloney and Lannon Hargadon, to which Father Englert very feelingly responded. The pupils then presented him with a set of breviaries, and a silver tray. Quite a number of men assembled in the Young men's Catholic Club room to bid Father Englert farewell. Father Lennon came down from Guelph hospital for this reception, and in his speech he made a very feeling reference to Father Englert. He had, he said, been a good earnest worker, and it was with deep regret that he received the news of his removal. Father Cummings, who acted as chairman, then called on the gentlemen of the club, and Wm. Gilligan and Thos. Lackey came forward and read the address, after which they made a presentation to Father Englert of one hundred dollars in gold. Speeches were made by Father Englert, Father Ferguson, Walter Kelly and W. J. Donohue. Father Englert in his reply, stated that he had ever spent a happier time than he had in Brantford, and it was with regret that he left the city. He had found good friends in Fathers Lennon and Cummings, and for the people of Brantford he would have only the kindest of memories. His one consolation was that he was going but a short distance away, and that he would be able to see them occasionally.

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Heartbreaking Expression. 5 NEUDORF, N. W. T. CAN. about two years ago, when she showed symptoms of despondency. After some time she expressed a heart-breaking pain and then had severe convulsions. Many so-called remedies were tried during one year, but of no avail. After she had taken the first spoonful of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, the attacks disappeared, and she has had no more since. Testified to by Rev. L. Streich, JOS. OTT, DELHI, ONT.

My wife has taken six bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic. She has had no return of the fits, and I think this remedy has had the desired effect. I cheerfully recommend it to anyone suffering from that dreadful malady "Epilepsy," and may God aid you in your good work.

FREE A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases and a Sample bottle to any address. Four patients also get the medicine free. Prepared by the Rev. PASTOR KOENIG, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and now by the KOENIG MED. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

Sold by Druggists at \$1.00 per bottle, 6 for \$5.00. Agents in Canada—THE LYMAN BROS. & Co., LTD., TORONTO. THE WINGATE CHEMICAL CO., LTD., MONTREAL.