

Youths' Department.

The Age of Birds, Beasts, and Fishes.

Elephant, one hundred years and upward; rhinoceros, twenty; camel, one hundred; lions, twenty-five to seventy; tigers, leopards, jaguars, and hyenas (in confinement), about twenty-five years; beaver, fifty years; deer, twenty; wolf, twenty; fox, fourteen to sixteen; llamas, fifteen; chamois, twenty-five; monkeys and baboons, sixteen to eighteen years; hare, eight; squirrel, seven; rabbit, seven; swine, twenty-five; stag, under fifty; horse, thirty; ass, thirty; sheep, under ten; cow, twenty; ox, thirty; parrots, swans, and ravens, two hundred; eagle, one hundred; geese, eighty; hens and pigeons, ten to sixteen; hawks, thirty-six to forty; cranes, twenty-four; black-bird, ten to twelve; peacock, twenty; pelican, forty to fifty; thrush, eight to ten; wren, two to three; nightingale, fifteen; blackcap, fifteen; linnet, fourteen to twenty-three; goldfinch, twenty to twenty-four; red-breast, ten to twelve; skylark, ten to thirty; titlark, nine to six; chaffinch, twenty to twenty-four; starling, ten to twelve; carp, seventy to one hundred and fifty; pike, thirty to forty; salmon, sixteen; codfish, fourteen to seventeen; eel, ten; crocodile, one hundred; tortoise, one hundred to two hundred; whale, estimated one thousand; queen bees live four years; drones, four months; working bees, six months.

Exercise for Girls.

Mr. Blaikie, the apostle of physical culture, recently said in a lecture on exercise to a lot of girls: "Once I went up to Nassau College to see their gymnasium. They had lots of apparatus there that looked as if it were the kind that Noah used when he was loading around in the ark. Then the girls showed me how they ran. After a few trials they came in puffing and blowing, and their hearts beating about 140 to the minute. "What do you think of the running?" they asked. "What running?" said I. They I showed how the sandal of the runner was made, with no heels, and how he ran on his toes with his head up and his chest out, they admitted that they couldn't run." He told the girls how to develop weak arms and make them strong, so that they would be well rounded and shapely when they were evening costumes. "One of the hardest problems is how to keep the girls who go into this training from doing too much hard work at the beginning. Ham is a good thing for breakfast, but no one wants to eat a whole ham for breakfast. They must start off easily. A man at Englewood came to me about his daughter. She was low-spirited and weak. "Well," I said, "what does she do?" She said she went five miles to school every day and carried a great strap full of books. "Does she walk?" "No, she rides in a horse-car." Oh, the lovely horse-car! Oh, the beautiful horse-car! Sidewalks deserted to hang by a strap in a crowded horse-car. Give up walking to be hauled home in a lovely horse-car. Get her a pair of Waukegan shoes, broad enough at least for two of her toes to touch the ground. Ugly? Of course they're ugly; but they are comfortable. Let her get off the car one mile from home the first week. Rain? Well, let it rain; I hope it will. Rain doesn't look half so bad when you are in it as when you look at it through the window. Then let her try two miles the second week, and so on up to five. I met the father in two months. He said: "The aches are all gone, and we are afraid she'll eat the table-cover. Her brother has taught her boxing, and we are afraid of her around the house. She's actually getting good looking."

Zan Zoo.

"Zan Zoo" is the title of a touching little story in Harper's Magazine for August. Zan Zoo is a tiny African child, carried across the ocean by a friendly traveller. But she does not take kindly to a bleak New England winter, fancying that all she loves is dying; and so she pines and droops and fades out of life, and is taken back dead to the warm land she loved by her kind friend, who realizes too late that a few words of hope and cheer about the beautiful spring, which he was too thoughtless or too busy to give, might have saved the child's life. In the account of their voyage to America a passage occurs which is worth quoting, were it only because the author refers to the Blessed Virgin as "the Mother of the whole world." "None so beautiful?" "No, not one!" "There was an exquisite copy in sepia of the 'Upward Madonna,' a Guido Reni. As I placed it on an easel, I felt Zan's little hand on mine. 'Is she Caffre?' she asked, very softly. Earth's motherless little African! Did she feel a glow of hope and joy at the sight of those rich brown tints in the glorious, heavenly face? I felt a big lump in my throat as I drew the drooping form of the once irrepressible Zan close to me and said: 'It is 'the Mother'—the Mother of the whole world, yours and mine too. Your own true Mother, Zan.' Did she believe it literally, and in a different sense from what I meant? She asked no questions, but looked at it with a peculiar softness of expression. 'Yes,' she said, after a little, in a tone of having come to a decision. Then, 'There are none so beautiful?' in the old colloquial, questioning way of our first acquaintance. And I responded: 'No, not one!'"

The child's eyes, which had not once turned from the Mother's face, slowly filled with tears. She drew away from me, and stood with folded hands directly before the picture. I watched her with intense interest. Had the Virgin's beauty aroused her strange, bright fancy? Had it carried her back to her shadowy, ever-changing mountains, to her deep blue sky, to her sweeping veld, to her wild, weird kloofs? Did all that was brightest and freest come back to her then—the time when she lay so close to the kindly earth and could understand every whisper; when her friends were many and loving, the cricket chirping her welcome, and the turtle-doves cooing her theirs; when the beautiful face of her own Caffre mother bent over her, with one of its rare, loving looks?

Or was it not just the impalpable spirit within that picture drawing one, bearing one upward, in such waves of passionate longing as I had felt looking upon it? Whatever it had conquered the child—the divine, upturned face, in the glow of its warm brown tints. I could see the rising sob by the tremor of the little form. I quietly went away, and left the caged Caffre bird with 'the Mother.'

Remember.

That life without laughing is a dreary blank. That there is joy in the evening when day has been well spent. That now is the constant watchword ticking from the clock of time. That the great secret of success in life is to be ready when opportunity comes. That "I can't do it" never did anything, and that "I will try" has worked wonders. Those who understand the value of time treat it as prudent people do their money: they make a little go a long way. Wisdom consists not in knowing many things, nor in knowing them thoroughly, but in choosing and following that which conduces the most surely to our lasting happiness and glory. Wealth is like a bird; it hops all day, from man to man, as that doth from tree to tree, and none can say where it will roost at night.

The Bashful Young Man.

The bashful young man is an affliction unto himself, and to his acquaintances, a deception and a snare. You don't think so? All your sympathies are enlisted on his side, I suppose? Well, just mark that meek, imploring look of mercy, that musing step, as he enters the room—especially when ladies are present—see how he sits on the edge of the chair and twists his fingers into innumerable positions, all the while watching with intent gaze that little spot in the carpet; now he blushes to speak; listen to that faltering voice. Some brilliant speech will surely follow that great effort. Here it comes: "Eh! Ah! It's been a fine day"—nothing more—and you are very fortunate if you get so much. You exert yourself to make him feel at home, and rack your brain for subjects that will interest him. Vain effort! That monosyllabic "yes" will frustrate your best endeavors. Start a conversation with a bashful young man, impossible! As well start a schoolboy on an errand without his cent. He is quite determined to make himself ridiculous and you uncomfortable, and he has a remarkable talent for this, finding stray bits of furniture to trip over, cups and glasses to upset, that other mortals, less observant, would pass without heed. The bashful young man—mark the young—there are no bashful old ones, is very observant. Don't trust that meek, amiable expression; he is taking in every detail of costume, feature, manner, and even the furnishing of the rooms. Nothing escapes his notice. Innocent you think him, or stupid, perhaps? Well, believe me he is none of these things. Just place him among his own particular friends and don't be surprised to find him a ruling spirit there. The bashful young man, in his own particular circle, dispense with his meek expression and shuffling gait, and, like the phonograph, give utterance to the impressions he has received during his silent periods. Sympathy for him is a pure waste of feeling.

Curiosities Under the Sea.

As to the quantity of light at the bottom of the sea there has been much dispute. Animals dredged from below seven hundred fathoms either have no eyes, or faint indications of them, or else their eyes are very large and protruding. Another strange thing is that if the creatures in these lower depths have any colour, it is orange or red, or reddish-orange. Sea anemones, corals, shrimps and crabs all have this brilliant colour. Sometimes it is pure red or scarlet, and in many specimens it inclines towards purple. Not a green or blue fish is to be found. The orange-red is the fish's protection, for the bluish-green light in the bottom of the ocean makes the orange or red fish appear of a neutral tint, and hides it from its enemies. Many animals are black, others are neutral in colour. Some fish are provided with boring talis, so that they can burrow in the mud. Finally, the surface of the submarine mountain is covered with shells like an ordinary sea-beach, showing that it is the eating house of vast shoals of carnivorous animals. A codfish takes a whole oyster in his month, cracks the shell, and sucks out the meat. In this way come whole mounds of shells, that are brought up. Not a fish-bone was ever brought to the surface. A piece of wood may be dredged up once a year, but it is honeycombed by the boring shell-fish, and falls to pieces at the touch of the hand. This shows what destruction is constantly going on in these depths. If a ship sunk at sea with all on board it would be eaten by fish, with the exception of the metal, which would corrode and disappear. Not a bone of a human body would remain after a few days. Nothing made by the hand of man was brought up after cruising for months in the track of ocean vessels excepting coal clinkers shovelled overboard from steamships, but twenty-five miles from land there was recovered an india-rubber doll. That was one thing the fish could not eat.

A Friend.

A blessed thing it is for any man or woman to have a friend, one human soul whom we can trust utterly, who knows the best and the worst of us, and who loves us in spite of all our faults; who will speak the honest truth to us while the world flatters us to our face and laughs at us behind our back; who will give us counsel and reproof, in the day of prosperity and self-conceit; but who, again, will comfort and encourage us in the day of difficulty and sorrow, when the world leaves us alone to fight our own battle as we can. If we have had the good fortune to win such a friend, let us do anything rather than lose him. He must give and forgive, live and let live. If our friend has faults we must bear with them. We must hope all things, believe all things, endure all things, rather than lose that most

precious of all earthly possessions, a trusty friend. And a friend, once won need never be lost, if we will only be trusty and true ourselves.

AN HISTORIC PICTURE.

The Pope and His Portrait.

(From the Figaro.)

For all honest men, of no matter what religion or party, Leo XIII. is one of the most noble and one of the greatest figures of the present time. He has his place among the most illustrious of the 254 successors of Peter. If there is at the present time an august physiognomy well worth offering to the veneration of contemporaries and posterity, and before which believers and unbelievers must all bow with respect, it is his beyond a doubt. But if this rival of Leo X. had not found his rival in the artist, he would have been a model, as fertile as that of the sixteenth century, there was no painter worthy of such a model. The artist who had the good fortune to paint him living upon the canvas, Lombardi, the great Genoese painter, had that ambition at the instigation of Bismarck, to paint the pope and his portrait, and to make the portrait of his Holiness. But whether Leo XIII. had an unpleasant recollection of that work, or whether he was not the scruples of a great artist, or whether, considering his years, he recoiled before the fatigues of posing, he determined not to resume the experience again. But, unfortunately, it is to one of his own artists, St. Theobald Chartran, that

THE HONOR WAS RESERVED of engraving this almost inflexible resolution. This honor he owes more to his life as a Frenchman than to his great and legitimate reputation as a portrait painter. For some years past M. Chartran was haunted with the desire to paint the portrait of his Holiness, and he had been waiting for the Pontifical figure entered upon a line so manifestly in sympathy with our country. No moment could be more opportune. It was out for Rome, Italy, by his arrival in the Eternal City he requested M. Lefebvre de Beaulieu, our Minister at the Vatican, to solicit for him a private audience with the pope. He had his intention and his hope. He had his cunning plan. The word "Fronthmann" is an inimitable sound. It is the sound of the hammer, the sound of the chisel, the sound of the graver, the sound of the engraver. At the appointed hour Chartran crossed the threshold of the Pontifical apartments, carrying under his arm a portfolio packed and enveloped in green cloth. His Holiness received him with a pleasant smile. "I am happy," said he, "to receive an artist of your talent, and especially of your nationality. But must I tell you right here that I have made an absolute rule never to pose for a painter. I am old, and my health

will not permit an effort that must be so often renewed." "When shall I come again?" said M. Chartran. "If the fear of fatigue is the only obstacle to the realization of my dearest wish it is conquerable in advance." Enfolded in his green cloth, he presented a canvas to the Pope, who uttered an exclamation of surprise and admiration. "Why, that is my portrait!" "What a resemblance!" and "No, Holy Father," said Chartran: "it is only the sketch which I have made from memory, with the assistance of your Holiness's photographs, in order to spare you the horrors of the pose. Now, won't your Holiness yield?" And as Chartran knelt down, in order to put his sketch in the best possible light before the Pope, he added: "As you see, Holy Father, I am asking you on behalf of myself, and Leo XIII. was disgraced." "Well," said the pope, "don't ask me for more than half an hour, or three quarters at most." "That will be sufficient." "When shall I come again?" "I am at your orders the sooner the better." "To-morrow, then." The next day in the grand hall of the sacred consistency, adjoining the Pope's apartments, the painter and

HIS AUGUST MODEL found themselves face to face. Half an hour passed, then an hour, and then two hours without the artist appearing. The pope, who had himself had to wait the time of the sitting, and delightful hours for the artist, were, impatient as he was by the impatience of this great model, in his own quarters, with a profane, revealing a noble mind open to all the beautiful and grand things of intelligence and art, and in which were reiterated words of respect and admiration for the Holy Father, he insisted upon calling the "oldest daughter of the Church." And all this was given in a tone of paternal familiarity and in the purest Italian. "The picture is a masterpiece, and it will soon be exhibited at the Salon des Champs-Elysees. At the bottom there is this inscription:—

LEO XIII. PONT. MAX. ANNO DOMINI MCM. CHARTANUS PINXIT. ROMA, ANNO DOMINI 1891.

LITTLE BY LITTLE.

One step and then another, And the longest walk is ended; One stitch on the needle, And the largest rent is mended; One brick and then another, And the noblest and sturdiest made; One flake and then another, And the deepest snow is laid.

So the little coral workers, By their slow but constant motion, Have built those pretty islands, In the distant dark blue ocean; And the noblest and sturdiest made, Man's wisdom hath conceived, By oft-repeated efforts, Have been patiently achieved.

Then do not look disheartened, O'er the work you have to do, And never give up your task; You never can get there, But just endeavor day by day; Another point to gain, And so the mountains which you feared, Will prove to be a plain.

"Rome was not built in a day," The ancient proverb teaches, And Nature, by her fruits and flowers, The secret she reveals to us; Think not of far-off duties, But of duties which are near; And having once begun to work, Resolve to persevere.

KINGDOM OF HOME.

Dark is the night, and dim and drearily Rushes the wind like the waves of the sea; Little care I, as here I sing cheerily, Write at my side and bide on my knee, Richer than ruler with perishing treasure, Served with a service no conquest could bring, Happy with fortune that words cannot measure; Light-hearted I on the hearth-stone can sing— Home is the Kingdom and love is the King.

The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor the man perfected without trials.

BOIL IT DOWN. Whatever you have to say, my friend, Whether witty, or grave, or gay— Condense as much as ever you can, And say in the readiest way; And whether you write on rural affairs, Or particular things in town, Just a word of kindly advice, my friend— Boil it down.

BELLS! BELLS!

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School Bells. Clock Tower Bells. Fire Bells. House Bells. Hand Bells. JOHN TAYLOR & CO., Loughborough, Leicestershire, England.

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FOR COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, &c., take COVERNTON'S SYRUP OF WILD CHERRY.

FOR DIARRHOEA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, take COVERNTON'S Anodyne Blood-purifying Cathartic. Price 25 cents. Prepared by C. L. COVERNTON & CO., Corner Bloor and Doncaster Streets. For sale by all Druggists.

ELECTRICITY Life Force. OF ALL ORGANIC FORMS. Properly applied will often cure the most painful and obstinate diseases where all other agents fail.

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CONSUMPTION. I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease to any sufferer who will send me their EXPIRES and P.O. address. T. A. SLOOM, M. C., 188 ADELAIDE ST., WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

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IRON FOUNDRY CORNER OF Maisonneuve and Lagachetiere Streets.

A TOAST TO EACH IRISH COUNTY.

BY T. D. SULLIVAN, M. P.

Here's to Donegal And her people brave and tall; Here's to Antrim, to Leitrim and Derry; Here's to Cavan and to Louth, Here's to Carlow in the South, Here's to Longford, to Waterford and Kerry!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink— 'Tis a toast for all to drink, And let every one come in at the chorus; For Ireland is our home, And wherever we may roam We'll be true to the dear land that bore us!

Here's to Tyrone, Where O'Neill long held his own; Here's to Monaghan, Fermanagh and Kildare, boys; Here's to her whose stroke Broke the hateful penal yoke, And you know that she the brave County Clare, boys!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink, etc. Here's to Sligo and to Down, To Armagh of old renown; Here's to Kilkenny, famed in story; Here's to Wexford, boys, for she Nearly set all Ireland free, And here's to Royal Meath and her glory!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink, etc. Here's to Galway and Mayo, That never feared a foe; Here's to Wicklow, its peaks and its passes; Here's to Limerick, famed o'er all For its well defended wall, And still more for the beauty of its lakes!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink, etc. Here's to gallant Cork, The next county to New York; Here's to Roscommon bright and airy; Here's to Westmeath, Where a tyrant scarce can breathe; And here's to unconquered Tipperary!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink, etc. Here's to the county, too, we'll toast, And the Kings, for both can boast. They are spots the invader got some trouble in; And now, to finish up, Fill a bright and brimming cup, And well drink, boys, to jolly little Dublin!

CHORUS— Then clink glasses, clink, etc. A BORN COURTIER. During a stay of Emperor William I. of Germany, at the fashionable watering-place at Ems, that monarch paid a visit to a large orphan asylum and school that was under government patronage. The presence of so distinguished a personage created quite a sensation in the establishment. After listening with much interest to the recitations of several of the classes, his majesty called to him a bright, flaxen-haired little girl of five or six years of age, and lifting her into his lap, said:

"Now, my little fraulein, let me see how well you have been taught. To what kingdom does this belong?" And taking out of his pocket an orange, he held it up to her. The little girl hesitated a moment, and looking timidly up into the emperor's face, replied: "To the vegetable kingdom."

"Very good, my little fraulein; and now, to what kingdom does this belong?" And he drew from his pocket a gold piece and placed it on the orange. Again the little girl hesitated, but soon replied: "To the mineral kingdom."

"Better and better," said the emperor. "Now, look at me and say to me to what kingdom I belong?" To this question there was an ominous silence among the teachers and visitors who were listening with much interest to the royal catechism. Could she make any other reply than "to the animal kingdom?" The little girl hesitated long, as if perplexed as to what answer she would give. Was the emperor an animal? Her eyes sought those of a teacher and her school-mates. Then she looked up into the eyes of the aged emperor, and with a half-startled, frightened look, as if she were evading the question, replied: "To the kingdom of heaven."

Henry G. James. Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and irritations of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. will always occupy a place in my house."

A SHOWMAN'S PARROT STORY. A veteran showman recently confided to a few of his personal friends a little story about a parrot which may or may not be strictly accurate. His ticket seller, he said, had a parrot which always sat beside him during his labors, and thus learned his "lingo," which was to this effect: "Stand back now—plenty of time! Take your turn. Don't crowd."

The parrot, in some unaccountable way, was once lost, to the great grief of the owner; but a little while afterwards, on reaching a certain place, the attention of one of the show people was attracted by a large flock of crows on a hill at the back of the town. Approaching the spot the man discovered the parrot sitting on a log with his feathers up, trying to defend himself against a hundred crows. And not only was he thus found, but there he sat, screaming at the top of his voice: "Stand back now—plenty of time! Take your turn! Don't crowd!"

Anutty's Advice. "My brother had severe summer complaint about a year ago, and my remedies seemed to relieve him. At last my aunt advised me to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured."—Adelbert Crittenton, Baldwin, Ont.

BURDOCK. Regulates the Stomach, Liver and Bowels, unlocks the Secretions, Purifies the Blood and removes all Impurities from a Pimple to the worst Scrofulous Sores.

BLOOD. CURES. DYSPESIA, BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, HEADACHE, SALT RHEUM, SCROFULA, HEART BURN, SOUR STOMACH, DIZZINESS, S. S. DRUPY, RHEUMATISM, SKIN DISEASES.

BITTERS.

DONALD KENNEDY Of Roxbury, Mass., says

Kennedy's Medical Discovery cures Horrid Old Sores, Deep Seated Ulcers of 40 years standing, Inward Tumors, and every disease of the skin, except Thunder Humor, and Cancer that has taken root. Price \$1.50. Sold by every Druggist in the U. S. and Canada.

SAFE BRISTOL'S SUGAR-COATED VEGETABLE PILLS PROMPT. EASY TO TAKE. INFALLIBLE.

MEXICAN. Moresque Pavilion, City of Mexico, where drawings take place.

LOTTERY OF THE Beneficencia Publica (PUBLIC CHARITY) ESTABLISHED IN 1878 IN THE CITY OF MEXICO, AND THE ONLY Lottery Protected by the Mexican National Government, and in no wise connected with any other Company using the same name.

THE NEXT MONTHLY DRAWING WILL BE HELD IN THE Moresque Pavilion in the City of Mexico THURSDAY, NOV. 5, 1891. THE CAPITAL PRIZE BEING \$60,000.00

By terms of contract the company must deposit the sum of all prizes included in the scheme before selling a single ticket, and receive the following official permit: CERTIFICATE—I hereby certify that the Bank of London and Mexico has on deposit the necessary funds to guarantee the payment of all prizes drawn by the Loteria de la Beneficencia Publica. APOSTOLIC: CASILLAS, Int. read.

Further, the company is required to distribute fifty per cent. of the value of all the tickets in Prize—larger portion than is given by any other lottery \$50,000 TICKETS AT \$4.00, \$30,000. PRICE OF TICKETS: American Money: Wholesale, \$4; Halfvols, \$2; Quarters, \$1; LIST OF PRIZES: 1 Capital Prize of \$50,000..... \$50,000 1 Capital Prize of 20,000..... 20,000 1 Grand Prize of 10,000..... 10,000 1 Grand Prize of 5,000..... 5,000 2 Prizes of \$1,000..... 2,000 6 Prizes of 500..... 3,000 20 Prizes of 200..... 4,000 100 Prizes of 100..... 10,000 500 Prizes of 50..... 25,000 500 Prizes of 25..... 12,500 APPROXIMATION PRIZES: 150 Prizes of \$80, approximating to \$60,000 prize, \$12,000 150 Prizes of \$60, approximating to \$30,000 prize, \$9,000 150 Prizes of \$40, approximating to \$10,000 prize, \$6,000 799 Terminal of \$20, decided by \$50,000 prize, \$15,980 2,276 Prizes..... Amounting to..... \$175,500 All Prizes sold in the United States fully paid in U.S. Currency. Agents: WALKER & CURTIS.

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