

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

POTATO BUNS.

One cup of mashed potatoes, one cup of yeast, one cup of white sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one cup of flour. Put to rise over night. In the morning mix one-half cup of lard and flour, enough to make a soft batter.

PICKLED PLUMS.

Seven pounds of plums, four pounds of sugar, two ounces of stick cinnamon, two ounces of cloves, one quart of vinegar and a little ground mace. Fill a jar with alternate layers of plums and spices and pour over the mass the boiling vinegar and sugar. Repeat the process three times, then scald the whole together and put in glass jars.

BUNS FOR TEA.

One quart of flour, two eggs, one teaspoon of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter; make up with good yeast over night. The next morning put them in any shape you desire and bake. When done spread over them the beaten white of an egg. Sift sugar over them and put them back in the oven to dry.

TEA ROLLS.

Take one pint of milk and flour enough to make a batter, two tablespoonfuls of yeast; set this sponge to rise over night. In the morning pour this on one quart of flour, one egg well beaten, a piece of butter and lard the size of an egg, well mixed; then set aside to rise; make in small rolls; let them rise until light. Bake in a small oven.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

Take one cent's worth of baker's yeast, add same quantity of water, beat in enough meal to make a stiff batter; put in a warm place to rise. When ready to bake add salt thin milk, which will make them a lovely brown. By saving a cupful of batter you can have cakes every morning for a week by adding a teaspoonful of soda before baking.

EGG ROLL.

Add to one quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt; then rub in one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder; mix thoroughly; beat two eggs light, add to them one and a half cups of milk; add this to the flour, knead lightly, roll out, cut in pieces four inches long and one inch wide; place in greased pans; brush with milk and bake in a quick oven ten minutes.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A choice orange, both peel and pulp, sliced and covered with fragrant hot tea, makes a beverage fit for the gods.

A too rapid boiling ruins the flavor of any sauce; it must boil once, but should never more than simmer afterwards.

A loaf of stale bread can be made quite fresh by being dipped quickly into hot milk and then baked until dry in a quick oven.

Sawdust and chamolis as polishers after the cut-glass has been thoroughly washed in soap suds will make it glisten and sparkle.

To preserve the fresh green color of vegetables, like peas and beans, the lid should never be put on the pot while they are boiling.

Be careful that no cabbage water is poured down the kitchen sink, as the odor of it, a singularly unpleasant one, is so strong that it will pervade the whole house and produce the suspicion of a bad drain. The water in which any vegetable has been boiled should be thrown out doors in some remote corner of the garden. When vegetables which give out odors are being cooked, a teaspoonful of vinegar placed in a vessel on the back of the stove will prevent the fumes from spreading over the house. A box of lye should be kept at hand, and it is wise every day to make a solution of this with hot water and pour it down the waste pipe and into the sink. It cleanses thoroughly and is a valuable disinfectant.

FASHION AND FANCY.

(Boston Republic.)

Nothing is too gorgeous for the hats this year. They are articles in the extreme, and yet they are trimmed more elaborately than ever before. One may boast of eight different kinds of trimming and yet be a dream of beauty. Wide effects are the vogue, with brims turned up at the back and trimmed with drooping lace or flowers falling over the hair. The Tam o' Shanter crown is everywhere, and in color and material it bears no resemblance whatever to the brim.

In large hats there is a distinct novelty this season. It is the hat with a flaring brim of felt and a Tam o' Shanter crown of floral taffeta silk. In front the crown may be raised up slightly, and a jeweled buckle or a few flowers caught beneath it. A large French hat in this shape shows the brim in black felt with the crown in faint green taffeta sprinkled with dull magenta blossoms. The crown is caught up in front to display a buckle in green brilliants, and incidentally, to raise the Tam o' Shanter up into a more becoming position. At the left side of the hat on the brim and up against the soft crown a cluster of deep velvet petal pink roses are fastened, while at the back green roses and a jabot of lace fall carelessly over the hair.

Besides the Tam o' Shanter crowns in taffeta there are any number of odd-shaped crowns in velvet, jet and chenille. The jam-pot crown in velvet, with a puffing of Persian silk at the top, is in evidence on some of the most exclusive hats. Then there are velvet crowns which look like a Tam o' Shanter divided in the middle. Hats with black felt brims have gay puffed crowns in nautarium-colored velvet, and are generally trimmed with black tips. Jeweled velvet is also used for crowns on some of the most fashionable hats.

THE CHILDREN'S ENEMY.

Scrofula often shows itself in early life and is characterized by swellings, abscesses, eruptions, etc. Consumption is the scrofula of the lungs. In this class of diseases Scott's Emulsion is unquestionably the most reliable medicine.

THANKSGIVING PIES.

Miss Abigail Hooper put on both pairs of glasses—she always used two pairs to determine the temperature—and went to the door. The bright October day was waning, it was very still, and the air was crisp and keen.

"There's going to be a heavy frost," said Miss Abigail to herself, "or I'm mistaken. Well, catch it hard here in the hollow. There's my tomatoes and grapes and squashes all out. I shall have to fly round."

She put on her hood and shawl and went to work vigorously. The tomatoes were soon picked, and ranged in a row on the sills of the shed windows. Then she tugged out all the old coverings she could find, to protect the grapes and squashes.

While she was at work, Seth Fenton leaned over the fence and watched her. "Jack Frost don't ketch you a-nappin', hey, Miss Abigail." She'd think you'd be lonesome, seeing as how you can't see no light from your house but Miss Sophrony's, and she bein' gone."

"I didn't know she was gone," said Miss Abigail, shortly, drawing a meal-bag, like a nightcap, over a big round squash.

"Bless me!" said Seth, with a gleam of interest in his eyes; "didn't you know that her brother Joseph, that lives down in Schoodic, was took with inflammatory rheumatism the worst way, and Miss Sophrony was sent for day before yesterday? I know you don't hitch husses together now, but I supposed you'd heard that."

Miss Abigail manifested no interest in this piece of intelligence, and Seth, a little piqued, soon moved on.

At last the long, cold task was completed. Miss Abigail went in, filled her stove with wood till the fire crackled and roared cheerily in her little kitchen, and had tea. Then she sat down to her evening knitting.

How glad she was that her garden treasures were safe! Her face grew hard as she thought of Miss Sophrony's garden, among whose squashes Jack Frost would revel that night.

There were bitter feelings between Miss Sophrony and Miss Abigail. Until recently they had always been warm friends. From childhood they had grown up beside each other, each helping to share the other's sorrows, each sharing the other's joys. And when later the other members of the two families had died, or had gone away to form new homes, the two lonely, undemonstrative women came to be very much to each other.

It was a slight thing which caused the trouble between them—a word carelessly spoken by one about the other, and carried to her, changed and exaggerated by a gossiping neighbor. It might easily have been settled at first, but many a "friend" was ready to add fuel to the flame already kindled, until at last the life-long friends passed each other with averted glances and bitterness in their hearts.

So that night, in her cheerful kitchen, Miss Abigail, peering violently to and fro, said to herself that she did not care in the least about Miss Sophrony's squashes.

Nevertheless, she got up and looked out of her bedroom window, from which she could see Miss Sophrony's house, sharply outlined against the moonlit sky.

Miss Abigail resumed her knitting, but somehow, as she would to prevent it, thoughts of the unprotected squashes would be uppermost in her mind. Last year her own were a failure, and she remembered that Miss Sophrony had divided with her. They used to make squash pies together. She could crimp the edges daintily, but no one could mix the filling of squash and eggs and cream and sugar and spices into such a savory compound as Miss Sophrony.

Half-kneading in her warm kitchen, she came again to Miss Abigail's memory—and her heart grew strangely soft with the memory—the fragrance of those pies.

How often she had seen Miss Sophrony in her garden, with her rheumatic old back bent, picking buds and hoeing weeds. It had been a pity to lose those squashes now, after all that work. And almost before Miss Abigail knew it, she had put on her hood and shawl, and with her meal-bags had started to cover the squashes.

She had herself over and over again, on her way that it was not because she felt she was more friendly to Miss Sophrony, but just because she "hated to see things spoil." She mentally resolved to get up very early in the morning and to cover the squashes, before anyone saw them.

Miss Abigail's bags did not suffice. After her coverings were all used, four fine squashes remained unprotected. She thought of a pile of old ragged quilts which Miss Sophrony had always kept in a corner of the shed for just such purposes.

The shed was closed by a stake set against the door. She forced the stake away and entered. A stream of moonlight went in before her, and showed her the pile of coverings in their accustomed corner, at the farther end of the shed.

Stumbling over the wood, Miss Abigail reached them, and was about to pull down the uppermost covering when, from somewhere in its depths, she heard a faint mew.

"Why, that sounds like Abimelech!" she said to herself. "Bim! Bim!"

Sure enough! From a snug little hollow in the quilts, Abimelech, her favorite cat, whom she had not seen for two whole weeks, crawled sleepily out. A flash of indignation shot into Miss Abigail's heart. It looked as if Miss Sophrony had been keeping him a prisoner out of spite to his mistress.

She lifted the pretty creature to her arms, and as she did so, she saw that one of his legs was very skillfully bound to a splint, and carefully bandaged. The pressure of her hand upon it brought forth a fierce growl from Abimelech, in the midst of his purring.

surprise, and Miss Sophrony, with the door-stake in her hand, peered cautiously in.

"Who's here?" she cried, in a voice that was meant to sound brave, but which had a tremble in it, nevertheless. "Who's a-thievin' on my premises?"

"Taint no thieves. It's just me—Abigail Hooper."

"Abigail! Well, what are you here for? What are you doing here in my shed?" Miss Sophrony stood grimly erect and stern.

"Well, Miss Sophrony," Miss Abigail's voice was softer than usual, as she stroked Bim's fur. "I knew there'd be a frost, and so I thought I'd run over and cover up your squashes, 'cause I don't like to see things spoil. My meal bags didn't hold out, so I thought I'd come in and get some of your quilts in the corner, and I found Abimelech. I haven't seen him for a fortnight. How came he here, Sophrony?"

Miss Sophrony's stake had fallen from her hand, and the old voice lost something of its sharpness as she answered: "I found him down by the garden wall, with a stone rolled onto his leg, that held him. His leg was broken. I don't like cats, you know, but I don't like to see things suffer; so I did it up for him, and took care of it. I kept him in the house till I went away, and then I put him in here, so's to have it get strong before he used it much. It's most well now, I guess. My brother was a little more comfortable, so I came home to look after the squashes, and see if Abimelech had eaten his milk and meat that I set out for him. I'm obliged to you for thinking of the squashes, Abigail. I should have hated to lose 'em."

Neither spoke for some time, but somehow in the silence, two withered old hands found their way to each other, and the two women knew that each had done her kindly act for the other's sake.

At last Miss Abigail said, "I'll take you an hour to get your kitchen warm, and you're a-shiverin' here now. Come over and stay with me tonight. I've got a roaring fire. And we'll make squashes to-morrow. I've been a-longin' for some of your filling all day."

So together, in the moonlight, they went over, arm in arm.—MARTHA H. PILLSBURY in Youth's Companion.

A PROTESTANT'S PRAISE.

MAGNIFICENT TESTIMONY OF CATHOLIC PATRIOTISM.

REV. DR. LYMAN ABBOTT'S REMARKS ON CATHOLIC LIBERALITY AND LOYALTY.

It is pleasing to note the expressions of men who though differing from us religiously are liberal-minded enough to give credit where credit is due. The small fry of clergymen who address their congregations Sunday after Sunday on the danger of Romanism to American institutions only merit the contempt of all fair-minded American citizens. Raising the question of religious strife has been quite fashionable in some parts of this country for the past few years, particularly in so-called cultured Massachusetts, and even in the present political campaign now going on in that state made a question of politics. That the A. P. A. have a large amount of influence in the Republican party of Massachusetts is undeniable, and if the party had the backbone of the able Senator Hoar, this secret, bull-dozing society would have ere this received its quietus. The leaders and members of this proscriptive society are at all times calling in question the motives and patriotism of Catholics in this country, and the following testimony in regard to Catholics from Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott fully refutes the malicious falsehoods uttered by these men. In the course of a sermon preached in Plymouth pulpit, New York, Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott said: "The difference between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant are wide and fundamental. But there are some things I have not forgotten; I have not forgotten the services of the Benedictine monks who traveled over Europe establishing schools and laying the foundations for seminaries and colleges. I have not forgotten the sacrifices of Roman Catholic missionaries who could be deterred by no burning heats and no frigid zone from bearing after their own manner, the message of the gospel of Christ to the people that were in darkness; I have not forgotten the preaching of the Franciscan friars who, working in the poor and miserable hovels of the cities of Great Britain, laid there by their gospel the foundations for freedom, civil and political as well as religious; I have not forgotten the Roman Catholic tutor and instructor of that Simon de Montfort who may almost be called the founder of the English parliament, and so the creator of the American constitution; I have not forgotten the brothers and sisters of charity who are leading the world in their self-sacrifice, their generosity, their devotion, their good works; I have not forgotten the Roman Catholic hospital in this city, nearly all of whose surgeons are Protestants, or at least non-Catholics, and whose doors swing as readily to let a Protestant as a Roman Catholic enter.

"At Gettysburg, in the crucial moment of that critical battle, a regiment made up of Roman Catholics was ordered to a charge. There were five minutes before the charge was to be made, and in that five minutes the Roman Catholic chaplain offered one short prayer and gave absolution to the regiment, and then came the command 'Charge,' and the whole Roman Catholic regiment rushed on to death. Who has shown more love for America than that Roman Catholic regiment?"—The Emerald.

MEMOIRS OF GOUNOD.

"The Memoirs of Gounod," the great secular and Catholic composer, will be published in Paris the first day of September. But the Revue de Paris for July, lying on my desk, has revealed several interesting anecdotes of the master artist in music. These were of his childhood and boyhood. "My mother," he writes, "who was also my nurse, certainly made me swallow as much music as milk. She never nursed me without singing, and I may say that I took my first lessons unconsciously from her songs; when I was a very young child, she would sing to me, and I would sing to her."

Professor Iadin, who was a composer, was invited to our home. When he entered the salon he turned my face to the wall, sat down by the piano and commenced to improvise a succession of chords and modulations, asking me at each modulation, 'In what key am I?' I was not mistaken once. Iadin was delighted, and my mother was triumphant."

Gounod's father died when his son was a baby. His mother assumed the training of the child. When, later on, Gounod was a pupil of the Lyceum of St. Louis, his progress entitled him to an invitation to the banquet of St. Charles-magne, and as a recompense his mother promised to bring him to the "Italians" to hear "Otello" of Rossini sung by Malibran, Rubini and Lablache. These were famous singers two generations ago, but they are still remembered, or rather their memory, in several volumes of biographies. "The expectation of such a pleasure," writes Gounod, "made me half crazy with impatience. I remember that it took away my appetite, and at dinner my mother said to me: 'If you do not eat, understand me now, you will not go to the "Italians.'" Immediately I commenced to eat with resignation. \* \* \* In order to get two chairs in the parterre, they cost three francs and seventy-five centimes each, which, for my poor mother, was a great extravagance. I felt extremely cold during the hours we spent in a queue or 'tail' outside the theatre, and my brother's feet and mine were half frozen. After the overture my heart began to beat. The voices of Malibran, Rubini, Lablache and Tamburini, the latter playing 'Ingo,' made me almost beside myself. I left the place completely disgusted with the prose of real life. I never closed an eye that night. Later on I began to neglect my studies in order to have more time for my favorite occupation—composition. \* \* \* My professor seeing me scratching on my music paper, I presented him with the copy. 'Where is your draft?' he asked. As I did not have it, he took up my music paper and tore it into a thousand pieces. I protested and he punished me. I appealed to the principal, with the result of still further punishment. \* \* \* I decided on becoming an artist in music. My mother went up to the principal, who told her that her son 'will not be a musician.' My mother believed that all would-be artists became beggars. The end of the story is that M. Poisson, the principal, kissed the child a week afterward, when the latter showed a composition which Poisson admired, and said: 'Go, my child; compose music!'—Eugene Davis in Western Watchman.

VALUE OF THE NEWSPAPER.

What would we do from day to day, from week to week, without the newspapers? Did you ever stop to consider the benefits you and all mankind derive from a free, cheap press? Likely you have not. You may scold at the reporters and editors of the dailies and weeklies, but in truth even the lamest editor is a weightier factor in light spreading, morality, civilization, in short, than the mightiest preacher, the profoundest lawyer or the most skillful physician in all the world. Let us take an example for illustration. The little item, comparatively insignificant as it confessedly is, yet is more widely heeded, more eagerly sought for, reaches more minds for good and what it says is better remembered than are the utterances of any other individual agency—no church of any denomination excepted—in Brighton.

"One newspaper," said Napoleon, "is more to be feared than a thousand bayonets," and he knew whereof he spoke. Some men and teachers have almost a reverence for any printed thing, and I never burn or tear up a newspaper without misgiving that some piece of valuable information, some witty story or some item of scientific worth, may be destroyed. Even the advertisements are



Healthy, happy babies are generally the offspring of healthy, happy mothers. It would hardly be natural if it were otherwise. The baby's health and happiness depend on the mother's. The mother's condition during gestation particularly exerts an influence on the whole life of the child.

Impure blood, weakness and nervousness in the mother are pretty sure to repeat themselves in the child. If a woman is not careful at any other time, she certainly should be during the period preliminary to parturition. It is a time when greatest care is necessary, and Nature will be the better for a little help. Even strong, well women will find themselves feeling better, their time of labor shortened and their pains lessened if they will take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. To those whom troubles peculiarly feminine have rendered in any degree weak, it will prove a veritable blessing. It is a good general tonic for the whole system, and at regular intervals will promote the proper and regular action of all the organs. It is a medicine for women only and for all complaints confined to their sex is of inestimable value.

Dr. Pierce has written a 168 page book, called "Woman and Her Diseases," which will be sent sealed, in a plain envelope, on receipt of ten cents to part pay postage. Address, WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

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well worth reading, especially so now—a day's when they are so varied, so extensive, so artfully worded, and illustrated and so handsomely displayed. In the limitless variety of its contents, the reliability of what it says, the frequency of its issues, the moral tone of its sayings the newspaper covers, equals and represents the whole world, and when you properly weigh these facts and consider that for a paltry 1, 2 or 5 cents you can buy one of these torches of truth which blaze over the paths of progress, you will come to think, I believe, that you should lift your hat as you pass the editor, grasp the reporters' horny hand with friendly fervor and be prompt and cheerful in passing in your annual subscription.—Western Watchman.

A GRAND CELEBRATION.

A Letter from Hintonburg.

Hintonburg.—The old readers of THE TRUE WITNESS have heard and read about Hintonburg, and new readers of this valuable Catholic paper will, after seeing the word—Hintonburg—consult their largest geography and also their largest encyclopedia, to see where Hintonburg is situated. To give them a helping hand we will tell it ourselves. Hintonburg is a suburb of Ottawa and is situated on the south-side of the river Ottawa. It is a prospering place with 200 Catholic families. In this village the French Missionary Capuchins have built a convent and a church, to administer to the spiritual wants of the Catholics in the village and in Mechanicsville, as also to missions, wherever they be called. In the convent are 5 priests and 33 students, the last preparing themselves for their great and important work as missionaries. The occasion why so many people wandered to this little village and this church was the Tridium, held in honor of "Blessed Diego-Joseph," a member of the Capuchin Order, beatified on April 22nd, 1894, by our present Pope, Leo XIII. The chapel of the Capuchins was beautifully decorated and nothing was spared to brighten the splendor and grandeur of this Tridium. Many of the priests in the neighborhood were present at the morning and evening services, to pay their devotions to the Blessed Diego-Joseph, as also to pay their respects to the Capuchins in Hintonburg and to renew their friendship towards them. On the first day, the Fathers of the Company of Mary, at Cyrville, lent a helping hand to the Capuchins and accepted willingly and joyfully the Ordinarium Missae, which was chanted by them in a beautiful manner. In the evening, at 7 o'clock, after solemn Compline, chanted by the Capuchins, a sermon was delivered by the Rev. L. N. Campeau (Dean), Canon of the Basilica, also on the second day by the Rev. P. Ange Cote, a Dominican, and on the third day by the Rev. P. Columban, Superior of the Franciscan Missionary at Montreal. In well chosen words they explained the life and virtues of Blessed Diego-Joseph, and admonished all to follow the footsteps of him who is now honored by the Church. On the second day solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Dominican Fathers of Ottawa in their own peculiar rite; and on the third and last day Mgr. Routhier, V.G., of this Diocese, celebrated the solemn High Mass. On the first day the Congregations of the Blessed Virgin had their general communion with an allocation delivered by Rev. P. Alexius; the Third Order, with a membership of nearly 200, had its general communion on the second day with an allocation by a Franciscan, admonishing them steadfastly to remain in the Order, punctually to fulfill their duties and to give a good example to all, so as to draw others to join them and thereby increase the number of their members, so that the heartfelt wish of our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., will be fulfilled, who desires that every member of the Catholic family becomes a member of the Third Order. The Capuchin students had the honor to chant the Compline, the Ordinarium Missae and the Cantiques in honor of Blessed Diego-Joseph, and were well complimented by the clergy present. It looked beautifully and admirably to see present in the sanctuary sitting Capuchins and Franciscans in their brown habit, Dominicans with their habit of white color, and Secular Priests and Christian School Brothers in their black cassock, bringing to our memory the words of Ps. 132: "Ecce quam bonum, et quam jucundum; habitare fratres in unum." Surely they were together—Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Oblates, members of the Company of Mary, Secular Priests and members of the other Orders, to lend a helping hand on this occasion, and to pay their veneration to Blessed Diego-Joseph, who may bless them and may also not forget the Capuchins at Hintonburg.

A TERTIAN. Hintonburg, Nov. 1, 1895.

DIVISION NO. 1, A.O.H.

What promises to be one of the most attractive entertainments of the season will be that of Division No. 1 Ancient Order of Hibernians, in the Windsor Hall, on November 23. One of the features will be the lecture, "The Scattered Sons of Erin," by the eloquent Irish orator, the Rev. Father M. B. Currie, of Nennagh, Tipperary, Ireland. Father Currie won golden opinions in most of the cities of the United States as a lecturer. The committee appointed by the Division are sparing neither time nor expense in making this entertainment worthy of the Hibernians.

AN IMPORTANT OFFICE.

To properly fill its office and functions, it is important that the blood be pure. When it is in such a condition, the body is almost certain to be healthy. A complaint at this time is certain in some of its various forms. A slight cold develops the disease in the head. Droppings of corruption passing into the lungs bring on consumption. The only way to cure this disease is to purify the blood. The most obstinate cases of catarrh yield to the medicinal powers of Hood's Sarsaparilla as if by magic, simply because it reaches the seat of the disease, and, by purifying and vitalizing the blood, removes the cause. Not only does Hood's Sarsaparilla do this, but it gives renewed vigor to the whole system, making it possible for good health to reign supreme.



Suffering from Nervous Prostration, brought on by sickness, I used the valuable remedy, Father Koenig's Nerve Tonic, and find myself relieved and it strengthened me greatly. I wish my nerves. Miss M. S. Benedict, Pupils. We will add to the above that Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has proven a very efficient remedy in the cases which we treated in the Reformatory, especially those who had wrecked their systems by liquors and opium, and we wish it an extensive sale for the benefit of suffering humanity.

Sisters of the Good Shepherd, Alpena, Mich., Nov. 1892. Last summer I took Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic for sleeplessness and nervousness from which I suffered for five months. In a short time I was well. JOSEPH GAGNE, 423 Seventh St.

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