

A MACHINE FOR VOTING.

Some of the Improvements Which it Affords in Elections—The Evils of the Present System Laid Bare.

From the Boston Post.

Just before the last legislature closed its session Gov. Wolcott gave his signature to the approval of the McTammany ballot box for use at elections throughout the State of Massachusetts.

John McTammany, of Worcester, is the inventor. The "box" is a machine calculated to simplify, expedite and reduce the expense of elections, and, more than all, to make it impossible to falsify any return.

Mr. McTammany is an inventor, and for ten years he has been perfecting the details of his box.

"I investigated the methods carried on at the polls thoroughly," said Mr. McTammany, when interrogated, "and attended elections in different cities and towns all over the United States. I went to Europe to study their way of handling elections. The first thing that impressed me was that under the Australian system the secrecy of the ballot was uncertain. I met several Boston aldermen and laid before them positive proof that the Australian system did not insure secrecy, and that it was almost impossible to get at a positively correct return. I went before a committee of aldermen and a party of precinct officers and showed how easy it was for anyone engaged in the counting of ballots to make a name if so inclined without detection."

"I took a package of fifty ballots that had been marked with one cross each against one certain name, and counted them off one by one. When through every ballot had a second cross against a name that had been agreed upon before the beginning. They examined my hands, but found nothing, and were completely mystified. I counted the ballots over and there was a third cross. No one could understand how I did it until I explained. I had a bit of fish glue on the ball of my right thumb, which was stuck a small piece of lead from a pencil. As I put out my hand to pick up a ballot the thumb passed over the space opposite the name and one line of the cross was made. When I laid the ballot down my hand took an opposite direction and the cross line resulted. It is simple, and with a trifle practice can be done as fast as one would naturally count."

"Another trouble met with when counting returns is the doubt as to just which name in some instances the cross marked by the voter was intended to apply. In the hurry and excitement the marking is midway between two names. Take the case where one vote will decide the issue, an absolute correctness is imperative. Take the most honest commission in the world, only wishing to be exact and right, and I believe there will be fully 15,000 ballots in a state election that they would have to pass with doubt. Now, I claim my box will do away with the objections to the present plan of voting. I do not claim that it is the best, as there is one in use in New York that is good, but the McTammany box is simple, is absolutely correct, cannot be thrown out of order, is far quicker than voting by hand, and permits the final counting conveniently and fast, with a record that is permanent."

The box itself is substantially made of metal, and is twenty-one inches long, thirteen inches wide and five inches thick. The front of the box is spaced for the tickets of the different political parties now known, with a blank space for any new one springing up. To the right of each ticket is a row of metal buttons bearing the initials of the party they are to bear record for. Within the box is a roll of strong paper running from one end to the other.

The voter presses the buttons against the names of the candidates he wishes to support and a hole is punched through the paper inside. The buttons meanwhile remain pushed in, so showing him conclusively to whom he has given his preference. The machine, or box, being inclosed in a booth, only one voter at a time can see the face. When the one recording his ballot leaves the booth the precinct officer gives a small lever a turn and the paper inside is turned into place or the next, the buttons pressed in returning at the same time to place. At the close of the day the roll of paper that is figured to hold the full number of registered votes is removed by the precinct officers and placed in a frame for counting the holes that are lined off and show against the candidates as punched out by the votes.

There is no cumbersome handling of separate ballots, no doubt as to whom the record was intended for. A row of clear cut holes passes under the name of each candidate with all the exactness and infallibility of clock work. The voter "presses the button" and the machine does the rest.

Mr. McTammany said the box had been tried in every county in the state but Suffolk, and the election officers at every city and town using it gave their unqualified indorsement by letter.

BRITISH PENSIONS.

The total amount paid out for all kinds of pensions in the United Kingdom for the year ending March, 1895, was £7,588,362. Then pensions for the civil list amounted to £2,101,685; for the army, £3,714,673; for the navy, £1,742,812, and for the survivors of former distinguished naval and military men, £29,726. The whole number of recipients of all classes is 162,010.

THE DRINK-HABIT IN BOSTON.

According to the census of 1895, Boston contains 496,920 inhabitants, men, women and children. It appears, therefore, according to the best judgment procurable, based on the daily and almost hourly observation of patrolmen, that an army almost equal to about half the entire population of the city, no less than 228,752 persons, patronize the bars of the city every day. This estimate, as has been said, reckons each patron every time he enters. The number of distinct drinkers is, therefore, reduced by the large number of repeaters. There is to

be reckoned, moreover, in this great multitude, the very large number of drinkers in Boston who are residents of other towns, under a no license policy. On the other hand, this over-estimate of the drink habit among residents is in a large degree corrected when we recall the many resorts not here enumerated, where residents daily drink. Whether the patronage by city dwellers of the bars of hotels, the private licensed clubs, the licensed grocers, and the unlicensed resorts is sufficient to balance the bar room drinking by non-residents, is a question inviting to speculation. It is at any rate a sufficiently serious fact that, whatever the patronage comes from, it pours at such a rate into the Boston saloons.—Prof. F. G. Peabody, in July Forum.

A COURAGEOUS BOY

HE SAVED THE LIFE OF HIS GRANDFATHER.

A correspondent of the London Globe vouches for the truth of a good story of ten-year-old courage. An old Dutchman had sold his possessions in the Cape Colony, and accompanied by his grand-son had gone to the country of the Mashonas prospecting. He had encamped not far from Fort Salisbury, when his herdsmen brought word that a lion had killed and partly eaten one of the oxen. The old man pooh-poohed the idea. No lion would venture so near the camp, he felt sure.

"Let's go and see," said the boy. He had heard wonderful things about the killing of lions. The grandfather picked up his rifle, handed his cartridge-belt to the boy and the two set out.

True enough, the carcass of the ox had been partly eaten. The Dutchman and the boy beat through several patches of dried grass, but saw no lion. Not far off was a big ant-hill.

"He might be behind that big ant-hill," suggested the boy. The man inspected it on three sides, but saw nothing.

"Look into that bunch of tamoookie grass," said the boy. Hardly had the man faced that way when a splendid lioness sprang out. She landed upon his shoulder; her weight carried him to the ground, and she fastened her teeth in his shoulder. He lay flat, with the rifle crosswise under him.

The boy neither ran away nor blubbered. He went down on his stomach, crawled near enough to reach the rifle, drew it out, looked at the cartridge, took the best aim he could, and fired. The bullet took effect in the loin of the lioness, and with a snarl she half-rose, somewhat unnerved. That was only for a moment, however. He crept back a few feet, removed the empty shell, inserted another, fired again and killed her.

Some natives now came running up. An ambulance was made, the wounded man was removed to the camp, and a doctor summoned.

HE WAS A CRITIC.

A man walking down a Chicago street came in front of a taxidermist's, in the window of which was an owl with other animals. "Well," said he "if I couldn't stuff an owl better than that I would quit the business. The head isn't right, the poise of the body isn't right, the feathers are not on right, the feet are not on right." Before he could finish the owl turned his head and winked at him. The crowd laughed and the critic moved on.

HER VISION CAME THROUGH.

A few days ago Alex. Gindelberger, a farmer living near Portsmouth, O., was called from his home at night by unknown men and murdered. The night the crime was committed his daughter, Mary, thirteen years old, stayed at the home of William Cook, in Portsmouth. The next morning at breakfast she told of her strange dream.

She said that it seemed that some one called her father and that he went outside, where he was murdered. After this she thought that she heard rappings in her rooms and on the head of the bed, in which she was sleeping. She was so terrified that she covered her head with the bed clothing and went to sleep. She was awakened soon and imagined that a hand touched her and pointed towards where her father was lying dead.

Within an hour after she had finished telling about the dream she received a telegram saying that her father was dead. She afterwards learned that he had been killed as she had seen in the vision and at about the same time.

Hair shows the innate disposition of a man or woman more than any other part of the person—when the disposition is cheerful, the hair is bright and vice versa. But as attention will improve the one, so will a few weeks application of Luby's Parisian Hair Renewer help the other. Sold by all chemists at 50 cts. each bottle.

NEWSPAPERS AND JURIES.

The appellate division of the Supreme Court of the United States ruled in the McLaughlin case that if an honest, intelligent jury is to be obtained to try a criminal case that has excited great public interest, men who have heard and read of the case, and who have even formed and expressed an opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused, must necessarily be selected. The opinion declares:

All intelligent men are accustomed to read newspapers, and many form more or less definite opinions or impressions as to the matters therein contained and express such opinions or impressions to others. Only the ignorant classes fail to read the newspapers from day to day.

It is apparent, therefore, that when men are called as jurors to sit in an important criminal case, a case that has excited great feeling and interest in the community, few honest, intelligent men will be able to say that they have not heard or read of the case, and have not formed or expressed an opinion or impression as to the guilt of the defendant who is being tried.

The question is not whether a man has formed or expressed an opinion, but whether he can render an impartial verdict on the evidence. The purpose of

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the law, says the appellate court, is to secure a jury "composed of intelligent men, who read and think and form opinions and impressions and express them, rather than one composed of men who are ignorant, who do not read or think or have ideas with a reference to things transpiring in the community."

A DOMESTIC STRAGEM.

Like most men, Mr. Sirius Baker takes a strange delight in being as miserable as circumstances will permit. When the hot wave came in he was not satisfied with telling the neighbors how unhappy he was and making the weather his exclusive topic of conversation, but he bought a thermometer and brought it home. Before he left in the morning, he would look at it and wail plaintively that it was a shame for a man to be obliged to labor like a serf and be slowly cremated at the same time. And when he came home in the evening he would go through the same performance, the only difference being that having more time to spare he made it longer and more harrowing. It was one of the hottest days summer had yet produced when, on his return from business, he threw himself, panting, into a wicker rocking chair.

"Where's that thermometer?" he asked, when he had looked toward the nail where it usually hung in a sunny spot, and found it was missing. "What's happened to it? Has it melted?" "No, dear," his wife answered. "It got shady out here and I took it around into the kitchen. It's sunny there all afternoon."

"Well, I want to see it. Bring it out an' lemme know the worst. This is the most terrific scorcher we've had yet. I don't expect to survive many more such days and I might as well know what it was that did it before my demise occurs."

"Oh, it isn't so very warm," his wife rejoined cheerily. "You've been walking rapidly and have become overheated."

"Yes," he answered querulously. "It's all my own fault. I didn't expect any sympathy from you. Don't stand there tantalizin' me. Bring out that thermometer and don't act as if you were tryin' to keep something away from me."

"Certainly."

She went into the house and got it for him.

He looked at it and rubbed his eyes.

"What's this?" he exclaimed. "Only 56 degrees?"

"I haven't looked at it."

"There's some mistake, sure. I thought it was 90 degrees in the shade at the very lowest calculation."

"I always told you that thermometer was unreliable," she remarked quietly.

"Unreliable! I'd have you to understand that that's one of the finest thermometers on the market. I wanted a good one and I paid a price that put it way up above suspicion. Don't you stand there and tell me I got cheated."

"Well, you were saying it was so terribly hot and here the thermometer only says fifty-six. If it isn't wrong I don't know what the matter can be, although I must say I don't feel the heat so very much."

"I guess, mebbe," he said hesitatingly, "I guess mebbe I was mistaken about it's bein' so fearfully hot. I heard a lot of fellows who had been rushing around the street talking about it, an' I did some rushing around myself. I notice now that it has moderated some and I reckon we might just as well sit down and enjoy the cold wave while it lasts and say no more about it."

"Yes, dear," his wife replied.

And then she took the thermometer from him, went into the house, wrapped it carefully in flannel and put it back into the refrigerator.

AN OUTSPOKEN POLITICIAN.

"Perhaps you can guess my mission," said the reporter after the statesman had read the proffered card. I have called to ascertain what sort of money you are in favor of."

The statesman opened the door, looked out, closed the door again, locked it, pulled down the windows and whispered in the ear of the waiting newspaper man, "campaign funds." Cincinnati Enquirer.

BETROTHAL CUSTOMS.

In many countries the betrothal ring becomes the wedding ring when the marriage is celebrated. In Germany and Norway this is the custom. It is among nations to whom the betrothal is as binding as the ceremony that this practice finds a voice.

One quaint and pretty old fashion of having a posy engraved inside engagement and wedding rings has lately been revived, and old recollections of rings have been overhauled to find appropriate words, that have been written of them centuries ago. Some are very pretty. "My heart is yours." "Hearts content cannot repent." "Where this I give my heart doth live." "In God and the my comfort be." "In thee my choice I do rejoice." This seems most suitable where the bride is small. "Love one little, but love one long." Some rings have only initials or names of the husband and wife, and the date of the engagement or wedding, but posies are far prettier.

It is sometimes the case that girls prefer another badge of engagement. This is particularly the case when a first engagement has been sorrowfully ended by the death of the husband to be. When

Princess May became betrothed to Prince George she told him that she could never bear to remove from her finger the ring that his brother, the Duke of Clarence, had placed there, and that even when her wedding circlet took its place she should like to wear Prince Eddie's ring above it. Her Royal Highness made choice of a bangle for her engagement token, and this, fastened securely upon her wrist, has never left it. The Duke of York wears one to match it. The Royal Family of England wear wedding rings of medium breadth and thickness, and in pursuance of the German fashion the husbands wear rings as well as their wives.

A LUMINOUS CAT.

Those who now tolerate mice or rats in or about the house certainly must be blind to the fact that a luminous cat, which costs very little to secure and nothing to keep, has been invented and can be placed in any dark corner or nook and effectually scares away all such pests. This cat is struck or stamped from sheet metal or other like material so as to represent in appearance the exact counterpart of its animated feline sister. It is painted over with a luminous paint, so that it shines in the dark like a cat of flame. After being used for about a week the place is forever free of either mice or rats.—Popular Science News.

DOCTORS GAVE HER UP.

REMARKABLE EXPERIENCE OF MRS. SALOIS, OF ST. PIER.

LAGRIPPE, FOLLOWED BY INFLAMMATION OF THE LUNGS, LEFT HER ON THE VERGE OF THE GRAVE—HER WHOLE BODY RACKED WITH PAIN—HER HUSBAND BROUGHT HER HOME TO DIE, BUT SHE IS AGAIN IN GOOD HEALTH.

In the pretty little town of St. Pie. Bagot county, is one of the happiest homes in the whole of the province of Quebec, and the cause of much of this happiness is the inestimable boon of health conferred through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Eva Salois is the person thus restored, and she tells her story as follows.—Like a great many other Canadians, my husband and myself left Canada for the States, in hope that we might better our condition, and located in Lowell, Mass. About a year ago I gave birth to a bright little boy, but while yet on my sick bed I was attacked with la grippe, which developed into inflammation of the lungs. I had the very best of care, and the best of medical treatment, and although the inflammation left me I did not get better, but continually grew weaker and weaker. I could not sleep at night, and



I became so nervous that the least noise would make me tremble and cry. I could not eat, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My whole body seemed racked with pain to such an extent that it is impossible for me to describe it. I got so low that the doctor who was attending me lost hope, but suggested calling in another doctor for consultation. I begged them to give me something to deaden the terrible pain I endured, but all things done for me seemed unavailing. After the consultation was ended my doctors said to me, you are a great sufferer, but it will not be for long. We have tried everything; we can do no more. I had therefore to prepare myself for death, and would have welcomed it as a relief to my sufferings, were it not for the thought of leaving my husband and child. When my husband heard what the doctors said, he replied then we will at once go back to Canada, and weak and suffering as I was we returned to our old home. Friends here urged that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills be tried, and my husband procured them. After taking them some weeks I rallied, and from that on constantly improved in health. I am now entirely free from pain. I can eat well and sleep well, and am almost as strong as ever I was in my life, and this renewed health and strength I owe to the marvellous powers of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and in gratitude I urge all sick people to try them.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

A SUBJECT FOR LENIENCY.

"You had a fortune a few years ago. What brings you here in such a plight, my man?" "Your honor, it was the bargain counter. My wife—" "Fine remitted. Poor fellow, you may go."

PYNY-PECTORAL

Positively Cures COUGHS AND COLDS In a surprisingly short time. It's a scientific certainty, tried and true, soothing and healing in its effects. W. C. McComber & Son, 325 York St., Toronto, Ont. report in a letter that Pyny-Pectoral cured Mrs. C. Garson of bronchitis in best and beneficial form, and saved her W. C. McComber of a life-threatening cold. Mr. J. H. Hurry, Chemist, 325 York St., Toronto, writes: "As a general cough and lung syrup Pyny-Pectoral is a most valuable preparation. It has given the most satisfactory results to all who have tried it, many having spoken of some of the benefits derived from its use in their families. It is suitable for old or young, being pleasant to the taste. Its use with mucous has been wonderful, and I can advise prominently as a safe and reliable cough medicine. Large Bottle, 25 Cts. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO. LTD. Sole Proprietors MONTREAL.

THE UNGRATEFUL BAKER.

Surgeons and physicians in the United States are now and then sued for malpractice by dissatisfied patients. Not unfrequently the suit is an attempt either to extort money from the practitioner or to fine him for not curing an incurable. In Persia patients are still more unscrupulous and try to get back the doctor's fee, even when he has cured them. Dr. Willis, an English physician, tells in his "Laud of the Lion and Sun" his experience with a Persian patient, a well-to-do baker of Isfahan.

The baker had been successfully operated upon for cataract, and the doctor had been paid four pounds; but the baker, though seeing with both eyes, regretted the four pounds. One day while the doctor was prescribing in the dispensary to a crowd of sick folks a melancholy procession entered. The baker, with a rag of different color over each eye and a large white bandage round his head, was supported into the room.

The relatives informed the doctor that, through his treatment, the baker had lost his sight and had come back to get his four pounds, together with any compensation which he, the doctor, might be pleased to make.

"Ah sahib, dear sahib, I am now stone-blind," said the baker. The crowd shook their heads. With much difficulty the doctor compelled the removal of the bandages, and looking at his eyes saw that the man's vision was good. Though angry, he was cool. The point was to make the crowd see that the man could see.

Taking a large leather box, in which was an amputating knife, he placed it on the table. Then seating himself with the man on the other side of the table, he said:

"Of course, if I have deprived you of your sight, it is only fair that I should return the money you have paid and also remunerate you. How much do you want?"

A beatific smile spread over the baker's face as he answered: "O sahib, doctor sahib, I know you are great and generous. If you would pay back the four pounds and give me forty pounds for my eyes I should pray for you—yes, I and my family, we should all pray for you."

"Yes, yes, he has spoken well," chimed in the spectators.

"Yes," replied the doctor, "this is what ought to be done in the case you describe. But,"—and the doctor shouted—"what ought to be done to the man who comes here with a lie in his mouth? Know you, bystanders, that this man sees perfectly?"

"Ah," continued the doctor, "you dog, I'll open your eyes!" and suddenly producing the amputating knife he flashed it before the man's face. The baker fled down stairs, pursued by the more active of the crowd.

"Stop thief!" they shouted. Every idler in the bazaar took up the cry; every hand and stick was turned on the flying man. He was seized and his turban torn off.

"Can you see now?" asked the doctor from an open window.

"O sahib, sahib, through your kindness I see; indeed I do!"

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