HOLYCROSS ABBEY.

(By B. Simmons.)

"From the high sunny headlands of Bere in the west,
To the towers that by Shannon's blue waters are blest
—am master unquestion'd and absolute"—said
The lord of broad Munster—King Donald the Red—
"And now that my sceptre's no longer the sword,
In the wealthiest vale my dominions afford,
I will build me a temple of praise to that Power
Who buckler'd my breast in the battle's dread hour."
He spoke—it was done—and with a pomp such as glows
Round a sunrise in summer that Abbey arose.
There sculpture, her miracles lavish'd around,
Until stone spoke a worship diviner than sound.

There from matins to midnight the censers were swaying,
And from matins to midnight the people were praying;
As a thousand Cistersians incessantly raised
Hosannas round shrines that with jewell'ry blazed;
While the palmer from Syria—the pilgrim from Spain,
Brought their offerings alike to the far-honor'd fane;
And, in time, when the wearied O'Brien laid down
At the feet of Death's Angel his cares and his crown,
Beside the high altar a canopied tomb
Shed above his remains its magnificent gloom,
And in Holycross Abbey high Masses were said,
Through the lapse of long ages, for Donald the Red!

In the days of my musings, I wander'd alone,
To this Fane that had flourish'd ere Norman was known;
And its drear desolation was saddening to see,
For its towers, were an emblem, O Erin, of thee!
All was glory in ruins—below and above—
From the traceried turret that sheltered the dove,
To the cloisters dim stretching in distance away,
Where the fox skulks at twilight in quest of his prey,
Here soar'd the vast chancel superbly alone,
While pillar and pinnacle moulder'd around—
There, the choir's richest fretwork in dust overthrown,
With corbel and chapiter "cumbere'd the ground."

O'er the porphyry shrine of the Founder all riven,
No lamps glimmer'd now but the cresset of heaven,—
From the tombs of crusaders, and abbott and saint,
Emblazonry, scroll, and escutcheon were rent;
While usurping their banner's high places, o'er all
The Ivy—dark mourner—suspended her pall.
With a deeper emotion the spirit would thrill,
In beholding wherever the winter and rain
Swept the dust from the relics it cover'd—that still
Some hand had religiously gleaned them again.
Then I turn'd from the scene, as I mournfully said,—
"God's rest to the soul of King Donald the Red!"

AFTER WEARY YEARS.

By Most Rev. CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, D.D., Archbishop of Halifax.

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

This speech of Miss Drew's, the tight ostensibly addressed to her moping brother was intended for Peppe. With the native politeness of his race, he answered:

"There is a way up, Signora. I will ask the custodian to admit us all to the ascent, if you wish to go."

Mr. Drew opined it would be a pretty good chance to get a view of the city. Washington "thought it would be jolly fine to smoke a cigar up there." Mrs. Drew was "afraid, girls, lest it might seem too vulgar to be going away up on them pagan benches." To this hallucinated objection Miss Drew put an end by saying, "Honey's sweet kinsfolk," a sentence which some readers may not recognize as the well-known royal motto "Honi soit que mal y pense," but then it must be remembered boarding-school French is so awfully polite.

Peppe then led the way up one of the old stone stairs to the slope on which the seats for spectators used to be arranged. In many places the arches between the different walls are still solid, and by using a little caution, you can mount higher and higher until you reach to the top of the outside wall. It is when seated aloft on these crumbling bricks and stone that one can form something like an adequate idea of the vastness of this amphitheatre. To a spectator seated on the highest tier, a lion bounding in the arena must have appeared little larger than a spaniel, and a wily athlete scarce bigger than a boy of ten.

Nature everywhere teems with life. Even up in the crevices between the stones weeds and plants are growing in profusion. Were their seeds brought hither by birds? or were they wafted hither by the breeze? or were their constituent parts in the brick, stone and mortar, and brought into proper relation to one another by the action of light, heat and electricity during past ages There is here growing a beauteous little flower unknown in other parts. Botanists call it the "Flower of the Coliseum." Peppe gave his own version of the cause of its presence in this place. He said:

"Egeria, the devotional nymph who is said to have given directions concerning religious rites to Numa Pompilius, was a lover of botany. Her grotto in which she gave law and religion to the good old king, was filled with beautiful flowers. She cultivated them with her own hand, and watered their budding forth with loving tenderness. They spoke to her of the power and glory of the Supreme Cause; and she hoped to make their mute language appeal to the hearts of a fierce and to soften their fierceness. After the course of many centuries this amphitheatre was built, and thousands shed in its arena their blood for Christ. Egeria, fearing that the march of events would trample down her grotto and destroy her flowers, was sadly troubled. Night after night she roamed around her grotto singing a wild lament, and bewailing her expected loss. Crossing over that place which is now the Botanical Gardens, she wandered listlessly around the Coliseum. Beneath one of its arches sat the spirit who had been the Genius of the place. She too was pensive, but not sad. Addressing Egeria she demanded the cause of her grief; it was soon told. For a moment the spirit of the Coliseum was silent; then she began: 'Egeria, our days on earth are drawing to a close; the faith revealed by Christ will soon stamp out that religion which has become fearfully degenerated since the days of Numa. Every drop of Christian blood shed in you arena is a fruitful seed of life. The Coliseum will stand as long as Rome stands, and Rome will stand until the end of time. If, then, you wish your flowers to survive and to speak of the Great Cause of all, go bring hither a few seeds, and dip them in the blood of that lovely young Agnes, which is yet moist on the ground. Then scatter them in the crevices of these stones, and fear not; for the Flower of the Coliseum, blending in one the natural beauty of a plant and the symbol of Christian purity, will speak to every generous heart for all time.' Egeria, reassured by these words, ceased her lament, and, having done as directed, died out of the world in a gentle zephyr."

"Lor! how pretty!" ejaculated simultaneously both the young ladies.

"Wal, I declare," solemnly began Mr Drew, "that knocks spirit-rapping higher than a kite. But what became of Egeria's shebang?"

Peppe was at a loss to understand what shebang meant, and like many better scholars, not wishing to be thought ignorant, answered with a non-committal "I don't know."

"Perhaps it burst up," suggested Mr. Drew.

"Perhaps so," echoed Peppe.

"Or perhaps it was destroyed by the farmers," continued the former.

"Quite likely," assented the latter.

Here both paused and looked profoundly wise, as people generally do when they imagine that they have successfully disentangled the threads of some complicated historical knot.

Miss Drew, who was fast receiving in her susceptible heart shots from the bow of Cupid, each shaft being winged with threads from Peppe's military uniform, proposed to mount still higher, so as to be able to overlook the broken wall. Now, taken by itself this proposition was quite natural, and did not necessarily include any idea of a matrimonial project. It might easily appear the instinctive longing of a youthful mind for adventure and fun. But viewed in the light of Miss Drew's mellow glances, and taken in conjunction with the fact that it necessitated many gallant attentions on the part of Peppe to conduct her over broken arches, weed-tangled stairs, and crumbling masonry, a misogynist might argue that a deep scheme was artfully cloaked under an innocent proposition. Be this as it may, they ascended higher, and Peppe pointed out the triumphal arch of Constantine spanning the "Triumphal Way." He also called their attention to the Arch of Titus, built to his victory over Jerusalem. On the inside of this arch is sculptured a representation of the "seven-branch candlestick" that adorned the temple. These public monuments serve a purpose unthought of by those who raised them. They give testimony, in their own silent way, in this sceptical age, to historic and Biblical truth.

When all had scrambled again into the arena, the Drew family were desirous that Peppe should accompany them to other objects of interest or curiosity. Accordingly he took them to the ruins of the Forum, and called their attention to the groups of marble statues standing in their ruined glory as grandly as does Columbus in his unmitred cloister. The treasures of art, both in sculpture and painting, contained in the Museum of the Capitol, were next visited, but Peppe himself was the only one of the party who had taste enough to enjoy the visit. Finding it tiresome to be pointing out mysteries of art to persons who could only gape and yawn, Peppe brought the party in presence of the busts of Nero, Caligula, and other emperors of ancient Rome. He told them who they represented, and said, "Ah! so like them, so like them, the old rascals."

"Does history or tradition say that these are good likenesses?" questioned Miss Drew.

"I do not know what history or tradition may say on that point, Signora," said Peppe; "but I know from personal experience that they are faithful representations of the originals."

"But you don't mean to say you ever saw the originals?" persisted Miss Drew.

"I do, Signora," solemnly replied Peppe.

"Lawk bless me, Dinie!" does the stranger mean as what he lived with the heathen pagans?"

"I told you," said Peppe, "that my history was a strange one, and my life a mystery. If you should take to hear how I came to see the originals of these busts I will tell you. The story is not long and it is interesting."

All crowded around him in a listening attitude when he began.

PEPPE'S ADVENTURES WITH GOBLINS.

"Some ten years ago the brig Don Giovanni, Antonio Tanburini commander, sailed down from Rome to Ostia with a precious freight. I was on board. The evening was clear and beautiful. We skimmed gaily along the winding Tiber, now rising almost to a level with the surrounding country, now sinking beneath a cliff bound shore. By night we neared a berthing rock, beneath which yawns a gloomy cave. Far in a clammy recess of that cave, borne thither by some ghostly Fury, rest the bodies of many of Rome's Emperors. The shades of these tyrants infest the stream by night, and, to wreak vengeance on the sons of those over whom they once tyrannized, raise storms by infernal art. Woe to the benighted ship that meets goblins on the lonely waters! When we neared the cliff, we turned our prow to the opposite shore, so as to give the cave a wide berth. But all at once the moon obscured; a whirlwind struck the sails; we were careened over. The stream, that had been erst so smooth, boiled in seething madness, and strong waves swept furiously over the deck. Many a cheek was blanched, and many a heart frozen with fear. A horrid discord of demon yells smote on the appalled ear as if the earth were turned to one vast pandemonium. With a crash and a swoop the masts fell by the board; the furious water rushed through the gaping chinks; no human skill could save our ship. A hurried prayer to open the crystal gates of heaven to the freed soul was breathed by all; calling thus on our God, the whirling water drew us beneath its foam. One lurid glare, shot from a demon's lantern, illumed the sinking ship and hapless crew. Long did I battle for life, but at length grown weak I would have sunk, but that mocking goblins caught me up in a boat formed of four human skulls, and bore me to the tyrants' cave. Here feasting sat that monster Heliogabalus, who filled up in four years an age of crimes. Here Nero and Decius fed on the blood of martyred Christians; here the ghastly shades of Caligula and Diocletian, and a host of tyrant ghouls sat around the satanic board. Words of mine would fail to unfold properly the devilish scenes of that night's revelry. I, as beseemeth a stout soldier, was unappalled, and after having quaffed a few draughts of the wine forgot the shipwreck and the storm. But ere the coming dawn had advanced its sparkling aureole above the horizon, the maddened goblins stood round me in a ring; each shriveled hand grasped a flagon of witching wine. Thrice the reeling spectres waved their goblets, and then screeching sang this diabolical chorus:

'Drink to the soul of Peppe so brave,
Who trembled not in the tyrants' cave;
Drink to the hero in mortal form,
Who dared with ghosts to revel 'till morn;
Drink, ere cock-crow to hell drives us back;
Drink, ere we feel the torturing rack,—
Drink, drink, drink!'

Slowly 'mid a cloud of sulphureous smoke the spectres vanished. Methought I sank to sleep, while gentle hands bore me from the haunted spot. I woke surrounded by rude shepherds, who had found me at the mouth of the cave, and had borne me to a quiet hut."

The expressions of wonder, fear, admiration, and various other emotions which followed the recital of this adventure can only be equaled by a scene caused by half a dozen young "ladies of fashion," when criticising the first appearance of a beauteous young lo-ress. Miss Drew admired the noble courage of Peppe. Miss Lucilla Drew thought it "awfully romantic and horribly exciting." Mrs. Drew would like to take the sense of Mrs. Fointwood, the President of the Bible Society, on the matter, before venturing an opinion. Wasny wanted to know if the "wine was doosed good," and if so, "how the old plogs managed to get it?" Mr. Drew, being of a practical turn of mind, suggested a visit to the spot as the preliminary to other investigations. Peppe rather dissented from this idea; he acted on the principle that ghost stories are generally of the nature of frescos—they show best at a distance. Fearing lest he might be pressed for further particulars, he gracefully took his leave, carrying away, quite unconsciously, the heart of Miss Drew.

It being now late in the day, the Drew family returned to their hotel, more than satisfied with their first day of "lionizing" Rome.

CHAPTER X.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Bang!—bang!—bang! roared the cannon from Castel San Angelo, shaking the grim old walls of the fort, creating a series of concentric ripples in the tawny waters of the Tiber, and reechoing from every lofty tower. Bang!—bang—bang! they roared again, and yet again, and the dark blue smoke curled slowly up from the brazen guns, leaving a clear tranquility behind, as if the spirit of War had been in some or in earth on the ascending cloud. Bang!—bang!—bang! and now they seem to exult in their power, defying man, and proudly booming out their hymn of praise to the risen Saviour.

Rat-ta-ta-ta-rum-bum-dum, beat the drums from a hundred quarters, calling the soldiers to hasten to their posts. Rat-ta-ta-ta-rum-bum-dum, they joyously sang, taking up the chorus of the cannons' grand hymn to the risen Saviour.

Clang,—clang,—clang, burst from hundreds of belfries, filling the air with a soft metallic music that made a tenor for the cannon and the drums. Clang,—clang,—clang, they merrily chimed out in harmony with the solemn and measured ding-dong of the great bell of the Capitol. Clang,—clang,—clang,—and now they peal faster, as if filled with a greater joy as they continue alone the refrain of the glad hymn to the risen Saviour.

Thus was ushered in the morn of Easter Sunday in Rome.

Trumpets and cymbals, chord-instruments and organs, with cruel cannon and the notes of peace, all, as were pressed into the service of the Lord. King David's psalm became, as it were, an embodied reality, and praised the Lord with a thousand voices. No grim faces should appear on this day; hope and joy should light up every countenance. Death has been swallowed up in victory; the darling of death which was as dear as was affixed to the cross by the Saviour and by Him filled out; and he who in Eden had triumphed through a tree was vanquished through a tree on Calvary's heights.

The Saviour has risen; let the glad tidings be spread over the four corners of the earth; the sting of death has been plucked out; the power of the tomb has been dispelled. The mortal body may indeed be consigned to its clammy recesses, but only for a time; out from its gloom will come forth, in similitude to that of the saviour's, the glorified bodies of the just.

Let the cannon boom with notes of praise; let the drums beat with joyous accents; let the bells peal in glad refrain! It is meet and just that it should be so on such a day as this. It is meet and just that Rome should assume her most festa dress, and deck her thousand altars with their best ornaments. It is meet and just that she be prepared as a bride, for the Eternal Spouse of the Church is to be hailed in His triumph.

Today is a figure of that last awful moment, when through the silent regions of the dead the blast of the Angel's trumpet shall sound, and shall summon each sleeper from his narrow bed.

The greasy dust and mouldering bones will obey the call; again will each one be clad with the veil of the flesh, and be brought before the judgment seat. Easter Sunday speaks to us of our own resurrection: "We shall all indeed rise, but we shall not be changed"; some shall rise "in glory" and others "in ignominy."

Thus speaketh the Divine message. Ah, foolish heart! as thou hearest the glad chimes of the Easter bells, recall thy wandering thoughts from vain and sinful objects; disengage thy affections from the perishable things of the world, and give at length to God that love which He claims as His due. Maybap, when next these Easter bells peal forth, wild-flowers will be blossoming over thy grave, and sad friends may be hearing lest there be nought in their sound which tells of hope for thee. Even as these beautiful sounds are waited joyously for a time on the trembling air and then die out, so thou art borne quickly along by the waves of time to inevitable death.

The cannon had been crashing, the drums resounding, and the bells pealing for some time on the morning of 21st April, 1867, before their mingled noise aroused a certain sleeper in the Hotel d'Europe. When at length he awoke with a start, he fancied that the city was assaulted by an enemy. Collecting his sleep-bedewed wits, he remembered that it was Easter Sunday, and rightly guessed that the noise was in honor of the day. Having dressed quickly, he threw open the window which looked into the Piazza di Spagna, and sat listening to the deep-toned voices of the inanimate things which were singing the praises of the Lord. At first he smiled almost contemptuously, but soon the influence of the resounding atmosphere filled him with a strange feeling of awe. If every creature and thing be commanded to praise the Lord, why not employ these cannon and drums and bells for that purpose? This was the reflection that put to flight his expression of scorn, and gave a thoughtful look to his well-cut features.

George Marchbank, for this was the name of our new friend, was a young man of prepossessing appearance, and, without being strictly handsome, was most engaging. There was a pensive cast on his well-defined face, and a dreamy light in his deep-blue eye, which proclaimed the artist.

(*To be continued.*)

[This story can be had in book form from J. Murphy & Co., Baltimore, or Knowle's book store, Halifax, N.S.]

The Wonderful Success

Of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier entitles it to your confidence. No other preparation has such a record of cures of Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Blood Poisoning, or other blood diseases. To try it is to know its merit. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

For a general family cathartic we confidently recommend Hood's Pills. They should be in every home medicine chest.

Manners in Children.

If we desire children to be courteous we must treat them with respect. They will infallibly copy our manners; so we must take care that they are the best. Let us be as careful of their feelings as we wish them to be of those of others. When it is necessary to administer reproof let it be given in private. Many children are very sensitive on this point, and they feel acutely, although they cannot put their emotions into words. To tell a child in public that it has been rude or lacking in good breeding, is as unwarrantable as it would be to tell a guest so. It is no excuse to say that we are trying to teach it to do better; we can do this with greater effect if we take it aside at the first convenient moment and gently point out where the error was, and what should be done the next time.—*Elizabeth Scovil in Ladies' Home Journal.*

Pleasant as Syrup.

Mr. Douglas Ford, Toronto, Ont., states that Maurin's Cod Liver Oil Emulsion with Wild Cherry Bark is free from objectionable taste, being almost as pleasant as syrup. While for coughs and colds it gives complete satisfaction, acting promptly even in obstinate cases.

The Secret of a Good Memory.

Whatever may be said in regard to training the memory, it must be remembered that memory is not, as used to be supposed, an independent faculty of the mind that to some mysterious way may be directly strengthened by exercise, as the blacksmith strengthens his arm; but that memory as retentive is due to the plasticity of nerve substances by which they retain in growth their functional modifications, and that recollection depends upon physiological conditions such as the free circulation and the proper functioning of nerve cells; moreover, that a complete act of recollection is a complex process involving comparison, inference and the like. Hence, whatever is general is conducive to vigorous health, and whatever tends to habits of clear and orderly thinking—such conditions with and recollection. And whatever is detrimental to the normal functioning of the nerve cells—fatigue, intense emotion or the like—and whatever binds the judgment, will hinder recollection. In short, as psychological experiments are on the head of him who has good health, some emotions and trained power of attention. But no amount of study, nor all the prescriptions of them nine doctors, from Simonides to Loisette (except so far as they train attention), can atone for anaemia of body or lack of the power of attention.—*Scribner's Magazine.*

It Leads the Leaders.

The foremost medicine of the day, Burdock Blood Bitters, is purely vegetable compound possessing perfect regulating powers over all the organs of the system and controlling their secretions. It so purifies the blood that it cures a Blood humors and diseases from a common pimple to the worst scrofulous sore, and this combined with its universal regulating, cleansing and purifying influence on the secretions of the liver, kidneys, bowels and skin, render it unequaled as a cure for all diseases of the skin. From one to two bottles will cure boils, pimples, blotches, nettle rash, scurf, tetter, and all the simple forms of skin disease. From two to four bottles will cure salt rheum or eczema, shingles, erysipelas, blows, abscesses, running sores, and all skin eruptions. It is noticeable that sufferers from skin diseases are nearly always aggravated by intolerable itching, but this speedily subsides on the removal of the disease by B.B.B. Passing on to graver yet prevalent diseases such as scrofulous swellings, tumors and scrofula, we have unmistakable proofs that from three to six bottles used internally and by outward application diluted if the skin is broken, to the affected parts, will effect a cure. The great mission of B.B.B. is to regulate the liver, kidneys, bowels and blood, to correct acidity and wrong action of the stomach and to open the stateways of the system to carry off all clogged and impure secretions, allowing nature thus to aid recovery and remove without fail, bad blood, liver complaint, biliousness, dyspepsia, sick headache, dropsy, rheumatism and every species of disease arising from disorder of the liver, kidneys, bowels, stomach and blood.

We guarantee every bottle of B.B.B. Should any person be dissatisfied after using first bottle we will refund the money on application, personally or by letter. We will also be glad to send testimonials and information proving the effects of B.B.B. in the above named diseases on application to T. Milburn & Co., Toronto, Ont.

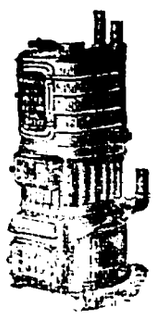
Smith—So your are a poet! And may I ask you how you make your living? Rondo—Oh, I win all the lasting competitions at the fine museums.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, then Carter's Little Liver Pills are a specific for sick headache, and every woman should know this. Only one pill a dose. Try them.

The truth about it.—He—Are we going to have any music. She—No; Miss Van Howl is going to sing.

IN A DAY.

Lawrence, Kans., U.S.A., Aug. 9, 1888.
George Patterson fell from a second-story window, striking a fence. I found him using
ST. JACOBS OIL.
He used it freely all over his bruises. I saw him next morning at work. All the blue spots rapidly disappeared, leaving neither pain, scar nor swelling. C. K. NEUMANN, M. D.
"ALL RIGHT! ST. JACOBS OIL DID IT."



"Note attractive design."

THE SPENCE
"DAISY" HOT WATER BOILER
Has the least number of Joints.
Is not Overrated.
Is still without an Equal.

WARDEN KING & SON,
637 CRAIG ST. MONTREAL.
BRANCH, 32 FRONT STREET WEST, TORONTO.

FURS!
We are now showing an
EXTRA CHOICE STOCK of
Fur Coats,
Mantles,
Capes,
Muffs, Caps, etc.
All of our own manufacture.
AT VERY LOW PRICES.
ROBERTSON & CO.,
220 St. James Street,
Opposite Alexander's.

N.Y. PIANO Co.
—:o:—
This Company still leads in fine American
PIANOS and ORGANS.
They are now receiving their full supply of the beautiful
Weber, Decker, Vose and Hale PIANOS.
Fine specimens of which can be seen in the stores.
No. 228 ST. JAMES STREET.
It is a fact not generally known to our readers that this Company sells beautiful new Upright Pianos at $225. They have also a large number of
Second-hand Pianos at from $50 upwards.
Our readers should call and examine the stock and prices at N. Y. PIANO CO'S stores.

THE MONTREAL BREWING CO'S
—*CELEBRATED*—
ALES - AND - PORTERS
Registered Trade Mark—"RED BULLS EYE"
INDIA PALE ALE, Capsuled. SAND PORTER.
XXX PALE ALE. STOUT PORTER.
If your Grocer does not keep our ALES, order direct from the Brewery. Telephone 1166. The Montreal Brewing Co., Brewers and Maltsters, corner Notre Dame and Jacques Cartier Streets.

CONSUMPTION.
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 186 ADELAIDE ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

MENEELY & COMPANY,
WEST TROY, N. Y., BELLS
Favorably known to the public since 1826. Church, Chapel, School, Fire Alarm and other bells, also Chimes and Peals.

THE LARGEST ESTABLISHMENT MANUFACTURING
CHURCH BELLS CHIMES & PEALS
PUREST BELL METAL, COPPER AND TIN
Send for Price and Catalogue
McSHANE BELL FOUNDRY, BALTIMORE, MD.

CINCINNATI BELL FOUNDRY CO.
Church, School and Fire Alarm Bells.
Catalogue with over 2500 testimonials.
No. 102 E. SIXTH ST., CINCINNATI, O.
21—26eow Mention this paper.

Job Printing of every description done at this office.

ROYAL STEAM DYE WORKS
Offices: 710 Craig Street and 1672 St. Catherine Street. Works: Corner Shaw and Logan Streets, Montreal.
JOHN L. JENSEN, Proprietor.
Ladies' Dresses, Gents' Suits, Cloth and other Jackets Dyed or Cleaned without being taken apart. Gents' Suits Cleaned and Steam Pressed on short notice. Damask and Rep Curtains, Table and Piano Covers, &c., Dyed or Cleaned and Beautifully Pressed. Cloth, Silks, Woollens, &c., Dyed in first-class style. Special rates to the trade. Bell Telephones: Head office, 732. Branch office, 7337. Works 7322.
22—TF

WM. H. HODSON,
Architect -:- and -:- Valuator,
45½ ST. ANTOINE STREET,
Montreal.

CARROLL BROS.,
PRACTICAL SANITARIANS,
PLUMBERS.
Gas and Steam Fitters,
TIN AND SHEET IRON WORKERS.
Heating by Hot Water a Specialty.
795 CRAIG STREET.
Bell Telephone 1834. Federal 1605
Orders given prompt attention.

MONTREAL PAPER MILLS CO.
St. Lawrence Paper Mills,
388 Craig Street, - - - - MONTREAL, P.Q.
Manufacturers of and Dealers in
Book, Toned and News, Prints, Colored Posters.
Bleached and Unbleached Manillas.
Brown and Straw Wrappings.
White and Tinted Flat Writings.
Bill Heads, Note and Memo. Forms.
and General Printers' Supplies.
SAMPLES AND PRICES SENT ON APPLICATION.
TELEPHONE, 2690. P. O. Box, 1133.