

VACATION IN ITALY.

A BEAUTIFUL SKETCH OF THE "FAIR LAND OF THE VINE."

THE REV. G. A. CAMPBELL, PH.D., DD., OF ST. MARY'S CATHEDRAL, HALIFAX, TELLS IN A MOST ATTRACTIVE STYLE THE STORY OF A FEW MONTHS IN THE ITALIAN PENINSULA.

The hot sun of July has not long been beating on the tiled roofs and white stone pavement of Rome, before all who are not detained by business or necessity seek the fresh air of the neighbouring mountains, or some more northern climate, till the cooler breath of November has once more rendered the Eternal City a fit spot for the enjoyment of life. Those who had prolonged their winter visit till they should witness the Holy Week services and assist at the joyful celebration of Easter, have long since departed for their respective homes; and even those who had lingered on till they should hear the choir of St. Peter's rendering the noble apostrophe, O Roma Felix!

As the sun rises over the housetops, the cabman seeks the shady side of the piazza, and hoping little from the residue population, lazily dozes in his seat. The sharp rattle of carriage wheels, so common in the winter months, has become comparatively rare on the square of St. Peter's, and the constant murmur of the fountains has grown more audible. Yet the streets are fairly well peopled: Some of them are often thronged, especially on Sundays, when the population pours through the common outlets into the adjoining villas, or public grounds. When McAuley said that the streets of Rome in August offer nothing to the sight but mad dogs and funerals, his attention was altogether engaged with the form of his language. The Pincio, that paragon of Rome in which she gives a daily "At Home" to the world, furnishes the most conclusive evidence of the great outpouring of strangers which has taken place. The morning still finds a goodly number there, but they are natives. Nurses go thither at an early hour surrounded by a number of young children; middle-aged men of regular habits occupy the same sections of the rustic seats each morning, while they learn the latest news, foreign and domestic, from the pages of La Voce della Verita, or Il Popolo Romano. Others of a livelier temperament take advantage of the cool morning (which in Rome is never wanting, except when the sirocco is on) to exercise their muscles by a half-hour's walk through the shaded foot-paths. An occasional old man leads his master's bleated, rheumatic dog around for exercise, halting now and then to allow the jampared brute time to catch its breath. These, together with the caretakers and a few loungers, make up the morning occupants of the Pincio. But even these soon disappear before old Sol's advancing car. The nurse calls her prattling care together, and gathering up their scattered toys, leads the retreat down the nearest stairway; the men of regular habits, after having followed by a couple of moves the shortening shadow of a neighbouring flex, fold their papers and are seen no more; the men of exercise have already shot off the scene, without stopping to take a seat, and are now breaking their fast on a cup of coffee and a pagnotta.

Only the workman and loungeer are left. The latter seems determined, by a certain system of passive resistance, to hold out against the mid-day heat, and having secured his head and face under his slouched felt hat, he leaves the rest of his body to care for itself, and spreading out his limbs as far as the dimensions of the bench will permit, falls into a care-dispelling sleep, from which he sometimes is aroused only by a misdirected stream of cold water from the hose of the street sprinkler. While life in Rome is thus fast becoming insufferable, it is strange if the college student, with weary brain and beating temples, should long for the fresh air of the Italian uplands? It is from the point of observation of a college student that I am about to speak of vacation in Italy.

We regularly left Rome for our country house in the last week of July. The wonderful variety of nationalities of which our college was composed gave each individual an ample supply of matter from which to study the many phases of human character, and, at the same time, rendered us an object of curious inquiry to strangers, as often as we appeared en masse before them. For my own part I found the packing-up day a favorable time for my own observations, and I soon learned that strangers choose the morning of our departure from the depot as a convenient time for theirs. The selection of books and other instruments of profit or pastime that a student makes for vacation, indicates not obscurely the special bent of mind. It is taken for granted that all carry with them some work on the matter they happen to be studying. But then the point of divergence is reached. Some bring a large illustrated edition of Dante and a pocket edition of Petrarca's sonnets; while others, less attached to the muses, content themselves with a volume of Cantin's history and Segneri's Lenten Sermons. Of the English-speaking students a certain number will invariably place in the bottom of their packing case, Adam Bede, Vanity Fair and the Pickwick papers. Not a few will at first secure Cardinal Manning's Miscellanies, a couple of volumes of Lin-

gard's History and the Spectator; after which they may throw in Childe Harold's Pilgrimage and a collection of Moore's Melodies. Others again have D'Israeli's Curiosities of Literature, a volume of Brownson's Essays and the History of Our Times—all which may be found scattered promiscuously among photographer's plates, black cloths and a camera obscura. Then you have a multitude of other books and objects—German, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic and Slav grammars; pocket dictionaries, text books on physics, disjointed flutes, razor strops, straight edges, mucilage bottles, and so forth. The students of other nationalities make a similar selection, and the morning of departure for the country arrives.

The departure of a train from a large European depot generally brings a motley crowd of persons together. I shall not here stop to describe whom or what you may see at the old railway depot of Rome. It is with vacation among the Alban Mountains I am particularly concerned. I shall merely observe, that after some years of experience, I am prepared to testify that our college never passed through the narrow gateway that opens into the platform, but a group of foreigners (largely interspersed with super-adult English-speaking females) stood within, and surveyed us one by one as we passed through. The Caucasian members of our community suffered least in the ocular survey. An occasional expression of opinion as to whether this or that one was Irish, English or German, made up the sum total of their comments. But when one more deeply shaded advanced, when the chestnut-coloured East Indian, or the light-shaded Chaldean moved by, the spirit of inquiry became wonderfully restless and bold; and were it not for the deep veil with which nature herself has protected their cheeks, a blush must have revealed how little they desired to be made the objects of such heartless observation. But worst still when the sturdy Zulu or the commanding Abyssinian strode along. Could it be that such people were at their liberty in a college with whites? And even if they could be disarmed from eating their neighbours alive, were they capable of instruction? Thus they thought and inquired of one and another and of the by-standers. But the climax was reached when a Chinaman appeared conversing gaily in the sweet Italian tongue with some American companions. The fact that his hair was dressed in the ordinary European fashion, did not serve him as a passport. They unceremoniously stopped one of his companions, and asked what the Chinaman was doing in college. On being told that he was there to study, they inquired if he could be made to understand anything. The affirmative answer which they received did not always settle their doubts; and ten to one if they did not follow him and put some senseless question to him before he entered the car.

But the train moved out, and after skirting the walls for a short distance on the right, veered off, and steered across the open Campagna in a southeasterly direction; and as it rolled swiftly on towards the foot of the Alban Mountains, Rome flattened down upon the receding plain, till only the loftier towers and spires were visible. Au revoir sighs the pensive student, as he gazes back on the baked ruins, and recognizes for the first time, perhaps, how dearly he has loved the old city. Hope points to a three months' sojourn among the cool fountains, sunny slopes, and shaded walks of a mountain villa, but memory hies back to the square thronged with inquiring strangers; to the bearded walls and broken arches; to the still chambers of far-back saints and martyrs; to galleries wherein the history of Christian faith, hope and love is epitomized by the brush of the painter, or the chisel of the sculptor; back to the festal scene—the lighted vault and garlanded tomb, to the commanding peal of the organ and the measured chant of a hundred master voices; back to all those monuments of ancient and medieval interest, which still lift their withered heads above the works of modern innovation, and with the articulated eloquence of immortal associations subdue every noble heart to the tribute of admiration and respect.

In the meantime the Campagna is being quickly passed over. For Pignataro, probably the mausoleum of St. Helena, is fast disappearing on the right, while on the left the Sabine Mountains are assuming more definite features, and throwing into prominence the little towns that shelter on their sides. Along this same way many an old Roman of the age of Augustus passed to his country seat. Horace, however, would have already parted company with us and struck off to the left, and the gentry for Capua, Cajata and Fundi would have veered slightly to the right, but Cicero would still be in our company en route for his Tuscan villa.

In about forty minutes the Campagna property, so-called, is passed over, and the train is gliding along small valleys and through well tilled vineyards, vegetable plots and olive groves, which stretch down timidly from the foot of the hills towards the suburban plain. Slowly it winds up the increasing ascent, and soon it rolls into the station of Frascati, the terminus of this short line. Frascati is a town of 7,000 souls, and is situated on the western face of one of the Alban hills, a distance of twelve miles from Rome, in a southeasterly direction. Our summer house is not here, but a fifteen minutes walk higher up the mountain. Nevertheless, we were well known in Frascati. It was our metropolis for three months of the year, and when we desired a taste of city life to season the stilly hours in the pine-grove, we walked through its quiet streets and brought joy to many an old woman's fruit stand. Consequently, a goodly number of people always awaited our arrival to bid us welcome to the Tuscan hills; some from motives of good feeling and friendship, some—the vendors of holiday goods—from a mixed motive of friendship and interest, while a certain number of halt and blind were there to canvass us for whatever solids we had in our pockets.

A horse and carriage is a luxury around those hills, and we had little to do with them. We packed the heavier portion of our luggage on a mule cart, which wormed around the side of the mountain, and struck out ourselves by a footpath that leads directly up. As we passed through the narrow streets before reaching the hill above the town, old women and children sat on the doorsteps and gave us a most cheering welcome. Year after year the older inhabitants had watched the students coming and going, and had become personally acquainted with not a few, in whom they began to take a paternal interest. They now counted us carefully and watched to see how many of their old acquaintances no longer returned, and what new ones filled their places. It really does you good, even if you be well beyond the years of childhood, to feel that a mother-like eye is gazing upon you, and a mother-like heart wishing you well, in the mountain hamlet of a strange people.

Onward and upward for fifteen minutes over a crooked, stony road, and a yellowish brown gable appears through the branches of some aged oaks. It is an old Capuchin monastery, and we enter the church for a few minutes, and hear the grave and measured tones of the sandaled friars proceeding from the choir behind the altar. A couple of minutes more along a walk completely arched over with oaks and ilexes, and we enter upon a small lawn, at the farther end of which rises the stately pile of our summer house.

An old palace among Italian hills! How reverently you approach it and gaze upon its brown walls and angles. You feel loath to break the impressive silence that reigns in the air and adjoining groves. It suggests to you the character of the representative of the declining princely family that once occupied its halls. A pride, which even in its decline it seems to retain, guards it in its seclusion, and keeps the hut of the peasant from approaching too near, as if it was resolved to crumble away in dignified solitude rather than receive repairs from any but patrician hands. But, as in the case of the reduced nobleman, behind that stately air the medieval palace reveals a gentle and attractive character. Enter, and you forget how gloomy it occupies its retreat and looks out on the neighboring cottages through the chestnut groves. It opens its old heart to you, and in the pleasing language of painting, sculpture and heraldry, it narrates the history of religion, chivalry and love, and as you turn to depart you spontaneously leave a sigh that people should view its noble bearing with distrust and jibe, and get it for a cold and unsocial nature.

But reflections of this kind seldom occupied much of our time on the morning of our arrival at our mountain villa. We immediately set to work selecting our rooms and arranging our little effects, without stopping to consider who were their former occupants. The house we occupied is known as the Rutinella, and the surrounding villa bears the same name. It is built in the form of the letter T, the facade being on the cross-bar and facing towards the Mediterranean, while the remainder, which corresponds to the upright bar, runs back and imbeds itself in the hill. The property at present belongs to Prince Lancellotti, but the palace has been held at rent by the Propaganda College since the year 1870. It was owned by the King of Sardinia a short time before, and the traces of royal life are distinguishable in the extra finish of a couple of suites of apartments in the front of the building. Earlier still, it was occupied by Lucian Bonaparte, the chief memory of whose sojourn there is a large French eagle in fresco, which fiercely gazes down from the ceiling of a spacious saloon—now used as a billiard hall—and appears to hold in his talons the chord of a beautiful chandelier.

The uninitiated (if I may so call them) members of our vacation party were not

anxious to spend much time in adjusting their few moveables. When their first months experience of college life in the heart of Rome had almost made them yearn for the freedom of their distant homes, they were cheered with descriptions of walks around the hills and through the groves of Tusculum; and when, later on, the approaching summer had carried the unwearying *sirocco* from the deserts of Africa, they were reminded that a few weeks more and they should be enjoying the clear, fresh air of the mountains; and now the promised land extended around them, and they forthwith hastened to explore its wonders.

Our house commanded a view of the Mediterranean and two thirds of the surrounding country. But there is in man—in youthful man particularly—an appetite which will not let him rest for the sake of observation at any intermediate point of a hill, but which, in its own language, unceasingly whispers, "excelsior!" till he stands on the loftiest peak, and can see the country sinking away on all sides. It was in vain, therefore, our young recruits were told that a pleasant morning could be passed in the immediate vicinity of the palace; that this was believed to be the site of Cicero's Tusculan villa, and that the broken statues and fragments of artistically engraved marble that are collected under the portico, very probably adorned the halls and vestibules of the orator's dwelling. This was all very good in itself, but a higher height demanded their first attention.

The ascent from the Rutinella to the summit is by no means sharp. The road lies over three hills and two short stretches of level fields. You do not proceed far till you begin to observe traces of life that have long since passed away—"the fragments of an earlier world." It will be remembered that Tusculum was once a powerful city, and that for many centuries it continued to be almost the equal of Rome, until it was finally overthrown and destroyed by the Romans at the end of the 15th century. The present town of Frascati then sprang up beside the ruins; the corroding hand of time soon levelled the remnants of the classic city to the earth; weeds and shrubbery spread their insinuating roots around the gray piles, the brown earth slowly closed over the scattered debris, and to-day the tourist looks and sees waving natural grass, blackberry bushes and clumps of hazels, where once stood Tusculum. However, a few grim stones of the old city are still visible, and their presence excites no little surprise in the minds of tourists who are unacquainted with the by-gone history of the place. A fifteen minutes' walk up the hill by the Tusculana, or Tusculan road, brings one to the nearest of these old landmarks. It is popularly known as the Scuola di Cicero, Cicero's School, although I could never discover why it got this name. It appears to have been an amphitheatre. A little farther up, a short distance to the right of the main road, one sees a cluster of old walls and cave-like apartments, in which cattle take refuge from the heat of summer and the winter rains. But the most interesting ruins of Tusculum are those of a theatre, which lies just at the foot of what we may call Tusculan's citadel hill. A large number of stone seats, which rise in semi-circular rows from the pavement, are in a state of almost perfect preservation. The actual existence here of a theatre gives a deep realistic coloring to the thought that a city once crowned the now rugged hilltop. Visitors hang longingly about it, and again and again return to sit on its moss-cushioned benches. Seated here one reflects how the young men and maidens of Tusculum aged, perhaps, and led hither their friends from Rome, who had come to spend a vacation among the Tusculan hills; and how old Cicero himself must have left

direction. Our summer house is not here, but a fifteen minutes walk higher up the mountain. Nevertheless, we were well known in Frascati. It was our metropolis for three months of the year, and when we desired a taste of city life to season the stilly hours in the pine-grove, we walked through its quiet streets and brought joy to many an old woman's fruit stand. Consequently, a goodly number of people always awaited our arrival to bid us welcome to the Tuscan hills; some from motives of good feeling and friendship, some—the vendors of holiday goods—from a mixed motive of friendship and interest, while a certain number of halt and blind were there to canvass us for whatever solids we had in our pockets.

Our house commanded a view of the Mediterranean and two thirds of the surrounding country. But there is in man—in youthful man particularly—an appetite which will not let him rest for the sake of observation at any intermediate point of a hill, but which, in its own language, unceasingly whispers, "excelsior!" till he stands on the loftiest peak, and can see the country sinking away on all sides. It was in vain, therefore, our young recruits were told that a pleasant morning could be passed in the immediate vicinity of the palace; that this was believed to be the site of Cicero's Tusculan villa, and that the broken statues and fragments of artistically engraved marble that are collected under the portico, very probably adorned the halls and vestibules of the orator's dwelling. This was all very good in itself, but a higher height demanded their first attention.

The ascent from the Rutinella to the summit is by no means sharp. The road lies over three hills and two short stretches of level fields. You do not proceed far till you begin to observe traces of life that have long since passed away—"the fragments of an earlier world." It will be remembered that Tusculum was once a powerful city, and that for many centuries it continued to be almost the equal of Rome, until it was finally overthrown and destroyed by the Romans at the end of the 15th century. The present town of Frascati then sprang up beside the ruins; the corroding hand of time soon levelled the remnants of the classic city to the earth; weeds and shrubbery spread their insinuating roots around the gray piles, the brown earth slowly closed over the scattered debris, and to-day the tourist looks and sees waving natural grass, blackberry bushes and clumps of hazels, where once stood Tusculum. However, a few grim stones of the old city are still visible, and their presence excites no little surprise in the minds of tourists who are unacquainted with the by-gone history of the place. A fifteen minutes' walk up the hill by the Tusculana, or Tusculan road, brings one to the nearest of these old landmarks. It is popularly known as the Scuola di Cicero, Cicero's School, although I could never discover why it got this name. It appears to have been an amphitheatre. A little farther up, a short distance to the right of the main road, one sees a cluster of old walls and cave-like apartments, in which cattle take refuge from the heat of summer and the winter rains. But the most interesting ruins of Tusculum are those of a theatre, which lies just at the foot of what we may call Tusculan's citadel hill. A large number of stone seats, which rise in semi-circular rows from the pavement, are in a state of almost perfect preservation. The actual existence here of a theatre gives a deep realistic coloring to the thought that a city once crowned the now rugged hilltop. Visitors hang longingly about it, and again and again return to sit on its moss-cushioned benches. Seated here one reflects how the young men and maidens of Tusculum aged, perhaps, and led hither their friends from Rome, who had come to spend a vacation among the Tusculan hills; and how old Cicero himself must have left

his "Disputations" and strolled up on fine evenings, to see how Tusculan talent reproduced the comedies of Terencius and Cæcilius. Immediately behind the theatre the crowning point of the hill rises abruptly for 200 feet. A mighty wooden cross is planted on the very summit, its foot being buried in a large heap of stone. Arrived here, the enthusiastic student can scarcely desire more. No loftier height shuts off the long desired prospect. Around him, as far as the eye can reach, are the scenes of many of the greatest events that history and fable have transmitted to our knowledge. The spots to which he had wandered in warm fancy from the college hall, when the pages of Cicero, Virgil and Horace were first opened to his young mind, are here before him, real, tangible things. Many changes have overtaken them, it is true; the proud works of pagan civilization have gradually crumbled away or been buried in the debris of ages, and the monuments of medieval life stand over their ruins. But the spots are the same, and fancy can easily restore their fallen temples and departed heroes.

From north to southwest, turning on the left, the Roman Campagna spreads out before the view. It would be a mistake, however, to think that this part of the prospect is wholly barren or uninteresting. A long belt of fertile country intervenes between the Campagna and the foot of the Alban mountain, and contains many a beautiful villa and cosy little town. Beyond this, the gray Campagna stretches out. The Sabine mountains rise from its eastern border, north-east of Tusculum, and stretch away into the distance. Their western slope is dotted with small villages and small towns, which gather within themselves all the human life that subsists on the productive borderlands. Palestrina, or the ancient Præneste, where Horace was enjoying a quiet retreat when he wrote to his friend Lollius that he was repursuing Homer—

Troiani hinc scriptor, maxime Lolli, Dum tu declamas Romæ, Præneste relaxi, occupies the southwest corner of the range. Some miles farther North Tivoli or the ancient Tibur, so beloved of the same old poet, looks down upon the plain. Then a long line of smaller towns stretch onward to the north, till they become indistinct in the distance. Concluded on eighth page.

Do you really think that a bicycle is worth the money? "Worth the money?" said the quick-tempered man. "Why, mine has paid for itself in less than three months in the beautiful explanations it furnishes for a black eye."

Brodie & Harvie's Self-Raising Flour is the best and the only genuine article. Housekeepers should ask for it and see that they get it. All others are imitations.

ST. LEON Perfects the organism and preserves life. "Invaluable," says Dr. Walsh, Toronto. A card just received direct from Springs in P.Q. Get supplied at once. A trial will convince the most sceptical. St. Leon Mineral Water Depot, 54 Victoria Sq.

M. HICKS & CO. AUCTIONEERS, AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, 1821 & 1823 Notre Dame St. MONTREAL.

GEO. R. HEASLEY, PICTURE FRAMER, &c., Pictures, Photo Albums, Baby Carriages, Lamps, Clothes, Wringers, &c. Cheap for Cash, or Weekly and Monthly Plan. 2057 ST. CATHERINE ST. 2 doors East of Bleury. Bell Telephone 6720.

WALTER RYAN, PRACTICAL Plumber, Gas, Steam and Hot Water Fitter, 263 ST. URBAIN STREET. All jobs promptly attended to at a low price.

S. O'SHAUGHNESSY Practical Upholsterer, 2503 ST. CATHERINE STREET. (2 doors west of Crescent Street.) Furniture Repaired and Recovered. Carpet Laid Mattresses Made Over.

J. P. MONCEL, Gold Stamping. Society Badges made up on short notice. 'Git thar!' Hat Tips of all kinds. 210 St. James Street, Room 5.

CHARLES ALEXANDER, 218 St. James Street. Wedding Cakes a Specialty. Luncheon and Dining Rooms.

MADE DISHES, for Parties: Ice Cream, Jellies, Russes, etc. Charles Alexander, 218 St. James Street.

CONFECTIONERY. Cakes and Pastry, fresh daily. Candies in great variety. All our own manufacture.

Coughing. For all the ailments of Throat and Lungs there is no cure so quick and permanent as Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil. It is palatable, easy on the most delicate stomach and effective. Scott's Emulsion stimulates the appetite, aids the digestion of other foods, cures Coughs and Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, and gives vital strength besides. It has no equal as nourishment for Babies and Children who do not thrive, and overcomes Any Condition of Wasting. Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO. 794 Notre Dame Street. MANUFACTURERS OF STERLING SILVER AND FINE... ELECTRO-PLATED WARE. WM. ROGERS'... Knives, Forks and Spoons. Everything in the line of WEDDING PRESENTS. At prices to suit everybody. CALL AND SEE. 1794 Notre Dame St.

EDWARD CAVANAGH CO. MANUFACTURERS OF OILS, PAINTS, & GLAZES. HARDWARE, ETC. MONTREAL.

MONTREAL SOUTH BUILDING Lots. Monthly Payments. M. D. GARROLL. Room 8, 16 St. James Street.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS. This Great Household Medicine ranks amongst the leading necessities of Life. These famous Pills purify the BLOOD and act most beneficially on the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS and BOWELS, giving tone, energy and vigor to these great MAIN SPRINGS OF LIFE. They are confidently recommended as a never failing remedy in all cases where the constitution, from whatever cause, has become impaired or weakened. They are wonderfully efficacious as to all ailments incidental to females of all ages, and as a GENERAL FAMILY MEDICINE are unsurpassed.

Holloway's Ointment. Its Searching and Healing properties are known throughout the world for the cure of Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds, Sores and Ulcers. This is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the neck and chest, as salt into meat, it cures SORE THROAT, Diphtheria, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even ASTHMA. For Glandular Swellings, Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, GOUT, RHEUMATISM, And every kind of SKIN DISEASE, it has never been found to fail.

FOR SALE FOR THE MILLION. Clothing \$2.00, Cut Men's \$2.50, Tanned Boots \$1.75, Mill Block—Staple Item—Cut any length. J. C. WARD, 1111 St. James Street, Tel. 9355.

THE BEST is what the People buy the most of. That's Why Hood's Sarsaparilla has the largest sale OF ALL MEDICINES.

CASTOR FLUID. Registered & a de-lightfully refreshing TREATMENT for the Hair. It should be used daily. Keeps the scalp healthy, prevents dandruff, promotes the growth of a perfect hair dressing for the family. 25 cents per bottle. HENRY R. GRAY, Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Street.

J. K. MACDONALD. Practical HOUSE and STEAMBOAT Bolt-hanger, general MACHINIST, Blacksmith, Locksmith, etc. Electric Lighting, Bells, Warehouse Telephone, etc. Carpenters and Builders' Work to order. 762 and 764 Craig Street, west of Victoria Square, Montreal. Bell Telephone 2822.

WEDDING PRESENTS. CHOICE ARTICLES IN— Silverware, Cutlery, Cabinets, Clocks, Biquet Lamps, from \$5.00, and Best-on-hand. Rogers' Cutlery, spoons and Forks, Sterling Silver, Novelties, Jewelry. ALL AT PRICES THAT CANNOT BE BEATEN. INSPECTION CORDIALLY INVITED. JOHN WATSON, 2174 ST. CATHERINE ST., Art Association Building, Opposite H. Morgan & Co., east corner. (15 years at 51 St. Sulpice Street.)

UNNERVED, TIRED. People and invalids will find in LIPBELL'S QUININE WINE a constant restorative and appetizer. Pure and delicious. It has stood the test of years. Prepared only by E. CAMPBELL & Co., 107 St. James Street, MONTREAL.