

FOR CONSCIENCE SAKE.

By THOMAS SWIFT, Ottawa, Canada.

CHAPTER I.

WHAT am I to do with my life, anyway, Hugh?"

The propounder of this weighty question, Frank Neville, was twenty-one years of age; his mentor, Hugh Parker, two years his senior. They were alone in the latter's room at St. Roman's College on the last day of the academic year.

Hugh Parker tilted his chair back and from his book drew forth a certain volume. Without a word he opened it, and read:

"There lived upon a time a Persian Prince, named Ben-Eddin, who was heir to a great kingdom. Behind his palace walls, surrounded by sage tutors of infinite lore, he had listened long and thought much; but his spirit was restless within him."

"So Ben-Eddin for the first time left his cool, secluded gardens and mingled with the throng along the city's leading thoroughfare. He came into a place where the road branched off into three ways and he knew not which path to take. Blushing at his own ignorance he accented a weather-stained though wise-looking old dervish who sat at the junction of the three ways.

"What road is this?" asked he, pointing to the fair, broad path on his left, whereon were many wayfarers.

"The dervish looked up at the prince in admiring amazement and replied:

"Thou dost well, young sir, to inquire; for beyond this lie misery and happiness. My name is Experience; but albeit I have trodden these paths from beginning to end and am familiar with all their windings, but few consult me. The road thou indicatest is the path of Art."

"And what lieth at the end thereof?"

"The Dervish answered 'Fame.' The Prince turned and gazed along the road to his right. It was fair and inviting to look upon, being bordered with trees and refreshing lawns as far as the eye could see; and many were they that traversed it.

"What path lieth there?" he asked.

"That is love's path," was the reply.

"And what, I pray you, lieth at the end thereof?"

"The Dervish answered 'Pain.' The Prince, astonished, with lingering eye and sighing breath, pointed to the dim and narrow path that lay between, along which as many were returning as going.

"And this?" he inquired.

"That is the path of Duty."

"And what may be at the end of the starksome vista?"

"The Dervish answered, 'Peace.' It is a long, dreary, desert path, save for the few bright oases that lie by the way, where the weary wayfarer may rest and refresh himself. At the end thereof stand the dark, narrow portals that admit to eternal rest."

"Prince Ben-Eddin looked to the left and his eye grew bright and his soul aflame; he looked to the right and his cheek flushed and his heart ached with longing; but girding his loins and bracing his energies, he acted upon the wisdom of experience and took the path of duty. The annual record that during his reign there was peace over all the land, and under his beneficent way the people grew in wisdom, strength and goodness."

Hugh Parker gently closed the book and raised his eyes to his friend leaning against the window-frame and looking so lithe and handsome. The last rays of the setting sun flooded the little room and sparkled in a big tear that fell from Frank's full eye. After a moment's silence he said, "Thanks, old fellow; I believe I have learnt more in these last few minutes than in all the years before."

"Yes; take the path of duty, Frank; keep to it, and God will light the way," said Hugh.

"I am sorry the old days are over, Hugh," Frank observed with a sigh. "They have been very happy. Our paths were cut straight for us—too straight to foster a spirit of exertion—and they fell in pleasant places. I think I must be unlike most fellows. Leaving college is generally regarded as one of the pleasantest episodes in one's life, isn't it? I feel now as I did when I was a youngster taking my first header into deep water. How I shivered and shut my eyes. Then I plunged and seemed to be going down, down into unknown regions."

"It is safer to plunge into the untried sea of the world with eyes wide open, though it requires more courage and will power," said Hugh. "It is because they go it blindly at first that so many promising young lives shipwreck. They start for 'anywhere' believing they are going 'somewhere' and arrive at 'nowhere'—if they are lucky enough to escape the devil. Or, if some few out of the ruck reach a safe and comfortable haven, it is because they learn from experience and then strive with a purpose."

"And that is just what I have not," said Frank, sadly. "I envy you, Hugh, more than any man at St. Roman's, and yet your path would not suit me. I know that. But your course lies before you clear, straight and sure; and—"

"There you mistake, my boy. God willing, I shall become one of His special servants and give Him the best of my life; but all experience again teaches that though 'His yoke is sweet and His burden light,' yet is the road hard and rugged and beset with much travail and tribulation."

"But, to come to yourself again," Hugh went on, "king of the football field, liked, nay, admired by your fellow-boys, an Academic degree that puts the seal upon a good education, and the

whole world before you,—what more can you desire? That you have not yet determined upon your life-work is, perhaps, to be regretted. But how many make an early choice and find they have chosen unwisely, and so, either turn back at the expense of time, or are compelled through sheer force of circumstances to plod along in a distasteful groove, regretting their life long one wrong turning. But—there goes the bell!"

The two friends hurried down to the refectory for supper.

That night they knelt side by side for the last time in the dear, old College chapel. From five hundred fresh young voices burst forth the sweet, familiar hymn:

"Maria, mater gratie
"Dulcis parens clementie,
"Tu nos ab hoste proteges,
"Et mortis horre suscipe."

It swelled, it died away, and to Frank Neville and Hugh Parker their college days were over.

By moonlight the next day the halls at St. Roman's were deserted and the joyful throng speeding away to the four quarters of the mighty republic. Evening found Frank Neville in the great city; but he was not happy. True, it was a pleasure to see the pride and joy his arrival evoked on the faces and in the hearts of his father and step-mother; but he missed, as he had never missed anything before, the sight of a beautiful face and the warm clasp of a certain maiden's hand.

"I am sorry Nellie is not here, Frank," his step-mother observed, as though she had read her thoughts. At the name, Frank cast his eyes on the carpet, afraid lest the speaker should see the tell-tale light in them.

"She has gone to spend the summer with her Aunt Susan at Alling Bay."

The light died out of the young man's eyes and he could not look Mrs. Neville in the face. His lip quivered as he asked, "Did she not know that I was coming home? She might have waited for me."

There was a note of pain in his voice which Mrs. Neville was quick to detect. She answered with a sad little smile, for Frank, though only the child of her husband, was very dear to her: "A girl's ways are the wind's ways. She did say, however, at parting, 'Tell Frank to come and see me at Alling Bay.' But what are you going to do, Frank, now that your college career is ended? Your father and I were discussing you only this morning. He is hoping you will help him and enter his office. There is plenty of work for you, my boy."

"Father and you," Frank replied, have always been only too good to me. I have no plans. I do not think I can do better than accede to father's wishes."

"You will make him very happy by doing so, and we shall have you at home with us," said Mrs. Neville, going over to the young man. Leaning on the back of his chair, she stood for a few minutes musing, whilst, woman-like, she parted and smoothed the way hair resting near her.

"Shall I tell Mr. Neville you will throw in your lot with him?" she asked wistfully.

Frank drew the lady's soft hand against his cheek, reverently kissed it and said,

"So let it be, mother."

Mrs. Neville withdrew to perform her pleasant mission, leaving Frank to himself.

As he sat there, Hugh Parker's Eastern story came back to his mind. He had come quickly to the spot where the broad road divided. He had met his dervish in the gracious form of a noble woman. His path had been pointed out to him. His father's wish should be his law. Like the young prince, he would gird up his loins, start fair and tread the path of duty. He looked along the vista and a strange happiness stole into his heart. The pathway seemed to be carpeted with flowers, delightful lawns extended on either side, whilst from the woodland landscape came the sweet warbling of birds, the music of fountains and the singing of many rills. The sense of dreariness and desolation had left him and he was no longer alone. A dainty form was walking by his side; a low, sweet laugh was in his ears. He turned and beheld the violet eyes and lovely face of Nellie Irving, the beautiful niece of Mrs. Neville. The bright landscape grew brighter still; the air was intoxicating; his arm stole around the maiden's waist and she repulsed him not, but let her head droop to his shoulder. And thus together they wandered through a land of enchantment and strange delights. Sweetly the maiden sang and the tender words of an old love-song mingled and were lost in the harmony of bird and streamlet; until he, enraptured, murmured in the ear resting so near his lips, "Together, my love, will we tread life's pathway, and the end shall be as the beginning and all the way between as now."

"At the end thereof stand the dark, narrow portals that admit to eternal rest."

"The words of the wise old dervish came back to him, and his soul was shaken within him. He shivered as with cold; for a low, but distinct whisper made itself heard in the midst of his day dream.

This is not the path of Duty. It is the path of Love, and the end thereof is Pain."

And Frank Neville realized with a pang that love more than duty had guided him in these first steps along life's troubled way.

CHAPTER II.

On the morning of the day of Frank Neville's departure from St. Roman's, Hugh, away by the sea were sunlight and gummy clouds, whose shadows chased each other over the blue waters; as the glad tide surged up out of the mighty bosom

of the great Atlantic to sport for a while amongst the purple-brown rocks of Alling Bay.

On the cliff, two hundred feet above the shore, sat a young man transferring to the canvas before him the play of light and shade on the waves as they pulsed into the rocky amphitheatre below.

On a rock at the edge of the golden strand, two hundred feet below, sat Nellie Irving with eyes fixed on a book on her lap. Having arrived at Alling Bay the day before, she had wandered along the beach and, attracted by the beauty and seclusion of the spot, had flung herself down to read or dream, and revel in the cool, delightful breeze from the ocean. For fully an hour the man above sketched whilst the maiden below read, each oblivious of the other's presence; and the tide crept up.

Suddenly a cry as of one in distress fell upon the artist's ears and arrested his hand. The cry was repeated and he started to his feet. Hastening to the verge of the precipice, from the angle where he stood he could see far below him the fluttering of a woman's garment. In a moment he had taken in the situation. The waves had reached the rocks and were beating furiously against the two projecting headlands. The woman was a prisoner to the tide, which now remorselessly rushed in ever nearer to complete its cruel work; for the cliff was unscalable. Palette and brush were thrown aside and the artist ran at head-long speed towards the village of Alling Bay. Down the shelving shore he sped and, seizing a pair of oars lying near a boat-house, rushed into the water to the nearest boat and pulled away for dead life.

Rounding the point he could see the girl clinging with one arm to a jutting rock, whilst every wave threatened to wash her from her now slimy foothold. In a few minutes he had reached her side and assisted her into the stern of the boat. Though pale she was calm, and he saw at once that, apart from wet feet and limp skirts, she was none the worse for her perilous experience. But his examination did not stop there. The tremor of her voice as she expressed her thanks lingered sweetly in his ears. Deeming it courteous to give her time to recover her composure completely, artist-like, he set to work to make a mental inventory of her personal charms. And Nellie, as she sat in the fresh morning sunlight, with the life-blood pulsing back into her pale cheeks, was fully worth the study. The large straw hat, pulled down at the sides, partially concealed her brown, glossy hair, which waved back to a coil on the white neck. The violet eyes, not too large, and the nose, not too perfect to hide individuality; the pink, shell-like ears; the mouth that bespoke strength and sensitiveness combined; the chin, firm and rounded; all blended themselves into a face of singular beauty and character.

The charms and graces of her figure were in keeping with those of her countenance. At least, so thought the artist—and he who had studied so many beautiful faces should be a competent judge—for this was his summing up to himself. "A lovely and lovable girl, sound and wholesome in mind and person, and replete with charming possibilities."

Nellie, thinking, perhaps, she had borne his scrutiny long enough, and feeling that she should be the first to break the silence, said:

"May I ask whom I have to thank for saving my life?"

"I am Walter Courtney, artist, of New York," the young man replied, with a smile that made conversation easy, almost desirable, so full of frankness and gentle courtesy was it.

"And my name is Nellie Irving," his companion replied simply.

"How was it you came to my relief?" she inquired with gentle curiosity.

"I was sketching on the cliff there above," he returned. "I heard your cry for help, saw you, and—I came. It was all very simple." He was rowing very slowly now, and seemed anxious to prolong the interview.

"Simple?" exclaimed Nellie. "It was God who sent you—God and Our Blessed Lady."

The young man looked at his companion in quiet amazement.

"I see you do not believe in the efficacy of prayer," said she.

"Not much," was the somewhat curt and irreverent reply.

"Did you ever stand as I stood, with death staring you in the face?" she inquired.

"No," replied the artist, smiling at the girl's earnestness. "But I have been in trouble worse than death and I prayed to God for relief, but he did not hear me."

"Then you did not pray aright," Nellie replied.

"It was because you sought your own will and not God's will."

"Yes, that was about it, I believe," the artist observed sententially.

"When I realized my peril on yonder rock," went on Nellie, "I looked around for the means of escape and I saw not one. Then I looked from the abyss to the blue heaven above and I prayed as I think I never prayed before. But I prayed, 'Thy Will Be Done,' and peace came to me. I no longer feared. Did I look afraid, Mr. Courtney?"

"I have been admiring your courage ever since I could read your features," returned Mr. Courtney warmly.

"Nay, it was not courage. It was simply trust in God, and behold!—He sent you," replied the girl.

"Whatever it was, it was beautiful to behold," the artist concluded.

They had rounded the point and were leisurely making for the landing-place up the Bay.

It is wonderful how danger draws souls together. Nellie felt as if she had known this stranger for years. After a few minutes silence she spoke again.

"Do you know, Mr. Courtney, that when I saw you coming to my assistance I was bewildered, as it were, with God's goodness? I straightway made a silent thanksgiving and promised to devote my

life, henceforth, to his service in whatever way He should call upon me; and now I am wondering what He will exact of me."

"I would I had your faith, Miss Irving!" exclaimed the young man, rather sadly and regretfully, Nellie thought, "It must be beautiful and noble one's life to walk so near to the Unseen as you do."

"I am a Catholic. That is all," said Nellie, simply.

"And I am nothing, I am afraid—religiously speaking," returned Walter Courtney.

"We Catholics believe that God is on our altars. He is in the tabernacle of that church on the hill. Did it require much more faith to believe that he would hear one of his children crying to Him in distress?"

There was a note of tenderness and child-like simplicity in the girl's voice that touched a hidden chord in Walter Courtney's breast, and set his soul quivering.

They were at the landing. After gallantly helping his fair companion ashore and lingering a moment longer than the occasion warranted with her soft hand in his, and looking a little deeper into the lovely eyes than was quite necessary, he bent his steps thoughtfully to the cliff where he had abandoned his unfinished sketch; whilst Nellie Irving hastened up the village street to her aunt's charming cottage.

Walter Courtney had achieved fame at an unusually early age. His splendid physique and the glow of perfect health rather belied his assertion that he wanted rest from the hum and toil of New York life. He had heard from some friends of the beautiful scenery of Alling Bay and had resolved to spend his holidays pleasantly and profitably. Like many another young fellow in the big metropolis he held no particular religious views and this brief casual glimpse into the soul of this simple Catholic maiden had revealed to him the awful distance he had drifted from the scant anchor of faith to which he had clung in his boyhood's days. But more than this was achieved. His interest in Nellie Irving grew and the silken bands of love, woven in an hour of peril and rescue, threatened to become so strong as to bind his life to hers. For as the summer days went by they met again and again, and they loved with a love that could have but one end. Nor was this greatly to be wondered at, true daughter of the church as Nellie Irving was. For it is not the careless and lukewarm alone that go blindly into the pitfalls of error, but the guileless and simple-hearted, too, are lured from the strict path of duty; and the strongest lure is human love.

One of the wisest and greatest Catholic prelates of this generation has stated that the three arch-enemies of the Catholic faith are mixed marriages, intemperance and proselytism amongst the young. Probably, Nellie Irving did not know this, nor, knowing it, would sad experience have influenced her in her choosing. The heart of the noblest woman who walks the earth is but a human thing, and human passion clothes its motives with a halo of sanctity that robs vice of its hideousness and clouds the judgment to consequences. Wholly pure and innocent, Nellie unconsciously invoked her religion to lend itself to her purpose, and human passion seemed merged in the sublimer love and desire of winning, not merely the man who had saved her life, for herself, but his soul for God. Trusting, woman-like, to his great love for her and her own power over one whose religious views were so unpronounced, she fondly prayed and hoped that he, who, even in those early days, loved to accompany her to her own church, would one day kneel at the altar rail and be one with her in faith. So, being her own mistress and yielding to her three-fold affection, she married this stranger, though not before he had readily complied with every condition demanded by her church.

The wedding was quiet, and the twin made one took up their abode with Miss Irving, Nellie's maiden aunt, whose opposition to the union had been overcome by her affection for her dead brother's child and her own honest liking for the man she had chosen.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Who does not know women and young girls who are continually in tears? Who always see the dark side? Who have frequent fits of melancholy without any apparent cause? The intelligent physician will know that it is some derangement of the complicated and delicate feminine organs. The young girl suffers, bodily and mentally, in silence. There is undue weariness, unexpected pain, unreasonable tears and fits of temper. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription exerts a wonderful power over woman's delicate organism. It is an invigorating tonic and is specific for the peculiar weaknesses, irregularities and painful derangements of woman. Careless, easy-going doctors frequently treat their women patients for biliousness, nervousness, dyspepsia, liver or kidney troubles, when the real sickness is in the organs distinctly feminine, and no help can come till they are made perfectly strong by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

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A MATTER OF JUSTICE IS THE WAY A YOUNG LADY OF NEW BRUNSWICK VIEWS IT.

SUFFERED FROM HEADACHES, PAIN IN THE SIDE AND HEAVY PALPITATION—SHE THINKS SIMILAR SUFFERERS SHOULD KNOW HOW SHE FOUND A CURE.

From the Fredericton Gleaner.

Miss Alma Millar, of Upper Southampton, N.B., is a daughter of Mr. Ezra Millar, a wealthy and influential farmer, and the young lady is a general favorite among a wide circle of acquaintances, who have had occasion to congratulate her upon her complete restoration to health, after a severe and trying illness. When a correspondent of the Gleaner called upon her, and requested that the facts might be given for publication, the young lady, though not at all anxious for publicity, nevertheless gave her consent in the hope that her experience might prove beneficial to some of the many young girls whose condition of health is very similar to what hers was previous to her cure. Miss Millar stated that when her illness began her mother was unable to look after the affairs of the household and the duties largely devolved upon her. She felt herself growing weak and easily tired, but felt that she must keep up. She said: "Notwithstanding my efforts I found myself growing worse and worse. My appetite failed, my complexion became sallow and my eyes sunken in my head. I was troubled with dizziness, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart until at times I felt as though I would suffocate. I was almost constantly troubled with a pain in the side, and severe headaches. When I went up stairs I was obliged to rest. Life had become almost a burden and at last I was forced to give up and keep my bed. My friends feared I was going into consumption and one remedy after another was tried with no beneficial results until I was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. In less than three weeks I was able to leave my bed and go about the house, and the use of the Pink Pills a few weeks longer completely restored my health and strength and drove away all symptoms and pains which had made my life so miserable. I feel that in bringing this matter before the public I am but doing simple justice to suffering humanity, and I hope that those afflicted as I was will give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. I might also add that members of our family have used Pink Pills with equally good results."

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WHEN EGGS ARE DANGEROUS.

"Never eat eggs while you are angry," said a Bostonian. "My attention was first called to this strange fact by the tragic and sudden death of a lady acquaintance in Boston several years ago. I accepted her husband's invitation to dine with them. Just as we were going in to dinner a servant did something that caused the lady to fly into a terrible rage. She had been irritable from some minor complaint for several days, and her husband calmed her ruffled feelings sufficiently for the dinner to be eaten in good temper. I noticed that she ate an unusually large amount of soft scramble eggs. Fifteen minutes after she left the dining room she was a corpse. She died in frightful convulsions before the nearest doctor reached the house. The doctor was unable to ascribe the cause. A few months later I was visiting a brother in Connecticut and one of his sons died under similar circumstances. Before breakfast one morning the boy, who was about 15 years old, had a fight with a neighbor's boy. Before his anger had subsided my nephew was called to breakfast. He ate four soft-boiled eggs. Had I known as much then as I do now I would have prevented it. In less than a half hour after breakfast the boy died with exactly the same symptoms that were present when my friend's wife died. This set me to thinking about the matter.

It wasn't long after this before a Beacon Hill friend of mine expired suddenly after a meal. The doctors, as usual, were divided in opinion on the cause of death. Some of them contended that it was heart failure, whatever that is, and others are still holding out that it was apoplexy. Inquiry by me developed the fact that my friend was very angry when he sat down to table and that he ate five eggs. With these developments I searched no further for the cause of his death. He was angry, he ate eggs, and he died."

Gentleman to landlady: Your terms are very high. Landlady: But consider the cheerful view, sir. Gentleman: Cheerful view? Why, there's a cemetery right opposite; I don't call that very cheerful. Landlady: Oh, yes, sir. Reflect how comfortin' and cheerin' it will be when you gaze out to think that you're not there.

This was the singular announcement to be seen recently outside a suburban place of worship: "This evening the Rev. Mr. X... will preach his farewell sermon, and the choir will render a thanksgiving specially composed for the occasion."

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