

# Two Boys and a Dog.

**TWO BOYS SAVED.**—One of the familiar sights of the Beach front is Rex, a big fult... St. Bernard dog, owned by Jackson L. Quinn, a well-to-do resident of that district, living on Bay Sixth street. The dog is always with his young master, Edward, the son of Mr. Quinn. While the dog has been a general favorite of Bath Beach residents, he is even more so now, for yesterday afternoon he rescued Edward from drowning, and also saved the life of Charles Goodwin, and eleven-year-old chum, while the boys were in bathing.

Both the youngsters, accompanied by the dog, went down to the end of Bay Fifth street, and donning their bathing suits went in swimming. The dog remained on shore, but kept watch over the boys. A heavy swell was on, and before the boys realized their danger they were in deep water. Neither boy could swim, and there was no one near to help them.

They were drowning when the dog swam out, reaching his young master first, caught him by the back of his bathing suit and brought him ashore. Then, rushing into the water again, he swam ashore with the Goodwin boy, placing him beside Eddie.

The boys, while considerably fatigued and frightened, soon recovered, and changing their clothes went to Mr. Quinn's house, where the rescue was told in detail.

Mr. Quinn refused an offer of \$250 for the dog a few days ago from a dog fancier, but now there is not enough money in the land to buy Rex.

**EAR PIERCING IN CHINA.**—Every Chinese woman has her ears pierced. In fact, the custom is nearly as important as the binding of the feet. When the child is a year old, the operation may be performed as soon as convenient. It is considered quite an art.

First two little tassels of red cotton are prepared, with a blue head on each and a long end hanging loose. Then the child's ear is pinched till it is numb, when a needle is run through and the thread after it till the tassel hangs over the lobe, where it is secured. Of course the child often makes considerable objection to the operation, and then if there is a kitten anywhere near its ears are often pierced to encourage the human victim. This accounts for the frequency of cats with holes and slits in their ears in the Celestial Empire.

**TIMMY AND THE BURGLAR.**—Don't you suppose he'll be afraid, George, with Tim gone? You know there'll be no one that side of the house.

"No, little goose, he'll never think of being afraid, and don't you be putting such ideas into his head. You don't want him to grow up a coward, do you?"

"No, of course not; but I'll be glad when Frank gets back so there'll be some one near him all the time," said Mrs. Neale, as she called Jimmy and told him it was time to go to bed. He laid aside the 'Men of Valor' he had been reading. How he wished he could distinguish himself! If he was only grown up! There were so many chances now, and he was afraid they'd all gone by that time. There might not be any wars or fighting then.

Jimmy stood at his window looking out on the night. What thick white clouds! The skies through them almost looked blue. Jimmy wondered as he gazed at the moon how large it really did seem to him as large as a cart-wheel, as Uncle Frank said, or only the size of a dinner-plate? He finally decided in favor of a small saucer. That was about the size of it, he thought, guiltless of any slang intent. The leaves of the horse-chestnut seemed to have been applied on the sides of the gray house, everything came out so distinctly in the bright light. It was almost as good as an electric light, Jimmy thought. He could see every round of the ladder that the men had left after fixing the roof. He felt sure he could read print if he was out there. What a pity to have to go to bed, and waste it all; but it had to be done.

Jimmy thought it was only a minute, but really it was considerably later when something he did not know what, awoke him. The moonlight did not stream into his room as it had done. The branches of the trees were dark, heavy masses. Perhaps it was going to rain. Jimmy jumped up and went to the window. He considered himself quite a weather-prophet, and decided in favor of rain. Heavy clouds drifting across the sky hid the moon at intervals. Then he turned his eyes earthward. Objects in the yard were still visible, but the electric light effect had vanished. The glamour was gone. Jimmy started as he glanced at the ladder leaning against the house and saw a man's bulky form creeping cautiously toward an upper window. It didn't take Jimmy long to know what that meant. Perhaps there was another robber hiding down below somewhere, and only papa and he to defend the house and mamma. Jimmy was a valiant boy, but his heart beat pretty fast. His mind was made up and his plans formed, before the knee trousers (it wouldn't do to fight burglars in his little white nightgown) and the stubby shoes were half on. He knew what was before him. He had got to slip around that back passage-way and turn the key of a room that he knew the man would have to pass through in order to get into the main part of the house. Could he get there in time? Would the key be on the outside of the door? Then he must go down to papa's room secretly, as he was not to frighten the delicate mamma, get him out on

some pretext, and then—papa would engineer the rest, and he'd just stand ready to help. Like a little ghost Jimmy glided through the hall and into the sitting room. No, the burglar hadn't got out yet and the key was in the door. Jimmy set his teeth hard as he quickly turned the key and thought, "Now I've got you."

How the stairs creaked!—they never did that way before. How queer his knees felt! Reaching his papa's door, which Jimmy thankfully remembered was never locked, he opened it with a preliminary cough, saying, "Excuse me for not knocking, Papa, won't you please come right upstairs and see if you can get my window shut?" He was afraid it was almost the same as a lie, but what could he do? And there was a window that needed shutting badly. As he spoke he approached the bed and gave his papa's arm a significant squeeze. Even in the midst of his terror he had a self-congratulatory sensation. How very well he was managing! If only papa would grasp the situation; he surely would. They were all so used to keeping excitement and unpleasant things from mamma.

"What is it, Jimmy?" his mamma sleepily asked.

"Oh, papa's going up to fix the window, mamma. Please don't talk; you'll get all waked up." Jimmy's clutch had been so impressive that a more obtuse man than his father would have known that something was up, and by this time he was ready to accompany Jimmy.

As they stepped into the hall and closed the door, Jimmy, as well as he could for his chattering teeth, enlightened his father as to the situation. "And, papa, get your revolver; there may be more of them; and do hurry or they'll get away," he answered.

"Jimmy, you must have been dreaming," said his father incredulously, but thinking discretion the better part of valor he obediently stepped back to his room, ostensibly to get some matches.

"Now, Jimmy, you stay right down here."

Jimmy was far from being a headstrong boy, but the look he flashed from his dark eyes did not indicate compliance with his father's commands, as he said in a stage whisper: "Papa, I'll never get over it if you don't let me come too."

"Well, come along. I don't suppose there's anything worse than the cat." But Jimmy knew that cats didn't go with their faces all muffled up, climbing ladders in the dead of the night. Besides, the cat settled the question by an expostulatory squeak as Jimmy inadvertently trod on her tail as she lay trustfully curled on a corner of the stair. His papa quickly turned the key and with Jimmy pressing close behind him stepped into the room, glancing hastily around. Jimmy's heart sank, as he thought: "I knew he'd get away, we were so slow, and now papa'll never believe there was a burglar." They passed into the next room, the one with the open window, and just disappearing in a closet a form was dimly outlined. It took Mr. Neale a very short time to reach the closet and jerk open the half-resisting door, shouting: "Come out there you rascal! You might just as well—Why, Tim, what on earth—"

Tim came out with a sheepish grin on his face. "Wall, I ain't no objection—seein' it's you. I didn't know but it was that Maggie, and you see I'd sort of fixed to bunk down here for the night and I wasn't in what you might call full dress."

"But how'd you come here, Tim? I thought you were going to stay in Lebanon to-night."

"Wall, I thought so too; but you see it's this way. I got there and found the house all shut up, doors and windows locked and barricaded, so there wasn't any use of tryin' any housebreakin' there. Mat and the whole caboodle had went off somewhere—reckon mebbe to her folks over to Cartersville. There wasn't but one thing for me to do—and I done it. I hadn't but seven cents in my pocket 'cause I wasn't calculatin' to spend none—and anyway there wasn't no train after eight o'clock, so I had to hoof it all the way home, and this 'ere tooth a-jumpin' every step. I remembered about the ladder and allowed I could let myself in all right and git through to my room without rousin' the house and disturbin' Miss Neale; and I would too," and he looked reproachfully at Jimmy. "If it hadn't been for this kid raisin' such a rumpus, 'cause I s'pose it was him locked me in. I thought first some one done it for

## AN IRISH LITANY.

**Discovery of a Remarkable Document**

The following interesting document, translated from the Gaelic, was found among the papers of a cultured Irish Catholic lady who died recently in New York:—

Many of the old clans, patriarchal races and ancient Catholic families of Ireland, have cherished a traditional devotion to certain local saints who have been regarded from time immemorial as their patrons, and to encourage this devout observance, the following "Litany of the Patron Saints of the Diocese of Ireland," was compiled and approved by the ecclesiastical authorities:—

- Lord have mercy on the children of Ireland.
- Christ have mercy on the children of Ireland.
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- Christ have mercy on the children of Ireland.
- God, the Father of heaven, have mercy on the children of Ireland.
- God, the Son, Redeemer of the World, have mercy on the children of Ireland.
- God, the Holy Ghost, Protector of the elect, have mercy on the children of Ireland.
- Holy Mary, conceived without original sin, pray for the children of Ireland.
- All ye holy angels and archangels, pray for the children of Ireland.
- All ye holy orders of Blessed Spirits, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Patrick, Apostle of Ireland, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Malachy, patron saint of the archdiocese of Armagh, pray for the children of Ireland.
- SS. Lawrence and Kevin, patron saints of the archdiocese of Dublin, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Albert, patron saint of the archdiocese of Cashel, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Jarlath, patron saint of the archdiocese of Tuam, pray for the children of Ireland.
- SS. Columbkille and Eugenius, patron saints of the diocese of Derry, pray for the children of Ireland.
- SS. Coniath and Bridget, patron saints of the diocese of Kildare, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Callan, patron saint of the diocese of Down, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Maenisius, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Connor, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Macartin, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Clogher, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Feliminy, patron saint of the diocese of Kilmore, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Mel, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Ardagh, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Colman, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Droimore, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Eunan, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Raphoe, pray for the children of Ireland.
- SS. Lauserius and Kyran, patron saints of the dioceses of Leighlin and Ossory, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Aidan, patron saint and first Bishop of Ferns, pray for the children of Ireland.
- St. Ailbe, patron saint of the diocese of Emly, pray for the children of Ireland.

## LET US PRAY.

O! Holy Saints of Ireland, whose names are still in benediction in the dioceses, where in past ages you exercised spiritual rule, intercede for the children of Ireland, that they may retain and glory in the faith which St. Patrick preached to their forefathers.

O! all ye Holy Martyrs of Ireland, still fondly revered in the land where you received the Crown of Martyrdom, intercede for the children of Ireland, that the light of your deeds may be known for the benefit of their souls.

O! Holy Missionary Saints of Ireland, whose names are renowned in lands to which you bore the torch of faith, intercede for the children of Ireland that they may be enabled to conduce to the spreading of that ever glorious light, and so, like you, arrive at a happy eternity.

O! all ye Holy Irish Anghorites, who, fearing the seductions of the world, secluded yourselves therefrom, obtain for the children of Ireland the grace to suffer cheerfully the loss of all earthly goods rather than yield to the temptations unceasingly plac-

ed in their path to allure them from their allegiance to the faith of ages. Through Christ Our Lord, Amen.

St. Colman, patron saint of the diocese of Cloyne, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Fachanan, patron saint of the diocese of Ross, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Flannan, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Killaloe, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Finbar, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Cork, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Munchin, patron saint and first Bishop of the diocese of Limerick, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Brendan, patron saint of the diocese of Ardger, pray for the children of Ireland.

SS. Otteran and Carthage, patron saints of the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, pray for the children of Ireland.

St. Asicus, patron saint of the diocese of Elphin, pray for the children of Ireland.

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Pray for us, O Holy Patron Saints of the diocese of Ireland.

That we may be made worthy of the promises of Christ.

—Irish People.

A thing of beauty is joy forever, and of all the beauties that adorn humanity there is nothing like a fine head of hair. The surest way of obtaining that is by the **LUBY'S** Parisian use of **LUBY'S** Hair Renewer. At all druggists. 50c a bottle.

## ST. VITUS CURED.

**THE STORY OF A BRIGHT YOUNG GIRL'S RECOVERY.**

She was First attacked with La Grippe, the After Effects Resulting in St. Vitus' Dance—Friends Despaired of Her Recovery.

From the Acadien, Wolfville, N.S.

The mails from Wolfville to Gasperau are carried every day by an official who is noted for his willingness to accommodate and punctuality with which he discharges his duties. His name is Mr. Merriner Cleveland, and his home is in Gasperau, where he resides with his wife and a grand-daughter, Miss Lizzy May Cleveland, a bright girl of fifteen years. A few months ago the health of their grand-daughter was a source of very great anxiety to Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, and the neighbors who learned of the physical condition of the little girl gravely shook their heads and said to themselves that the fears of the fond grand-parents were by no means groundless. When the news reached the ears of an Acadien man, a short time ago, that the health of Miss Cleveland had been restored, he hastened to interview Mr. Cleveland as to the facts of the case. When he explained his errand both Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland appeared only too eager to give him the information sought, and it is in accordance with their wishes that we give to the public the facts of this remarkable cure. Early in December, 1898, Miss Cleveland was taken ill with a severe attack of la grippe and fears of her recovery were entertained. Careful nursing, however, brought her over this malady, but it left her system in a completely run-down condition. This showed itself principally in a weakness of the nerves. In January symptoms of St. Vitus' dance began to show themselves. At first these were not very prominent, but it was not long before she was rendered altogether helpless by this terrible malady. In a short time she lost all control over the movements of her hands and feet. For weeks she had to be carried from room to room and was unable to feed herself. Her grand-parents naturally became very much alarmed and having tried other remedies without effect, determined to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. Developments showed that their confidence was not misplaced. When three boxes had been used the condition of the patient had improved considerably. Then Mr. Cleveland bought six boxes more and continued their use as before. The sufferer rapidly began to recover. When she had consumed the fifth box Mrs. Cleveland reduced the dose to one pill a day and by the time the sixth box was gone a complete cure was effected. Miss Cleveland is now as vigorous and healthy as could be desired. Her grand-parents are persuaded that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are alone responsible for her cure, and are devoutly thankful for the results which, under Providence, they have produced.

Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

**MUTUAL AID.**

From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment when some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying we cannot exist without mutual aid. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals. None who hold the power of granting aid can refuse it without guilt.

Thousands of Canadians can vouch for the efficacy of that peerless cough remedy, Pny-Pectoral. It cures a cold very quickly. 25 cents, of all druggists. Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

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Surprise is the name of that kind of Soap.

6 Cents a Cake.

THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO. ST. STEPHEN, N.S.

Sydney, and at the conclusion of his speech, the audience rose en masse and cheered themselves hoarse. The chairman, who was a very meek and mild man, at length succeeded in restoring quiet, and said:—"Gentlemen,—I am requested by Mr. Redmond to say that if anyone wishes to ask him a question, he will be glad to answer it." A man arose from the body of the meeting and ascended the platform. "Mr. Chairman," he said, but he never got any further. He was recognized at once as a notorious Orangeman, and, quick as a flash, a great big specimen of an Irishman sprang at him and struck him in the temple. The man fell like a log, and it was thought that he was killed by the blow. They carried him out on a stretcher, and sent for doctors. Imagine the excitement all this time, continuing for a quarter of an hour. Finally, the chairman tapped gently on the edge of his desk, advanced to the front of the platform, with his eyeglasses poised on the end of his fingers, and there was quiet at once. Then, very deliberately, the chairman said:—"Gentlemen,—Is there anyone else who would like to ask Mr. Redmond a question?"

Don't run chances of taking whisky or brandy to settle the stomach or stop a chill. Pain-Killer in hot water sweetened, will do you more good. Avoid substitutes; there's but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25 cents and 50 cents.

## A WELL-WORN SERMON.

An important Aberdeenshire parish being vacant, it became the duty of the Presbytery to supply the pulpit, and when, among others, it fell to a minister in close proximity to officiate, he took as text, "Now, Jacob was a plain man, living in tents." On the following Saturday a brother Presbyter, living at a distance, whose turn came next, put up at the manse of him who had preached previously. Discovering that he had left his own intended sermon at home, he begged his friend for the loan of one, and was told, "If ye open that drawer ye'll find plenty; just help yourself." Taking the first that appeared he retired to another room, saying: "I'm thinking this is a gay nice bit sermonie; I'll just read it over." Next day, to the astonishment of the congregation, not only was the text of the previous Sunday announced, but it was followed by the well-remembered sermon they had recently listened to. Many were the whispered remarks over the church, and when all was over the astonished elders met the preacher in the vestry. "It's rather queer, sir,—indeed, verra queer—that that's the very sermon Dr.—preached here last Sunday." "You don't say so," was the reply; "nae wonder ye think it's strange; I'll certainly tell my friend about it."

But instead of returning to his friend's manse, he rode home, and learning that the dominie of his own parish would preach in the same church on the following Sunday, he thought he would pay off the congregation and elders for having told him he had blundered. So, going to the school-house during the week, he said: "I hear you are to preach at — next Sunday, an' I thoct ye wd be name the waur o' a sermon, for your ain are gay ken speckle, and

## CHRONIC DRUNKENNESS.

Alcoholism, all phases of the drug and drink habits successfully treated by the

## DIXON VEGETABLE CURE.

Unlike bi-chloride of gold and other similar treatments, it is perfectly harmless and can be taken in the privacy of a man's home without anybody knowing it and while still attending to business.

Its use involves no loss of time from work. It has been used with marvelous efficacy in hundreds of cases.

The proprietors are in possession of testimonials from clergymen, doctors and others vouching for the success of this cure.

Particulars may be obtained from

**J. B. LALIME, Manager,**  
**THE DIXON CURE CO.,**  
572 St. Denis Street, Montreal.

Dr. MACKAY, Belmont, Quebec, Q.ébec.  
All communications confidential.

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND

# Pain-Killer

THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.

LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,

**PERRY DAVIS & SON.**

## Every Housekeeper

wants pure hard soap that lasts well—lathers freely—is high in quality and low in price.

"Better late than never." It is best, however, to be never late about taking Hood's Sarsaparilla to purify your blood. Take it now.

## SPECIALTIES OF GRAY'S PHARMACY.

- FOR THE HAIR. Castor Fluid..... 25 cents.
- FOR THE TEETH. Saponaceous Dentrifrice... 25 cents.
- FOR THE SKIN. White Rose Lanolin Cream... 25 cts.

**HENRY R. GRAY**  
...Pharmaceutical Chemist...  
122 St. Lawrence Main Street.  
N. B. — Physicians' Prescriptions carefully prepared and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

CURE ALL YOUR PAINS WITH

# Pain-Killer.

A Medicine Chest in Itself.

Simple, Safe and Quick Cure for

**CRAMPS, DIARRHOEA, COUGHS, COLDS, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA.**

25 and 50 cent Bottles.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS. BUY ONLY THE GENUINE

**PERRY DAVIS'**

## A Blessing to the Fair-Sex!

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of

# ORIENTAL Powder,

the only Powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

Price per box, with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00.

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**L. A. BERNARD,**  
1562 St. Catherine Street, Montreal.  
United States: G. L. DE MARIGNY, Druggist Manchester, N. H.

## SMILES.

"What an ugly girl that Miss de Style is?" "Yes, her ugliness is her only beauty—it makes her very attractive."

Archibald declares that it's only the very young husband who hastens to tell his wife as soon as he gets a rise of salary.

Fair Warning.—Visitor: "Does the electric trolley lead to the cemetery?" Citizen: "Yes, if one isn't very careful."

"What are you going to call your new office building?" "I think I'll call it the 'Serial,' on account of its continued stories."

The late Mr. Porter, who was for twenty years police magistrate in Dublin, has placed on record some amusing stories of the car drivers. Here are a few examples:—Three Protestant gentlemen took an outside car for a drive in the suburbs of Dublin. It was Corpus Christi Day, and they observed a religious procession incident to the festival moving round a court outside a Catholic church. They directed the driver to stop, and then stood up on the seats of the outside car to obtain a full view. "Well, that beats the best!" said one of them. The carman touched his hat and replied, "Yes, Your Honor, that's what it's for."

Stories of the humor of Irish car-drivers might be indefinitely multiplied. The fare for driving two persons from any place to any place within the bounds of the city of Dublin is sixpence. A tourist having taken a car from the Louisa Hotel to the Bank of Ireland, a drive of less than five minutes, asked the driver what he was in his debt. "I'll leave it to your honor to decide; there's some that gives me as little as half a crown."

The D. & L. Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil may be taken with most beneficial results by those who are run down or suffering from after effects of La Grippe. Made by Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.