BY HANNAH B. MACKENEIR

You may think a tax-collector can't possibly have any tales to tell; but you are mistaken there. The general opin ion of a tax-collector is that he is a mere machine, conveying that most unpleasant of all messages to most people, "Pay, pay." But that is not the case. There are collectors who look on life as a strange study from which many lessons are to be learned, and things quite as queer as any "detective experiences" come within their range occasionally. Well, I'm a tax-collector, and I am not ashamed of the fact. Though people look on all our class with mixed feelings of dread and hatred—though it is trying as see the look that comes into a goodface when, in answer to the ring

it was a nice enough house to all ap-pearance, and had no bad associations about it. However, it was taken one term, and when I went my rounds next I found I had to call there.

"The hoose on the top flat's ta'en,
Mr Aitken," said the good-wife immediately below, who was an inveterate
goesip and knew me by name.

fit, an without anither wird tae n
went up the stair wi' him. It's n
alane that's observed that, bit ithe
the laun wha hae spoken till her."
"Perhaps he's a mesmerist?"

"Ay! is it? And what kind of neigh-"Ay! is it? And what kind of neighbors have you got, Mrs Macqueen?"

"Neebors!" she repeated, with a snort. "Queer kin' o' neebors! I haena exchanged wirds wi' the limmer since she cam', an' neither has ony ither body, sae faur's I ken. A stuck-up hizzie, cockin' her heid up abune ither respectable folks! I've leeved in this lawn' non say years, an' ne'er yet had a goin' on, speakin' without aince pausin'.

aneebor wha wad pass me by withoot takin' teeth aff their lips!"

"Surely they're foreigners? Edward Alderini's the name, isn't it?"

"Ay, they're furrin cannibals—at least he is; an' it wadna surprise me tae hear ony ill o' him, for he's an ill-lookin' ruffian, that's what he is. I dinna think she's mair a furriner than I am, though she pretends tae be, sae as tae keep fowk at their distance, I am pretty weel shair."

The worthy woman would have kept me listening to the numerous imperfections of the new-comers all day, but I had other things to attend to, and soon left her. Even a tax-collector has some little curiosity in his nature, and I could not help feeling an unusual interest in the tenants of the top flat. My ring was answered by a tawdry "slavey," who invited me into the parlor, while she went for her mistress. During her absence, I took a glance round the room, and saw that it was furnished in an uncommon style for a three-room-and-kitchen house. A fine piano stood in one corner; a harp and a violin were side by side in another; a pile of music lav on the floor; a bock-case crammed of Mrs Macqueen. Unless tenants make side by side in another; a pile of music lay on the floor; a bock-case crammed with books occupied one side of the themselves unbearable to their neighroom; while the walls were covered bors, I don't think one can complain, for window stood a gypsy-table laden with costly bric-a-brac, and near it was a large cabinet inlaid with pearls. As I was wondering to myself whether Edward Alderini was a music-master, a painter, or only a lover of the beautiful, the door opened, and a young woman entered. A collector is not generally the land to go, and setting control of the land to go, and setting the land the most polite of men-it isn't his business to be; but before I knew what I was doing I found myself rising and bowing before the mistress of the house. I don't know what it was about her that made me feel as if I were in the presence of a queen. She was simply a tall young woman, dressed in plain black, with a white ruff at her throat. Her face was hardly beautiful, but it was very striking, with big, wide, black eyes, and a complexion as white as marble; her hair was reddish golden, and the contrast had a peculiar effect. of all respect which might have wounded Her eyes looked straight at you, with a kind of mesmerism in them that made it impossible for you to turn yours away from them.

my feelings, were they not so seasoned to bluntness, "The man for the tax, Mr Alderini." Her eyes looked straight at you, with a

I told her my business. "My husband shall call at your office tomorrow," she said, with a good Eng-"l am sorry to have given you the trouble of calling, but I am so to do so. It is not often any regret is expressed

at my trouble, and I said so. We always make it a rule—my hus

band and I—to trouble those with we have anything to do as little as possible," said Mrs Alderini, coldly. "So that you do not require to call again, Of course I took this as my dismissal,

and departed.

But it was destined that I should see more of the Alderinis than I at all anti-

and so could satisfy my curiosity as to this with me, and I shall lay it before the appearance of that striking young woman's husband. I did not wonder at "Very well! I shall be round again Mrs Macqueen's account of him then, on Monday," said I, rising. But just as he was a tall, dark man, seemingly a good deal older than his wife, with the smooth, dark complexion, and long almond-shaped eyes of an Italian; but there was something very evil in his face. I don't know where it lay, but I taink it must have been in his mouth. taink it must have been in his mouth, word of it. She spoke in a low voice, which was small and cruel-looking, and monotonously even, just like a child rearmed with two rows of short, strong, hungry teeth, which glittered like some slightest notice of me, any more than odthirsty beast's. You may think if I had been invisible. Alderini interthis was all imagination on my part, and that I only remembered it after I knew what I did of him, but that was not the was I did of him, but that was not the The first time I saw Alderini he reminded me of some stealthy, cunning beast of prey, who could take a spring in the dark better than in the light. Well, that was all I saw of the people

at the time, and they had almost passed out of my mind—for you can imagine how many faces a tax-collector is continually seeing to put things out of his mind—until I went my rounds, a year after, through the same buildings. My old friend, Mrs Macqueen, was still in the same house, and attacked me as a name.

"Dae ye mind the folk on the top fist?" she commenced, after she had got me settled in the parlor, pulling up the Ven-etian blinds, and dusting them with great

"Yes; the Alderinis. They're still there.

"Still there? I wish the guidness they were at the Laun's En', or in the Deid Sea! I hope they may dae somethin' outrageous, an' then we can mak' the landlord turn them out. I've spoke tae the factor, but a' he says is, as lang as falk pay their rent decent, an' mak' nae disturbance in the laun', naebody can turn them oot." "Of course not," said I.

wife's face when, in answer to the ring at the bell, she comes to answer it—though it's not pleasant to have the door opened to one by a chit of a thing, who says, demurely, "Mither says I'm tae tell ye she's doon at the washin'. hoose, if ye're the tax-man," yet the life of a tax-collector is not without its compensations. And one of these is that, to a man of a reflecting turn of mind, a great deal that is strange and interesting in the lives of the people he goes among is laid bare.

Can turn them cot."

''Of course not," said I.

'There s somethin no gude aboot that folks, Mr Aitken, an' it's no' pleasant tae be leevin' below sorcerers, or murderers, or a body doesna ken what. You man's an emissary o' Satan, as the meenister wad say, as true's ye're here, Mr Aitken; an' that puir woman is either his slave or his victim. As look o' his en mak's her quail. Ye mind I said tae ye aifter they first cam' I didna care for her stuck-up ways, an' thooht her a prood her stuck-up ways, an' thocht her a prood huzzie; but noo I've discovered it's no' there's a block of buildings that belongs that I met her she looked at me sae pitions that it is not the she will be the she w to my district, and in that block there's fu', I couldna help stoppin' tae has a wee one particular house that stood empty bit chat; but aince, as we were jist exformany years—why, I don't know, for changin' wirds on the stair heid, Alderini passed, an' fixin' his eyes on his wife, said somethin' in a furrin tongue. Her face turned whiter even than it is or'nary, an' she began to shake like a body in a fit, an without anither wird tae me she went up the stair wi' him. It's no' me alane that's observed that, bit ithers in

"Perhaps he's a mesmerist?" I sug-

gested.
''Indeed I wadna won'er, for the look laun' noo sax years, an' ne'er yet had a goin' on, speakin' withoot aince pausin', meebor wha wad pass me by withoot kind o' even-like, neither risin' nor fal-

Mrs Macqueen at last, went straight up to the door of the Alderinis' house. This time, as before, a slipshod slavey answered my ring; but it was not the same

"The mistress is no' in," she said. when I had sufficiently indicated who I was; "bit the maister is. He's in the black, parlor thonder," pointing to the room
Her I had been in before; "ye'd better gang

I followed in the steps of the untidy handmaid, who, throwing open the door, announced, with a total absence bluntness, "The man for the tax, Mr

Seated beside the piano in the furthest corner of the room was the man I had seen before and formed so unfavorable an opinion of. He wore an old velveteen jacket, a pair of dilapidated trousyou the trouble of calling, but I am so ignorant about all these matters that I did not know when you would be likely not playing, but writing away eagerly on blank music-paper, which rested on the piano. As I entered, he rose, turning on me the long dark eyes which I had

noticed before. "Ah! for the taxes," he said, with a foreign accent, but speaking very cor-rectly for a foreigner. "Mrs Alderini is rectly for a foreigner. "Mrs Alderini is not in at present, and unfortunately I

leave all these matters to her." I laid the account before him; he glanced over it carelessly, then looked at

me again. "Perfectly correct, I have no doubt, cipated at the time.

I happened to be in the office when Edward Alderini called to pay his tax,

hungry teeth in a glittering smile.

tleman ?

She faced him quickly; and under his look I could see her start and shiver, then stand quite still as if paralyzed.

"Yes, it is better," she said again, as if repeating a lesson. "Call on Monday, as you said."

I confess I was at that time so much

of a man and not a machine to feel a good deal of wonder and curiosity as to this strange couple when I took my way down from their door. The most plausible way of accounting for her man-ner, and for his extraordinary influence over her was that she was not quite right in her mind; but somehow, when I re-membered her looks and words on the occasion when I had first seen her, and contrasted them with those I had just witnessed, I could not make myself believe that this was the true solution of

the mystery.

I called again on Monday. It was pretty early in the morning, about that hour when house-wives are generally employed in 'redding-up' there houses, or preparing the mid-day meal for their lords and masters; and their was silence on all the stair as I climbed up the weary flights to the top flat. The door was slightly open and with the coolness was slightly open and with the coolness of my tribe I pushed it ajar, and walked in, giving a slight knock to intimate my entrance. The maid-of-all-work cam running out of the kitchen; her untidy hair was floating in anything but beautiful tresses about her face, and the latter was all red and swollen with crying.

"'Oh, it's you!" she cried, when she caught sight of me; "oh, come in, please. I dinna ken whit I'm tae dae, an' I'm near oot o' my wuts," which I believed readily enough, as I didn't suppose she had much. "Dae ye ken wha's in wi'

the mistress?"
"Not I," I answered.
"Weel," said the girl, in a loud whisper, "there's twa bobbies in wi' her the noo, an' I'm shair it's the maister they're aifter."
"If that's the case, it's better for me

to go," said I, preparing to take my leave; but the girl, who was evidently in a great state, detained me.

'Dinna gang yet, for ony sake, maister I'm frichtit tae be left alane; guid kens whit the mistress may dae!" "The bobbies are company enough for you, surely!" said I, facetiously.

"Bobbies! I'm mair frichtit for them than at bein' left alane," replied the 'slavey,' with great frankness. 'But I dinna hear ony sound in the room. I won'er whit's gaun on. My! I wish ye had seen the mistress when the bobbies cam' in; she wis aye like a ghaist, bit she wis ten times liker yin then. I'm feart the maister's no the right thing."

Just then the parlor door opened, and Mrs Alderini herself came out. Like a ghost she certainly was, as the girl had and set. She beckoned to the girl, not eeing me at first.

"Is anyone in, Mary?" "No, ma'am—'cept the tax-collector, ma'am," returned Mary, promptly, evi-dently considering the 'tax-collector'

rely worth mentioning.
"My God! then I am lost!" exclaimed her mistress, with a tone of such sudden, terrible anguish that it startled even

I came forward then. "If there is anything I can do to help you, Mrs Alderini, let me assure you I am at your service," said I, feeling, per-

haps for the only time in my life, a spark own work as long a of chivalry. "Would you wish Mr so to the sergeant. of chivalry. "W Alderini sent for?"

She looked at me with great, haggard "Sent for? No. Would to God 1

might never look upon his face again !" The words were so sudden, so violent, o utterly unlike what I had expected her to utter, that for a moment I said nothing. Mrs Alderint still stood, with he same stony look upon her face, as if she knew not what to do or say; she eemed to have no interest in me or my nission. In the meantime, the police officers seemed to be waiting patiently in

the parlor.

After a while, the poor creature turned to me and, with an appealing gesture,

"For heaven's sake, go in and speak to these men. They are waiting for

I could not refuse the request; it was as if she appealed in very desperation to me. I laid aside all thoughts of duty at

the moment, and went in to beard the redoubtable 'bobbies,' I found they were not common police men, but well trained detectives, who seemed thoroughly to understand their

"What is it?" said I. "I have no more to do with the Alderinis than you, but that poor lady has sent me in; she seems half-distracted. Are you really after Alderini?'

"I should think so," was the curt, of-

At first they were cautious, and refused to give me any confidences; but, byand-by, they became more talkative, especially when one of the men discovered that he knew me, and then I got the

whole history.
"It is only within the last two days the and a serious one-one of murder. You have read, perhaps, if you are a newspaper man, of the mysterious affair at Pimlico. An old man named Pavitt, living alone with one servant, a house-keeper, was found lying in his bed one morning about a month ago-dead.

reminded me of that of a sleep-walker.

It seemed as if though her eyes were on me so scrutinisingly she did not fully somprehend who or what I was. I began to think in my own mind the poor, unfortunate lady was mad; and it seemed an easy enough explanation of the mystery.

I explained my business to her again, and gradually the absent uncomprehending look passed from her face, and she said, with the same air of cold reserve that she had shown to me before:

"It is all right. We shall pay it before Monday at the office, so you do not need to call again."

Alderin! looking up from his writing again, said:

"Is it not better for him to call for it himself on Monday, my wife?"

She faced him quickly: and under his witing a second solution and used to amuse the second on the second of the man had always felt sure that she would return, and used to amuse the condensed in a supplementation of the mystery.

Alderini was standing confronting the two detectives when she entered. The malicious evil smile was lingering still on his lips, and, though they were white, they gave no sign of weekness.

"Yes, I am quite willing to go with you, signors," he was saying. "The play has been played, and the curtain is about to fall—let it fall heroically. Bah! life is a game of hazard; we may gain all through, and yet lose at last! I have peared in a mysterious way, and no one ever knew what had become of her, except that of course the neighbors surmised she had gone off with some one. The old man had always felt sure that she would return, and used to amuse himself on Monday, my wife?" he retorted, with a laugh. "I am condemned in which a laugh. "I am condemned in white a laugh." I am condemned in white a laugh. "I am condemned in white a laugh." I am condemned in white laugh. The old man had always felt sure that she would return, and used to amuse himself watching for her at the window; he had made out his will, too, leaving all that he had—and he was wealthy—to the girl. A visitor had come one day, the house-keeper said, whom she had never seen before; he had seen her master, talked with him for a long time, and assured him—Mr Pavitt told her afterwards—that his daughter was alive and well, and had lately been was alive and well, and had lately been seen by him. When leaving, having found out that her master was a great smoker, he had left him a box of cigars of a superior brand, brought straight from Cubs, he said. Her master had smoked them all, and declared they were delicious. On search being made, how-ever, a cigar-end was found among the old man's books, and this being examined, was found to contain a minute quantity of a strange narcotic poison. It was calculated that the quantity of poison distributed through the cigars would be exactly sufficient to prove deadly to a man of ordinary strength. Suspicion, of course, fell at once on the unknown giver of the cigars. The law is clever enough in tracing when it once has a clue; and it

has traced the man calling himself Ed-ward Alderini, who is the husband of old "Good heavens!" said I, "It is

"It is not only possible, but a fact, and we are now waiting to arrest him when he arrives."

"Then said I, remembering Mrs Alder ini's wild words on seeing me, "you had better watch her. He has a most extraordinary power over her, and she will save him at all hazards if she can, "He cannot move without falling into

our hands," said the sergeant, contemptuously; "we have laid so many traps for him, He is being watched at all the stations; we have men waiting for him everywhere.

"You had better watch her," said I

significantly.

The sergeant opened the parlor doo abruptly, a stealthy sound outside perhaps warning him of the truth of my foreboding. With an old mantle drawn over her golden head, Mrs Alderini was stealing towards the outer door, when the sergeant's stern hand on her arm caused her to shrink back with a shudder.

I will never forget, as long as I live,

the look with which she answered, as he eyes turned to the detective's face, "To warn him? No! To get beyond nim and his evil power forever.

"If that is what you want," said the only to tell us where he is, and rid you readily enough of him."

ed, in a weary tone, "I do not know where he is. Besides, would you ask me "I do not know to give up to justice my husband !"

"And your father's murderer," added the sergeant.

The time passed on, but Alderini did

not return. I began to fear I could stay no longer. Deeply interested as 1 was in the case, I was neglecting my own work as long as I remained. I said

"I must not remain longer; and yet I should like to know what the end will be. I will finish my rounds, and come

back by this way."

I went away, and in about an hour—
for that was about the farthest limit which I was so much interested, I saw a figure walking rapidly towards it before is a fine manly little fellow. In a moment I had recognized it -it was Alderini himself! A fit of excitement seized hold of me. What was he had, for what purpose could he be within a stone's throw of it? But no; the thing was impossible; Alderini was merely going home without the slightest like a little soldier. warning of what was before him. I lingered bekind until the man had entered and when I thought he would be fairly within his own house, approached the building. In the close I met the worthy

Mrs Macqueen, looking white and wor-"Guidsake, Maister Aitken, whit kin' o' thing is this that's happened?" was her first salutation.

"What?" asked I, in pretended igno "Oh, ye ken weel eneuch, sae ye din

na need tae pretend ye keu naething aboot it. Is it true what they're sayin', that there's twa detectives up in Alder inis' "

"I suppose it is, Mrs Macqueen. Was that Mr Alderini himself who went "Ay, himsel', indeed-the deil! that

I sud say sic a thing !" added Mrs Macqueen, with a curious mixture of rage and self-repression. "I wish tae guidness we had flitted frae this cursed place matter came into our hands," said Ser-geant Jamieson. "It is a London case, disgrace o' sic a thing comin' on honest folk.

"But," I remonstrated, "it is no disgrace to you, Mrs Macqueen; such things will happen, and you are not sup-posed to bear the iniquity of your neighbors.

"My dear, do you not see this—genleman?"

One morning about a month ago—dead.

No marks of violence were found upon him and it was at first supposed that he had died a natural death; but on examination the doctors found it was a case of slow one morning about a month ago—dead.

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No marks of violence were found upon him and it was at first supposed that he had to another, and beginning to melt into the bear at the burns, sore throat and rheumatism. Mrs.

F. Cameron, 137 Richmond St. W.,

School Furniture 2 Specialty "And that poor young creature !" said

"Better take care what you say," said one of the detectives, "You know your own words may condemn you."
"Bah! what matters it?" he retorted, with a laugh. "I am condemned in every one's mind already. Come on; I'm ready to go; is your cab ready? But let me see my little one—my carissima—before I go; where is she?"

Like a spectre, Pauline Alderini glided in, and knelt down at a little distance from where her husband stood. It was a terrible sight, they all said, to see her lift up her haggard eyes, and white clasped hands to heaven, as she said, in a voice clear and strong which rang through all the room : "Before the Lord God Almighty, and in the sight of that pure heaven

which I shall never enter, I accuse that man as the murderer of my soul. I shell never on this earth look on his face again; and if I dare allow a prayer to come from my lips, it is that, in the other world to which we are both going, God in his infinite mercy would assign me a place where I may never look up-

on him?"
Again Alderini laughed.
"Thou has sinned thy soul for mine,
little one," he said, in English, and with
an accent that struck horror into every. one who heard him, "and thy punishment shall be to have a place beside me for ever. Good-bye ! since thou wilt

for ever. Good-bye! since thou with not give me a parting-kiss, here is my parting gift to thee."

He threw her a little parcel made up in white silk paper, and turning to his guards signified that he was ready to go. Mrs Macqueen followed them to the door, to show them down stairs, and then turning back to the woman thus left desolate, bethought her of what comfort she could give.

She had net been a minute gone, but

when she re-entered the parlor, Mrs Alderini was sitting by the table, her head resting on her hands, and the little parcel Alderini had given her open beside her. From it arose a strange, sickly odor. A sudden terror seized Mrs Macqueen; she rushed to Mrs Alderini's side, tand shook her by the arm. The beautiful face was lifted for a moment, but in the cold gray tint creeping over it, in the rapid glazing of the dark eyes, the truth was to be read but

too clearly.
"No," she said, with difficulty, as Mrs Macqueen began to call wildly on the girl to run for a doctor, 'it is too late. No doctor could save me. I have None of this, madam," said the detective, with official harshness. "Where were you going!—to warn your husband?"

the throne of Eternal Mercy. \* \* \* \* Alderini did not wait for his trial. day before it he was found dead in his cell, and a powerful poison concealed among his luxuriant black hair. But

only to tell us where he is, and we will rid you readily enough of him."

"I that is what you want, said the everyone knew he died as a felon.

That is my story. It seems an improbable one, but true enough. Even a tax-collector can write a strange story

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gents,—I took a severe cold, which settled in my throat and lungs and causmovement with her hand as if she were wringing them. As she went back to the kitchen again, I heard her say: "O God! justly hast Thou punished me were advised me to try MINARD'S LINI-MENT and the effect was magical, for after only three doses and an outward application, my voice returned and I was able to speak in the Army that night, a privilege I had been unable to enjoy for

six weeks.

CHARLES PLUMMER.

many s Royal Children.

The young emperor of Germany, William II, has five little boys. The eldest of the district—was returning by the crescents. As I approached the close in and the heir to the throne. He will some day be emperor of Germany.

Germany is a very military country, and Emperor William is such a thorough soldier that strict military discipline is I to do! Had the man any idea of what was going on within his house? and if As soon as petticoats are left off, the

> When their father visits them in their own quarters (as I suppose I ought to call such a very military nursery), the

crown prince commands his smaller brothers to "fall in." Then Frederick and Albert, who are scarcely more than babies, "fall in." Little Prince Albert is such a mite that he is not able to keep his position for long, and he soon trots away to his nurse's side. But the crown prince and Prince Frederick stand stiff and starched like real soldiers till their father returns

their salute in proper fashion.

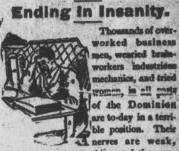
When the little crown prince was 6 years old, he was given a bedroom to himself, instead of sleeping in the nur-serv with the others. He was very sery with the others. pleased, and said, "Oh, that is nice now I need not be with the children any more."-Our Little Men and Wo-

Minard's Liniment Cures Burns, etc.

An idea for table decoration is to have wreath of flowers edge the table, so divided that they may be used as bou tonnieres by the guests when they are

A Pleasing Discovery. I suffered with neuralgia and obtained no relief until advised to try Hagyard's Yellow Oil. Since then I have found it

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worked business are to-day in a terri-ble position. Their nerves are weak,

digestion poor, head aching, and they cannot sleep, work or live in comfort. This is what fills our Insane Asylums. This is the cause of that terrible Paresis. Before it is too late, use Dr. Phelps' wonderful discovery, Paine's Celery Compound, It emoves the results of overwork, restores strength, renews vitality, regulates the whole system, and tones up the overworked brain and body. Do not despair, but see this wonderful remedy, and be restored to health and happiness, the same as was Mr. John L. Brodie, of Montreal, who writes: I have great pleasure in recomm your Paine's Celery Compound. My system was run down and I was not fit for tusiness, could not sleep well at night and was nervous. I commenced taking Paine's Celery Compound and improved immediately. I am now able to transact my business and endure any amount of excitement without bad effect."

Desire Colors Compound can be pure

Paine's Celery Compound can be pur-hased at any druggist's for one dollar a ottle. If he should not have it on hand, order direct from WELLS, RICHAR. & Co., Montreal.





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RUCHANAN & ROBINSON

MANUFACTURERS SASH, DOOR and BLIND

Dealers in all kinds of

Lace curtains s sight in a tub of two tablespoonful little soap In th fully, squeeze out third suds. At thin starch water, wringer, hang the dry pin over a she pet. or secure in a cotton tacked up of the curtain is sm left to dry.

Another way is line by one edge v few inches apart; A good authorit

Inco and I

stretch them unti doing up muslin carefully, starch a on the wrong sid cover it with a go then with a good Lay the curtain and always move as it will give the which will greatly when hung at the

"I bad such dis reason, but on t I ever was in my medicine." Miss nerville, Ont. . Fruit a Fresh, ripe, per

and amid the rave enidemic, endemic special or local. will cure diarrhoe colic, cold, fever, whose treatment r be kept freely ope ripe fruit is ackn requisite propertie following rules a fect. It should be four o'clock in the or fluid of any swallowed within nothing else shoul these observance pressions prevail an extent too, the most lusciou bunch of grapes is embodied cholers More Ben

Found at last, has been looking and that is a med but lately introd itself a reputatio which in conjunction Liver Pith most wonderful poverished blood nd epriched. B nick headache, live weakness, etc., treated by these cines. For Sale ! bion block, Goder

To many of her has been known century past that endowed with the fact, she is one of plished linguists a mperial rank, th own daughter. German empres the Russian czari Austrian kaiserin ereign of these r tress of the four French, German which are most 1 ary point of view "Land o' Cakes" people, it is by no her majesty show with ta Gaelic," as formed that, som ously and successi native languages

Worms cause children. Freen prevent this, and and Lealthy Childre Nothing appeal

nature of a child the Philadelphia against what is con ing," but the grea will yield to the tale that carries not that enough more. It broad vates their finer fe ness, teaches the relations with o'l the rough places lives with friction to them morally, ful to them! me must have recreat body. The stor freshes it, brushes will gather even it to return with I serious work. Me to the child's infor him or her with with manners and taught by mere hi then, let the child

Never allow the stipated lest serio Pills are unsurp constipation.

Three Wingham taurant recently, tween them a tv grapes. They h