

GOLD AND A SOUL

FROM "THE NEW MOON"

WHILE Venice was yet in her palmy days of commerce, there came thither a young German merchant named Richard, a bold and joyous fellow. There was much disquiet in Germany at that time, owing to the Thirty Years' War. For this reason the young merchant was especially glad that his business called him to stay some time in Venice, where people were not so warlike, and where, he had heard, he should find rich wines, the best and most delicious fruits, to say nothing of many most beautiful women, of whom he was a decided admirer.

Accordingly he soon began to lead a very gay life and was introduced into all kinds of society. Many a day passed in revelling and riot, where all faces were wild and joyous, one only excepted—that of a Spanish captain, who, though he attended at all the pranks of the wild crew with whom Richard had associated himself, never exchanged a word with his companions and constantly wore an expression of strong disquiet on his dark features. The rest willingly suffered his presence, because he was a man of good means, who had made no scruple on several occasions of paying for the whole party.

In spite of his gayety money began ere long to fail poor Richard, and he found that his gay mode of life must soon end. The others observed his melancholy and its cause, and had their just at their unfortunate companion who could not refrain, while a shekel remained in his purse, from sucking the poisoned sweets. One evening the Spaniard drew him aside, and with unusual friendliness took him to an unfrequented part of the city. The young man was at first alarmed by this proceeding. But he thought, "The fellow knows that there is not much to be got from me; and as for my skin, if he covets that, he must first adventure his own, which, doubtless, he thinks rather too high a stake."

But the Spanish captain, seating himself on the wall of an old ruined building, made the young merchant sit by him, and began as follows: "It appears to me, my young friend, as if you were wanting in that faculty which has become to me a burden past bearing; that is, the power of procuring at any hour the amount of money you require, and so being able to go on at your pleasure. This, and many other important gifts, I will hand over to you for a reasonable sum."

"But what can you want with money, when you wish to get rid of the power of procuring it?" asked Richard.

"Why, the circumstances are these: I don't know whether you are acquainted with certain little creatures called bottle-imps. They are black fiends, shut up in glass. Whoever possesses such a one may obtain from him whatever pleasure in life he desires, but especially unlimited gold. On the other hand this accommodating friend requires the soul of his possessor, provided the owner dies without having delivered over his imp into other hands. But this can be done only by sale; and, moreover, he must receive for it a less sum than he paid. Mine cost me ten ducats; if you will give me nine for it, 'tis yours."

While Richard thought over this, the Spaniard continued: "I could, of course, cheat anybody into purchasing it like any other bottle and toy, just as it was put into my own hands by a tradesman without a conscience. But I should fear to burden my conscience still more by so doing, and I therefore put the offer fairly and frankly before you. You are yet young and full of life, and will have many an opportunity of getting rid of the thing when you are tired of it."

"Good sir," said Richard, "do not think me uncivil; but I must own I have been a little cheated already in this town of Venice, and even my nine ducats might be of value to one who spends as I have seen you do."

"Excuse me for not striking you dead," said the Spaniard haughtily. "It is because I hope you will still rid me of my bottle-imp, and also because I am not minded to do penance, which would thereby be much increased in length and severity."

"Would you let me make a few trials of the thing first?" prudently asked young Richard.

"To what purpose?" replied the Spaniard. "It stays with no one, helps no one but him who has fairly purchased it."

The youth grew anxious; it was uncomfortable sitting there together at night in that lonely place, in spite of the captain's declared pacific intentions; and there hovered before his fancy all the delights which the bottle imp would procure him. He therefore determined to risk the half of his remaining cash on it, only trying first whether he could beat down something of the price.

"Fool!" laughed the captain—"it was for your good I asked the highest price, and for the good of those who buy it after you, that someone may not too soon get it for the lowest possible sum, and so go irrevocably to a place it would be impolite to mention."

"Oh, never mind," said Richard good humoredly; "I shan't be in a hurry to sell the wonderful thing again. If I could have it for five ducats!"

"Oh, as you please," said the Spaniard.

Then, in return for the money, he handed to the young man a thin glass bottle, wherein by the starlight Richard saw something black dancing strangely up and down. As a trial, he immediately wished to have in his right hand double the sum he had just paid, and instantly felt ten ducats there. Then both went back to the inn with new and cheerful faces; the Spaniard soon took leave without staying for the gorgeous banquet which Richard immediately ordered, paying down to his distrustful host the price beforehand, while the bottle-imp kept filling his pockets with the desired ducats.

Whoever would themselves like to possess such an imp, can best fancy what sort of life our young friend led from that day. He bought a castle and two

villas and surrounded himself with every kind of splendor and luxury. He spent some time in rivalry with one of his country seats, with a crowd of idle and dissipated young persons of rank, amongst whom was a gay and distinguished beauty of the place called Lucretia. One day he was sitting with her in the garden on the brink of a swift deep streamlet, laughing and jesting, till at last Lucretia espied the bottle which Richard wore in his breast, by a gold chain. Before he could hinder her, she had pulled away the chain and playfully held the vial up against the light. At first she laughed at the strange capers of the little black creature within, then crying suddenly in affright, "Ugh, it's a toad!" flung chain, vial, and imp into the stream, which swept all out of sight.

The poor young man strove to hide his concern, lest Lucretia should question him further and have him taken up for sorcery. But as soon as he could get away from her, he retired to think what was to be done. He had yet his castle, his villas, and a heap of ducats in his pocket. He then felt for his money, and, to his surprise, found the vial and the imp in his hand. "Lo!" he cried exulting, "I possess a treasure of which no earthly power can rob me," and he would have kissed the vial, only the little black thing making antics within appeared to him too frightful.

His wildness and extravagance now increased tenfold; he left not a wish ungratified, and was wont to laugh at the Spanish captain for having given up such a treasure, and, as he had been told, retired into a cloister. But all pleasures came to an end; and so Richard found, when in the midst of his riotous career he fell dangerously ill. He received no help from his bottle-imp, on whom he called for aid ten times over in the course of the first day; but instead of comfort, he had a dream, in which the bottle fiend appeared to be dancing merrily among the rest of the bottles, knocking and smashing them and screaming forth songs of triumph at the near end of his servitude.

Ah, how long seemed to the sick man the rest of that night! He dare not close his eyes; yet, while open, the imp was constantly before them. He rang for his servants, but they slept sound; so he was obliged to lie all alone in his anguish, resolving that, if God would let him live to the morning, at all events to get rid of the bottle-imp.

When morning came, he determined to secure first what property he could; and in addition to the castle, villas, and all kinds of costly furniture, he collected a great heap of ducats and placed them under his pillow. Then, somewhat calmed, he considered how to get rid of the imp; and an opportunity presented itself. The doctor, who came that day to see him, was very fond of all kinds of strange animals, which he kept in spirits; and he showed him the creature as one of these, knowing the doctor to be too pious a man to accept it in its own character. The creature had become very lively, and played such antics in the vial that the good man, wishing further to examine it, proposed to buy it of him. To satisfy his conscience in some degree, Richard asked as much as he could—four ducats, two dollars, and twenty pence. But the doctor would give only four ducats, and said he must consider that for a few days. Then in his terror the poor fellow offered the bargain for three; and receiving the money, he at once gave it to his servant to be spent on the poor.

Meanwhile his illness became more violent than ever. He lay in a constant delirious fever; and though by degrees he came to himself again, his complete recovery was delayed by trouble of mind about his ducats; for as soon as he became sensible he searched for them under his pillow and found them gone. He got up and began to consider how to turn his property into gold. But lo! there came people with quittances signed by himself for money paid as the price of all his possessions; for in the days of his folly, in order to win Lucretia's favorable ear to his addresses, he had given her blank forms to fill up as she liked. Thus he must now prepare to go forth almost a beggar.

The doctor came to him with a very grave face. "Well, sir doctor," cried he in a burst of ill-humor, "if, after the fashion of your tribe, you come with a long bill, give me some poison into the bargain, for I have not a penny to buy a loaf with."

"Not so," said the physician gravely. "I give you the price of my whole attendance free; but here is a very rare medicine which I have put in that cupboard, which you will find needful for the restoration of your health, and for which you shall pay me two ducats. Will you?"

"With all my heart!" cried the young merchant joyfully; and having paid the sum to the doctor, the latter at once left the apartment. When Richard put his hand into the cupboard, he felt the fatal bottle between his fingers, wrapped in a scrap of paper, on which was written:—

Thy body I desired to cure, Thou my soul's ruin to insure; But yet my wisdom, higher far, Contrived thy evil scheme to mar. The stratagem thy praise demands: Thus I play back into thy hands Thy bottle-imp, and, with the elf, Give the rogue rope to hang himself!

A terror seized poor Richard at the thought that he had now rebought the bottle-imp, and at a small price. Still there was satisfaction mingled with the feeling; for as he was determined soon again to be rid of the thing he felt no scruple in resolving, by its means, to revenge himself on the cruel Lucretia. First he filled his pockets with ducats, whose weight almost pulled him down to the ground, and deposited the whole sum with the nearest lawyer, receiving a legal acknowledgment, only keeping back a certain number of pieces of gold, with which he hastened to Lucretia's house. Here he made the bottle-imp perform all kinds of juggler's tricks, and convinced her that it was the very thing she had thrown into the stream. She instantly wished to possess such a plaything; and as he, apparently in sport, insisted on receiving money for it, she gave him a ducat. Thereupon he took his leave as quickly as he could, in order to draw from the advocate part of the money deposited. The lawyer opened his eyes wide at the demand; he did not know the young gentleman, he said.

Richard pulled the acknowledgment out of his pocket, and found it really a blank sheet of paper. The advocate had written this receipt with a kind of ink which grew pale and faded in a few hours. So that the young man had now only about thirty ducats in the world.

Such being the case, Richard felt that he must starve, or do something to gain his bread; and he determined to become a pedler. With his thirty ducats he bought and fitted up a box, and carried it through those streets where a few weeks before he had been rioting in wealth. However, his wares were in favor and he sold them off so quickly that he hoped, if this went on, to become ere long a rich man again, and to return to Germany happy, especially in his escape from the accursed bottle-imp. With such thoughts, he repaired in the evening to a tavern to rest himself, and put down his box. A curious guest said to him: "What strange creature have you got there, fellow, in that vial, that tumbles about so queerly?" Alas! he perceived that he had unwares retaken the bottle-imp. He offered it eagerly to each of the company for threepence—he himself had paid for it but four—but none would take so ugly and useless a thing; and as he persisted in pressing his worthless wares on them, they pushed him, box, bottle, and all, out at the door.

Richard in despair fled out of the city, and did not rest till he had quitted the Venetian territory, the scene where all his woes had begun. A horror seized him of all great cities; he knew not what to do or where to get rid of his inseparable companion. At length he determined to become a soldier, hoping easily to part with his wretched bargain in the camp. He heard that two Italian states were at war with each other, and prepared to attach himself to either side. So, having drawn again on his inexhaustible bank, he arrayed himself in a rich gold-wrought cuirass, a splendid plumed sword, and two daggers, and mounted on a Spanish steed rode forth with three well-armed followers on good horses.

Such a combatant, and one too who desired no pay, was sure to be welcome in any army; and Richard soon found himself in a camp where he lived very comfortably, and in wine and play seemed to have forgotten his anxieties. Sharpened by former ill success, he took care not to offer his bottle-imp too formally for sale, but saying nothing about it, waited to make the bargain unexpectedly, as if in jest.

One morning the call to arms was heard; the whole forces were collected; and in a little while the plain was seen full of the infantry of both parties, engaged in hot action, while the cavalry were drawn up apart. The horse of the enemy being inferior in number retreated before the superior force, and for a while Richard enjoyed himself wonderfully, carolling on his splendid horse, his weapons rattling, and himself in safety. But presently, infantry and cavalry began to mingle in general affray; musket-balls hissed around; horsemen fell, and, as strengthened by large reinforcements, the enemy's horse came down upon them. Richard thought, "What a fool I was to come here! I am much nearer death than I was on my sickbed, and if one of those hissing balls catches me, then I am the prey of the bottle-imp and his master forever!" Just as he was thus thinking, his Spanish horse was seized with a panic, and went rearing and plunging backward till they reached a wood not far off. He spurred him about under the lofty trees till he became exhausted and stood still. Then he dismounted, took off his cuirass and shoulder-belt, unsaddled the horse, and feebly stretching himself on the grass, said: "Well, I am scarcely fit for a soldier, at least with a bottle-imp in my pocket." He tried to think of what next to do, but fell fast asleep.

After some hours of quiet slumber, a sound of men's voices and footsteps struck his ear; but nestling in his cool, comfortable couch, and resolutely indifferent to the noise, he was sinking still deeper into delicious sleep, when a thundering voice shouted to him: "Are you dead, you scoundrel? Only speak if you are, that one may not waste a charge of powder." Thus unpleasantly awakened, he looked up, and saw a musket cocked at his breast, held by a grim-looking foot-soldier, while others were rifling his property. He begged for mercy, crying in the utmost anguish, "Shoot me dead, but at least first buy the little vial in my right-hand doublet pocket."

"Stupid fellow!" laughed one of them. "I won't buy it from you, but take it from you certainly;" and so he drew out the imp and put it in his breast.

"And welcome!" cried Richard, "if you can only keep it, but unpaid for, it won't stay by you." The soldiers laughed, and went off with the plunder, not troubling themselves further about the man, whom they took to be half-crazy. Richard felt in his pocket, and found the vial there; he shouted, and held it up after them. The man who had taken it, in astonishment clutched at his dress, found it not, and ran back for it.

"I told you," said Richard, "you couldn't keep it so. Only give me a few pence for it."

The soldier now took a fancy to the frolicsome thing, which now, too, as was its custom when handled, showed itself very lively in the expectation of the approaching close of its service. But the threepence charged for it seemed to the soldier too much; so Richard said impatiently: "Well, skinflint, as you will, give me a penny, and take your property." Thus was the bargain concluded, the money paid, and the little Satan handed over.

Richard now bethought himself what to do. He stood there with a light heart, but with a light pocket too, and no means of filling it, for he dared not return to the corps of cavalry from which he had shamefully fled; so he proposed to these foot-soldiers to join their company. He soon discovered that they belonged to the opposite side, where he would not be known; and now that he was rid of the bottle-imp and all his cash, he felt not indisposed to risk his life for the chance of booty. He went then with

his new comrades to the camp; and the captain willingly received into his company an active and strongly made young fellow like him.

His life, however, was not very cheerful. There was at present a suspension of proceedings in the field and nothing to do but to live quietly in the camp, without danger and without plunder. Richard had therefore nothing but his scanty pay; and one day it occurred to him, as he weighed the petty sum in his hands, to try his fortune with the dice.

The game took its usual checkered course, and he went on gambling and drinking far into the night. At length the half-intoxicated Richard had played away his whole month's pay and no one would lend him a farthing. Rumaging in all his pockets, he found nothing there but his cartridge-box; but this he drew out and offered it as a stake. Whilst the dice were being shaken, it suddenly struck Richard that the soldier who held the stake was the same who had bought the bottle-imp, and would of course, through its presence, be sure to win. He cried: "Stop!" but too late; the dice were thrown and Richard lost. He rushed back to his tent in despair. A comrade, who was somewhat more sober than he, took him by the arm, and asked him on the way if he had more cartridges in his tent.

"No," said Richard, "or I would have played on."

"So you can when you've bought new ones," said the soldier; "for the commissioner comes to review us next month, and if he finds a soldier without cartridges he has him shot."

"Next month!" cried Richard; "well, before that time I shall have my pay, and buy new cartridges."

So they parted, and Richard slept. In a little while he was awakened by the voice of the corporal before the tent: "Ho! to-morrow is the review; the commissioner will be in the camp by break of day." Richard was startled from his sleep; he thought of his cartridges. He called to his comrades in the tent to know if any would lend to him; but they abused him for a drunkard and would not answer. Then he searched his clothes, and found at last five farthings. With these he flew from tent to tent in the dark, trying to buy cartridges, but in vain, till he reached a tent where the voice that answered him with an imprecation was that of the soldier who had his cartridges.

"Comrade," cried Richard, pleadingly, "you or some one must help me. You plundered me once before, and yesterday you took my all from me. If the commissioner finds to-morrow that I have no cartridges, he will have me shot. You must give or lend or sell me some."

"Giving and lending I have forsworn," said the soldier; "but to quiet you, I will sell you cartridges. How much money have you?"

"Five farthings," answered Richard sadly.

"Well," said the other, "to show you that I am a good comrade, there are five cartridges for your five farthings." The exchange was made, and Richard returned, to sleep till the morning.

The review took place, and all went well. But when the soldiers were again in camp, the sun burned intolerably through the tent canvas. Richard's comrades went to the canteen, and he remained alone with empty pockets and a piece of ration bread, faint and sick with yesterday's carouse and to-day's exertions. "Ah," he thought, "if I had now but one of all the ducats I once lavished like a fool!" Scarcely had he formed the wish, when a bright new ducat lay in his left hand. The thought of the bottle-imp shot through his mind and embittered his momentary joy at sight of the piece of gold. Just then entered the comrade who had sold him the cartridges.

"Friend," said he with a troubled air, "the vial with the little black imp in it—you know I bought it in the wood from you—is missing. Have I, perchance, given it you unaware, for a cartridge? I had wrapped it up in paper like them, and laid it with my cartridges."

Richard sought anxiously in his cartridge-box, and in the first paper he untold he found the goblin creature.

"That's well," said the soldier. "I should have been sorry to have lost the thing, ugly as it looks; it always seems to me as if it brought me unusual luck at play. There, comrade, take your farthing again and give me the creature."

Most eagerly did Richard consent to the transaction, and they parted. But all his peace was gone since he had again seen and handled the object of his terror. He threw from him the ducat he had just before signed for, and at last the dread that the bottle-imp might still be lurking somewhere near drove him out of the camp, and through the deepening evening, into the thickest forest shades, where, exhausted by terror and weariness, he sank upon the ground.

"Oh," said he, parting, "that I had a waterflask to quench my thirst!" and there stood a waterflask at his side. He thought of the bottle-imp—searched in his pocket—and felt it there.

He fell back in a swoon, on awaking from which he would have resisted his fate, declaring that it belonged no more to him, but the imp seemed to cry jeeringly: "Thou hast bought me for a farthing; and thou must sell me again for less, or the bargain is void."

Half-mad, he flung the vial against a rock hard by, but felt it again in his pocket. Then he began to run through the dark thicket, striking himself against tree and stone in the gloom and hearing at every step the flask jingle in his pocket. Daybreak found him in an open plain, and he continued his wanderings. He would not return to the camp; his one object now was to find a coin under a farthing's worth; but the search was vain. He would demand nothing more of the goblin, and so he begged his way through the land of Italy. But looking so wild and troubled and always asking for half-farthings, he was everywhere regarded as crazy, and was soon known far and wide by the name of the mad Half-farthinger.

[Concluded on page 7.]

Without Warning! Men and Women Drop Off Every Day From Heart Disease. Paine's Celery Compound Cures This Prevalent and Terrible Trouble. Testimony of a Lady Who Suffered for Long Years.

Day after day the newspapers give accounts of very sudden deaths from heart disease. The trouble is a common and a prevalent one in this busy and rushing age, but too often lightly regarded by those who experience the symptoms daily.

Symptoms may be summed up as follows: the nervous system is usually out of condition; there are sharp pains in the heart; it is impossible to take a long and deep breath; the pulse is irregular; there is palpitation; very often a dry irritable cough, and the sufferer is full of gloomy thoughts.

In order to cure heart disease, every one of those symptoms must be forever banished. The medicine to cure must possess the virtues and powers to strengthen the entire nervous system. Paine's Celery Compound is the only medicine that can build up and tone the nerves, and give to the life-stream—the blood—that purity and richness that guarantees freedom from all disease. Hundreds of physicians are prescribing Paine's Celery Compound every day for all forms of heart trouble, and their success is marvellous and encouraging.

Those who experience all the awful symptoms of heart disease, those who are brought to the verge of the grave by nervous debility, mental depression, sleeplessness, dyspepsia, liver and kidney affections, find in Paine's Celery Compound a true friend and life-giving agency.

Mrs. E. Rankin, of Courtright, Ont., writes: "With great pleasure I beg to inform you of the good I have received from the use of Paine's Celery Compound. For a number of years I have been in very poor health owing to various causes, and lately I was advised to try your medicine. I used three bottles, and have received a world of good. My severe headaches are completely banished, and the heart disease from which I suffered for thirty years, has almost disappeared, and altogether I am vastly improved. I am fully convinced that Paine's Celery Compound is all that it is recommended to be."

LEGALLEE BROS., General Engravers. ENGRAVED BRASS SIGNS. White Enamel Letters. METAL AND RUBBER STAMPS. SEALS, BRANDS, STENCILS. Sole Agents in Province of Quebec for (Cook's) Pat. Stamp, Chatham. 674, Laquebelle Street. LL TELEPHONE 2468.

The Best Advertisements. Many thousands of unsolicited letters have reached the manufacturers of Scott's Emulsion from those cured, through its use, of Consumption and Scrofulous diseases. None can speak so confidently of its merits as those who have tested it.

LUBBY'S

PARISIAN HAIR RENEWER.

Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers, 50 cents a Bottle.

PRINCIPAL LABORATORY, RUE VIVIER, ROUEN, FRANCE.

RESTORES GRAY HAIR TO ITS NATURAL COLOR. STRENGTHENS AND BEAUTIFIES THE HAIR. CURES DANDRUFF AND ITCHING OF THE SCALP. KEEPS THE HAIR MOIST AND THE HEAD COOL. IS NOT A DYE, BUT RESTORES THE HAIR NATURALLY. FOR THE HAIR. IS A DELIGHTFUL DRESSING FOR LADIES' HAIR. RECOMMENDS ITSELF, ONE TRIAL IS CONVINCING. IS THE BEST HAIR PREPARATION IN THE MARKET. IMMEDIATELY ARRESTS THE FALLING OF HAIR. DOES NOT SOIL THE PILLOWSLIPS OR HEAD-RESS.

R. J. Devins, GENERAL AGENT, MONTREAL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM EXCURSIONS.

Sunday Schools and Societies should make early applications for their summer excursions, as the following dates for the Grand Trunk Railway, Valleyfield, Ormstown, Thelville, Houses Point, etc., are being rapidly secured.

Moonlight Excursions Through Lake St. Louis.

The above can now be arranged for with societies, clubs, military and other organizations. The Trip is as follows:

Leave Innhaven Station by special excursion train about 8 p.m., twenty minutes ride to Lachine Wharf, where the "Duchess of York," steel steamer, electric lights, and with a carrying capacity of 700, will be in attendance for a three hour moonlight ride through Lake St. Louis, and return to Lachine Wharf, 6 p.m. These moonlight excursions will only be run on application of societies, clubs, etc., the Excursion Committee being allowed to control the sale of tickets if desired.

For choice dates, rates, etc., early application should be made at City Ticket Office, 143 St. James Street, or to D. O. Pesce, District Passenger Agent, Bonaventure Station.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY.

Leave Windsor Street Station for

Boston, \$9.00 a.m., \$6.20 p.m.
Portland, 9.00 a.m., 12.20 p.m.
New York, \$8.10 a.m., \$4.25 p.m.
Toronto, Detroit, \$8.20 a.m., \$9.00 p.m.
St. Paul, Minneapolis, \$9.10 p.m.
Winnipeg and Vancouver, \$9.00 a.m.
St. Anne's, Val d'Or, etc., \$8.20 a.m., \$1.30 p.m.
J.15 p.m., \$5.15 p.m., \$1.15 p.m., \$9.00 p.m.
St. John's—\$9.00 a.m., \$4.05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m., \$8.45 p.m.
Newport—\$9 a.m., \$4.05 p.m., \$8.20 p.m.
Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., \$8.40 p.m.
Sherbrooke—1.05 p.m. and 1.45 a.m.
Beauharnois and Valleyfield, 8.10 a.m., 11 a.m., \$4.25 p.m., 7.10 p.m.
Hudson, Rigaud and Point Fortune, \$1.30 p.m., \$5.15 p.m., \$6.15 p.m.

Leave Duhonville Square Station for:
Quebec, \$8.10 a.m., \$5.30 p.m., \$10.30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.
Ottawa, Lachine, \$8.30 a.m., \$6.05 p.m.
St. Lin, St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.
St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., \$9.15 a.m., 5.30 p.m.
St. Anthony and Labelle, 5.30 p.m.
St. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.30 a.m., \$13 p.m., 5.30 p.m., \$5.15 p.m., Saturday, 1.45 p.m., instead of 3 p.m.
Daily except Saturdays. "Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only unless shown. "Particulars, sleeping cars, Saturdays only. "Sundays only. "a) Except Saturday and Sunday.

CITY TICKET AND TELEGRAPH OFFICE, 129 St. James st., next to Post Office.

CARROLL BROS., Registered Practical Sanitarians.

Plumbers, Steam Fitters, Metal and Slate Roofs.

795 CRAIG STREET, near St. Antoine.

Drainage and Ventilation specialty. Charges Moderate. Telephone 183.

CARBOQUININE HAIR TONIC.

IT CLEANSES THE HAIR REMOVES DANDRUFF, GIVES STRENGTH AND VIGOR TO THE ROOTS, THUS PROMOTING A HEALTHY GROWTH.

PREPARED AT

Westmount Medical Hall.

Cor. Atwater Ave & St. Antoine St.

MONTREAL. 40-1F



BEFORE GIVING YOUR ORDERS GET PRICES FROM US.

OFFICE AND WORKS: Cor. Latour st. and Busby Lane. TELEPHONE 180.

A WORD TO OUR READERS.—Readers will help THE TRUE WITNESS materially by dealing with those who advertise in its columns. The Catholic population of Montreal should patronize those who have built up the business of their favorite paper.