

J. Hatchett  
**W. H. HATCHETT**  
 Barristers, Solicitors,  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

Alexandre Lacoste, K.C.  
**LACOSTE & LACOSTE**  
 SOLICITORS, ETC.  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

Telephone Main 433  
**P. WHELAN**  
 M.A., B.C.L.  
 ATTORNEY AND SOLICITOR  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

Phone Main 277  
**MATHIEU**  
 SOLICITORS  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

CASIMIR DESJARDINS  
**& Desjardins**  
 SOLICITORS  
 Building, 150 St. James  
 Phone Main 179

**PER & DUCLOS**  
 SOLICITORS  
 Building, 150 St. James St.  
 Phone Main 179

**WIEUX, MURPHY**  
**BERARD**  
 SOLICITORS, ETC.  
 K.C., Hon. R. Lemieux, K.C.  
 P. P. Bernard, K.C.  
 E. Brassard, L.L.B.  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

H. A. Cholette, L.L.B.  
 T. Tansy, B.C.L.  
**VOLETTE & TANSEY**  
 Barristers and Solicitors.  
 150 ST. JAMES ST.  
 GUARDIAN BLDG.

**E. & CEDRAS**  
 SOLICITORS  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

**E. MCKENNA**  
 SOLICITOR  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

**W. RILEY**  
 Established in 1864.  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

**W. W. CORY**  
 101, rue du Peuple, Chambers,  
 JAMES STREET.

and now I will  
 I love better than  
 a life. If I must, I  
 must, I will. I will  
 justice be done to  
 stir up a stone of  
 continued.)

Preparation.—Unlike  
 regulator. Par-  
 Pills are the re-  
 of vegetable com-  
 to stimulate the  
 ons and maintain  
 condition. Years  
 their faultless ex-  
 shed their excellent  
 this reputation they  
 or years and will  
 gain, for these pills  
 at the head of  
 ard preparations.

BOYS and GIRLS

BESSIE AND HER BROTHER.

"Bessie, come here a minute!"  
 "What in the world can that boy  
 want now, I wonder?"  
 Bessie Rogers raised a flushed face  
 from the napkin she was hemming,  
 and listened, with her needle half-  
 way through the stiff linen.  
 "Just a minute, Bessie!" This time  
 there was a note of appeal in the  
 voice. The girl rose, and tossing the  
 napkin into the chair behind her,  
 started in the direction of the call.  
 "I wonder mother ever gets any  
 work done, if Jamie always hinders  
 her in this way!" was her impatient  
 exclamation as she hastened across the  
 hall and up a flight of stairs to the  
 attic, under whose low-slanting roof  
 were stowed away out-of-use house-  
 hold articles, cast-away toys and  
 rubbish galore.

"What are you up to now, Jamie?"  
 "I'm sure if I tell mother one half  
 the mischief you've done since she's  
 been away, she'll not go visiting  
 again in a hurry. What—under—tho—  
 um!"

Bessie lengthened each word of her  
 last interrogation until it came to an  
 abrupt stop, which fortunately for all  
 concerned ended in a laugh.  
 There stood her irrepressible brother  
 or would completely up in a clothes-  
 line, one end of which was securely  
 fastened to a hook in the rafters, and  
 the other hidden in a diminished ball  
 on the floor.

"Well, you've done it for yourself  
 this time, surely!" exclaimed the  
 girl. "Why didn't you go the other  
 way and unwind when you saw what  
 you were doing?"  
 "I did; but it didn't work," said  
 Jamie, crestfallen. "I began playing  
 running round the Maypole—and—  
 well, I couldn't get free!"

Suddenly a glad cry broke from  
 Jamie as he saw his mother standing  
 in the doorway.  
 "You've no idea how glad I am  
 you are back, mother!" Bessie said,  
 and she started to free Jamie. "This  
 boy has done nothing but get into  
 mischief ever since you left. I wouldn't  
 have another four hours of it for  
 anything. I haven't got one napkin  
 hemmed yet, and you expected I'd  
 have them all done!"

There was an impatience in the  
 girl's voice that matched the frown  
 upon her face.  
 "I don't think I expected it, deary;  
 it was you that promised to have  
 the napkins finished by my return. I  
 imagined you would have your hands  
 pretty full when you offered to look  
 after Jamie and let me have a half  
 holiday."

The little boy again free and prancing  
 around to show his delight, the  
 two slowly descended the stairs.  
 "Do you often have days like this  
 mother?" Bessie asked, as her eyes  
 caught the sight of the telltale napkin  
 in the chair where she had thrown it  
 in a bit of impatience at Jamie's  
 call. "There haven't been five min-  
 utes at a time since you left the  
 house, that Jamie hasn't been into  
 some sort of mischief that I've had  
 to get him out of."

Mrs. Rogers pressed a kiss upon  
 the flushed face, as she replied:  
 "Mothers have many trying moments;  
 dear, but that is a part of life."  
 "Well, I don't believe Jamie would  
 wait on me as I have on him, no  
 matter what came," declared Bessie,  
 as a pair of shoes came clamping  
 noisily down the attic stairs.  
 "Oh, perhaps he would if there was  
 need of it," said the mother.

The next morning Bessie awoke  
 with a sore throat. When she lifted  
 her head from the pillow, the floor  
 seemed to come up to meet her; and  
 there were twinging pains through  
 her body. "It's a cold, dear, and you  
 must remain in bed all day, I think,"  
 said her mother. "A sad way to  
 spend the first day of vacation, isn't  
 it? But I'm afraid I shall have to  
 leave you to take care of yourself,  
 dear, as I promised to go to-day."  
 These suggestions are merely hints  
 of what can be made a clever and  
 amusing puzzle.

Each guest examines the cards on  
 the other guests as well as his own,  
 and writes his answer after the cor-  
 rect number on the paper. An in-  
 teresting book will make an appro-  
 priate prize for the winner.  
 \*\*\*  
**THE WIDE SEA.**  
 They say the sea is very wide,  
 Touching the world on every side;  
 And that these waves that play with  
 me,  
 Have come across the world, maybe,  
 Dear wide and friendly sea, how  
 queer!

Perhaps this wave my toes touch  
 here  
 Has run along some foreign strand,  
 Where children of some foreign land  
 Play, and build castles in the sand,  
 And love it, just the way I do;  
 I think it's very strange, don't you?  
 And in this very wave—who knows?  
 Some little Japanese girl, I s'pose,  
 Dabbled her little Japanese toes.  
 If ever you go back once more,  
 Where children play on some far  
 shore,  
 Please say a child from far away  
 Would love to join them in their  
 play.

\*\*\*  
**IF I COULD GO A-TRAVELLING.**  
 If I could but a-travelling go,  
 I'd show my aunt and cousin Flo  
 That I know just as much as they,  
 If they have been to Africa.

If I'd go there, why you can bet,  
 I'd catch a lion for a pet.  
 Why, Flo was there for two whole  
 months,  
 And never saw a lion once.  
 She'd run if one just looked at her:  
 She's even 'fraid of pussy's purr;  
 And once little wicky mouse  
 Scared her clear out of aunt's  
 house.  
 If I'd had such a chance as she

Trying to solve the problem, Bessie  
 fell into a refreshing sleep, from  
 which she awakened several hours  
 later, to see Jamie again standing  
 at her bedside, this time with  
 a tray of tempting dainties, which he  
 informed her were her dinner.  
 "When I eat my dinner in bed mo-  
 ther puts a pillow behind my back,"  
 Jamie asserted, and forthwith Bessie  
 found herself bolstered to a sitting  
 position, while from the tray which  
 he had arranged on the table, the  
 little helper proceeded to hand his  
 sister one thing after another as sig-  
 nificantly as could an older nurse.

When the tray was emptied, the  
 pillow was gently slipped down, the  
 bedclothes rearranged and Bessie was  
 left for another nap.  
 Not once during the long day did  
 the busy mother ascend the stairs to  
 the sick room. Jamie has assumed  
 the duties so efficiently that there  
 seemed no need of it.

"How do you like your nurse?"  
 the mother inquired when at the  
 close of her busy day, she at last  
 dropped in to see how the patient  
 was progressing.  
 "Oh, mother! I am so sorry I  
 spoke as I did about Jamie yester-  
 day," was Bessie's contrite answer.  
 "He's taken as good care of me as  
 you could have done. He's just a  
 little jewel. He never complained or  
 called me fussy once! You said that  
 if the time ever came for service I  
 might find Jamie ready to give it.  
 And I am sorer than I can tell  
 that I have not been more patient  
 with him."

Just then the door creaked, and  
 Jamie's anxious face peered cau-  
 tiously in. Seeing his mother seated  
 upon the edge of Bessie's bed holding  
 her hand, he slipped round to the  
 other side, and took hold of the  
 other hand that lay outside the  
 dainty white spread, saying as he did  
 so: "We all do just love Bessie when  
 she is sick, don't we, mamma?"  
 "And when she is well, too, I  
 hope!" Bessie cried, as she drew the  
 dimpled face close to hers. "I feel  
 I'm just getting acquainted with my  
 own brother," she added.

\*\*\*  
**A BIRTHDAY PARTY.**  
 A new and pleasant birthday party  
 for children of the school age is a  
 book title tea. The tea is on the  
 same plan as that of their elders,  
 but with titles of juvenile books in-  
 stead of adult works represented for  
 guessing.

Cards which give the different book  
 names should be prepared in ad-  
 vance of the occasion.  
 As each boy or girl arrives a rib-  
 bon on which a card is swung is  
 hung around his or her neck, pen-  
 cils and papers being distributed at  
 the same time.  
 On each card is a number as well  
 as an illustration representing the  
 book title. When all have arrived a  
 bell rings as a signal for the guess-  
 ing to begin. Players now commence  
 writing down the names of the book  
 as they think them to be.

Examples of juvenile book titles  
 pictorially represented are given be-  
 low for the benefit of the entertain-  
 er who wishes to try this plan:  
 Picture of Mme. Recamier or any  
 other famous beauty colored black as  
 if in silhouette, "Black Beauty."  
 Sketch of a slipper or a tiny crystal  
 slipper (one of those sold as fa-  
 vours for holding candy) sewed on  
 card. "Cindrella; or The Little Glass  
 Slipper."  
 Map of Arabia and pictures of me-  
 dieval chevaliers. "Arabian Nights."  
 A spray of American Beauties re-  
 presented as fully opened. "Rose in  
 Bloom."  
 Sketch of katydid followed by a  
 question mark. "What Katy Did."  
 Picture of a knight in armor fol-  
 lowed by the word Christmas. "The  
 Night Before Christmas."

These suggestions are merely hints  
 of what can be made a clever and  
 amusing puzzle.  
 Each guest examines the cards on  
 the other guests as well as his own,  
 and writes his answer after the cor-  
 rect number on the paper. An in-  
 teresting book will make an appro-  
 priate prize for the winner.  
 \*\*\*  
**THE WIDE SEA.**  
 They say the sea is very wide,  
 Touching the world on every side;  
 And that these waves that play with  
 me,  
 Have come across the world, maybe,  
 Dear wide and friendly sea, how  
 queer!

Perhaps this wave my toes touch  
 here  
 Has run along some foreign strand,  
 Where children of some foreign land  
 Play, and build castles in the sand,  
 And love it, just the way I do;  
 I think it's very strange, don't you?  
 And in this very wave—who knows?  
 Some little Japanese girl, I s'pose,  
 Dabbled her little Japanese toes.  
 If ever you go back once more,  
 Where children play on some far  
 shore,  
 Please say a child from far away  
 Would love to join them in their  
 play.

\*\*\*  
**IF I COULD GO A-TRAVELLING.**  
 If I could but a-travelling go,  
 I'd show my aunt and cousin Flo  
 That I know just as much as they,  
 If they have been to Africa.

If I'd go there, why you can bet,  
 I'd catch a lion for a pet.  
 Why, Flo was there for two whole  
 months,  
 And never saw a lion once.  
 She'd run if one just looked at her:  
 She's even 'fraid of pussy's purr;  
 And once little wicky mouse  
 Scared her clear out of aunt's  
 house.  
 If I'd had such a chance as she

I wouldn't such a coward be,  
 And I would something better see  
 Than Japanese drinking tea.  
 But I must stay and peg away,  
 While aunt and Flo have all the  
 play;  
 Oh, well, we boys are never loath  
 Excepting in a story book.  
 —Selected.

\*\*\*  
**THE GERMAN TIN SOLDIER.**  
 One time I had a soldier,  
 His name was Tommy Green,  
 I kept him in the kitchen  
 Just behind the screen.  
 I love my little soldier,  
 And I'm sure that he loved me,  
 Nobody came to see me—  
 It was Tommy they'd come to see.

\*\*\*  
**Women's Ailments**  
 There is no need whatever for so many  
 women to suffer from pains and weakness,  
 nervousness and sleeplessness, anemia,  
 hysteria and melancholia, faint and dizzy  
 spells, and the hundred other troubles  
 which render the life of too many women  
 a round of sickness and suffering.

**MILBURN'S HEART  
 AND NERVE PILLS**  
 Have Restored Thousands of Canadian  
 Women to Health and Strength  
 Young girls budding into womanhood  
 who suffer with pains and headaches, and  
 whose face is pale and blood water, or  
 women at the change of life who are ner-  
 vous, subject to hot flashes, feeling of pins  
 and needles, etc., are tired over these try-  
 ing times by Milburn's Heart and Nerve  
 Pills.  
 They have a wonderful effect on a  
 woman's system, making pains and aches  
 vanish, bring color to the pale cheek and  
 sparkle to the eye. The old, worn out,  
 tired out, languid feelings give place to  
 strength and vitality, and life seems worth  
 living.  
 Price 50 cents per box, or 3 boxes for  
 \$1.25, at all druggists, or mailed direct on  
 receipt of price by  
**THE T. MILBURN CO., LTD., Toronto, Ont.**

**THE ANGRY GIRL.**  
 She loses her sense of humor, often  
 also any other sense she has goes  
 with it.  
 If getting angry ever did any good  
 there would be more reason in it.  
 The surest way to weaken a good  
 cause is by bad temper.  
 The girl who is easily angered pays  
 the piper in broken friendships.  
 A hot temper rarely finds a happy  
 home big enough to hold it.  
 The angry girl forgets that the pen-  
 itence which follows her folly is not  
 pleasant company.  
 Jefferson's hundred counting rule  
 for the very angry does not always  
 work. There are some rages that  
 would require a lightning calculator.  
 Wrath conquered is the best recipe  
 for character strengthening known.  
 She who can't get angry will never  
 have the force of the girl who can  
 and don't.

While an occasional storm clears  
 the air, many storms work havoc. A  
 rage in a good cause may correct  
 abuses, but keeping up those rages  
 never lands one anywhere—but in  
 disrepute.  
 The angry girl has no sense of per-  
 spective. The tiniest wrong has a  
 way of blocking the foreground as it  
 would never do if she kept cool.  
 Anger would not be so bad if it did  
 not loosen the tongue, but unfortu-  
 nately the angry woman usually opens  
 her mouth and shuts tight her eyes  
 to what is seemly.  
 One rage, a hundred regrets, leave  
 a balance on the wrong side of the  
 ledger that is sometimes never work-  
 ed off.

Anger is such a futile thing. Usually  
 it hurts the woman who is  
 racked by it more than the victim of  
 her wrath.  
 Anger might be worth while if it  
 were not for the day after. Then  
 comes the time of wondering, "What  
 did I say? Why did I say it? Will  
 it ever be forgotten and forgiven?"  
 \*\*\*  
**FOR FISHING.**

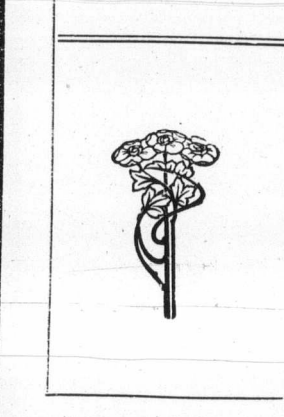
A certain John Simmons had been  
 a twenty year abstainer, but fell  
 from the ways of grace and worship-  
 ped the vicious god with all the fervor  
 of a convert.  
 Feeling the need of recuperation, he  
 sent his boy to an adjacent hostelry  
 for a bottle of whiskey.  
 "But," cried the hotel proprietor,  
 "for my father," said the boy.  
 "Nonsense. Your father is a total  
 abstainer, and has been to my  
 knowledge for longer years than you  
 have lived."  
 "Well, at all events he sent me for  
 it."  
 "What does he want it for?"  
 "To let you into a secret," the  
 boy said, ashamed to tell the truth.  
 "He's going fishing, and he wants  
 the cork to use for a float."

**SAVE THE CHILDREN.**  
 Mothers who keep a box of Baby's  
 Own Tablets in the house may feel  
 that the lives of their little ones are  
 reasonably safe during the hot weath-  
 er months. Stomach troubles,  
 cholera infantum and diarrhoea car-  
 ry off thousands of little ones every  
 summer, in most cases because the  
 mother does not have a safe medi-  
 cine at hand to give promptly. Baby's  
 Own Tablets cure these troubles, or  
 if given occasionally to the well  
 child will prevent the trouble com-  
 ing on. And the mother has the  
 guarantee of a government analyst  
 that the Tablets contain no opiate  
 or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. Mine-  
 aut, Jr., Mont Louis, Que., says:  
 "Before giving Baby's Own Tablets  
 to my little one she suffered greatly  
 from colic and stomach troubles, and  
 cried a great deal. The Tablets soon  
 cured her and she is now a plump,  
 healthy child who does not look as  
 though she ever had an hour's ill-  
 ness." You can get the Tablets from  
 any dealer in medicine or by  
 mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr.  
 Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,  
 Ont.

**WHEN** a man  
 sets out to  
 make a good im-  
 pression, he usually  
 puts on his best suit  
 and top hat. When  
 a printer sets out to

**Impress a  
 Customer**

with the quality of  
 his work, he relies  
 to a great extent on  
 the FINE PRINT-  
 ING he does.



**Telephone Main  
 5072**

**THE**

**Work**

done by the

**True Witness  
 Printing Co.**

may always be relied upon to  
 give satisfaction. They  
 have an office thoroughly  
 equipped for the production  
 of finely printed work.

**They Create a good  
 Impression**

at sight on both the Dealer  
 and the Customer.

**The True Witness Printing Co.**  
 316 LAGAUCHETIERE STREET WEST.

On Catholic Women.

The Church owes much to women.  
 We must ever revert in thankfulness  
 to that wondrous scene of the Annun-  
 ciation, and those words on which so  
 much depended, words, spoken by her  
 who was to be the Mother of God:  
 "Behold the handmaid of the Lord."  
 In the beginnings of Christianity in  
 Rome and other cities of the Empire  
 many noble, devoted and wealthy  
 women became real foster mothers to  
 the infant churches, providing for  
 them a place of worship and of bur-  
 ial. In the long procession of saints,  
 the women martyrs and confessors of  
 the Faith kept steady step with those  
 of the sterner sex. Not an age of ec-  
 clesiastical history but sparkles with the  
 heroic piety and deeds of Catholic  
 women. In their hands from the  
 first have been the care and early ed-  
 ucation of those who were to advance  
 the Kingdom of God. And to-day, in  
 education, charity and devoted ser-  
 vice their work and devotion is a  
 glory to the Church and their sex.  
 The activity of women in the ser-  
 vice of God has been and is so great  
 and continuous that sometimes one  
 may wonder if indeed they have not  
 done too much, not for the Church  
 or themselves, but for the work that  
 men should do. It has come to this  
 that outside the priesthood, laymen  
 often consider their duty done when  
 they attend Mass and contribute mo-  
 ney. The financial generosity of men  
 supports the schools, hospitals, asyl-  
 ums and pious institutions, but most  
 of the practical work and personal  
 service is in the hands of women.  
 More than this, in the family the  
 wife and mother are often compelled  
 to do missionary work to bring hus-  
 bands and sons to their duty. What-  
 ever a mission takes place the wo-  
 men come first in order that their  
 zeal may impel the men of the fam-  
 ily to a renewal of piety. So far  
 has this gone, that you may some-  
 times hear people say that religion  
 is principally for women. It is an  
 insensate and shameful statement for  
 men to make, but they make it.  
 It would be a very sad and lam-  
 entable thing if the praiseworthy  
 zeal and devotion of women cooled  
 the spirits of Catholic men towards  
 their plain and well-understood duty  
 towards their religion. There are  
 two examples which may well give  
 us food for thought. Mohammedan-  
 ism is a man's religion. To the  
 Turk, women are pretty, soulless  
 playthings. The energetic profession  
 and practice of his religion by the  
 Mohammedan are proverbial. In so  
 far as it is personal service and self-  
 sacrifice, it quite puts to shame the  
 lassitude and indifference of the av-  
 erage male Catholic. It would really  
 seem that laymen have insensibly  
 withdrawn from the sphere of church  
 activity with the idea more or less  
 defined that it is woman's work.  
 We have all read of what has late-  
 ly taken place in France. After a  
 glorious Catholic history, extending  
 through centuries, the Catholic

Church of France has been put in  
 the street. Many circumstances have  
 contributed to this deplorable re-  
 sult, and he would be a very unwise  
 man who would lay his finger on the  
 ultimate cause of it, but those who  
 ponder the event may well take into  
 consideration that for several gen-  
 erations the Catholic laymen of France  
 have been conspicuous by their ab-  
 sence from Mass and every other  
 church matter. It has been left to  
 the women. When, therefore, the  
 trouble became so widespread and  
 evident that men loyal to the Church  
 were needed to take a hand, the lay-  
 men had forgotten that they had any  
 interest in the matter at all.  
 In this country, heretofore, cir-  
 cumstances have been kind. Petty  
 persecution, race feeling, poverty,  
 have solidified Catholics and warded  
 off from them many dangers to their  
 faith. These have to a great meas-  
 ure disappeared. On the other  
 hand, life has become very complica-  
 ted, much of the ecclesiastical work  
 has so grown that it is a system,  
 more or less official and mechanical.  
 The layman all too easily convinces  
 himself that there is nothing for him  
 to do except pay money and present  
 himself more or less regularly at  
 Mass.  
 This is a very dangerous sentiment  
 if it is allowed to become general.  
 System and money count for little if  
 the hearts of Catholic laymen are  
 not with the good work that is go-  
 ing forward. The day will come  
 when an issue must be met, an issue  
 that can be decided in favor of the  
 Church only by the fact that Catho-  
 lic laymen are interested and ener-  
 getic in ecclesiastical matters.  
 All honor to women for what they  
 have done and are doing every day.  
 This does not free us from our re-  
 sponsibilities. The spiritual pros-  
 perity of any parish is at stake when  
 all the practical work of the laity  
 is done by women, and the men con-  
 tent themselves with nominal atten-  
 dance and service. It is not a mat-  
 ter in which we can lay down laws  
 and give definite counsel; it is a mat-  
 ter for the conscience and deep con-  
 sideration of each layman who can  
 do much and is doing almost noth-  
 ing. Religion is man's work. Christ  
 selected men not women to guide and  
 manage the Church. He needs men  
 to co-operate with these guides and  
 managers if the Church is to do the  
 work for which it was founded suc-  
 cessfully and with due regard for  
 those who are to come after us in  
 the faith.—A Looker On, in Boston  
 Pilot.

**Burdock  
 Blood  
 Bitters**

Has been in use for over 30 years, and is  
 considered by all who have used it to be  
 the best medicine for

**BAD BLOOD  
 BAD BOWELS  
 BAD BREATH**

It will thoroughly renovate the entire  
 system, and make the blood pure, rich  
 and red—curing Boils, Pimples, Eczema,  
 Ringworm, and all blood and skin diseases.

He is Anti-Catholic.

A special from Pekin, China, to  
 El Pais, of Mexico, states that the  
 present Emperor of China is incur-  
 ably ill of tuberculosis in the last  
 stages, and that as a result he has  
 named his successor, the Prince of  
 Kuangshue. The nomination is  
 stated to be unfortunate for the  
 Church, since the Prince is known to  
 be a bitter enemy of Christianity and  
 of the Catholic Church especially, be-  
 ing deeply under the influence of the  
 Empress Dowager. The dying Em-  
 peror is only 36 years old.

Impurities of the Blood Counteract-  
 ed.—Impurities in the blood come  
 from defects in the action of the liver.  
 They are revealed by pimples  
 and unsightly blotches on the skin.  
 They must be treated inwardly, and  
 for this purpose there is no more  
 effective compound to be used than  
 Parrole's Vegetable Pills. They act  
 directly on the liver and by setting  
 up a healthy process have a benefi-  
 cial effect upon the blood, so that  
 impurities are eliminated.

**SELF RAISING FLOUR  
 Brodie's Celebrated  
 Self-Raising Flour**

Is the Original and the Best.  
 A Premium given for the empty bags  
 returned to our Office.  
 10 Bleury Street, Montreal.