ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CURIOUS.—It was in the reign of Queen Anne that the first publication for women appeared. It was called The Lady's Diary or Almanac. It was edited by a woman and enjoyed the patronage of the Queen, who believed in the literary capabilities of women. The magazine as we would call it contained a little of everything—a little gossip, some fashions, household hints and a calendar.

ECONOMY.—Clean your jet passementeries with a small wad of black silk or cashmere dipped in alcohol.

HOUSEWIFE.—Here are two good receipts for gingerbread: old fashioned gingerbread—1 cup of molasses, 3 tablespoonfuls of melted butter, 2 tablespoonfuls of hot water, a pinch of salt ginger to taste and 2½ cups of sifted flour, in which you have mixed 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Sponge gingerbread—1 cupful of molasses, ½ cup of butter, 1 cup of milk, 2 eggs, 1 tablespoonful of ginger, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flour enough to make as stiff as pound cake.

BICYCLE.—1. Don't have your skirt too wide. More attention will be given to the harmony of color in the bicycle and its rider. Wheels will be painted to suit the costume.

2. There are two schools in Toronto where bicycle-riding is taught.

STUDENT.—Authorities give the number of Catholics in South Africa as 27,640. Elementary and more advanced schools are taught by the various religious orders represented there, the Jesuits, the Marists, the Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Sisters of St. Dominic. The Trappists cultivate large farms, teaching farming and the various trades to the natives. They possess 96,679 acres of land.

F. S.—1. The word "Lent" alludes to the time of the year—the Springtime.

2. The self-denial of Lent should materialize in alms to the poor.

PUZZLED.—Let me tell you the reasons a dear old lady gave me for buying her supplies, in winter especially, at the market, pickling pork and corning beef. "It does not make the living any cheaper, but I like to know there is plenty in the house; I am old-fashioned. Then, too, I always have at hand a joint for the poor. I do not save money, but I have something for those less fortunate than myself and I do not mind the extra trouble of 'putting down' the meat, I am rather proud of my skill in that direction." There's a good lesson in what she says. Cannot you profit by it?

VICTIM.—Soda is in nearly every medicine given for rheumatism. I know a hot bath, in which a quanity of carbonate of soda has been dissolved, to be an excellent thing for rheumatism. Try it.

TOILET.—You cannot expect your hair to look bright or glossy unless you take care of it. It must be brushed well and regularly. Use a brush with long bristles, moderately stiff. Keep the brush clean. Ammonia in the water cleanses the brush easily and quickly.

QUERIST.—(a) The censor is swung three times in honor of the three Persons of the Blessed Trinity. It is swung twice in honor of the two natures of Christ.

(b) The people are to show that they are the temples of the Holy Ghost.

IGNORANT.—(a) Answer a formal note in the third person in the same manner—in the third person. An informal friendly note calls for a correspondingly friendly and informal reply.

(b) You must answer a formal invitation in the same style. You can supplement it with a friendly letter in the case you mention, which could be sent by the same post.

L. A.—The story goes that when Raphael was painting the Sistine Madonna glancing down from the scaffold upon which he was standing he saw two little children gazing up wonderingly and admiringly at his work. He transferred their attitudes and expressions to his immortal painting and they are the originals of the cherubs in the Sistine Madonna. RUTH.

"I began life without a cent in my pocket," said the purse-proud man to an acquaintance. "I didn't even have a pocket," replied the latter meekly.

DOUBLED UP WITH RHEUMATISM.

A Norwood Citizen Praises South American Rheumatic Cure.

William Pegg, Norwood, Ont.: "Last Christmas I could hardly walk, was nearly doubled up with rheumatism. I procured three bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure from W. Rutherford, druggist, of Norwood, and found it the best and quickest acting medicine I ever saw. The first dose gave relief, and the three bottles completely cured me. I have had neither ache nor pain from rheumatism since."

"I have a theory about the dead languages," said a new student. "What is it?" said the professor. "That they are killed by being studied too hard."

your child

You note the difference in children. Some have nearly every ailment, even with the best of care. Others far more exposed pass through unharmed. Weak children will have continuous colds in winter, poor digestion in summer. They are without power to resist disease, they have no reserve strength. **Scott's Emulsion** of cod-liver oil, with hypophosphites, is cod-liver oil partly digested and adapted to the weaker digestions of children.

Scott & Bowne, Belleville, Ont. 50c. and $1.00

FARM AND GARDEN.

There are two ways to kill the germs of the horns in a young calf; one is to cut them out when the calf is a month old by raising the skin in a flap and removing the small button which is loosely attached to it. The flap of skin is laid back and a plaster of tar is laid on it, when the wound soon heals. The other method is to apply caustic potash wetted with water by rubbing it on the skin where the small nub of the horn is felt. The potash will burn the fingers and make a bad sore unless it is held in a wrapping of paper or a rag. The wetted potash is well rubbed into the skin, killing the immature shell of horn.

As a cow needs all the food she can digest of the best kind, it is clearly a waste to give cornstalks to her. The cobs have but very little nutriment in them, while all the nutriment possible is desirable. Give, instead of the cob meal this mixture. Two bushels of corn, one of oats, one of wheat, and two of bran. Grind them together as finely as possible, and feed from five to eight quarts a day, as the cow may be able to digest it and increase in milk. As soon as the milk is found not to increase, stop at the point reached and make a note of it for guidance.

Medicine is not good for sheep; an ounce of prevention is worth a cartload of it. Sheep need sulphur, but in the food, and not in the indigestible form of the common mineral, which is too laxative. Turnips and cabbages contain a large quantity of sulphur, and it is best to give it in this way. A little sulphur mixed with the salt given occasionally will do no harm, but much harm may be done by an excess of it, the sheep taking cold, coughing, and running at the nose.

The standard bushel contains 2,150.42 cubic inches, and holds 77.627413 pounds of pure water at its greatest density, or 62° at a temperature of 39° Fahrenheit. This is known as the Winchester bushel. But there is another bushel common in England, and the legal measure in the State of New York, which contains 2,218.192 cubic inches, or 80 pounds of pure water at its greatest density. By this bushel the quart of water weighs exactly 10 pounds.

There is no truth whatever in the common belief that the moon or the stars have any effect whatever on the growth of plants or animals or on the weather. This belief is an odd relic of paganism, when the sun, moon and the stars were objects of worship, as deities that controlled the universe, and had to be propitiated by sacrifices and adoration.

Greenhouse vegetables, as lettuce, radishes, spinach, and others, and strawberries, especially, bring so good a price in the markets as to be much more profitable than the later ones grown out of doors. Many farmers will be glad to get a supply of early plants from some enterprising neighbor, who has some to spare of his thoughtfully prepared stock, grown for his own use, and all these small additions to one's income will be made with much less labor and with much greater profit than anything grown in the fields in the usual way.

The flowering shrubs will soon need to be pruned. In doing this work one wants to keep the bushes in a good shape, by removing the crowded branches and opening the plants to the light and sun. One will get much finer bloom in this way. But care is to be taken to distinguish between the shrubs that bear their flowers on the last year's growth and those that bloom on the Spring growth. For it will be apparent that a different method must be used on each kind. Take a Forsythia, for instance; that graceful shrub whose golden sprays appear the first of all. It blooms on the growth of last year. And this is cut away now there will be few flowers, because the bearing twigs will have been mostly pruned away. This applies to nearly all of the early blooming shrubs. The late flowerings shrubs that bear their bloom on this Spring's growth require pruning now, so that the bearing wood may be encouraged and the surplus taken away. Such as the Forsythia are to be pruned after the flowering is over, so that the new wood may come into bloom the next Spring.

The terms used in relation to the different elements of foods mean, first, the proteine is that part of the food which contains 15 or 16 per cent. of nitrogen and goes to make the flesh of the animal, which has precisely the same proportion of nitrogen in it. These parts of the food are the albumen, legumine, gelatine and fibrine. The carbohydrates are those substances that consist of carbon and water, as starch, sugar, gum and mucilage. These go to support the vital heat by being oxidized or burned in the blood of the animal by contact with the oxygen of the air breathed into the lungs, and which is taken up by the blood passing through the exceedingly fine blood vessels of these organs. The union of the carbon of these elements of the food with the oxygen produces heat, which warms the animal, and carbonic acid, which is breathed out in the breath. The fats are the oily or fatty parts of the food which go to make the fat in the animal or its milk, helped by any surplus there may be of other elements of the food, or, if necessary, the fats help the carbohydrates to make the heat needed for the life of the animal.

A VETERAN OF THE LATE WAR

Cured of Fluttering of the Heart and Smothering Spells by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—It Always Relieves in 30 Minutes, and Thus Saves Thousands of Lives.

Mr. W. H. Musselman, member of the G. A. R., Weimport, Pa., writes: "I have used two bottles of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and have been entirely cured of palpitation or fluttering of the heart and smothering spells. I took 10 bottles of sarsaparilla, but it failed in any way to relieve me. I do not think the value of the Heart Cure can be estimated. It has wrought such a change in my condition that I feel like a new man."

DOMESTIC READING.

Yearnings.

(FOR THE REGISTER.)

Where softly the dim lamps burn,
Where the perfume of flowers is sweet,
Fain would I rest for I'm weary;
There at my Saviour's feet.

Thorny and rough is the pathway
Oft leading through darkest night.
I would utter no murmur either,
Did it wind past the sanctuary's light.

Past the shrine of the sin'ss mother,
Did it pass by the wanderings dear,
My soul would not shrink in the darkness
Nor my heart grow chill with fear.

"Where the treasure is there is the heart"
Where the heart is there is the home,
Thus, my eyes keep turning homeward,
Through the twilight's mist and gloom

My home, my rest, my refuge,
My strength in the day of trial,
Though away my heart is with thee,
All this weary while

For the only home I care for,
While on this earth I stay,
Is a spot near the Tabernacle,
To kneel there day by day.

—MARIE.

Not a blade of grass but has a story to tell, not a heart but has its romance, not a life which does not hide a secret, which is either its thorn or its spur.—Henri Frederick Amiel.

"Keeping everlastingly at it brings success," is a saying that has been made famous by a certain newspaper advertising firm. The phrase may be applied to any line of effort. Keep everlastingly at it!

So strong and so futile are the outreachings of the soul. They must be mutual or they are impatient and vain. Reciprocal, they draw together through the density of a planet. Singly the one reaches for the other weakly as a shadow touches the precipice hopelessly as death.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

No man ever becomes great or wise or rich by accident. A young man's prosperity must depend upon himself. If you are industrious and frugal, and if you set before you a distinct object in life, you will succeed; but if you are indolent and provident and changeable, you will come to no good. A man must have a purpose; he must make up his mind what he means to be and do, or he cannot reasonably hope to succeed in life.

If liberty is to be saved, it will not be by the doubters, the men of science, or the materialists; it will be by religious conviction, by the faith of individuals who believe that God wills man to be free, but also pure; it will be by the seekers after holiness; by those old-fashioned, pious persons, who speak of immortality and eternal life, and prefer the soul to the whole world; it will be by the enfranchised children of the ancient faith of the human race.

There are two indispensible foundation qualities in every true friendship—mutual agreeableness and mutual confidence. . . . The foundation of mutual agreeableness is often laid in a moment, but that of mutual confidence is the work of time. There is friendship as well as love at first sight, but it is rare. Sudden friendships generally come to sudden ends. True friendship is a plant of gradual growth, which needs for its perfection sun and air, watering and weeding.—Katherine E. Conway.

But man is higher than his dwelling-place; he looks up and unfolds the wings of his soul; and when the sixty minutes, which we call sixty years, have passed, he takes flight, kindling as he rises; and the ashes of his feathers fall back to earth, and the unveiled soul, freed from its covering of clay, and pure as a tone, ascends on high. Even in the midst of the dim shadows of life, he sees the mountain of the future world gilded with the morning rays of a sun which rises not here below.—Jean Paul.

What warms the heart more to others than the exercise of gratitude. Uncharitableness to a benefactor seems almost an impossibility. Lear's daughters were monsters. Yet think how hard it is to love any one, any single one, with real charity, without judging, without criticism, without censoriousness, extenuating the evil, believing against appearances, magnifying the good, rejoicing in his virtues. It is much if each man has one upon earth to whom he really feels thus. It is an immense help to his sanctification, a real talent for which he will have an account to give.—Father Faber.

Nothing is more unaccountable than the spell which often lurks in a spoken word. A thought may be present to the mind, so distinctly that no utterance could make it more so; and two minds may be conscious of the same thought, in which one or both take the profoundest interest; but, as long as it remains unspoken, their familiar talks flow quietly over the hidden idea, as a rivulet may sparkle and dimple over something sunken in its bed. But, speak the word, and it is like bringing up a drowned body out of the deepest pool in the rivulet, which has been aware of the horrible secret all along, in spite of its smiling surface.—Nathanial Hawthorne.

When a man looses faith in the efficacy of his efforts, when he says to himself: You are incapable of realizing your ideal; happiness is a chimera, progress is an illusion, the passion for perfection is a snare; and supposing all your ambitions were gratified, everything would still be vanity, then he comes to see that a little blindness is necessary if life is to be carried on, and that illusion is the universal spring of movement. Complete disillusion would mean absolute immobility. He who has deciphered the secret and read the riddle of finite life escapes from the great wheel of existence; he has left the world of the living—he is already dead.—Henri Frederick Amiel.

The Wheather for Colds.

This is the time when colds are in the fashion—every body who is anybody has one, if not himself there's one in the family. For no complaint under the sun are there more remedies than for a cold in the head, but of the thousands Chase's Catarrh Cure is the best. "In twelve hours I was cured of a bad cold in the head by Chase's Cure," writes Miss Dwyer, Alliston, Ont. 25c. of all druggists, with blower free.

FIRESIDE FUN.

Blobbs: "That young Hardduppe keeps late hours, doesn't he?" Slobbs: "I shouldn't be surprised. He keeps about everything he can get."

"I will take some of the material—but will it wear well?" "Oh, it is indestructible—everlasting. It will wear till you pay for it."

Jack Potts: "Making love is a good deal like playing cards." Miss Pipkin: "How so?" Jack Potts: "There's a lot in knowing what a hand is worth."

"A word to the wise is sufficient
Is a maxim we've frequently heard.
And now what we want is a maxim
To tell us just what is that word.

"You don't object to a contributor dropping into poetry once in a while, I presume?" said the caller with an affable smile. "Certainly not, sir. Sit down," replied the editor, pushing the waste paper basket towards him.

"Ah," said the burglar who had once seen better days, "this reminds me of the day I attained my majority." "How's that?" asked his partner, emptying the cashbox into his pocket. "I have come in for some money."

"All that I demand for my client," shouted the attorney, in the voice of a man who was paid for it, "is justice!" "I'm very sorry I can't accommodate you," replied the judge, "but the law won't allow me to give him more than fourteen years.

Asker (to Fisher, who is returning empty-handed from a fishing trip, with a dog at his heels): "What do you call your dog?" Fisher: "Fish." Asker: "Why, that's a funny name for a dog; what made you give it to him?" Fisher: "Because he won't bite."

Mrs. Prattle (to her visitor): "Have you heard of the splendid catch Miss Swiftly has made? She is engaged to a nobleman, the baron of—of—(to her husband)—What is he baron of, my dear?" Mr. Prattle (who has met him): "Ideas."

Among the replies to an advertisement of a music committee for a candidate as organist, music teacher, &c., was the following: "Gentleman... I notice your advertisement for an organist and music teacher, either lady or gentleman. Having been both for several years, I offer my services."

"Oh, do come and help!" gasped a boy who ran up to a policeman, "there's a awful fight going on in our street," "Who's fighting?" "My father and another man," "How long have they been at it?" "Oh, half an hour." "But why didn't you come and tell about it before." "Why, because dad was getting the best of it up to ten minutes ago."

An Unfortunate Text.—In a prominent church the choir sang, one Sunday morning, an unusually brilliant Te Deum, which had a grand fortissimo ending. At the close the rector announced in his quiet voice read the second lesson, which on this particular Sunday was the twentieth chapter of the Acts, beginning, "And after the uproar was ceased."

A Russian and a Tartar, crossing the steppes in company, find their stores reduced to a single fowl of remarkably meagre aspect. The Tartar proposes to draw lots for it, but the Russian moves as an amendment that it shall belong to which ever may have the most satisfactory dream. The Tartar accordingly lies down to invent a dream, and after a time calls out triumphantly, "Ah, my friend, I've had a famous dream. I thought I was taken up into Paradise and placed at the very feet of the Prophet." "Just so," quoth the Russian coolly: "I saw you go up, and I made sure you'd never be so foolish as to come back again when you were once there; so I just ate the fowl myself."

Bobby's Composition on Parents.—Parents are things which boys have to look after them. Most girls also have parents. Parents consist of pas and mas. Pas talk a good deal about what they are going to do, but mostly its mas that make you mind. Sometimes it is different though. Once there was a boy come home from college on vacation. His parents lived on a farm. There was work to be done on the farm. Work on a farm has always to be done early in the morning. His sister goes to the stairway and calls; "Willie, 'tis a beautiful morning, Rise and list to the lark." The boy didn't say anything. Then his ma calls: "William, it is time to get up. Your breakfast is growing cold." The boy kept right on not saying anything. Then his pa puts his head in the stairway, and says he: "Bill" "Coming, sir," says the boy. I know a boy that hasn't got any parents. He goes in swimming whenever he pleases. But I am going to stick to my parents. However, I didn't tell them so, 'cause they might get it into their heads that I couldn't get along without them. Says this boy to me: "Parents are a nusiance; they aren't what they are cracked up to be" Says I to him: "Just the same I find them handy to have. Parents have their failings, of course, like all of us; but on the whole I approve of 'em." The man said to me: "Bobby, do you love your parents?" "Well," says I, "I'm not a quarrelling with them." Once a boy at a boarding-school went to calling his pa the governor, and got his allowance cut down one half. His pa said he ought to have waited till he was going to college. Much more might be written about parents, showing their habits and so forth, but I will leave the task to abler pens.

VERY HOPEFUL TO LADIES.

Quick Relief, with no After Unpleasantness, Comes to Those Who Use South American Kidney Cure.

Whilst both sexes are suffering from kidney trouble, in many respects women are liable to peculiar weaknesses and pains, be cause of disorganization of the kidneys. Objection is taken, and rightly, to many remedies because of the method of use, as well as after-unpleasantness. This is never the case with the South American Kidney Cure. It gives ease to the patient in six hours, and no annoying effects follow, for in a short time even in aggravated cases, an entire cure is effected. There is no other medicine like South American Kidney Cure. It is a remedy for the kidneys and bladder only—not a general specific that is supposed to cure everything that ends by effecting no cure. South American Kidney Cure does its particular work and does it well.

CHATS WITH THE CHILDREN.

A GOOD BOY'S FORTUNE.

Chats has received the following story from one of her contributors:

"Hurry up Joseph, do you not know that this is examination day, and you will need to be up early." Mrs. O'Leary having got the elder members of the family to work, and attended to other houshold duties, came upstairs to call her son Joseph, who was preparing for his last examination to pass through the High School.

Joseph had not studied as well during the last year as might have been expected, and so, dreaded the examination day. But it had really come at last and this day he was to begin his examination which would decide his future in life.

With the sound of his mother's voice, Joseph was up and soon dressed.

A nervous terror seemed to have taken hold of him, as is the case with all boys who go up for examination and are a little "shaky" on some subjects. He ate a hearty breakfast, however, and was soon on his way to school.

Many thoughts passed through his mind that morning as he walked to school, but the one which was foremost was to go into the chapel which he would pass and invoke the Blessed Mother's assistance in his examination.

He did so, and found his brain suddenly flooded with forgotten lessons. He now walked with firmer footsteps. The examination passed off more easily than Joseph had expected, and when ended, he found himself the leader with a total of 90%. Joseph did not know the greatness of his victory till he saw that the papers published the account of his triumph. From that day he had a special devotion to the Blessed Virgin through whom he had achieved his victory.

About two weeks after this he received a letter from the owner of a large store in the city in which he lived which ran thus:

"Master Joseph O'Leary:

Having read of your marked success in the recent examinations I offer you my position in my establishment which you may desire that I may boast of having a smart young man in my employ."

M. Worthington.

Joseph had to read it twice before he would believe his eyes but, then seeing it was really so, it took little time to write the answer.

"Dear Sir—I accept your kind offer with pleasure."

J. O'Leary.

Joseph was at once engaged. He remained in his employment for five years when his employer died. In his will was found a clause which entitled Joseph to a good share of his money for his "unequaled services." His fortune was now made, and he now started a business of his own.

Joseph will undoubtedly bless the day when he went into the chapel to pray to the Blessed Virgin on his way to school.

JAMES NAUGHTON.

A SODAK VALENTINE.

"Cousin Prue," said Gracie, as she slipped into the rustic seat under the great pepper-tree, "could you put down your knitting a minute, and let me lay my head in your lap? I feel so bad."

"Why, what is it, girlie?" asked Prue, patting the auburn curls. "I hope you're not coming down with the measles."

"Oh, no, I don't feel bad any way like that," said Gracie. "It's about something I did—yes, and something I didn't. It was so warm this noon. Of course, 'twas just as warm for mamma as me—and warmer, too, for she'd been getting dinner. But when the dishes were ready to wash I got kind of a mean streak, and I said, 'Oh, dear!' and banged the dish-pan, and slopped the hot water, and jerked the towels, and kicked the cat—"

"Why, girlie," said Prue, trying not to laugh, "I wish auntie would let me wash dishes on that pretty kitchen porch, all covered with vines and flowers. Now I 'were back where I was a few days ago, with the snow banked up to the windows, and the pump frozen, and the north wind roaring, I wouldn't wonder at it. Is this climate bad for tempers?"

"No, 'tisn't the climate," said Gracie, quickly, "I think it's just it's my disposition. I know it's dreadful. And mamma hardly ever scolds a bit. She just said she would wash 'em. And so she did. And now she's gone to lie down. I shouldn't wonder if her head aches. I shall clean the silver next time, to s'prise her. And I'm going to save all my money till her birthday, and get her something grand. But that's way next spring."

"Why don't you send her a valentine, day after to-morrow?" asked Prue.

"I hadn't thought of that," cried Gracie. "But I haven't a cent to buy one. I spent it all yesterday for—some one else. I didn't think mamma would care for one—but I believe she would. I couldn't make one, could I?"

"I'll see that you have one in time," promised Cousin Prue, "if you'll come and help me find a good, ripe orange."

And away they went down to the orange grove behind the house, Cousin Prue humming merrily, and Gracie walking after her with her heart heavy because of her treatment of poor delicate mamma, who was obliged to live in this mild climate, and wondering all the time what form her valentine would take.

Next day Gracie was busy with the dinner-dishes on the shady back porch, that was almost like an arbor. She was doing her level best, and so of course she was happy, and looked as sweet and pretty as any of the blossoms that nodded at her through the lattice. She polished the glasses till they were so clear you could hardly see them. Just as she held one of them up to the light, pausing to see if there was the least fleck of lint on it, she heard a little click, and when she looked around, there was Cousin Prue, hurrying away through the kitchen. She took no notice of Gracie's calling her, and was not seen again till supper-time.

Next day, when they were both under the pepper-tree again, Prue explained the matter, and showed Gracie the valentine she had made for her to send to her mamma.

"Why, Cousin Prue," cried Gracie, both pleased and astonished, "can you really take pictures? Why, that's me, and the dishes, and the vines and everything. Why, how pleased mamma will be!"—Youth's Companion.

The mirror doesn't lie. It is not a flatterer. Its story is plainly told, and cannot be contradicted. Women whose blood is poor and whose whole system is run down by sickness and weakness, are afraid and ashamed to look in the glass. The condition of all the body is written in the face.

Thousands of women are dragging out a weary, miserable existence, because they do not fully realize what is the matter with them. They know that they have "female weakness" but they do not really appreciate what that means.

They do not know that to this one trouble is traceable almost all of their bodily ills. They consider it a disease by itself, and if they have also neuralgia, nervous headaches, biliousness, kidney troubles and other things, they see no connection between them and the derangements of a strictly feminine nature. Busy and overworked physicians often treat these things as separate ailments, when the whole trouble has the one source. The reproductive organs are so important a part of the body that when they are out of order, the whole system is deranged. Whatever illness a woman has, she will do well to look there for the cause.

A great many women knowingly neglect themselves, because they dread the telling of their troubles to a physician and the subsequent examination and "local treatment." All this is needless for Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription has been found to perfectly and permanently restore lost strength and promote regularity of functional action.

Ten cents sent to World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y., will bring a large 168 page book, called "Woman and Her Diseases." (Securely sealed in a plain envelope.)

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— Telephone 4249. —

TORONTO POSTAL GUIDE—During the month of February, 1896, mails close and are due as follows:

	Close. a.m.	Close. p.m.	Due. a.m.	Due. p.m.
G. T. R. East	6.00	7.45	7.20	9.40
O. and K. Railway	7.45	3.00	7.30	7.40
G. T. R. West	7.30	3.52	12.40	8.00
N. and N. W.	7.30	4.15	10.10	8.10
T. G. and B.	7.00	4.30	10.55	8.50
Midland	6.25	3.35	12.35	9.20
C. V. R.	6.30	3.00	12.35	8.50
G. W. R.	a.m. 12.10	p.m. 9.00	a.m. 2.00	p.m. 3.00
	2.00		7.50	
	8.30	4.00	10.45	8.30
		9.30		
U. S. N. Y.	a.m. 6.20	p.m. 2.10	a.m. 9.00	p.m. 5.45
		4.00	10.45	p.m. 10.50
		9.30		
U. S. West'n States	6.30	12.10	9.00	
		4.00		8.30
		9.30		

English mails close on Mondays, Thursdays and on Saturdays at 2.30p.m., and on Thursdays at 7.15 p.m. Supplemental mails to Mondays and Thursdays close occasionally on Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 noon. The following are the dates of English mails for the month of February: 1, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 10, 11, 13, 15, 17, 18, 20, 21, 25, 24, 25, 27.

N.B.—There are branch post offices in every part of the city. Residents of each district should transact their Savings Bank and money Order business at the local office nearest to their residence, taking care to notify their correspondents to make orders payable at such Branch Postoffice.

T. C. PATTESON, P.M.

GEO. J. FOY,

— IMPORTER OF —

Wines, Liquors, Spirits & Cigars

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