MILLINERY OPENING.

WE CALL SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE FOLLOWING DEPARTMENTS:

Silk Department.

A very extensive stock bought from the leading manufacturers of Zurich, Lyons and Crefield for cash.

Colored Silk Merveilleux in twenty different shades. Colored Rhadames and Faille Francaise in all the newest and most desirable shades. Colored Satins in 18, 22 and 24 inch. Every shade for both Fancy and Staple Trade.

Black Gros Grain, our own special brands, are so well and favorably known that they require no recommendation; also Charbins of Lyons Gros Grains in several numbers.

Black Mervelleux and Satin Luxor in all qualities; magnificent value.

Plushes, extra value in all widths and colors.

Black Broche Velvets, elegant designs. Courtauld & Co.'s Celebrated Crapes.

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A large and well assorted stock to select from, in Plain, Braided, Beaded Vest Fronts and Norfolks, Honeycomb Fronts in Black, Cream and Cardinal.

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Ladies' Umbrellas and Parasols in all the leading styles and prices, long and short handles in Beacon Light, Durable, Satin De Chene, Serge and Shot Silk in all colors.

INSPECTION INVITED.

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In this department we show all the best makes in Swiss Checks, Tape Checks, Victoria Lawns, Nainsooks, India Muslins, India Linens, Brilliants, Brocades, Nainsook Checks, Tarlatans, Pale Books, Haircords, Swiss Spots, Lappet Spots, Muslin Sprigs, Costume Stripes, Checks, Marseilles, Pique. No. 9 Swiss Check, always the same quality, and has long since been acknowledged to be the best value in the trade.

Embroidery and Lace Department.

Thousands of patterns in medium and fine Cambric and Swiss Embroideries from the best manufacturers in the world. Case lots at very close prices. 22 and 40 inch Flouncings in great variety. Black Chantilly and Spanish Lace Flouncings, Oriental Lace Flouncings, Oriental, Irish, Crochet, Everlasting, Cotton, Torchon, American, Thread, Guipure and Edelweises Laces, Irish Point Guipure Laces, the new patterns in all widths. White and Colored Embroidered Dresses, Embroidered Scarfs.

Collar and Frilling Department.

Children's Sailor Collars, Embroidered Collars, Ladies' Collars and Cuffs in all the newest styles, and as these goods are manufactured specially for our own trade they are extra value. Frillings in White, Cream and Black in plain goods. Fancy, all colors in assorted boxes.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

Ribbon Department.

Faille, Satin and Faille, Satin Picot Edge, Ottoman Picot, Satin Fancy Edge, Faille Fancy Edge, Ombre, Moire, Satin Duchess Edge, Faille and Princess Edge Ribbon.

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Combination Suitings, All-Wool and Union (in dress lengths), Soleils, Diagonals, Tweed Stripes, Salonicas, Mousseline, Checked Beiges, Printed Beiges, Croises, Tennis Serges, Foule Serges, Crapes, Twill Beiges, Wool Borders, Damask Figures, Hal Mournings, Wool Laces, Knicker Stripes, Carmelite Stripes, Wool Jersey Cloths, End and Ends, Striped Mohairs, Foule Plaids, Printed Delaines, Nuns' Veilings, Cashmeres Silk Warps, Henriettas, Poplins.

Hosiery Department.

American, British and Canadian manufactured goods, in Children's, Misses' and Women's.

Gloves in Thread, Taffeta and Silk, 4, 6 and 8 buttons.

Corsets, German Wove and Domestic.

Ladies' Handkerchiefs in endless variety.

PROMPT DISPATCH GIVEN

JOHN MACDONALD & CO.,

21, 23, 25, 27 Wellington Street East; 30, 32, 34, 36 Front Street East, Toronto, and Manchester, England

The Gingerbread Tree.

From Harper's Young People.

Oh, do you know, and do you know
The tree where risen doughnuts grow,
And in a shower come tumbling down,
All sugary and crisp and brown?

And did you ever chance to see
The plum cakes on this charming tree?
And reaching o'er the fence, perhaps
A stem just strung with gingersnaps?

The house stands close beside the street;
Around its roof the branches meet.
If you look up, about your head
Fall down great squares of gingerbread.

Once when I went inside the door,
Through the wide window to the floor
A bough came bending all apart,
And tossed me in a jelly tart.

Whoever lives there, I must say,
Though he is lame and old and gray,
What a rare gardener he must be,
And, oh, how happy with that tree!

My mother says that very few
Gingerbread trees she ever knew,
And none shook down it seems to her,
Like this, an apple turnover.

Some days it drops upon the ground,
Soft, soft, a frosted heart, and round,
And sometimes, when the branches stir,
Such cookies rain as never were.

And you can guess, oh, you can guess,
That it 'tis too far at recess,
Yet all the children, as a rule,
Go slow there coming home from school.

—Harriett Prescott Spofford.

THE FLAXEN WIG.

BY J. CRAWFORD SCOTT.

PART II.

The day following that on which Mr. Adrian began to wear his wig, after he had lunched, contrary to his wont he felt rather drowsy, and sitting down in an armchair in his library he fell asleep.

He slept for more than an hour, and, on awaking, his face had an almost ecstatic expression of happiness. On catching sight of himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece Mr. Adrian thanked Heaven that he was still young enough to enjoy what Victor Hugo has called "the honey of life." It was evident by his radiant look that something unusual had occurred. The fact is that Mr. Adrian had just had a most remarkable dream. Nothing he had ever dreamed before had appeared so vivid and real, or had made upon him so intense an impression, or, it may be added, had filled his heart with such blissful emotions.

Taking into account the nature of the thoughts which were occupying so many of his wakeful hours it was no more than natural that when asleep he should dream of a lady. But it was no ordinary evanescent vision that had appeared to Mr. Adrian—indeed, no one whom he had ever met in real life had impressed him so strongly, and he did not doubt that in some mysterious fashion he had beheld the counterpart of an actually existing person. The place in which she had appeared to him seemed to be a ballroom in some stately edifice, but amid the splendor of the scene he had been attracted only by her voice and features, which remained indelibly fixed in his mind. So vivid was the impression that he not only believed that the lovely being whom he had seen had a real existence, but hoped that one day, with vigilant, though entranced senses he should watch the play of her sympathetic features and listen to the music of her voice.

Mr. Adrian's life entered a new phase. No more was he troubled with regrets that he had not married earlier, for in that case he might never have found his ideal. The lady who had appeared in his dream seemed to be about twenty-five, and it was with satisfaction that he told himself he was not yet too old to win her heart.

On the following day at the same time he had a similar dream. By night, to his regret, he slept as usual. It was clear to him that the lady who occupied nearly all his wakeful moments, and whom he often saw more plainly still when he was asleep, was a person of high rank. The place where he oftenest saw her was a room or hall such as could only belong to some princely dwelling; her appearance and manners were aristocratic; the people among whom she moved had a high-born air, and all her surroundings were of a corresponding nature. Mr Adrian congratulated himself on the fact that his own descent and fortune did not render him an ineligible match, even for one who plainly moved in an elevated station. There was one remarkable peculiarity about the dreams, which was that their scene never seemed to be in England; the dress, too, and surroundings were undoubtedly foreign, though of what nationality they might be Mr. Adrian had not sufficient knowledge to determine.

Sometimes the dreams took an exquisite variation. Once he seemed to be walking in a forest with her whom he now deemed his own, for, if he could read her eyes aright, she had given him her heart. They were alone, and hand in hand went beneath the shadow of tall trees. At last they reached an opening in the wood, and beneath them, on a fertile slope, could be seen the outlines of a great chateau, while all the landscape seemed bathed in a mystic light, as though it had been painted by Poussin or Claude Lorraine.

It has been said that Mr. Adrian did not doubt that there was a human counterpart of his visionary love, and ere long he resolved to exert himself in order to find her. He was prepared to spare neither time, labor, nor money in conducting his search. He often regretted that he had not artistic skill, and was therefore unable to portray the lovely features imprinted on his heart, as he believed that if he had a portrait it would soon be recognized, seeing that it was impossible for so much beauty to remain unfamed.

One afternoon, when, contrary to his wont, he felt no inclination to sleep, a singular circumstance happened which influenced him as though it had been a direct entreaty to lose no time ere he began his quest. This afternoon Mr. Adrian had entered his conservatory and cut a few of his choicest flowers, which, he told himself, he would have taken delight in presenting to the object of his affections. Before putting the flowers in a vase he laid them on a small table in his library and left the room for several minutes. On his return, as he opened the door, he distinctly heard a sigh from within, and on entering he found that the flowers had been moved though the room was empty, and it was impossible that any one could have entered during his absence unnoticed by him. Mr. Adrian was much perturbed by this incident, and felt almost as if he had been reproached for his dilatoriness in beginning his search; but he now resolved to delay no longer, and he was prepared if necessary to seek through every country of the world her whom he was eager to find, and he had determined not to cease till he was successful.

PART III.

The evening before his departure Mr. Adrian invited the Rev. Thomas Charlton to dine with him. He had made Mr. Charlton's acquaintance at Christ Church, and when the living of Fairmile fell vacant he presented it to his old college friend. Though no estrangement had arisen between squire and parson, during the last few years there had been much less social intercourse than at one time. When calling at the vicarage a few weeks before this, Mr. Adrian had communicated with some diffidence to Mr. Charlton and his wife the tidings that he was contemplating marriage and they were both overjoyed to learn the fact.

There was, of course, no ceremony between the old college friends, and when Mr. Charlton received a request in the morning to dine at the manor house that evening he at once accepted the invitation, and sent a message to his curate to inform the members of an industrial society in the course of formation that the meeting in connection with it, which was to have been held that night, would be postponed till the next.

It was easy for Mr. Charlton to perceive during dinner a change for the better in his host's manner, which reminded him more than once of the early days of their friendship. Mr. Adrian was also rejuvenated by the wig; so that the clergyman was, on the whole, slightly bewildered by the new character in which his patron appeared to him. It was only natural that Mr. Adrian should be elated, because now, on the eve of his departure, he did not doubt that fortune, which had excited his hopes in a manner so singular, would also guide him to their realization, bringing him a happiness far beyond the highest expectations of his past life.

After dinner Mr. Adrian informed his guest that he was going away next morning with the object of bringing about if possible the important matter of which he had recently spoken to him. "I hope," added Mr. Adrian, "that when I next see you there will be reason for you to congratulate me."

"So you are off to-morrow—Celebs in search of a wife!" laughed the Vicar; "I envy you. You must feel, and indeed you look, young again. I trust," continued the Vicar in a more earnest tone, "that you will make a choice which will greatly contribute to your happiness and comfort. There are many ladies now—"

"I have already chosen," interrupted Mr. Adrian; "there is only one lady in the world whom I can desire to be my wife."

To be continued.

The Raw, Cutting Winds

Brings to the surface every latent pain. A change of even a few degrees marks the difference between comfort and pain to many persons. Happily disease now holds less sway. Science is continually bringing forward new remedies which successfully combat disease. Polson's Nerviline—nerve pain cure—has proved the most successful pain relieving remedy known. Its application is wide, for it is equally efficient in all forms of pain, whether internal or external. Ten and 25 cents a bottle, at druggists'.

A Model Claim

We claim that our Totem of Health Remedies have cured more chronic cases of dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, eczema, salt rheum, old sores, kidney troubles, etc., etc., in Ontario during the past six months than all other remedies combined, and we can show the testimonials of people who have been cured to support our claim. It is the cheapest remedy and the best. Ask your druggist for Totem of Health, or address Totem of Health Co., London, Ont. The Grigg House uses Medical Lake Toilet Soap for toilet purposes. Travellers, make a note of this.

A FORCIBLE FACT.—Constipation is the most frequent cause of headaches, bad blood, humors, dizziness, vertigo, etc., and because of this should never be allowed to exist. It may be readily cured by using Burdock Blood Bitters, which never fails to cure even the most obstinate and chronic cases. 5

AN APT QUOTATION from a letter by Mrs. Sullivan, 124 West Ave., Hamilton, Ont.: "After trying a number of medicines for liver complaint, from which I suffered for years, I bought two bottles of Burdock Blood Bitters and found it a complete cure. My house is never without it." 9

THE FIELD OF CHATEAUGUAY.—From this historic ground Mr. Frank Curotte writes that he was greatly afflicted with constipation, together with pain and swelling of his body. "I tried Burdock Blood Bitters, and it gave me immediate relief. I can now sleep well, and can eat heartily without any ill effects." 9

C. A. Livingstone, Plattsville, Ont., says: "I have much pleasure in recommending *Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil*, from having used it myself, and having sold it for some time. In my own case I will say for it that it is the best preparation I have ever tried for rheumatism.

FITS.—All Fits stopped free by Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free to Fit cases. Send to Dr. Kline 931 Arch st. Phila., Pa.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

"PECTORIA" will cure that cough.
"PECTORIA" is the people's remedy
"PECTORIA" loosens the phlegm.
"PECTORIA" 25 cents a bottle. "Pectoria. 6

Many forms of nervous debility in men yield to the use of Carter's Little Liver Pills. Valuable for nervous weakness, night sweats. Try them.

Hall's Hair Renewer furnishes the nutritive principle for supporting growth of the hair. x

Cancers, and cancerous tumors, are cured by the purifying effects of Ayer's Sarsaparilla. x

Securing a Water Supply.

The accompanying illustration, from a sketch by R. G. Newton, Faulk County, Dakota, shows a cheap and practical method of obtaining a supply of surface water. A narrow place is found in a shallow slough such as abound in the prairie

FARM WATER RESERVOIR.

region. The site of the proposed dam is marked by short stakes, the surface soil removed and the dam constructed of puddled clay. It is two feet wide on the surface, with sides sloping at an angle of about fifty degrees. At one end of the dam a trough is fixed to act as a wasteweir. To make it, two pieces of scantling four by four inches and six feet long are imbedded lengthwise of the dam, to which the boards that are to form the bottom of the weir are firmly nailed. The sides of the trough, six inches wide, are then nailed in place. The scantlings being firmly imbedded in the dam, seven inches below the surface, hold the trough from washing out. Field bowlders are piled up at the lower end of the weir to keep the waste water from washing away the earth and undermining the dam. All this work is done in summer while the slough is dry. The rains and melting snows will soon fill the slough, making a surface pond.

ON THE BIAS.

A man recently got a month's hard labor for keeping a cow. The cow belonged to a neighbour.

Speaking of missing things, a needle in a haystack is nothing to a railway time-table in a country house.

An old lady describes a genius as "a man what knows more'n he can find out, and spills vittels on his clothes."

Cabby (on receiving his right fare): "Oh, pray step in again, sir; I could ha' druv you a yard or two further for this 'ere."

"Isn't your husband a little bald?" inquired one lady of another. "There isn't a bald hair in his head," indignantly replied his wife.

Doubtful Guest: "Look here, waiter, these fish don't smell very fresh." Indignant waiter: "Fresh! well, I should hope they didn't; they're salt-water fish, sir."

Mrs. Smith: "And you are really going to marry the widow after all, and, I hear, give up smoking?" Languid Swell: "Ya-as. Mutual 'rangement. She gives up her weeds—I give up mine."

He: "Now that we are married, we are one, and I shall insist that this be the last time you appear in a low-necked dress." She: "We may be one, but you are only half of us, and I shall dress my half as I please."

Cœus: "How much did you say Mr. Newgold was down for?" The minister: "Twenty pounds." Cœus: "Put me down for twenty guineas then. In a matter of Christian charity I can't stand on a level with an upstart like him."

"Don't be in such an awful hurry," said old uncle Tobias to his nephews and nieces. "You lose a great deal by being in such an awful hurry. Lightnin' might do a great deal more if it wasn't always in such an awful hurry."

Brown: "You don't look well, Robinson, what's the matter?" Robinson: "I smoked two many cigars to-day." Brown: "How many have you smoked?" Robinson: "That one you gave me last night."

Young Housekeeper (to butcher): "What is the price of mutton?" Butcher: "Tenpence, mum." Young Housekeeper: "And lamb?" Butcher: "Thirteenpence, mum." Young Housekeeper (surprised): "Is it possible? Why, a lamb isn't more than half the size of a—er—mutton."

A missionary writes from the Fiji Islands as follows: "Our small force of brethren seems to be absolutely unable to cope with the distress which prevails in this dark and benighted land. Many of the natives are starving for food. Please send at once a few more missionaries."

When a woman burns her finger she cries a little over it and keeps her burn in good condition to show to her husband when he comes home, and get sympathy. A man in the same condition will stick his digit in his mouth, kick over the office stool, scold the boy, and forgot all about it. One is the effect of love; the other of business.

TICKLING TORTURE.—Mrs. Henry M Kitchen, St. George, Ont., says: "I had a bad cold which settled in my throat, causing a continual tickling, and I just coughed all the time. I got Hagyard's Pectoral Balsam and in three days was getting better, and in ten days I went to church. Our neighbors know this to be true. 9

When the head feels dull and heavy, the skin appears sallow and greasy, and the stomach refuses food, take Carter's Little Liver Pills. Don't forget this.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

A veteran, Mrs. Doe, writes in the great musical controversy how going on, as follows: "Wagner is held up as the only genius in the beautiful art; his sensuous writings are considered the incarnate god of inspiration. Nothing but Richard! I wish he would "call for a horse," and I would give him one. Our magnificent Beethoven, our delicious Mozart, our serious Bach and Haendel—all have to fade away before this musical circus, and Father Hayden is no more. The original dramatic pages of poor Carl Maria von Weber are looted by this unprincipled robber, and Weber's divine thoughts appropriated and clothed in scandalous robes. And by the way, what about Berlioz? Can any educated musician look over the scores of Wagner and not detect the master hand of Berlioz? Will any reputable musician point out to me a well written vocal score in four parts by this dear Richard? Wagner is a great genius; no one denies that, and the musician that would say the contrary would prove himself as big an ass as the one that says that Verdi, Meyerbeer and Auber were ignoramuses; but there is a limit to all things, and please remember that although we like to look at sensual plays we do not lose our veneration and respect for decency."

Signor Piatti, the noted violocello player, has produced his third sonata for the instrument of his choice. One of the London papers in commenting on it notes that the tessitura is exceedingly high, and speaks of the performer's fingers continually climbing the strings like angels ascending Jacob's ladder. This is a pretty conceit, but it conveys an incorrect impression, because it reads like praise. The crying evil of most 'cello music is that it is written almost wholly for the fourth string, souring continually into the highest register of the instrument and dying away in an eternal mysticism of harmonies. This sort of composition is a foolish attempt to transform the instrument and rob it of its character. It is like writing for the contralto voice always between D and the upper G, or like confining the tenor to its lower octave. The middle register of the 'cello is capable of a variety of expression little short of wonderful. It can be tragic, dignified, melancholy, sentimental, or pathetic, and with all these qualities it associates a nobility and a refinement which are characteristic traits of the instrument. The 'cello is essentially a cantabile singer, and technical fireworks are no more congenial to its nature than rôles like Semiramide or Violetta to the nature of a dramatic soprano.

A descendant of the tone poet, Franz Schubert, has appeared in London as a pianist with success. The *Daily News* says:—"Under any circumstances, the first appearance in London of a grandnicce of Franz Schubert would have been a matter of curiosity, but inasmuch as at her recital at Princes' Hall yesterday Miss Geisler-Schubert proved herself to be a pianist of very high accomplishments, her début may fairly be considered in the light of an event. First, a word concerning the lady's perentage. When Franz Schubert, little more than 60 years since, was prematurely cut off at the age of 31—Grillparzer's inscription on his grave rightly declared that music had "there entombed a rich treasure, but still fairer hopes"—he left living his elder sister and favorite brother, Ferdinand, a musician and schoolmaster. Among Ferdinand's children was a daughter, Elise Schubert, who married Louis Geisler, and these two were parents of Miss Caroline Geisler-Schubert, whose visit to this country we have now to record. It is, however, desirable to say that, although new to London audiences, Miss Geisler-Schubert is no débutante. That fact at any rate was abundantly clear even to those who, without knowing anything of her history, observed the masterful manner in which she yesterday attacked the pianoforte part in the trio in B flat, op. 99, which of all her granduncle's works has most frequently been performed at the popular concerts. It is indeed more than ten years since Miss Caroline was under the tuition of Mme. Schumann, and for a long time past she, herself, has been one of the most prominent pianists and teachers resident in Vienna."

The annual performance of Spohr's *Last Judgment* took place in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, lately, under the direction, for the first time, of Dr. Martin, the organist. Hitherto—since the institution of this service in 1878—the work has been accompanied only by the organ, but Dr. Martin introduced a small orchestra of about thirty players. The number was thus limited because the singers were merely, as before, the professional choir of eighteen men and about thirty four boys. The consequence was that the string parts sounded very weak, but the performance was an excellent one, and of course, effects were produced which it is not possible to obtain on the organ.

Boston *Musical Herald*:- To many musicians, even of reasonable culture, the works of Bach and Handel, or at the farthest, Palestrina, stand as the pillars of Hercules, making the utmost limits of music. It might serve a good purpose, and surely would be of educational interest if a few of the shortest choral works of des Pres, di Lasso, and other old pioneer composers could be heard once in a way. There would be an occasional crudity, an empty fifth here or there, that would offend modern ears, but the skillful counterpoint, the canonic imitations, the wonderfully interwoven progressions yet without any seventh chords, would bring a new flavor into some concerts, that might not be entirely uninteresting. Besides, it is almost a duty not to allow the labors of these men, who first ploughed the field of music, to be forgotten in the golden harvest which has been gathered by their followers. Dufay, Ockeghem, di Lasso, and des Pres, made Bach and Händel possible. They undoubtedly strayed from the exact paths of art, in that they exalted skill and ingenuity at the expense of feeling and emotion, but they were like the Alchemists of old, who, in searching for the Philosopher's stone, brought forth the more useful science of chemistry In the same manner one will find many of the useful laws of our art fast rooted in the labors of the predecessors of Palestrina.

Referring to Mendelssohn's severe allusions to some of his celebrated contemporaries, notably, List, Berlioz and Chopin, a recent criticism says: "In a letter to Moscheles, dated April, 1834, he writes: "What you say of Berlioz's overture I thoroughly agree with. It is a chaotic, prosaic piece, and yet more humanly conceived than some of his others. I always felt inclined to say with Faust,—

He ran around, he ran about,
His thirst in puddles laving;
He gnawed and scratched he house throughout,
But nothing cured his raving;
And driven at last in open day,
He ran into the kitchen."

For his orchestration is such a frightful muddle, such an incongruous mess, that one ought to wash one's hands after handling one of his scores. Besides, it really is a shame to set nothing but murder, misery, and wailing to music; even if it were well done, it would simply give us a record of atrocities." Again, later, he characterizes Litzt's harmonies as "depressing" and "stupid to me," and adds: "I cannot believe that impartial people can take pleasure in discords or be in any way interested in them." And here, too, is doubtful praise to another, whose genius and fame are of record: "Chopin's studies have much charm for me, although there is a good deal in them that appears unscholarlike to me."

EPPS'S COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected Cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavored beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills. It is by the judicious use of such articles of diet that a constitution may be gradually built up until strong enough to resist every tendency to disease. Hundreds of subtle maladies are floating around us ready to attack wherever there is a weak point. We may escape many a fatal shaft by keeping ourselves well fortified with pure blood and a properly nourished frame."—*Civil Service Gazette.* Made simply with boiling water or milk. Sold only in packets by Grocers, labelled —"JAMES EPPS & Co., Homœopathic Chemist London, Eng." x

One of the reasons why *Scott's Emulsion* has such a large sale is, because it is the best. Dr W. H. Cameron, Halifax, N. S., says: "I have prescribed *Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites* for the past two years, and found it more agreeable to the stomach and have better results from its use than any other preparation of the kind I have ever used." Sold by all Druggists, 50c. and $1.00

A BOON TO LONDONERS.—Every citizen at some time or other is in want of hardwood lumber, and the only place in the city where it can be procured in any quantity is at F. G. Rumball's yard, corner Wellington and King streets. A large stock of walnut, ash, oak, basswood, chestnut, maple, etc., always on hand. x†

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

SAVE YOUR DOCTOR'S BILL.—When DR WISTAR'S BALSAM OF WILD CHERRY will CURE coughs, colds, bleeding at the lungs, and arrest the fell destroyer, consumption, it does more than most physicians can do. The use of a single bottle will satisfy the incredulous that they need look no further for the required aid. xw

POISON IVY ERUPTION.—For poison ivy eruption and for all burns, sore throat, rheumatism, etc., Mr. C. W. Wood, of Hall's Bridge, Ont., advises the use of Hagyard's Yellow Oil, which has been in use in his family for years. He regards it as a perfect cure. 9

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria.

GLASS BROS. & CO.,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Rockingham, Cane, Bristol, White Lined and Salt Glazed Stoneware. Buff, Majolica, Terra Cotta, Fire Brick and Chimney Tiles.
LONDON, - - ONTARIO

OUR SPECIALTY

Side bar end spring top buggies made on the premises by skilled workmen, and best materials used. Sample buggy sent at wholesale price to introduce them through Ontario.
H. A. Stringer, Wholesale Manufacturer,
143 King St., London. x

HIGHLAND LASSIE
AND THE
NORMA
THE FINEST BRANDS IN THE MARKET
The Norma, a 10c. cigar, is superior to all others in point of excellence, made from the best selected Havana leaf. The Highland Lassie, for 5c., is the choicest smoke to select.
H. McKAY & Co
MANUFACTURERS, LONDON
x

USE IRELAND'S
Desiccated Wheat.
It cures Dyspepsia. Among the choice Breakfast Cereals manufactured at "Our National Food" Mills, Toronto, which are having an extensive sale all over the Dominion, the Desiccated Wheat is the greatest boon to dyspeptics ever invented. One out of hundreds of testimonials received:—"I had dyspepsia for 30 years. I used all sorts of remedies until five years ago I got your Desiccated Wheat. I gained 15 pounds in three months and have been well for nearly five years, but I use the food every day still." Send 5 cents to pay postage on sample to
F. C. IRELAND & SON,
x 27 Church St., Toronto

KENT BREWERY
HAMILTON'S CELEBRATED PORTER
and Ale, made from English hops, strongly recommended by physicians for invalids. For sale by Grocers.
JOS. HAMILTON
Ann Street, London, Ont. x

COOK & BUNKER
manufacturers of all kinds of
RUBBER AND METAL HAND STAMPS.
Notary, Society & Corporate Seals.
Steel Stamps and Stencils Cut to Order.
36 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.
Agents wanted. x

HOTEL BENEDICT.
BEST
$2 PER DAY HOTEL IN MICHIGAN
Location Central; Finely Furnished; Every Room Heated by Steam. The Sanitary Condition of the House is Perfect.
COR. RANDOLPH & LAFAYETTE STS., Detroit, Mich. xH12n