(Continued from Second Page)

Any unusual decoction seems to effect them. Strong tea has removed the fawn-colored spots, but as soon as the system becomes accustomed to the tea, the spots return. Three years ago the hearts of all the lepers throbbed with joy. A nostrum called Fowle's Humor Cure was administered, and the disease entirely disappeared Fowle was in ecstasies. He forwarded box after box of his mixture, and it was used freely. Within six months, however, the scourge reappeared with more violence than ever.

Cases have occurred where those afflicted with leprosy left the country before they were sent to the asylum. Two or three years ago the spots appeared upon two girls belonging to well-known families. Determined to avoid the lazaretto, the girls went to Shediac and were employed as household servants. Hearing of their flight, Father Babineau wrote to Shediac. He had observed indications of leprosy on them before their disappearance. The girls were alarmed, and fled to Providence, R. I. One died in that city in a private family, where she had been engaged as a chambermaid. Father Babineau learned the whereabouts of the survivor, and went to Providence. After a long talk he convinced her that it was her duty to return to Tracadie and enter the lazaretto. She did so, and died within a year.

The good father relates the particulars of a case of leprosy in a man two years married. There were the usual forerunners of the disease. The father visited the man's residence and talked with his wife about it. The husband insisted that it was not leprosy. His wife coincided with him, but expressed a different opinion to the priest in private. Satisfied, however, that the husband was tainted, the wife left him. He remained in the house alone. Not long afterward, seeing the priest approaching, he took to the woods. Father Babineau overtook him and remonstrated with him. The man was obstinate. He was threatened with the rigor of the law. The conversation lasted two or three hours, and the husband was finally induced to enter the lazaretto.

Not long ago the disease broke out on the body of a fisherman, who for twenty years had lived alone in a hut on the bay of Tracadie. When the priest asked him to enter the lazaretto, his only objection was a fear that he might become lonesome. He is now in the hospital pining for the companionship of nature.

A more distressing case occurred two months ago. The death spots appeared on the mother of four little children. The priest repeatedly talked with her, and she was finally induced to part with her husband and enter the living tomb. Her parting with her children was very affecting, and to this day the father's ears hear cries of "Mamma, mamma!" The family is isolated, the children have no playmates, and the neighbors shun the place as though it was the nest of a pestilence.

The disease is said to be contagious, but we could learn of no well authenticated instance of contagion. None of the sisters have shown the least symptoms of leprosy, although two have waited upon the patients for fourteen years. They take the greatest precaution against it. There is only one case on record of a husband and wife who were confined in the institution at the same time. They were cousins. Wives who have had children by leprous husbands, have married on the death of their husbands. Some of the children by the first husband were infected, and those by the second escaped. In a recent case the disease did not appear until the third generation. Then it broke out on the body of a man of herculean strength. The native families of French descent seem to be satisfied it is contagious. They gaze at the lazaretto from the outside and very few pay it a visit.

The victims of the disease are at first visited by their near relatives, but as the seasons roll on the visits are less frequent, and at last cease altogether. Husbands forget their wives, mothers forget their children, and vice versa. Not long ago a poor boy of 19 broke out of the lazaretto at night, and walked twenty-five miles to see his mother. He remained home a few hours and returned with a less aching heart.

The lepers all express a willingness to work, but many of them are unable to do so. The sisters are allowed only a pittance to feed them. They have meat on Monday, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, and fish on Friday. Seldom, if ever, do they see fresh beef. They abhor mutton and veal. Fresh pork is the meat mostly eaten. Three of the lepers play the violin, and each appears to be ambitious to excel the other. When the weather is dry, those who are able frequently dance from morning until night. Those who first enter the institution complain of a drowsy feeling, and sleep days and nights, hours at a stretch. The lungs become affected. The hair falls from the eyebrows. The voice is husky. In some cases there is a loss of all feeling in the hands and arms. A girl rested her wrist on a red-hot stove, and was seriously burned, without the least sensation. Cuts with the knife bleed, but give no pain. At times the skin seems to be filled with steel filings. Then it cracks open to the bone and gradually shrivels away. When the liver and lungs become seriously affected, the patient wastes away with all the symptoms of consumption. He dies by suffocation.

All have separate beds. The men are kept on the main floor and the women on the floor above. Rarely do they see each other. There is a little room on each floor where the sisters officiate as warders. There is not a man about the establishment who is not a leper. The sisters are allowed a washerwoman and a servant boy. Aside from this they do all the work. In the dormitories the beds are arranged side by side like beds in a hospital. Old-fashioned quilts cover the iron bedsteads. The floors are scrubbed once a day. Everything is scrupulously neat. Each dormitory contains an oratory, where the afflicted say their prayers on retiring and arising. The walls are covered with pictures of saints and religious mottoes in the French language. Here is a specimen:

POUR UN MOMENT DE SACRIFICE
UNE ETERNITE DE JOUISSANCE.

which seems hardly applicable to persons suffering a lifetime of misery. There is no specified dress for either the male or female lepers, and unaccustomed eyes could not distinguish some of them from ordinary persons.

As we entered the male ward ten of the unfortunates were arising from dinner. It was a plain board table, destitute of cloth and napkins, and furnished with tin plates, cups and spoons. On an iron cot within ten feet of the table, sat a pitiful object. His flesh looked like flakes of sulphur moulded into the shape of a man. He had been in bed over a year. Although but 15 years old he looked like a man of 70. Nothing in the wards on Blackwell's island equals this scene; yet the Sisters said that the patient was much better than he had been. As we entered the apartment a heavy black bearded man clad in a blue woollen shirt turned his face from us, picked up a short black clay pipe, and moved into the sunlight through the open door. Poor fellow, his misfortunes were his own, and he sought no sympathy from the outer world. He was Michael Duaron, the lone fisherman, who had expressed the fear of being lonesome before entering the lazaretto. The windows were open, and a cool breeze from the sea was felt.

There were ten other males in the ward. All but the miserable being on the bed ranged themselves in line with bowed heads and dejected countenances. Two were mere boys, 11 and 12 years old. One was suffering from leprous elephantiasis. His face was fungus outgrowth. Only one of these men spoke English. He was Peter M. Noel of Tracadie. A man of magnificent physique, beyond slight swellings above the cheek bones he showed no signs of the disease. He had a clear, blue eye, a rugged complexion, and an honest face. He was man of deep feeling and of more than ordinary intelligence. Confident of sympathy, he told his story in a straightforward way. He was 23 years old, a woodchopper and raftsman.

"You seem surprised to see me here," he said, "because you see no marks of the disease. Look at my hands," showing his palms. All the lines of his hands seem to have been frosted with silver. The pores of the skin glistened as though dusted with silver. "Look at the whites of my eyes," he continued. They were of a light orange color. He pointed to the slight swellings below his temples, and then said: "All your doubts would be removed if you saw my body. This spring I was logging up the northwest branch of the Miramichi. One night, when I was going to bed near Cunard's Ledges, I saw a yellow spot on my leg. I paid no attention to it, supposing that it came from wading so much in the cold water. Two or three days afterward another spot appeared near the first one. I began to have strange pains in my legs, and could not get enough sleep. Within a week I noticed a spot on my breast. The pains increased and I thought that I had rheumatism. I took some medicine for it, but it did me no good. At last I came over here, by the advice of a comrade, to see the sisters and to find out what was the matter with me. They told me that I had the disease and here I am for life."

Noel told his sad story with an erect head. He had not been in the lazaretto long enough to acquire the dejected look of his fellow sufferers, but the shadow on his face indicated that it was surely coming. He is a fair violinist, and undoubtedly vents much of his sadness through his instrument. With tears in his eyes he spoke of the kindness of the sisters, but he complained of a lack of books and newspapers. He could not read English, and his countenance grew bright when promised a file of Parisian journals. While grateful for the little tobacco given them by the sisters, he spoke of its poor quality. "They buy it at Ferguson's," he said, "and of course the sisters can't tell whether it is good or bad; but smoking is about our greatest enjoyment, and I wish we could have good tobacco."

The sisters then conducted us up stairs to the female ward. Fourteen women and girls, in all stages of emaciation stood in line with clasped hands and eyes cast down. Sisters and cousins were among them. All save in some way related to the men below. They were not disposed to be communicative. One woman, nearly eighty years old, overheard Sister St. John calling our attention to the fact that she was concealing her hands under her apron. She flung up her apron with spiteful energy, and extended two withered stumps accompanying the action with bitter words. She had no hands. Her heart was touched by our expressions of sympathy. She was the woman released from Shelldrake island forty years ago under the supposition that she had been cured. She called to her side her daughter, a pleasant-faced woman, 24 years old. Her fingers were talons in appearance, and her hands were withering, losing the joints one by one, the same as her mother's had done. In the dormitory we saw a female dwarf only 28 years old, she looked to be 90. Her eyes were sightless, and her face misshapen and totally unlike the face of a human being. It was the face of a person suffering from the worst form of elephantiasis. Despite our remonstrances, she arose to receive us. Sad at heart we turned away. The afflicted woman, in low tones, bade us good-by as we went down stairs.

The sisters then showed us the kitchen, the range, the electric bells, the neat apothecary shop, and the exquisite chapel with its image of the Virgin and Child. This chapel is latticed on either side. Behind the lattice, on the right of the altar, the sisters hear mass. Half a dozen benches fill the main body of the little chapel, and are evidently used by the male lepers. A solitary woman bearing marks of the disease was on her knees behind the left lattice counting her beads and saying her prayers. Everything throughout the building was clean and neat. The floors were scrubbed as white as marble, the great range shone with stove polish, there was not a grease spot on the clothes of any of the lepers, the aprons and handkerchiefs of the women were as white as snow, and the windows were as clean as the plate glass of Simpson, Crawford & Simpson's store. The oratories were simple but attractive. Delicate efforts at ornamentation bespoke the excessive care of the Sisters. There is only one impediment to the comfort of the beings buried alive. It is the parsimony of Sir John A. Macdonald's government. The buildings disgrace the five millions of people who are taxed to support his government. The ceilings are low, and the rooms are illy ventilated. The Sisters work to great disadvantage. All that they receive is spent upon the immured lepers. They are now building a dormitory for themselves at their own expense. The isolation of the lazaretto is so complete and visitors are so few that its wants do not reach the public ear. Surely there ought to be one man in the parliament of the Dominion of Canada to champion the interests of the poor men and women whose life imprisonment is a punishment for no crime, although confined for the protection of the community.

Out again in God's free air we cast our eyes toward Mr. Young's mansion. Poor Noel and four of his companions stood in the yard awaiting us. "Gentlemen," said Noel, approaching us, hat in hand. "I beg your pardon, but my companions here can't speak English. This poor man," pointing to the heavy bearded man who had left the dinner table on our entrance, "is bleeding at the lungs. He thought that one of you might be a doctor, and that you could tell him what to do for it. He has been on the sea, but he can't stand the sea air any longer, because his lungs are so weak." We could give him no encouragement. Our faces forestalled Noel's translation of what was said. The bearded man walked back to the fence and turned his face to the sea. Noel accompanied us to the end of the lane leading to the highway. It was the boundary of the lepers' world. The two leprous boys walked at our side. One said, "Please, sir, give me a penny." He got a half dollar, and the other boy was not forgotten. If a bag of gold had dropped from the skies they could not have been more surprised. They shot off towards the lazaretto with the speed of the wind. Nor was Noel forgotten. We had already gained his confidence. He accepted a Canadian bank note with even more astonishment and far more thankfulness than the boys had shown. It was a small sum to create so much happiness in such a wretched being. I involuntarily compared him with William H. Vanderbilt, at that moment probably speeding Maud S. at Saratoga, and with Jay Gould lolling in the silken cushions of his princely home on the Hudson. An hour's interest on Vanderbilt's fortune would strew this agonizing life with humble luxuries, and a millionth part of Jay Gould's fortune make it immeasurably happy. If honesty and industry are any gauge of fortune, what had honest, hard-handed Noel done that his fate should be so much different from theirs?

Noel saw that we were about to part with him. All his longings, fears, and wishes gushed to his lips. "My God," said he, "why can't I get well? I have worked hard. I have never dissipated. I bathe every day. I am clean. I don't see why I can't get well. Sometimes I think that it is not the leprosy [it was the first and only time that he used the word] spoken of in the Bible. I've heard of a man who had the same disease and who was cured by a doctor who said it was the black scurvy. If I was doctored for the black scurvy I believe I'd get well. They say that there is a doctor in Chatham who can cure us. I've lain awake at night studying up a plan to get to him, so that I might ask him to cure me. I have no money, but I would work hard to pay him if he would only cure me. Do you know that at times I can't help thinking that we are not cured because some one is making money by keeping us here? I know it isn't as bad as it used to be when they had a fence with sharp spikes at the top surrounding the yard. Some of the men here have told me how they used to treat them then. The Sisters have changed all that. I have no word of complaint against them. God bless them, they do all they can for us. It is not their fault nor is it our own fault that we are here."

We were standing at the end of the lane. Church was out, and a cloud of dust indicated the march of the churchgoers homeward. The sun had passed the meridian. A dinner bell rang. Noel started as though awakened from sleep. "I beg your pardon, gentlemen," said he, removing his hat, "for detaining you from dinner. I see so few who understand our situation that I forget myself when I meet them." Tears were in his eyes. "Come again and see me if you ever revisit the country. God help me, but it will be many a long day and many a long night before I forget your faces." He turned and walked slowly down the lane, the hot sun casting his shadow before him, and I saw him no more

ZISKA.

READABLE PARAGRAPHS.

The Wiman Bath.

Nearly all of the gentlemen who visit the Wiman baths wear one of White's Bathing Suits. Get one at 65 King street west.

G. Bortle, of Manchester, Ontario Co., N.Y., writes: "I obtained immediate relief from the use of Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil. I have had asthma for eleven years. Have been obliged to sit up all night for ten or twelve nights in succession. I can now sleep soundly all night on a feather bed, which I had not been able to do previously to using the Oil."

REST AND COMFORT TO THE SUFFERING

"Brown's Household Panacea," has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a pain or ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle

Mr. J. S. Cuthbertson, Toronto, writes: "My wife had a very severe attack of Pleurisy and Inflammation of the Lungs about three years ago, and ever since has been subject to severe colds on the slightest exposure; in fact they were so frequent that her system was quite reduced. She tried several remedies, but without any permanent effect, until she was induced to try Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda, and I am happy to say it has exceeded our anticipations. I have no hesitation in recommending it as a ROYAL REMEDY for all affections of the Lungs and Chest, and for all classes of Wasting Diseases, and building up of Weak Constitutions."

MOTHERS! MOTHERS! MOTHERS

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents bottle.

Mrs. Barnhart, cor. Pratt and Broadway, has been a sufferer for twelve years through rheumatism, and has tried every remedy she could hear of, but received no benefit, and she tried Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil; she says she cannot express the satisfaction she feels at having her pain entirely removed and her rheumatism cured."

Catarrh.

Attention is called to the advertisement in another column of this issue of Mr. A. H. Dixon, 307 King street west, Toronto, who claims to cure catarrh absolutely and permanently by a method peculiarly his own in from one to three treatments. Mr Dixon scouts the idea that catarrh is caused by a cold in the head (as most people imagine), but claims that it is a parasitical disease, and treats it accordingly. He says he has used his remedy successfully in thousands of cases in Canada and the United States, and judging from the many complimentary letters and certificates of cures which he has shown us, it will be a very strange case of catarrh that he cannot cure in from one to three treatments. As this is the most favorable season in the year in which to cure catarrh rapidly and permanently, sufferers should at once correspond with or call on Mr. Dixon. This new treatment does not interfere with occupation, and it is not necessary for the patient to see Mr. Dixon, as the remedy and apparatus for applying (which is so simple that a child can readily understand it) is forwarded to any part of Canada or the United States upon application.

—TO ALL STRIKERS.—Strikers would do well to consider Guinane's liberal offer before going elsewhere. They are in sympathy with the present movement, and to show that they are they agree to supply from their splendid assortment—the largest in the city—of boots and shoes, trunks and valices, any goods strikers need at actual wholesale prices, which they will guarantee is 25 per cent below the retail price. Need we say Guinane's immense boot and shoe emporium is at 215 Yonge street, three doors south of Albert. 246

Furred tongue and impure breath are two concomitants of biliousness remedied by Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure. Heartburn, which harasses the dyspeptic after meals, and all the perplexing and changeful symptoms of established indigestion, are dispersed by this salutary corrective tonic and celebrated blood purifier.

—Nervous Prostration, Premature Old Age, either caused by tobacco, alchohol overwork, or excesses, cured by Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment.

Mr. R. A. Harrison, chemist and druggist, Dunnville, Ont., writes; "I can with confidence recommend Northrop & Lyman's Vegetable Discovery and Dyspeptic Cure for dyspepsia, impure blood, pimples on the face, biliousness and constipation—such cases having come under my personal observation."

Mr. James J. Anslow, Newcastle, N.B., writes: "Mrs. Anslow was troubled with Lung Disease, and until she took Northrop & Lyman's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda had little or no appetite; but after taking a bottle or two she gained appetite for her food, which was quite a help to her in keeping up against the disease. As we are out of yours and cannot procure any here, she is taking another Emulsion; but as we prefer your preparation to any in the market, will you kindly ship me some at once and oblige.

C. C. Jacobs, Buffalo, N.Y., says: "Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil cured him of a bad case of piles of 8 years' standing, having tried almost every known remedy, "besides two Buffalo physicians," without relief, but the Oil cured him; he thinks it cannot be recommended too highly."

Mrs. D. Morrison, Farnham Centre, P.Q., writing about Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, says: "George Bell used it on his son, and it cured him of rheumatism with only a few applications. The balance of the bottle was used by an old gentleman for asthma with the best results. It acts like a charm."

Latest New York and Chicago Markets.

NEW YORK, Aug. 14.—Cotton steady, unchanged. Flour—Receipts 38,000 without a decided change, sales 14,000. Exports 6,000. Rye flour stronger $3 50 to $4 90, cornmeal unchanged Wheat —Receipts 458,000 bush, unsettled, sales 1,590,000 bush, including 206,000 bush spot, exports 43,000 bush, No 2 spring nominal, No 2 red $1 13 to $1 13½. Rye firm at 78c to 80c. Barley steady, malt unchanged. Corn—Receipts 26,000 bush, strong sales 630,000 bush, including 470,000 bush spot, No 2 87½c. No 2 Aug 86½c to 86¾ Oats —Receipts 65,000 bush, higher, sales 657,000 bush, mixed 54c to 65c, white 55c to 73c, No 2 Aug 52c to 54c. Hay firm, $6 50 to $6 70. Hops quiet 41c to 57c. Coffee weak, unchanged. Sugar dull, nominal, Molasses unchanged. Rice steady. Petroleum steady, crude 6½c to 7¼, refined 7. Tallow 8⅜c to 8.7-16. Potatoes weak, $1 75 to $2 2½. Eggs steady 22½c to 24c. Pork dull, $22 50. Beef steady. Cut meats steady. Pickled hams 14½c, middles dull. Long clear 13⅜c. Lard weak $20 80 to $21 92½. Butter firm 18c to 26½. Cheese quiet, unchanged.

Railroads irregular, stocks closed strong.

W. W. FARLEY. WM. MARA

FARLEY & MARA

26 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

Stock Brokers,

MEMBERS OF THE TORONTO STOCK EXCHANGE and Chicago Board of Trade.

Buy and sell Canadian and New York Stocks. Also Grain and Provisions on the Chicago Board of Trade, for cash or on margin.

CHICAGO, Aug. 14.—Flour dull, common to choice springs $4 00 to $6 50, common to fancy Minnesota $6 00 to $6 75, patents $6 75 to $7 50, fair to choice old winter wheats $6 00 to $6 50, new $5 00 to $5 50, low grades $3 00 to $4 50. Wheat moderately higher, regular at $1 02½ for August, 98¾c for Sept, 97⅜c for Oct, 98⅝c to 98⅞c for November, 97⅜c to 97½c for year, No 2 red $1 03½ for August, $1 02 for Sept, $1 01½ to $1 02 for Oct, $1 01 to $1 01½ for year, No. 2 spring $1 06½ for Aug, 98⅝c to 98⅞c for Sept, 97⅜c for year. Corn quiet and irregular 77⅝c for Aug, 76½c to 77c for Sept, 75½c to 75⅝c for Oct, 67⅝c to 67½c for year, 66½c for May. Oats quiet and irregular at 40½c to 41c for Aug, 36½ for Sept, 35½c for Oct, 35⅝c to 35½c for Nov, 35c to 35½c for year. Pork inactive and lower at $21 32 for Sept, $21 92½ for October, $19 00 to, $19 47½ for year, $19 85 for January. Lard inactive and lower at, $12 00 to $12 35½ for Sept, $12 47½ for Oct., $12 27½ to $21 35 for Jan, $12 25 to $12 32½ for year. Bulk meats easier, shoulders $9 00, short rib $12 25, short clear $13 40. Whiskey steady and unchanged. Receipts—Flour 8000 brls, wheat 46,000 bush, corn 141,090 bush, oats 52,000 bush, rye 5000 bush, Shipments—Flour 7000 brls, wheat 331,000 bush, corn 298,000 bush, oats 32,000 bush, rye 2000 bush.

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STOCK BROKER,

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Buys and sells Canadian and American Stocks strictly on Commission.

Also represents the Grain and Provision House of Messrs. D. H. Denton & Co., Chicago, through whom orders are executed on the Board of Trade either for cash or on margin.

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Night soil removed from all parts of the city at reasonable rates. 246

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COAL AND WOOD.

SPECIAL RATES FOR WOOD.

Am receiving daily ex-Toronto, Grey & Bruce railway 100 cords of Hardwood, and will for one week to save cost of piling and hauling from cars to my yard, deliver to any part of the city at the following rates:

BEST HARD WOOD, (Beech & Maple), long, $5.00 Per Cord
" " cut and split, $6.00 "
2nd QUALITY, " $4.00 "

Orders left at Offices, Cor. Bathurst and Front Sts., 51 King St. East, Yonge St. Wharf, and 532 Queen St. West, will receive prompt attention. 135

P. BURNS,

COAL & WOOD MERCHANT.

COAL!

S. CRANE & Co

PRESENT PRICES:—

EGG $6.50 per ton, STOVE do., NUT do.

OFFICE:—105½ QUEEN ST. WEST.

DOCK:—Esplanade St. Between Yonge and Bay.

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We beg to announce that we have recently purchased the

Fuel Association Property

On Esplanade St., Between Berkeley and Princess Sts. from

JAMES C. McGEE & CO.

Thus largely increasing our already extensive facilities for handling Coal at Retail in the Toronto Market and are prepared to supply both Coal and Wood in the most satisfactory manner at the

HARD COAL, - - - $6.50 PER TON.

OFFICE—Dominion Bank Building, Cor. Yonge and King Sts.
do. 413 Yonge Street.
do. 536 Queen Street West.
do. Yard, Cor. Esplanade and Princess Sts.
do. do. Niagara and Douro.
do. do. Fuel Association, Esplanade St., near Berkeley.

ELIAS ROGERS & CO

Miners and Shippers. 146 Wholesalers and Retailers.

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The only One Cent Morning Paper in Canada.

25C. PER MONTH, $3 PER YEAR.

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is Read widely, not only in Toronto but in every town and village of any importance in Ontario, as well as in many places in Quebec and Manitoba, and its circulation is advancing daily.

The large and rapidly-increasing circulation of THE WORLD on the one hand, and its reasonable rates on the other, must commend it to all classes of advertisers as a most desirable medium of communicating with the public.

THE WORLD is published every morning at five o'clock. Extra editions are also published whenever there is news of sufficient moment to demand them.

All advertisements are measured as Solid Nonpareil, twelve lines to an inch.

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Do you want help of any kind?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Do you want boarders or lodgers?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want a boarding-house
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you furnished rooms to let?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you a house or store to let?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to rent a house or store?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Have you any property for sale
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
Do you want to end or borrow money?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS
Do you want to sell or buy a business?
Advertise in the World for TEN CENTS.
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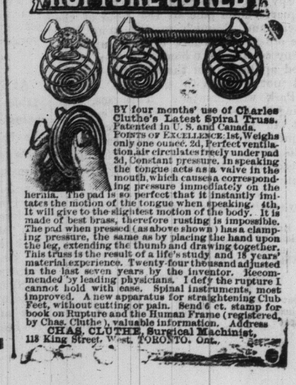

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