

AMERICAN YOUNG WOMEN.

Their Rush Into the Business of Typewriting.

Some of the Phases of the Conditions Which Brought About Their Introduction Into the Commercial Arena—Thousands Now Engaged in the Work.

New York Sun.

A quarter of a century ago such a thing as a woman stenographer was unheard of. The manufacturers of typewriters found very slow sale for their machines, and it is said that it was at the suggestion of one of these that women were induced to learn shorthand and manipulate the keyboard. His suggestion was carried out through the President of a successful business college who had been closely associated with the pioneers who sought to promote business education in this country. Girls at once took to shorthand and typewriting, and to-day, as a rule, they do more acceptable office work than do the average men. There are fifty-three schools where stenography and typewriting are taught in New York, and twenty-six in Brooklyn. At most of them the school year is divided into three terms of ten weeks each. Many of the schools advertise to teach students in one term, and go so far as to guarantee places to pupils at the end of that time. This is absurd. The girl who begins to work at the

ELUSIVE LITTLE POT HOOKS,

with a vision of a good salary at the end of three months, deludes herself. It requires much study to master shorthand, for it is hard, and some of the best paid and most successful typewriter girls in the city testify that the brightest cannot really perfect themselves in less than three terms. Of course, the length of time necessary to become proficient depends largely on the individual, but a year's preparation is what the average girl requires. It was not many years ago that the idea of a woman receiving an education that would fit her for a business career and enable her to earn her bread and butter at better paying pursuits than sewing, nursing, teaching a district school, or other distinctly feminine occupations, was received with a derisive smile. The change in public sentiment on this question is largely due to the typewriter girl. She has proved with satisfaction to the business world that accuracy, punctuality and capability are not questions of sex, but of training. Typewriter girls are not well paid, but they receive more for their services than do shop girls, cashiers or seamstresses, and they lead much finer lives and have better opportunities for physical and mental development. The average salary of the typewriter girl is \$12 a week, though in exceptional cases she may earn from \$20 to \$35 weekly.

It is an undisputed fact that the typewriter girl has revolutionized the offices of this city. There are people who hold that the mere fact of a woman doing work for which she is paid in money takes something away from her, and that men do not feel the same toward her. When asked if this was true, a man who employs thirty stenographers, all girls, in his office, replied most emphatically:

"No, and the man who says that is a cad—a snob. I used to employ all men in my office, and it was by accident that I changed to girls. One day one of my boys secured a better place. I had the greatest confidence in him and asked him to recommend some one who he felt sure could do the work satisfactorily. To my amazement he recommended his sister. 'What! have a girl in this office?' I exclaimed. 'Never.' He said: 'I'm sure you would get more comfort out of her than you [say you have got out of me.] After a good deal of talk I gave her a trial.

"She came the next day and took her place at his desk, and there's been a different atmosphere in that musty old office ever since. Her gentle presence changed things as if by magic, and the boys grew more gentle and courteous, and my head men seemed to go about their work with a new enthusiasm. The little girl attended strictly to her business, but when she looked up it was always with a smiling face, and when she tripped from desk to desk the very swish of her skirts seemed to make things different. Gradually this, that, and the other boy dropped into places or went into business for themselves; some of them became managers in my office until finally I found all my typewriters girls. They do the work more satisfactorily; they get along pleasantly with one another, and they are always in their places cheerful and amiable. Men who come in now to transact business, when they see my array of bright faced, tastefully dressed, trim-looking girls, act like gentlemen, and refrain from smoking, spitting all over the floor, and swearing, and this without a word from anybody. I don't say that all typewriters are perfect. Some of them are pretty bad, but so are some of the society girls. We find imprudent, immature women in every walk of life, in every line of business, but on the whole I think that the typewriters of this city deserve much credit and much respect. Of course I mean those who are competent and are filling places that give them a fair living."

THEIR CHANCES FOR MARRIAGE.

Many typewriter girls have chances for marriage that young women, supported by fathers in moderate circumstances, may well envy them. Often they marry men connected with the firms for which they work, or, oftener still, captivate customers. "About 100 young women go out from this institution every year," said the President of one of the oldest commercial colleges in the city, "and find excellent places as typewriters. It has always interested me to note what excellent marriages they make as a rule. This is easily accounted for, I think. They become

very much interested in their work and are not absorbed with the idea that they must marry the first man who offers himself. They wait until love comes to them as a rule, and by this time their knowledge of the world and human nature is such that they do not fall in love with a ne'er do well. I remember so well one case that interested me very much. A young woman came down from a God-forsaken part of the State and perfected herself in stenography and typewriting. She had a most attractive personality and a most comprehensive and sympathetic mind. I was casting my eye about for the kind of place I knew she could fill well when I received a message from the editor of a magazine to send him a competent typewriter at once. I told the office boy to tell him that I had the very girl he needed. The boy declared that the editor had said distinctly time and again that he would not have a girl around, and finally said he knew his employer wouldn't even see her. As the editor was a friend of mine I told the boy to tell him I knew better what he wanted than he knew himself, and I was sure that this girl, who would call next morning, would fill the bill. The girl went and was employed. In a few weeks I met the editor and he told me that he had never in all his life had any one take such care of his affairs as did this girl. Things went on this way for two years, and then I received cards to their wedding. A day or two afterward they called together. She said laughingly he married her to keep her because she had an offer of a much larger salary.

"That case is a typical case. Every little while my old girls come in to tell me of their engagements, and never yet have I known of a case where a marriage has turned out badly."

Of course there are unsuccessful typewriters, and hundreds of them are glad to work for \$5 a week. A bureau downtown which secures employment for them has had 1,800 applications from women since Christmas, and has placed nearly 1,000. Many of them were nothing more than children willing to work for pittance.

IRELAND

And the Queen's Jubilee.

(FROM AN OCCASIONAL CORRESPONDENT.)

In the order of service to be used in Anglican churches under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Canterbury on Jubilee Sunday, June 20th, is a "Prayer for Unity," which opens thus:—"O God, give us grace seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions. Take away all hatred and prejudice and whatsoever else may hinder us from godly Unity and Peace." It is to be regretted that, upon an occasion of universal jubilation, it should be necessary to open prayer with such significant words. One could wish that no discordant note should be heard, when the four quarters of the empire have assembled their foremost representative men to do honor to an aged and respected sovereign. But it is not so. There is the little rift within the lute. There comes the intelligence that

SIXTY MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH HOUSE OF COMMONS,

representing some millions of Her Majesty's subjects, formally and openly refuse to have part in the Jubilee celebrations, on the ground that "the demonstration is not simply commemorative of the private and public virtues of the monarch, but mainly imperial jubilation over the development of the principles of self-government, and the growth of prosperity, wealth, comfort, etc., in which Ireland has not shared."

However much the reasonable necessity of this action may be deplored by sincerely loyal subjects of Her Majesty, it is the only consistent course open to the Irish Nationalist members, if they would not sacrifice their manhood to a mere sentiment, and appear to the world as dissemblers and hypocrites. True, this little thorn will be lost to sight in the crown of roses woven by the various portions of the British Empire for the Queen's honored head. But, if Her Majesty be the tender, womanly sovereign her least ardent admirers would have the world believe her to be, it will make itself felt. If it does not, then she lacks the essential qualities of a benign and gracious Queen. We hear much of

THE QUEEN'S GREAT PERSONAL INFLUENCE, not only in home affairs but amongst the rulers of other nations, but it has yet to be recorded that she has attempted to exert this personal influence in the one quarter, in which, above all others, it would win her a generous nation's undying gratitude and affectionate loyalty, in the behalf of Home Rule for Ireland. She must know that, until that concession is made, until that national aspiration is fulfilled, until that right is acknowledged, Ireland will remain one of "the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions," which her primate now seriously asks for Divine grace to lay to heart.

It is computed that, in this, the year of the somewhat erroneously-called Diamond Jubilee, one quarter of the globe acknowledges Her Majesty's sway—surely an empire the like of which there is no previous record. In greatness and glory it resembles, but surpasses that of ancient Tyre, of which it is written: "Many islands were the traffic of thy hand; they set forth precious stones, and purple and brodered works, and fine linen and silk in thy market. The ships of the sea were thy chiefs in thy merchandise; and thou wast replenished and glorified exceedingly in the heart of the sea." Tyre is no more; but the glad sun searches all the Queen's dominions, and, save for India, from which the death wing of famine is suddenly lifting, finds but one isolated isle that gives not back his joyous light. Over Ireland, the dark and ominous clouds of

DISCONTENT, SORROW, FRUITLESS ASPIRATION,

and bitter remembrance of wrongs pleaded, but unrighted, hang and have hung through all the full years of

Victoria's reign. The newspapers are teeming with reviews of this reign, presented from every possible view and in every conceivable shape; but we have met with no review of the history of Ireland during this same momentous period; and, speaking as one of Her Majesty's subjects, it is meet, perhaps, that, though written, it has not been published. For, it is written by a pen dipped in the heart's blood of a nation, down-trodden, suffering, struggling, struggling, from 1837 to 1897, for the Home Rule which Britain's young and stalwart colonies flout in her face as their dearest privilege and most prized possession. During that period Ireland has seen her population dwindle from eight millions to four millions and a half through mal-administration, famine and emigration. Ireland is a mourning country, and, as her leaders in parliament declare, she is in no mood for jubilation. In a time of general rejoicing, sorrow is but the more cruelly emphasized, and it would be a marvel if the spirit of estrangement so painfully shared by the heart of that greater Ireland beyond the seas. To Irishmen, be it written with regret, the Queen's reign, so glorious in many respects, is not pleasant to look back upon. It offers little for jubilation. But Irishmen can, perhaps, in a truly Christian spirit, join the Primate of England in his prayer for Unity, and pray for grace "seriously to lay to heart the great dangers we are in by our unhappy divisions." B. S.

BODY NOT TO BE BURNED.

THE CHURCH IS IRREVOCABLY OPPOSED TO CREMATION.

The Church does not countenance, never has countenanced and never will countenance cremation. It has stood as irremovable against that method of disposing of the dead as it has against divorce.

No Catholic who left instructions to be cremated could expect to be accorded the buried rites of the Church. There are good reasons for this, reasons so strong that the attitude of the Church will always be unchanged.

The ancient Catholic and Jewish tradition is to lay the body in the grave. This expresses that "sleep," as St. Paul calls it, which is to be ended by the "trumpet call of the resurrection," and which proclaims our fellowship with those who are gone before us.

Experience has shown that cremation is mostly practiced by those who wish to weaken belief in the life to come, and many of its devotees are strong opponents of belief in the resurrection. It is apparent, then, that the Church could never tolerate cremation unless in exceptional cases, where sanitary or medical purposes might require it.—Bishop Farley.

CANADIANS IN THE UNITED STATES

DOMINION GOVERNMENT SAID TO BE MAKING INDUCEMENTS FOR THEM TO RETURN.

The New York Sun in a recent issue says:—"The Canadian Government has organized a French Canadian colonization society for the relief of distressed French Canadians in New England. The first effort made by the society was the founding of a branch in this city by Dr. Brisson and M. Carleton of Montreal, who will open branches in Bangor, Boston, Lowell, and Lawrence.

This is a result of the many appeals made to the Dominion Government by the Canadians, thousands of whom are suffering poverty in nearly all the New England manufacturing towns. To all who go home the Dominion Government will furnish transportation and will give to each man 100 acres of woodland and will pay from \$500 to \$1,000 for clearing it.

THREE MILLION ACRES OF COFFEE LAND.

CHICAGO AND MILWAUKEE MEN MAKE A LARGE INVESTMENT IN MEXICO.

A syndicate of Chicago and Milwaukee capitalists has just bought 3,000,000 acres of coffee land in the territory of Tepic. The land is all in one tract and the price paid was \$600,000 in Mexican silver.

The district is west of the mountains, about seventy-five miles from the Pacific Ocean, on the railroad running to the port of San Blas, State of Jalisco.



Women whose faces are disfigured by unsightly eruptions, pimples and blotches too frequently fail to understand that these are but the outward symptoms of inward disorders. They resort to various cosmetics, ointments and powders, not knowing that all the while the trouble is not in the skin, itself, but in the system. It is sometimes absolutely dangerous to use outward applications, for if the skin alone is cleared, the real disease is likely to attack some internal organ of the body, where it may prove fatal to life itself.

In the majority of cases these unsightly skin diseases are due to two things, weakness and disorders of the distinctly feminine organism, and impurities of the blood caused by them. The woman who suffers from disease in a womanly way will soon suffer in her general health. Her stomach, liver and other organs will fail to perform their proper functions, with the result that the blood becomes impure. Left to herself she will probably resort to cosmetics and ointments. If she consults a physician he will tell her that the stomach or liver only is at fault. Her distinctly womanly ailment is really the first and only cause. For this she should resort at once to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It acts directly and only on the delicate and important organs concerned in the womanly system. Then a course of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will purify and enrich the blood, and make her a new woman. Medicine dealers sell both remedies.

Sure, safe and simple ways to cure all manner of skin diseases told in Dr. Pierce's Medical Adviser. For paper-covered copy send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover customs, and mailing only, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.; cloth binding, 50 stamps.

THE POPE'S POEM

In Praise of Frugality.

(From the New York World.)

Mr. Andrew Lang, in the preface to his translation of the Latin poem of His Holiness Leo XIII., in praise of abstemiousness in dining, says:—

"The Pope's poem is on the model of the epistle of Horace. From the reference to coffee, he seems to have modern manners in his mind, but 'Banquet of Greed' reflects the intemperance of ancient Rome. The translation is necessarily in the manner of the eighteenth century."

An Epistle to Fabricius Rufus.

I.

What diet lends the strength to life and free
The flower of health from each malign disease

The good Ocellus,* pupil from of old
And follower of Hippocrates, has told.
Rating base gluttony with anxious air,
He thus laid down the laws of frugal fare:

II.

Neatness comes first. Be thy spare table bright
With shining dishes and with napkins white.

Be thy Chianti unadulterate,
To cheer the heart and raise the spirit's weight.

Yet trust not much the rosy god; in fine,
Be sure that you put water to your wine.

Picked be thy grain and pure thy home-made bread,
Thy meats be delicate and dairy fed.

Tender nor highly spiced thy good; nor tease
Thy taste with sauces from Egean seas.

Fresh be thine eggs—hard boiled or nearly raw,
Or delfly poached or simply served au plat.

"There's wit in poaching eggs," the proverb says,
And you may do them in a hundred ways.

III.

Nor shun the bowl of foaming milk that feeds
The infant and may serve the senior's needs.

Next on the board be Heaven's gift, honey, placed,
And sparing of Hyblaean nectar taste.

Fulce and salads on thy guests bestow—
Even in suburban gardens salads grow.

Add chosen fruits—what'er the time afford;
Let rose-red apples crown the rustic board.

Last comes the beverage of the Orient shore—
Mocha, far off, the fragrant berries bore.

Taste the dark fluid with a dainty lip;
Digestion waits on pleasure as you sip.

IV.

Such are my precepts for a diet sage
That leads thee safely to a green old age.

But wise Ocellus still would sagely say,
The path of green lies quite the other way.

That cruel, shameless siren only cares
To trap men's feet and spread their shining snare.

These are her arts; to bid the table shine
With varied ornament and purple fine.

Embroidered napkins impudently glow;
The cups are ordered in a gleaming row;

Goblets and beakers, bronze and silver plate,
And fragrant flowers the table decorate.

With these and seeming hospitable board;
On couches bids the languid limbs recline.

And brings forth beakers of her choicest wine.
What Chian vineyards or Falernian yield,

And juices of the Amyclæan fields,
With such liquors as anxious distill;

From various juices dainty cups she fills.
Rivals in greed devour the juicy cakes,

And guest with guest in drinking emulates.
In oil and spice a boar Lucanian swims;

Geese lend their livers, hares their tender limbs.
Midst ortolans and doves as white as snow,

Flesh mixed with fish and clams with oysters show.
The mighty plate a huge murena fills;

Swimming, attended by a shoal of squills.
The gaping guests adore and, feeding fine,

Feast to disgust and soak themselves in wine.
Then, blown with wine and food and angry, all

Arise and fight like furies in the hall.
Of stiff-necked furies take their eager fill;

At last, with wine and meat o'ercome, are still.
Greed laughs triumphant in her cruel glee

And drowns her guests like sailors in the sea;
Fell indigestion now her work begins;

The liver finds the sinners in their sins;
Languid, perspiring, tortured, tumid, they

With limbs that totter take their devious way.
With tongues that stammer and with faces pale,

But greed would yet more potently prevail;
The broken, battered body is her own—

What if the soul herself were overthrown,
And bound to earth in greed's unholy snare!

That woe inherit of diviner air,
Then, if it might, the flood of greed would roll
E'en o'er the embers of the immortal soul!

* Horace, Book II., Satire II., verse 53d.

* Compare with these two passages their related passages in the second of Horace's second book of Satires and in his Epistles.

The liquor traffic is a cancer in society, eating out its vitals and threatening destruction, and all attempts to regulate it will not only prove abortive,

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but will aggravate the evil. There must be no more attempts to regulate the cancer. It must be eradicated. Not a root must be left behind; for until this is done all classes must continue in danger of becoming victims of strong drink.—Abraham Lincoln.

CHURCH UNION.

The minister who is reported as saying at the recent Methodist Conference, "The ministry does not enjoy all the respect we could wish, but we do enjoy all that we deserve," was both modest and creditably ambitious. This pithy saying conveys a lesson to more than Methodist ministers—indeed, to all in office over their fellow-men, from king to school-teacher, and most of all, perhaps, to parents. The amount of genuine respect shown to a person in authority will ever be in proportion to the efforts he makes to honestly win respect.

And, humanly speaking, respect, like charity, begins at home. The man who desires to be respected must first learn to respect himself. Dealing with the

SUBJECT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

This same minister said, "I speak not of those who secure large audiences by sensational clap-trap; nor of those who have organs who play the congregations in on 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' and out on the 'Washington Post March,' nor by the services of a certain type of star singers, who have scarcely a rag of reputation, and who would sing with much better grace for the lowest company."

This is pretty bad. For, seeing that the wor were spoken in Conference, the plain inference is that these enormities prevail in, at least, some Methodist churches. Nor is it greatly to be wondered at that such meretricious expedients should occasionally be resorted to, where a minister's success so largely depends upon his power of drawing and holding his congregation. This is a natural consequence of the prevailing system of "stationing" and "calling," and the system itself, the necessary result of the abolition or absence of episcopal authority.

Of recent years there has been a marked tendency in the religious world towards union, in which respect Canada stands far ahead of the Mother country. In Canada the various Methodist branches united to form one church, and there is but one Presbyterian church.

THE NEW MOVEMENT AMONGST PROTESTANTS. Now we are informed by an eminently Protestant authority, the Mail and Empire, that there is a noticeable tendency amongst Protestant denominations in this country to draw together, and a "moderate, though not openly asserted trend towards something akin to episcopacy in the non-episcopal bodies, arising from a desire for more efficient government," which trend would make union or amalgamation with episcopal bodies much easier of accomplishment. On a greater scale, and from far less likely quarters than those already mentioned, there has been the significant attempt at a rapprochement by the Anglican and Catholic churches, concerning which Pope Leo XIII. has given his final reply in his latest encyclical. Whether these can be counted on as signs of a time or not, there can no longer be any doubt of the Pope's intense desire for the re-union of Christendom, as so nobly expressed in his encyclical,—"to bring about the reconciliation of those who are separated from the Catholic Church in faith or in obedience, since this certainty is the wish of that same Christ, that they should all be in the fold and under one shepherd."

SECOND-HAND PIANOS.

Chickering; New York Weber; Haines Bros., New England; Heintzman & Co., Miller, etc., etc. Prices low. Terms easy.

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REV. MR. MASSEY'S DEATH.

AN ANGLICAN CLERGYMAN PASSES AWAY AFTER A SHORT ILLNESS.

Rev. Samuel Massey, one of the oldest Anglican clergymen in the city, died last week after a short illness. Since coming to Canada he spent many years in church work in St. Henri, and latterly conducted the mission at Richmond Square. He was chaplain of the 8th Fusiliers and only recently retired, being made honorary chaplain. He was born in England in 1817, and came to Canada 35 years ago. He leaves a widow and seven children—four sons and three daughters. The sons are W. M. Massey and George Massey, New York; John M. Massey, Toronto, and Lieut.-Col. Fred Massey, of this city.

The deceased counted many warm friends in the circles of Catholics. He was an ardent worker in the cause of the poor of this city and will be very much missed.

MAXIMS FOR SUCCESS.

The Rothschilds were as good at maxims-making as at money-making. Here are a few more of the older Baron's "rules." Shun liquors; dare to go for-

ward; never be discouraged; never tell business lies; be polite to everybody; employ your time well; be prompt in everything; pay your debts promptly; bear all troubles patiently; do not reckon upon chance; make no useless acquaintances; be brave in the struggle of life; maintain your integrity as a sacred thing; never appear something more than you are; take time to consider, then decide positively; carefully examine into every detail of your business.

FIVE HUNDRED FISHERMEN

PERISH IN A GALE OFF THE COAST OF CHINA.

VICTORIA, B.C., June 11.—Five hundred fishermen were lost, it is estimated, in a gale which on May 6 visited the Chusan Archipelago, off the coast of China. Meagre particulars of the disaster were brought by the steamship Empress of Japan. It was one of those sudden hurricanes for which the coast of China is noted and the fishermen had no chance to seek shelter. Their light boats were smashed and of the hundreds out at the time very few returned. The storm swept the entire archipelago, which extends across the mouth of Manchow Bay. Several large junks were lost, in which scores perished.

Miss Ella Walker, vocalist, winner of the Canadian scholarship at the Royal College of Music, London, Eng., says of the KARN pianos: "For durability and purity of tone they are very fine. I can heartily recommend them."

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

The bones of very aged persons have a greater proportion of lime than those of young people.

The owl's wise look is the result of a physiological oddity, his eyes being fixed immovably in their sockets.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the larger percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people.

In tropical forests so large a proportion of the plants are of a sensitive variety that sometimes the path of a traveler may be traced by the wilted foliage.

The total duration of bright sunshine for a week in Aberdeen, Scotland, recently amounted to nine hours, in an English town 16 hours, and in London but a little over a quarter of an hour.

FIFTEENTH ANNUAL IRISH CATHOLIC

Pilgrimage

ST. ANNE DE BEAUPRE

And to Cap de la Madeleine,

Under the Direction of the Redemptorist Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Montreal.

SATURDAY, July 10, 1897.

(For Ladies and Children only.)

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LEAVES RICHELIEU Wharf at 2.30 P.M.

TICKETS: Adults, \$2.10; Children \$1.05.

Tickets and Staterooms can be secured at St. Ann's Presbytery, 32 Basin street, Montreal.

N.B.—A Pilgrimage to St. Anne de Beaupre, for men only, by steamer "Three Rivers," shall take place on Saturday, July 31st, at 7 p.m.

First Communion.

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In Mother of Pearl Silver Chain, \$1.00 each and up.
In Mother of Pearl Silver plated Chain, 25c each and up.
Imitation Pearl Beads, 75c, 90c, \$1.00 and \$1.20 per doz.
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Plain Wood Beads, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c, 75c and 90c per doz.

Prayer Books.

White Covers at 75c, \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$3.00 each.
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