

"A Sorrow's Crown of Sorrows."

CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Your sense of justice, Mr. Marsden, is of a late and sudden growth. You have been trying to make a play of my novel for a month, and it is only today for the first time that you asked my permission to use my property. Mr. Hicks, you know my address, and if you wish to see me with regard to the play you can call. Mr. Marsden, I do not wish to interrupt you and your pupils. Good evening."

"Good evening," said Andrew insolently, forgetting his caution in his anger. "I have my work taken off my hands now, as you see my sister helps me with the younger pupils."

"If he wished to make an impression, he certainly succeeded. Bruce Laidlaw stopped short, and for the first time saw the girl's face. "Lola! Great Heaven!"

She made one step towards him. She was deadly pale; her brows were contracted, her eyes distended, and her hands tightly clasped. Bruce hesitated a moment, looking at her fixedly. Then he walked right up to her through the men, who fell away to watch this new development of the evening's complications.

"Miss Marsden," he said very gently, "is your father in town? Are you waiting for him?"

She raised her blue eyes to his face, and seeing the concern in his, her self-control gave away, and she burst into tears.

"I—I have made a terrible mistake," she whispered. "I have quarrelled with my father, and ran away from home, and wanted to go on the stage. And I came here to-day to my brother—to Andrew. I mean—and he promised to help me, and said these men would, too. But I see I was wrong. I want to get away. I have nowhere to go; but, oh! do help me to get away from here."

Only Bruce heard her words, and as he turned from her to confront Andrew, he encountered that young gentleman's most malevolent smile.

"Are you taking lessons, too, Laidlaw?" he asked. "Because when you have finished I want to see this lady to her hotel."

"Mr. Marsden," said Bruce, his pale face flushing, "you are in advance of your generation. I thought even rascals respected their sisters."

"Rascals may," responded Andrew. "But I never had any sisters. That lady is no relation to me. Ask her."

Bruce looked at Lola and read the answer in her face. But he read there, too, such pain, humiliation, and grief, mingled with such utter innocence and shirking modesty, that all the chivalrous side of his nature was aroused, together with that old love for her which, although not of a very fierce or devouring nature, was yet honest and sincere.

"Will you trust me?" he said to Lola, speaking very low.

"Yes, in everything."

"Then get your hat and cloak, and take my arm."

She obeyed, and they were moving towards the door when Andrew stopped him, as Bruce intended he should.

"Excuse me, Laidlaw," he said, "but may I ask by what right you are championing Miss Marsden? Do you happen to be another brother of hers?"

"I am not this lady's brother," answered Bruce, in clear, even tones. "But I am her affianced husband, and I do not consider *raisons* and scoundrels fit society for my future wife."

Then he passed out of the room with Lola on his arm. If she had loved him before, she worshipped him now. She heard the loud murmurs and laughter that followed their departure; she saw the porter peer curiously out at them as they left the house; and she clung to Bruce's arm, and looked up at him with adoring blue eyes that saw in him her Perseus and preserver.

The rain and snow had left off falling. Out in the street Bruce paused to consider the situation, the novelty and romance of which interested and fascinated him.

"I haven't any friends to whom I can take you to-night," he said; "but if you don't mind staying at some old lodgings of mine off Oxford street, I will myself put you in charge of the landlady, who is a good creature enough where her feelings and not the weekly bills are concerned. Then, in the morning, I will come round, and you shall tell me what you would like to do. We had better take a cab, as you must be tired."

"I would rather walk," she said. "I am a country girl, you know, and not easily tired."

So they trudged on in silence for some time, a glorified walk for Lola, in spite of the mud, and cold, and darkness, and to her, unaccustomed noise of the crowded streets. For Bruce had drawn her hand farther through his arm, and laid his upon it, and the fact of his presence and the sense of his protection were all she realized.

and talked about it; and I felt as if I could die with shame.

"Infamous!" burst from Bruce. "It is almost incredible that a man should carry personal venom so far. And you have been brooding over my faithlessness and eating your heart out, my poor darling."

"I was very, very unhappy, especially at first," murmured Lola, growing scarlet in the darkness.

She had suddenly remembered Aubrey, but she did not dare to tell Bruce so, as she felt that his ideal of a weeping Ariadne hardly applied to a lady who was engaged to another man within a fortnight of her hero's departure. The thought of that brief engagement into which she had been hurried, and out of which she had been forced, filled her with confusion. It was all over now, and she was absolutely free to marry the man she had all along loved the best. Yet at this moment she seemed still to feel Aubrey's ring upon her finger, his kisses upon her lips, and his unseen presence moving shadow-like between her and Bruce.

And with this fancy came the memory of other things which might separate them, so that she suddenly withdrew her hand from Mr. Laidlaw's arm.

"I forgot!" she exclaimed. "I have a great deal to tell you which may make you sorry you asked me to marry you. I am not a lady at all, or Dr. Marsden's daughter. I only knew of it this afternoon, a few hours before I ran away. I am a beggar-woman's child, left at his door seventeen years ago, with a very dirty letter pinned to me. My parents were nobody knows who. Worse than that, I was a sham, dressed up like an Italian bambino, with an Irish mother and a Spanish name."

Bruce was immensely interested and amused.

"Why, you are a three-volume novel in yourself," he said. "No relations! How fortunate! I have never had a relation without regretting it. Then that vicious young cub, Andrew Marsden, was right, and you are spared such a brother."

"Yes. Are you not ashamed of me?" "Why should I be?" he asked. "If I were of lordly descent I might give myself popping airs; but if I had a grandfather, it is as much as I can boast of; my father made his money in soap, and lost it in ginger; and if my living connections keep out of the police reports, it's as much as I can possibly expect of them. Here is Lancaster street and Mrs. Manvers's house. I'm afraid you will find it very slovenly and dirty after your country home, but as you won't be here for long it doesn't much matter."

Mrs. Manvers was the typical London lodging-house, in a street once fashionable, now decayed. After three applications to the knocker the door was opened by a large, bald, and extremely dirty servant, who greeted repeatedly, and greeted Bruce with affection.

"Mrs. Manvers is here, Mr. Laidlaw; she'll be in in a half-hour. Only the second-floor's to let. Will you step up there with the young lady until the misses comes back?"

So they "stepped up." Mary, the "burner of gas in the great dirty room, pulled down the blinds with a jerk, hurled some wood into the fireplace, giggling all the while, and then, in response to repeated rings of the first-floor bell, burst from the room, banging the door loudly after her leaving Bruce and Lola standing one on each side of the empty gate.

"That's a detestable woman," said Bruce. "She used to break my Dresden china teacups, and then burst into that imbecile cackle, and exclaim: 'The landlady came off in my land!' She won't be up for another hour, however much we may pull the bell, and when she does at length appear, she will yell with laughter at the joke of having forgotten to make the fire."

"Let me do it," said Lola, throwing off her cloak and going down on her knees on the hearthrug.

"So, to please her, and for the novelty of the thing, Bruce sat in the armchair and watched her in the dim light until the glow from the rising flames, playing upon her face, showed that her work was done.

"Lola," he said, with sudden passion, "do you love me?" And she whispered: "I do love you with all my heart and soul. I have loved you from the moment when I woke up in the tower and saw your face. I am not worthy of you in any way, except perhaps that I can love you more than any genius would, for geniuses have their art, and I have only you."

And then the Doctor's anger, Aubrey's grief, and Madame de Vaux's unkindness, together with dreams of stage achievements, the excitement and humiliations of her visit to Andrew, and all the stirring incidents of that eventful day, were forgotten.

CHAPTER XV.

Before eight o'clock on the evening of Lola's flight, Bennett, the housekeeper, for the first time in her life received a telegram.

Such forms of communication were altogether out of the usual order of things in the Doctor's household; and Bennett, whose faculties were already partially paralyzed by the sudden departure, first of her master, and then of her young mistress, opened the missive in fear and trembling. In it, the Doctor announced his intention of staying the night at Oxford; and Bennett was racking his head with surmises as to what detained her master, and whether Miss Lola would find and return with him, and what the row was between him, and her, and Madame de Vaux, and Mr. Aubrey, when the thought of the last-named person recalled the fact that he was still sitting in the Doctor's study, waiting to see Miss Lola.

Mrs. Bennett was a stout, middle-aged person of narrow views and limited intelligence, and with a great sense of her own importance. Having served in the doctor's family as paragon and housekeeper for over sixteen years, she felt considerably aggrieved by the fact that something was going on in the house to-day of which she knew absolutely nothing. Perhaps she was more

anxious than any other person to see Miss Lola married, as, the Doctor's daughter once gone, the Doctor's housekeeper would be certainly the woman of most importance in his establishment.

So Bennett's heart was moved to pity for the young man shut up in the study to wait for a young lady who must by this time be many miles away from him; and with the Doctor's telegram in her hand, she proceeded to the room in question, resolved on "pumping" that pleasant-spoken, polite young gentleman as to the state of affairs between him and Miss Lola.

Her equanimity was a little disturbed by the way in which he greeted her, springing up from his chair with a face of livid pallor, and sinking down into it again with a groan of disappointment when his eyes fell, not upon Lola, but on the portly form of Mrs. Bennett.

"I've had a telegram, sir, from the Doctor," she was beginning, when Aubrey started from his chair again, and advancing towards her with eyes that glowed like those of a wild animal, he asked fiercely:

"Where is she? Where is Miss Marsden? Is she coming?"

"Now, sir, you really mustn't put yourself out of the way like this," protested Bennett, with the irritating slowness so peculiar to the stout and self-satisfied. "Miss Lola will soon be back, I have no doubt; and—"

"Be back! Has she gone away, then? Why can't you answer?"

"Then, before she could speak, he snatched the telegram from her hand, and read it by the light of the lamp on the Doctor's desk.

"This tells me nothing of Lola," he said, tossing away the dispatch. "Where is she?"

"Well, really, sir," exclaimed Bennett, bridling, "I'm not accustomed to be spoken to so obstreperously. If Miss Lola chooses to take me into her confidence, I'll say 'Bennet' says she, 'I am going away, and Mr. de Vaux is not to know of it for an hour or two.' It's not my place to turn round and tell the first young gentleman that shouts at me as if I was a savage and not a Christian woman what I know of Miss Lola's plans."

"What do you know of them?" asked Aubrey, growing suddenly quiet, and coming close up to her. "And where is she? You had better tell me."

The sudden calm of his manner startled Mrs. Bennett as much as his threatening tone had annoyed her.

"Well," she said, "perhaps I know, and perhaps I don't. It's not my place to say."

"Bennet could hardly believe her ears at the quiet, other eyes as they beheld the man, so pale and young, gently sweep the Doctor's young limp along the table, and send it crashing against the wall on the opposite side of the room. It wasn't over a few minutes that she had the way it had, but this detail was an omission.

Continuing that Mr. Aubrey de Vaux pushed her roughly aside from the door before she had time to fling her black silk shawl over her head and snaked hastily, and that then, cursing and swearing like any "cat-in-the-hat" reborn from the room and from the house.

He had left his hat and overcoat in the Doctor's study, but even in the cold night air out-side he did not feel the want of them. His head ached violently, but he was hardly conscious of the pain. One thing only he could realize: he had lost Lola, and must not rest until he had found her. To-night, the moon-paved streets, fortunately deserted in the sleet and snow, and over the wet meadows he hurried until he reached the towers of Donmithorpe, where he had first met her, and here he stopped in the long grass, heavy with snow, and with dead leaves rotting on the ground.

To be continued.

What It Does.

- Howell's Sarsaparilla 1. Purifies the blood. 2. Creates an appetite. 3. Strengthens the nerves. 4. Makes the weak strong. 5. Overcomes that tired feeling. 6. Cures scrofula, salt rheum, etc. 7. Invigorates the kidneys and liver. 8. Relieves headache, indigestion, dyspepsia.

Blessed Margaret Mary and the Holy Souls.

Blessed Margaret Mary was always devoted to the Souls in Purgatory. In the beginning of her religious life our Saviour used to reveal to her the sufferings of these souls, and she used to offer in their behalf her own trials of soul and body with the many self-inflicted penances permitted her by obedience.

Our Lord was thus early penetrating her with a spirit of His own lively compassion for His suffering members. To make her an apostle of His Sacred Heart, she must know by experience the measure of His love for every soul in need, whether still on earth and capable of self-help, or in Purgatory and past helping itself—all the more pitiable to His love.

With these reflections in mind we cannot call extravagant Blessed Margaret Mary's declaration in her first appeal for the devotion to the Heart of Jesus. If the Holy Souls, she declared, rejoiced when our Lord descended into Limbo, now again would they exult in a devotion which would open anew to them every treasure of His mercy. Again, without these reflections we will utterly fail to appreciate how Jesus permitted and desired her to intervene in the liberation of many of the Holy Souls; perhaps, too, some would be scandalized at her constant and familiar relations with the suffering departed. For Mary Margaret was so well known to have dealings with the Souls in Purgatory, that she was often consulted by relatives or friends, whose pity toward these poor souls she directed in many remarkable ways.

By God's help, His servant did what the physicals medium presumptuously attempts to do; and her motive in telling the secrets of Purgatory was always in the interests of Him Who had revealed them to her. She did not seek to satisfy curiosity, but to excite pity for the sufferers, or to manifest the workings of God's justice. Whether she had known the soul or not on earth, when consulted

she would speak of it by name, recount the faults it was expiating, describe the penalties it was paying for each of them, and tell the duration of its imprisonment. She spoke from actual knowledge, from seeing, hearing and conversing with the souls for whom she interceded.

Her relations with them grew more and more close in proportion to her fidelity to our Lord's requests in their behalf. "I was given to the Souls in Purgatory Holy Thursday night," she writes, "before the Blessed Sacrament. I was for a while surrounded by these poor souls, with whom I contracted a fast friendship, and our Saviour told me He had given me them to do them what- ever good I could. Since then they are often with me, and I call them my suffering friends."

And true friends they were, by no means selfish, so considerate that they once made her stop some penance which seemed trifling to her zeal for them, but which they thought in excess of what obedience permitted her. If they were importunate at times, she never complained. She knew their pains so well that her compassion came to be in a way a very purgatory for her. Some of them were the souls of religious; in every case religious were punished more severely than people of the world; they had neglected so many graces and opportunities. Their pains were determined by the character of their faults. "They tear my heart with combs of fire," cried one, "for having murmured against superiors. My tongue is eaten by vermin for my unkind words, and my mouth ulcerated for having been too ready to talk." The remedies they always asked were acts of virtue which they had failed to practice. Blessed Margaret Mary used to bid all who wished to help them to unite their thoughts, words, actions, and sufferings with those of the Sacred Heart for the relief of her suffering friends.

Knowing the abandonment of these souls so clearly, Blessed Margaret Mary was not content to offer in their behalf ordinary trials and actions only. She became their victim, and when she could not secure some extra-suffering from God, she inflicted painful penances upon herself. The keen sense of the tortures of purgatory and the need of her friends were unrequited even in this life; her suffering friends would liberate would always listen to bid her rejoice at their deliverance and impart to her so far as they could, some foretaste of the joys of Heaven along with the assurance of their inter-mediation in her behalf. — *Miss G. G. in the Sacred Heart.*

Henry G. James.

Henry G. James, of Winnipeg, Man., writes: "For several years I was troubled with pimples and eruptions of the skin. After other remedies failed I used four bottles of Burdock Blood Purifier and since then I have been quite free from my complaint. B. B. will always cure any eruption on my nose."

A Famous Statue.

In the Church of Santa Maddalena, in Rome, there is a statue of Our Lady known as the Madonna del Smit. It is generally believed to be the Pontifical image before which Pius V. prayed, and had a vision of the victory of the Christian fleet, was subsequently given to the religious of St. Camillus, by whom it is greatly prized; it is venerated, as we have said, in their church dedicated to St. Magdalene.

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Dear girls, don't be so often wishing you were grown up women that you will neglect your girlhood. In the rush and hurry of these last times there is danger that you will reach the strainer after "young ladyhood" too much.

Be girls a while yet—tender, loving, obedient, and industrious. Womanhood, with its privileges and power, its burdens and its trials, will come soon enough. On this point one has said:

"Wait patiently, my children, through the whole limit of your girlhood. Go not after womanhood; let it come to you. Keep out of public view. Cultivate refinement and modesty. The cares and responsibilities of life will come soon enough. When they come you will meet them, I trust, as true as women should. But, oh, be not so unwise as to throw away your girlhood. Rob not yourself of this beautiful season, which, wisely spent, will brighten all your future life." — *Intelligence.*

The wettest place in the world is at Cherra Ponjee, in the Khasi Hills of Assam. The fall of rain for a single month has ranged from 100 to 200 inches.

Meteors of various sizes reach the earth in many places. The largest known is that which fell on the plains of Incuman, in South America, which weighed about fifteen tons.

The balance of nature has surely been somewhat disturbed. It takes 800 expensive noses to make a teaspoonful of perfume, while a penny-worth of cooked onions will scent a whole neighborhood.

Powder common window glass—that having a green tint is best—and silt through sieves of varying fineness, for coarse and fine sandpaper. Cover any coarse paper with thin glue, and sift the powdered glass upon it. Let it stand a day or two, when the refuse sand is shaken off and the paper is ready for use.

The fumes from sugar stored in un-ventilated places have an intoxicating effect. Laborers who attend to the unloading of sugar vessels are often overcome, and describe the effects as precisely similar to those of an over-indulgence in alcoholic liquors. Twenty minutes or half-an-hour in the open air will restore a person under the influence to his normal condition.

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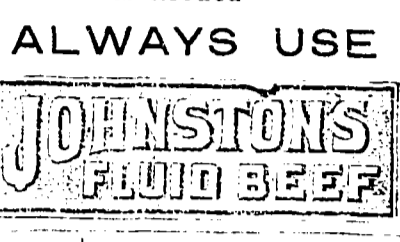
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to you and to the clergy entrusted to your care we lovingly grant." The Encyclical is dated Sept. 22nd, 1891.

Referring to this, the *Encyclical* says: "We heartily wish that some one with a thorough knowledge of Latin and English, familiar with ecclesiastical notions, constitutions and painstaking, were appointed Encyclical translator to His Holiness Leo XIII. (The office would be no sinecure.) Readers of some translations of the latest Encyclical on the Holy Rosary will probably share our wish. The Pope's Latin is generally considered classical; we know it to be difficult to render into readable English. The translations referred to are curiosities. We wonder if the Holy Father would at all recognize his style if the English were re-translated into the original. We doubt it very much."

Auntie's Advice.

"My brother had severe summer complaint about a year ago and no remedies seemed to relieve him. At his next visit he ordered us to try Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry and before he had taken one bottle he was entirely cured. — Adelaide Crafton, London, Ont.

The Holy Rosary.

The Encyclical of the Holy Father Upon the Subject.

The Holy Father has issued an Encyclical Letter, which we hope to publish soon in translation, to the Universal Church, on the subject of the Rosary of the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Pontifical opens by reminding the Episcopate how in former years he has not ceased to dwell on the importance of this devotion which has been ordered to be publicly recited during the month of October; this year he desires to redouble his counsel and his exhortations. He dwells upon the time, and exclaims: "Wherefore the situation calls, and calls more loudly every day, for all Catholics to be eager and unceasing in their prayers, and petitions to God, and this not merely in privacy; but it is a duty rather to offer up public prayer, gathered together in the churches, devoutly beseeching that God may free the Church from disolate and evil men, and may lead back strayed peoples to reason and sanity by His light and love."

From this point the Holy Father passes on to the nature of the prayer which Christians should use, dwelling upon those Sacred Mysteries of the Cross which wrought redemption for mankind, a redemption in which a chief and most essential instrument was Mary, the Mother of Christ. "She," continues His Holiness, "is powerful indeed, the Mother of God Almighty, easy of access, benevolent, very indulgent." Then, after speaking words of singular beauty and splendor on that inspiring theme, the Pope proceeds to the practical theme of prayer embodied in the Rosary. "Following the example of the Holy Fathers, let us fly to our Lady, the Holy Mary; let us call her Mary, Christ's Mother and ours, and with united hearts let us beg of her: 'Show thyself a mother; let Him, through thee, receive our prayers, who, born for us, permitted Himself to be thine.'" Thence the Holy Father immediately passes on to the devotion of the Holy Rosary. "The petition is set into words handed down by the Lord Himself, by Gabriel the Archangel, by the Church, which, full of praises and saving promises, in a certain order repeated and continued, bears ever new and sweet fruits of piety." Then, after setting forth the victories that Mary has won for the Church by her prayer, the Holy Father passes on to the consideration of the necessity of penance. "Prayer," he writes, "brings nourishment to the soul, raises it to higher things, lifts it into divine communion; penance brings us the conquest of ourselves, and chiefly our body, the most insistent enemy of reason and divine law; and he proceeds to utter words of singular weight and wisdom on this subject, and in a final paragraph brings his words to a conclusion. Under the encouragement of the exhortations of the Bishops, he says, the faithful, and especially this month, will flock to the altars of our Blessed Lady, and will meditate upon her mysteries in the prayers of the Holy Rosary. "Upon you Venerable Brethren," he concludes, "through the prayers of the Queen of the Most Holy Rosary, may God shower heavenly gifts, whence may flow new help and strength for fulfilling the duties of the pastoral care; and may the Apostolic Blessing be an angry and pledge of this, which

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