A CONTRACTOR OF THE STREET

House and Household.

USEFUL RECIPES.

GERMAN DUMPLINGS.

One cup of butter, one cup of milk, one cup of flour; put milk and butter on to boil, stir in flour until smooth, put away to gool; when cold add two eggs beaten light.

PICKLED OYSTERS.

One hundred and fifty oysters salted to the taste, let simmer until oysters are heated, take the oysters out, add to the juice one pint of vinegar, one teaspoonful of mace, three dozen white cloves. three dozen whole peppers; let come to a boil, when cold add oysters.

EGGS A LA MEYERBEER.

Cut one mutton kidney in half and broil or stew it. Butter a dish and break into it two eggs, which cook for two. minutes, then add the kidney to the eggs and serve with Perigueux sauce.

PERIGUEUX SAUCE.

Chop up fine two truffles. Place them in a pan with a glass of Madeira wine: hoil for about five minutes. Add a dash of Espagnole sauce. Allow this to just come to a boil; remove from the stove and serve while very bot.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A raw egg swallowed immediately w generally carry a fishbone down that car. not be otherwise removed.

shopping or housework.

Mould can be kept from the top of preserves by putting a few drops of glycerine around the edges of the jar before screwing on the cover.

Rubbing silver or plated egg-spoons with a little liquid ammonia and salt will remove the discoloration caused by the sulphur in the eggs.

Cereals may be made palatable ever to those who begin by disliking them is they are prepared properly. They should not be boiled simply in water, but in a mixture of equal parts of milk and water. They should not be stirred, for stirring makes them starchy, but cooked in a double boiler.

is both dangerous and disagrecable. Dip of hair. the cloth in warm water, rub it well with the soap, and in turn rub the spots with from the seat which he had taken on his it. Sponge off the lather, and you will bed. probably see no traces of dirt.

One may do wonders at home with a supply of gasoline, without ripping the garment, and without much work. It may be thoroughly washed, to look as good as new, if enough gasoline is used and any care at all taken with the process. It goes without saying that there loff one of his legs. is some caution needed in the use of gasoline; it should not be brought close to a fire, for instance. Indeed, for several reasons, foremost among them the odor coming from it, it is always best to yard and there proceed with the ablutions.

FASHION AND FANCY, [Boston Republic.]

Full waists of plain chiffon are used for evening, and are made quite up to date by a rich belt of colored miroir velvet; so it is possible to freshen up a last year's evening gown in a very acceptable manner, despite the fact that the latest models have waists and skirts alike. Sleeves are sometimes of a contrasting material, and a very charming illustration of this is a gown of purple-pink satin, with black silk muslin sleeves and neck trimming. The sleeves are very short, arranged in a series of deep puffs up and down, with bands of beaded trimming between, and the frill around the neck is very full and caught at one side with a large velvet orchid.

Sleeves of evening gowns, with very few exceptions, are preceptibly shorter than they were last season and stand out in full round puffs or short double frills. The latest sleeve for day gowns is decidedly the Marie Antoinette style fitted closely above the elbow with a short draped puff at the top, which varies a little in length and fullness according to the material So it is safe to prophesy smaller sleeves in the near future. Of course, large, full puffs are still worn, but they have lost their stiffening, and many tions. Neither did you think of the of them are arranged plain at the armhole on top to give length to the shoulder, and the fullness is plaited in at the side and under the arni. These sleeves are very long and shaped in a long point, which falls over the hand and is often made dressy by a frill of lace.

The most fascinating gowns for evening and for the bridesmaids at a fulldress wedding are made of flowered satins with a Louis XVI. coat, or a long-pointed waist, with full paniers on the skirt and close sleeves with a full short puff at the top. China silks, which are not so expensive, are very popular for evening gowns, and make very good copies of the old-time dresses. A waist which can be worn with a last season's skirt, especially i. it is white, is made of white China silk scattered over with a chintz pattern and trimmed with fine, creamy lace. Another combination for extending the usefulness of an old skirt is a bodice of white mousseline de soie striped with narrow black lace insertion. Black velvet jet applique forms a band around the decollete neck, and turquise blue satin sleeves give the touch of color.

Hat pins are growing in elaborateness and expensiveness every day. Every conceivable design is made in rhine-stones, silver, steel, gilt, gold and even jewels. A round ball seems the favorite conceit, and very effective it is in rhinestones, steel or what is called agate-a transparent blue glass, set with miniature jewels. The most useful and inexpensive black-headed hat pin is no long-

real jewels, gold or silver, we must deck ourselves in gaudy imitations thereof or be considered hopelessly behind the times.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

JIM'S STRANGE VISITORS.

Jim Carlton was such a cruel boy! He would pull off the wings of flies, pin live butterflies to boards, break in the backs of turtles and amputate the legs of frogs. When anyone remonstrated with him about his cruelty, he would say, "Oh, pshaw! they can't feet much," and then go in quest of another victim. The long summer days were devoted almost entirely to his wicked sport, and in time all the neighbors spoke of him as "Hard-hearted Jim Carlton." To be sure, the boy had no kind parents to teach him better, and the aunt who was bringing him up cared very little what he was about so long as he was not

troubling her. One night Jim had not been in bed very long when a brilliant light suddenly illied the room, and he sprang up to see what had caused the illumination. There, seated in his best chair, he beheld an immense cat. The animal was actually larger than Jim himself, and by the time Jim had recovered from his astonishment at seeing his visitor, he discovered on another chair a turtle almost as big as the cat. Near by he saw a butterfly of extraordinary size, and

when his eyes opened wider he found that Try what a glass of hot milk will do as all the seats in the room were occupied by a restorative from a day's hard work in just such visitors. In fact there were more than the chairs could accomodate. and these were seated on the floor. Presently they all began to talk at once, and they made such a hubbub that the cat rapped on a little stand he had drawn up in front of him, and said, with a very serious manner. "The meeting will

please come to order." Instantly all voices were hushed, and then a frog who was present stood up on his hind legs and looked so very funny that Jim would have laughed outright had not the creature's word struck terror

to his heart. "Mr. President," began the frog, " as chairman of the committee for the Prevention of Cricky to insects and animals of all descriptions, I arise to state what the committee has decided to do. We A cake of bark soap and a small piece intend to make the late and greatest of black cloth should always be on hand offender feel what our brothers and sisto take spots out of dark clothing. It is perfectly harmless, and will remove boy, Jim Carlton. Miss House Fly is to ordinary stains as well as benzine, which | pull out his eyelashes and a large bunch

"Oh, but that will hurt!" velled Jim

"That is no consideration," said Mr. President. "You had no thought for the feelings of Mr. Fly's brothers when you cruelly pulled off their wings, and legs and left them to suffer. That hurt, too."
"Mr. Bull-frog." continued the chair-

man of the committee, "you are to cut

'You wicked thing!" screamed Jim; you don't know what a painful operation that is. Besides, I can't walk without my leg."

"Neither could Mr. Bull-frog's brother," and left him wounded and bleeding. It hurt him just as much as it will hurt

"Jim groaned, and wished that he had not interfered with frogs. He remembered that he had thus cruelly treated a poor, helpless one that very morning." "You, Mr. President, are to step on him, and kick him all around the room.

I won't stand it," cried Jim. "But you will be compe'led to stand it," said the president. "You made my mother endure your kicks and abuses. "Pil run out of the room," thought Jim, and he quickly slipped to the door, only to find it locked, and waited for fur-

ther developments. "And last, but not least," said the chairman of the committee, "Mr. Yellow Buttertly is to pin him to a board so last he will have to stay there and suffer

Jim was in agony. Could it be possible that these creatures would be cruel enough to kill him.

"O. please. Mr. Cat, don't let them murder me!" he cried, dropping on his knees before the president. "I am my aunt's only nephew, and she would grieve very much if I met such a violent death. And then think how it would hurt to have a pin stuck through my body!"

"But you didn't consider the pain when you stuck pins through the bodies of many of Mr. Yellow Butterfly's relamourners. We must make an example of some boy, or these abuses will go on to the end of time. You are the worst offender, and at the last meeting we decided to make an example of you. Our relatives are just as sensitive to pain as you are, Mr. Jim Carlton, and have just as much right to enjoy the good things of this world as you have."

"But I didn't think how it all hurt," pleaded the frightened boy, "and I'll promise never, never, never to do it

After that speech, the committee had a consultation, and returned to say that they thought it better to show no mercy. If once let loose, the boy would be as bad as before, and cruel boys had become the terror of the entire animal and insect world.

Still Jim continued his pleadings, but the president turned down his furry ears, and said to the members:

"Form in line!" First came Mr. House Fly, who was all ready to tear out Jim's hair and eye brows; next came Mr. Bullfrog, with his big knife, prepared to amputate the boy's leg; then Mr. President, ready to do his part in the abusing; lastly, Mr. Yellow Butterfly, carrying a prodigious pin, with which he was to fasten the unhappy

boy to a hoard.
"Oh, mercy, mercy!" screamed Jim—and with these words his terrible visitors

THE MOST remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla. It is unequalled er possible, alas! and if we cannot afford | for all BLOOD DISEASES.

The second of th

vanished, and he awoke to the fact that he had been dreaming. "At any rate." he said to himself, with a shiver, "I have been taught a lesson, and I'll keep that promise I made to Mr. President. It will be easy enough, too, for I never again could hurt a living thing without feeling what I felt in my dream."

The neighbors wondered thereafter what had caused the change to come. over Jim Carlton, for he grew to be so gentle with insects and animals that his companions forgot his old nature and gave him the name of "Jim Carlton the

tendered-hearted."

[WRITTEN FOR THE TRUE WITNESS.] LIFE IS WHAT WE MAKE IT.

In accretain far away city there is a sweet, old-fashioned street where the busy sounds of commercial strife are hushed by distance. The fragrance of i sweet clover and new mown hay find the air, while the low of the kine and the mellow tinkle of their bells mingle with the hum of the distant city. The world in its self-absorption seems to lave forgotten this primitive place, and cillness

reigns over all. Near the end of the street stands a dear little stone house around which the ivy lovingly creeps, and where the regal roses lift their glowing velvety cheeks to receive the first kiss of the king of day. In this cottage dwells the sweetest little lady it is possible to imagine. She has cheeks like rosy winter apples, lovely frosty white hair, while the daintiest of sweet old-fashioned gowns seems to breathe a tender romance of long ago. The lines on her brow tell of troubles, a woman's share of griefs, of trials, and of many a battle fought bravely and silently in a woman's heart.

"But that is all past," she will say with her sweet little smile, " and the

present is no time for repining." She is very busy, and very happy. All day long she bakes and sews, for the world is full of poverty and each one must do something to relieve it. The children know the little brown house, and on their way to school they stop and nod their curly heads, smile brightly at the dear face in the window and watch the busy fingers clicking the needles so merrily, weaving into bright colored yarn many ahope and prayer. The little ones know where the most wonderful jam-tarts and the sweetest cookies are to be found. And they will sit for hours, their small faces all aglow with interest listening to wonderful stories, or hearing again the sweet fairy tales that never grow

Just across the way there is another little house. But here neither ivies nor roses climb; little school children never dream of nodding or smiling at the grim cold windows. No tarts, no cookies, are to be found in the spacious cupboards, and no wonderful tales are told to happy listening children. A little lady dwells here also, but very different, indeed, is shelfrom her dear neighbor over the way. Troubles she has had, but they have soured and embittered her and the present is spent in vain regrets and useless repinings. "There are so many hungry people in the world," she will say with a doleful shake of her head, "that one cannot help them all, and who can tell where the deserving poor are to be found." And so she goes on dragging out a cheerless existence and doing not the least good to anybody in the world. While her busy little neighbor sings and sews, bakes and knits, and strives the take the whole thing out into the back answered the cat; "but you cut off his while with all her might to lessen the burden of others. She has devoted her talents, her life, her all, to the service of the least of His little ones, and even in this world she has received the "hundredfold," for "Life is what we make it."

L. E. RUSSELL.

WIT AND HUMOUR.

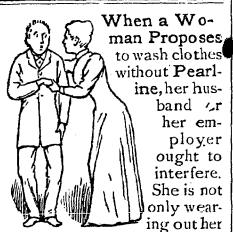
Always behind time—Back of a clock. Before marriage the question a girl asks her lover most often is: "Do you really love me?" After marriage the query becomes: "Is my bonnet on

FRIEND: I see you have a broad band of crape on your hat. For whom do you wear it? Mr. Shabby Genteel: On account of the mournful condition of the hat itself.

THE COMING JURY.—Lawyer, a few years hence: Make your mind easy. The jury will disagree. Prisoner: Sure? Lawyer: I know it. Two of the members are man and wife.

Mudge: Another man called me a story-teller last night. Yabsley: What did you do? Well, as he was three sizes bigger than I, I asked him why he couldn't say something original.

Mistress, to her domestic: I suppose you girls talk about each other just the same as we ladies do about each person in our set! Domestic: No, mum; we mostly talks about the mistresses.



ine, her husband /r her employer ought to interfere. She is not lonly wearing out her

own health and strength with useless rubbing and scrubbing, but she is wearing out the clothes with it, too. This rub, rub, rub isn't needed. Put Pearline into the water, and you'll find half the work done by the time you are ready to begin. It's Pearline that loosens the dirt and does the work-not you with your washboard. Just a little rinsing, and it's all over.

"THE CHILDREN'S POET."

Death of Mr. Eugene Field.

Eugene Field, the clever Chicago journalist and well known writer, whose prose and poetical contributions to literature have made him tamous, died very suddealy at his home in Chicago last week. He retired apparently well, and slept soundly until daybreak, when his son, who occupied the same room, heard him groan, and before he could reach the bed his father was dead. Mr. Field was 45 years of age and was a native of St. Louis. He was a graduate from Williams College, and adopted journalism as his profession.

Wynken, Blynken and No l," his best child poem, and which first appeared in Longman's Magazine, ambles thus in its tirst and last stanzas:

Wynken, Blynken and Nod one night Sailed off in a wooden shoe-Sailed on a river of crystal light

Into a sea of dew: Where are You going and what do you wish?"

The old man asked the three, We have come to fish for the herring fish.

That live in the beautiful sea: Nets of silver and gold have we." Said Wynken, Blynken. And Nod.

" LITTLE BOY BLUE."

Another juvenile favorite, "Little Boy Blue," has this beginning and ending: The little toy dog is covered with dust, But sturdy and staunch be stands;

And his musket molds in his hands. Time was when the little toy dog was

new, And the soldier was passing fair, And that was the time when our Little Boy Blue

Kissed them and put them there. Aye, faithful to Little Boy Blue they

stand, Each in the same old place, twaiting the touch of a little band,

The smile of a little face. And they wonder, as waiting these long years through.

In the dust of that little chair, What has become of our Little Boy Blue Since he kissed them and put them there.

At the obsequies, which were held at the Fourth Presbyterian Church in Chirago, three clergymen officiated, and the Union, Press, and other clubs to which Mr. Field belonged, attended the funeral in a body. One hymn between the ora-tions was "Lead Kindly Light," and the other an anthem written by Mr. Field, with the score by Benjamin C. Blodget. This is entitled "The Singing in God's Acre," and the lines run thus:

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's Acre lies,

Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies; Their radiant wings are folded, and their

eyes are bended low, As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow.

his sheep,
Fast speedeth the night away; soon cometh the glorious day. Sleep, weary ones, while ye may; sleep,

Sleep, oh sleep! The shepherd guardeth

The flowers within God's Acre see that | fair and wondrous sight, And hear the angels singing to the sleep-

ers thro' the night.

And, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong The music of the angels in that tenderslumber song.

Sleep, oh sleep. The shepherd loveth his sheep;

He that guardeth his flock the best Hath folded them to his loving breast. So sleep ye now and take your rest, Sleep, oh sleep.

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song, And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along;

So through all time, whose flight the shepherd's vigils glorify, God's Acre slumbereth in the peace of that sweet fullaby.

TRIBUTE to MR. FIELD.

The estimate of Mr. Field' work, by literary men and by the public, found expression in the columns of culogy which have filled the Chicago papers, and all emphasize the tenderness and pathos of Mr. Field's poems for children. No less meritorious were his poems on other subjects, than of which none is sweeter or tenderer than these verses, written in a true Catholic spirit, of

THE BELLS OF NOTRE DAME.

What though the radiant thoroughfare Teems with a noisy throng? What though men bandy everywhere The ribald jest and song? Over the din of oaths and cries Broodeth a wondrous calm.

And mid that solemn stillness rise The bells of Notre Dame. ' Heed not, dear Lord," they seem to say,

Thy weak and erring child; And thou, O gentle mother, pray That God be reconciled; And on mankind, O Christ, our king, Pour out Thy gracious balm"—
'Tis thus they plead and thus they sing,
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks God, bending down To ken the things of earth, Heeds not the mockery of the town Or cries of ribald mirth: For ever soundeth in His ears

A penitential psalm-

The house of the second of

O bells of Notre Dame. Plead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice May still forever be An intercession to rejoice

'Tis thy angelic voice He hears,

Benign divinity;
And that thy tuneful grace may fall
Like dew; a quickening balm,
Upon the arid hearts of all, O bells of Notre Dame !

Mr. Joseph Medill, editor of the Chi-Beware of imitations. 889 JAMES PYLE, N. K. | cago Tribune; said of him: "I claim for



him some of the traits of genius which immortalized Shakespeare." Rev. Frank Bristol gave him a place

with Robert Burns.
James Whitcomb Riley said: Mr. Field was not only a master of prose and verse, but he had an indisputable histrionic

gift.' Hamlin Garland: "Great as his work was, I am convinced he had it in him to

do much greater." Chicago Press Club,: "His name has won a place in every household, a place which it will keep as long as children prattle and mothers tell them tales." The following tribute appeared in the New York Evening Sun:

In the mystic realms of the land of fame, On Genius' granite block, In jewelled letters a new-cut name Is set in the solid rock.

There are jewels of wisdom, gems of truth, Of humor an dfancy free;

And the little toy soldier is red with Rubies of manhood, pearls of youth, And diamonds of infancy.

While the breath of an innocent fancy greets The dawn of a childish brain, Lullaby ladies in hush-a-by streets Will rock him to sleep again.

So long as kindly humor's light Shall lighten the world's dull plod. The babies will fish for the stars by

With Wynken and Blynken and Nod. O, the years are many, the years are

long. But so long as Little Boys Blue Are waked by the voice of an angel's song.

So, all the long ages through, Men will sigh and women will weep, At the sight of the trundle bed Where the little one dreamed of his toys in sleep

And woke with the angel, dead.

So, there in the mystic realms of fame, On Genius' granite block, In letters of tire a new-cut name Is blazed in the solid rock. But here in the land of mute repine

A spirit of love still sings, As the fragrance of mellow and rare old wine

To the broken flagon clings. Editor Dana, of the New York Sun, in a most touching eulogy of the deceased, said: "A gentle, generous and gifted

spirit has passed from among us."
"We join with the uncounted throng of his friends in bidding him a last, and a sorrowful farewell, and in grieving that we can never press his honest and manly hand again."—Catholic Columbian.

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LA BANQUE JACQUES CARTIER. DIVIDEND No. 60.

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Three and a-half [3] per cent. for the current half year upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared, and that the same will be payable at its banking house in this city, on and after Monday, the second day of December, 1895.

The transfer books will be closed from the 15th to the 30th November next, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

A. DE MARTIGNY, Managing Director.

LA BANQUE VILLE MARIE

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of three per cent [3 per cent] upon the enpital stock of this bank, for the six months ending the 30th November next, has this day been declared, and will be payable at the Head Office of the Bank, in this city, on and after Monday, the second day of December,

The Transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th day of November, both days inclusive. By order of the Board.

W. WEIR, President. Montreal, 22nd October, 1895.

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[Note* signifies runs daily. All other trains: [Note* signifies runs daily. All other trains: run daily except Sundays.]

9.45 a.m., 4.15 p.m.—For Ottawa and all points on the C. A. & O. A. & P. S. R's.

9.10 a.m., *7.55 p.m., 10.25 p.m.—For Toronto. Niagara Falls, Detroit, Chicago, etc.

1.30 p.m. [Mixel]—For Brockville. Leaves at 2.05 p.m. on Saturdays.

5.00 p.m.—For Cornwall.

7.00 a.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and Massena Springs.

4.20 p.m.—For Hemmingford, Valleyfield and. Fort Covington.

8.15 a.m. [Mixel].—For Island Pond.

7.50 a.m.—For Sherbrooke, Island Pond, Portland, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces, [runto-Quebec daily].

to Quebec daily!.
10.10. p.m.—For Sherbrooke, Portland, Quebec-and points on the I.C. R'y to Campbellton, N.E. Saturday night train remains at Island Pond over Sunday. 11.55 a.m.—For St. Johns [on Saturdays this

11.55 a.m.—For St. Johns [on Saturdays this train leaves at 1.25 p.m.]
4.00 p.m.—For Sherbrooke and Island Pond.
4.40 p.m.—For St. Johns, Rouses Point, als Waterloo via St. Lambert and M. P. A. B. R. y.
5.15 p.m.—For St. Hyacinthe and points on the D. C. R'y, also St. Cesaire via St. Lambert.
5.08 p.m.—For Sorel via St. Lambert.
9.00 a.m., *6.10 p.m., *8.25 p.m.—For Boston and New York via C. V. R.
9.10 p.m., *6.20 p.m.—For New York via D. & H.

9.10 a.m., *6.20 p.ra.-For New York via D. & H. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 143 St. James St., and at Bonaventure Station.



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p.m.
Newport—89 a.m., 4.05 p.m., *s8.20 p.m.
Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B., etc., ‡s8.40 p.m.
Sherbrooke—4.05 p.m. and ‡s8.40 p.m.
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(a) 5.20 p.m.

Leave Dalhousic Square Station for

Quebec, s8. 10 a.m., §s3.30 p.m., s10.30 p.m.
Joliette, St. Gabriel, Three Rivers, 5.15 p.m.
Ottawa, s8.30 a.m., 6.05 p.m.
St. Lin. St. Eustache, 5.30 p.m.
St. Jerome, 8.30 a.m., 5.30 p.m.
Ste. Rose and Ste. Therese, 8.30 a.m., (a) 3 p.m., 5.30 p.m., 6.05 p.m.; Saturday, 1.30 p.m., instend of 3 p.m.

tDaily except Saturdays. *Run daily, Sunday included. Other trains week days only unlesshown, s Parlor and sleeping cars, z Saturdays only, §Sundays only, (a) Except Saturday and Sunday. CITY TICKET and TELEGRAPH Office,

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