BURDETTE'S HUMOR

A FUNNY MAN'S SOBER ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

Which all Young Men Can Read and Profit By—The Jumble of Inspiration—What the "Imagination of a Moment" will do for a Man—Girls and Marriage—Chasing a Train—A Quaker Parrot Gun—Wanted: A House—A Paragraph for Young Architects—How to Reach the Masses.

(Copyrighted, 1888.)

My son, it is a comforting doctrine, and one that men often preach to each other, that a man deserves all credit for everything good that he does and for all the good that he is, but that somebody else is to blame for all the evil in him. Mr. Gough has been criticized for saying, and they were his last words, "Young man, make your record clean." The prophets who speak comfortably say that the young man cannot make his record clean, when his father makes a bad record before him, that society and the evil tendencies of it, and something the scientists call his "environment," write the young man's record bad in spite of him. Oh, my dear boy, this is a doctrine too cowardly for a young man to accept. Ever since Adam—the founder of society and the inventor of the first record ever made in this world—a man without an "environment" to his back, made a bad record, and then said, "The woman Thou gavest to be with me, She did it all;" men have always pleaded the irresistible force of surroundings and circumstances. The woman was younger than Adam; she was weaker; many wise men say she is intellectually the inferior of man; she was a new comer in the garden, and yet how glad your old grandfather was to say that it was all your grandmother's fault, and that being thus led astray by influence and examples which no man could control or resist, he should not be held responsible for his disobedience. And in her turn your grandmother laid it onto the snake, just as to-day, in the office of the *Sun*, and in Christian homes all over this land, the evil deeds of men and servants are laid to the cat. But, for all this excuse, Adam was fired out of the garden, and it served him right. Now, my boy, the other man may eat forbidden fruit until he founders, and not a bite that he swallows is going to hurt you. A dose of strychnine big enough to kill a cow won't hurt you—if you don't swallow any of it. When you swear, you do your own swearing; you can't borrow another man's tongue to damn a beggar with. When you get drunk, you get drunk. The law doesn't fine the man who sells the whiskey, it fines the man who drinks it. When you steal anything, from a pin to the broadway road, you do your own stealing; and,—in the case of the pin, at least, the law holds you responsible for it, not the man who coaxed you to steal, nor yet the citizen who by owning valuable property which you could not buy, thereby tempted you to steal it. You are the fellow who does all the wickedness that is wrought by your hands and your lips. It tires me to hear a man always excusing himself and citing some dreadful, wicked Jeroboam which made him to sin. Not, indeed, that we hold the Jeroboams guiltless. "It must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh!" But because the mill-stone and a soft place in the sea is the proper combination for the man who helps you to stumble, you do not go free. I have no right to turn a cross dog into the street, but, if I do, he will bite you if you go fooling around him. Wherefore, "cave canem," which, by interpretation is, "Don't monkey with the dog." As the dog will not beware of you, do you beware of the dog. You may have noticed on the sacerdotal garments of your instructor, my son, some queer, unsightly splashes here and there. Well, I put them on myself. Without the assistance or by the fault of any man, I did it. And if there are any more to go on before I have it renovated I am the only fellow who can put them there. Now you may go and play and have fun, and don't let me ever again hear you say that you would be the best boy in the world if only all the other boys were dead.

THE JUMBLE OF INSPIRATION.

Let me tell you, my son, what the "inspiration of the moment" will do for you. It will thrill you to your very soul. It will make your heart beat high and your brain whirl in a very maelstrom of eager excitement; it will burn and throb with earnest thoughts, noble ideas, generous impulses mightily born of the great occasion, of the lights, the music, the applauding multitude, until your very being quivers with the life of of the pent-up eloquence that is struggling to escape. And right there the "inspiration of the moment" will leave you. Right there the thrilling and the throbbing and the whirling and the burning and the quivering eloquence will go on, and keep going on, but it won't come out. You will have all the glowing colors there, and it you know how to lay them on the canvass you could paint a picture that would live in men's hearts for centuries. You have only to say about a thousand words, and if you only say the right ones and say them in the proper order, they will be graven as with a pen of iron upon the brain and soul of the nation. You have only eight notes to arrange, and the song you sing will linger while the sun shines and the flowers bloom. But in all this orderly arrangement so essential to success the "inspiration of the moment" plays little or no part. When the "inspiration of the moment" opens your valves, all your pent-up eloquence comes tumbling out, like a pied newspaper form falling down stairs. The types are all there from garret to sidewalk, but nobody, not even the printer who set them up, can read them. The "inspiration of the moment" sometimes tells you how to say it, but only once in a century does it tell you what to say. And you are not liable to live a hundred years, you know.

GIRLS AND MARRIAGE.

"No girl under twenty," says a wise woman, "has any business to think of marriage." Bless you, no. We know that. At that age no girl thinks of marriage as a "business." She just tumbles head over ears in love and marries the dear fellow just because she would cry her eyes out without him. It is when she is no longer what you would just call exactly a "girl," when she is rising 38, and has cut her last new teeth, full set, that she begins to make a "business" of it.

STILL, THEY ARE STUBBORN THINGS.

"Facts, my son," said Old Hyson, "are dry, hard, and harsh things." "Don't know about that," said the young man, softly, "my engagement to Miss Ethel is a fact, and she's the tenderest, softest, sweetest, roundest, daintiest little—" "Shut up!" roared the old man, slamming the ledger shut with a bang that upset the ink. "Get out of the office. You make me sick! Bah!" And you would have thought it had been two thousand years since Old Hyson had said about the same things to his father, but it was not. It was only about 20 years ago.

CHASING A TRAIN.

When the committee on the smartest, quickest, and generally best station-conductor in America is ready to make its award, it wants to take the longest and broadest blue ribbon it can find and tie it in the buttonhole of the officer at the Hartford Station. He *is* the boss. We ran down from Springfield on the express not long ago, hoping to catch a train at Hartford. Off the train we swarmed, and I made a rush for a brown-bearded man with "26" on his cap. "Essex?" he said, with the reassuring air of a man who knew the country before the ark landed, and knows a great deal better where you want to go than you do. "Essex? Yes; down on the valley road. Your train has just been gone nine minutes. No," he went on, brushing away the cloud of despair that had settled down on our classic and intellectual brows, "I'll just send you across the country and head it off for you. Get right back on the train you got out of, go as far as Berlin, change there and get on the train you'll find waiting there, run on to Middletown, get off and eat your dinner, and by the time you're ready for it the train you've just missed here will come along. All aboard!" I was dumbfounded, but I couldn't help believing a man who could talk that way as firmly as though he was a decision of the Supreme Court. We did just as he said; performed the feat of running across the country on two trains to head off the one we had missed, dined at Middleton, and, by Jove! there came the train just on time together with a rain-storm that hasn't been equalled since Mark Twain invented "New England weather." If ever you get lost in Connecticut, telegraph to the officer on duty at the much-initialed station at Hartford, and if he is feeling right well, he can set you down in the place you want to be thirty minutes before the train gets there.

A QUAKER PARROT GUN.

A man down in Pennsylvania bought an intelligent parrot and taught it to whistle for the dog, call the police, and shout "Thieves! thieves! robbers in the house!" Then, feeling that they had a dead sure thing on the burglars, the family slept in peace, while every night the parrot was on guard shrieking with all his energy. One night at last burglars did come—and they kicked in the front door and carried off everything in that house worth taking away from the silver to the kitchen stove, while the parrot kept up such a racket that you couldn't hear it thunder.

WANTED—A HOUSE.

So you are going to be an architect, my son. Well, that is a good—what do you architects call it—profession? Whatever you call it, it is a good calling. Now, I'll tell you what I would do if I were an architect. I would learn to build a house—you pay close attention to that department of architecture, my son; learn to plan a house, and it will put money in your purse. "But all architects plan houses; that is what they do?" Oh, no my son; oh, no—men have been planning and building houses ever since the eviction at Eden, and they haven't succeeded in making a model yet. All the architectural genuis in the world hasn't succeeded in designing a house that is perfectly satisfactory to anybody, and as to building a house that will fit everybody—why, there is the biggest bonanza in Progress County waiting for the man who can give us that house. Now, the tailor has attained a perfection in his art to which the architect is a stranger. He has designed suits that are models for all civilized men. When Mr. Vanderbilt wants a dress suit his tailor makes him one just like the one he made for the head waiter. And when the head waiter wants a dress suit the tailor gives him one like unto that which Mr. Vanderbilt owes for. The Prince Albert which you wear, my son, is like unto the one which the Prince wears. The tailor has made a coat which fits us all, and we want the architect to make us an easy, comfortable, respectable looking house. If it takes nine tailors to make a man, where are the architects? If you are going to be an architect, my boy, remember what I tell you: Learn to build a house.

BAIT 'EM, BROTHER, BAIT 'EM.

"How shall we reach the masses?" asks a religious paper. Dear brother, you can best reach them with a spoon. Go for them with a knife and fork. Humanity's tender point is its paunch. The conscience of man may be seared as with a hot iron, but his maw is ever open to impressions. His intellect may be stunted, but his appetite is a giant. Take him to the concert or the theatre and he comes away to seek the nearest feeding place where he may gorge himself before he sleeps. The little struggling church that bankrupts itself still further by venturing on a lecture course, finally lifts itself clear out of debt by a series of suppers. A man who will not pay fifty cents for a book will dump one dollar and fifty cents' worth of dinner into his system. A picnic without ten parts of feed to one part of band is a flat failure. When we "receive" a distinguished guest, we feed him; when we say "good-by" to an eminent citizen, we give him something to eat. We have a feast for the wedding guests, luncheon for the watchers, and a light collation for the mourners. There are a thousand restaurants to one library, yea, more. By and by, if the principles of evolution be true, this world will be peopled by a race of stomachs with legs and arms. The legs will be needed to carry the stomach to the trough, and the arms to fill it up.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE.

DEAD PEOPLE

are walking around in our midst all the time; dead to ambition, enterprise and progress, they never get on, and live and go down in obscurity and poverty. Live people should write Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine, and learn how to make $1 and upwards per hour. All is free, and after learning all, should you conclude not to engage, no harm is done. You can live at home and do the work. Either sex, all ages. A great reward awaits every worker. Write and see. Capital not needed; you are started free. All can do the work. No special ability required.

HOW ALLIGATORS ARE CAPTURED.

The alligator is beset with dangers from the first, which probably accounts for his somewhat unfriendly disposition. The female finds some secluded sandbank exposed fully to the sun's rays, scoops out a hole two or three feet deep with her fore paws, lines it with old rubbish, grass, etc, and lays a layer of eggs from 25 to 200 at a time. These are carefully covered over to a height of three to four with grass, small sticks, etc. From the moment of laying the eggs, scores of enemies are in wait The big sand cranes and eagles are not averse to a good meal of alligator's eggs, while bears, wild cats, and foxes take them as a great delicacy. Then comes the naturalist and curiosity hunter, and hundreds of eggs are gathered by these insatiable seekers. The old female is very fierce at this time, and lies in wait near by, and has been known to attack men even in the defence of her nest. Finally the young alligators are hatched by the sun's rays, and the mound seems alive with what look like young snakes. These young ones are smart and lively from the first The old bull alligator, with an idea of the good things of life, has been taking a sly interest in this incubation, and when the young ones get out, he is on hand to take a good meal on infant alligator. Formerly they were plentiful in all the streams and lakes in Florida, but the indiscriminate shooting has scared them off into the more inaccessible parts. In the lower portion of the State they are hunted vigorously for their skins. Scores of hunters secure from 1,000 to 1,500 skins annually, and, as they receive about five shillings each for them, they obtain what is to them a princely income. The best and most common mode to hunt alligators is by flashing their eyes at night. Two generally hunt together in a canoe: one sitting in the stern, paddling; the other standing at the bow, with a bull's-eye fastened to his head. They move on cautiously, the one in front coaching the course by slow motions of his hand. Hist! a warning hand is upraised; the motion of the paddle ceases, and the canoe glides on almost imperceptibly, the only sound heard. The one with the fire slowly raises his weapon, peering expectantly forward, now to one side, then another. Suddenly a gleam is seen ahead like the coal of fire shining through the darkness, and the upraised rifle belches forth a stream of fire. A confused threshing, and, perhaps, a deep bellow follows; then all is still. If wounded the alligator makes off to deep water, and if dead he sinks at once. The hunters do not stop for their game, unless in shallow water, and the alligator is killed instantly, but go ahead and search for fresh victims. The next day they begin their look-out for their game. When killed the saurians sink at once, but the gases in the body bring them up in from six to ten hours. Hundreds are undoubtedly lost by being wounded and dying in some inaccessible creek or bayou, but the pot hunters care not. The skins are carefully taken off and the carcasses left for buzzards and other scavengers, though the teeth are generally secured if there is time. No portion is eaten, though some of the hunters delight to thrill the incredulous tourists with tales of living on alligator meat. Not long since a good joke was perpetrated at a leading South Florida fashionable resort. It was a great headquarters for sportsmen, and game of all kinds was abundant on the table. On Christmas Day, on the menu cards of the table where six jolly characters sat, was "venison" steak. It seemed to please them all greatly, and was called for repeatedly, and the cook was complimented for the fine dish. After dinner, as they were enjoying themselves complacently in the reading-room, the smiling host, a great wag who never suffered himself to interfere with a good joke, called several of them into the office where a dozen or more others were gathered, and casually inquired regarding the "venison." "It was remarkably fine," said a well-known banker; "so juicy and tender. Where was it killed?" "Yes, interjected another, a prominent yachtsman, who also prided himself on his ability to hunt. "It was prime. I shall have to try my luck at his kindred to-morrow." "I certainly enjoyed it," remarked a third, a well-known epicure, too. "You know I always said you ought to give us more of that sort" Others joined in the same effect when the host, with a twinkle in his eye, said—"Well, gentleman, I am certainly glad you enjoyed that alligator steak. We can now find a good use for these fellows!" For a moment they stood spellbound by his words, and then, as the full meaning burst upon them, their faces paled to ashy whiteness, and they left for their rooms precipitately, while peals of laughter greeted the victims from those in the secret. For some time afterwards it was not safe to mention "venison" to any of the partakers thereof. Generally alligators are very timid, and they will seldom attack a man unless when driven to a corner. Still, instances are narrated of old bull alligators becoming pugnacious, and attacking boats. Dogs, pigs, and small animals are seldom safe from their attack; while cattle and horses have been known to suffer from their assults. Besides their skin, the teeth are valuable, being made into "alligator jewellery" charms, earrings, ring-bangles, etc. The teeth are generally secured by burying the head till it decomposes, and then picking out the teeth—a not very pleasant task. The teeth are then bathed in acids, which thoroughly clean and remove all unpleasant smell. A fullgrown alligator is from twelve to eighteen feet long, and displays a remarkable "openness" when he smiles in his own peculiarly engaging way.

USEFUL RECIPES FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.

OATMEAL GEMS.

Soak one cup of oatmeal over night with one cup of water. In the morning sift together dry one cup of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, add a little salt, mix the oatmeal and flour together, wet with sweet milk to a stiff batter, drop into gem pans and bake immediately.

FRENCH ROLLS.

One quart of flour sifted with a teaspoonful of salt and a teaspoonful of sugar, two cups of milk, one-half cake of compressed yeast, two eggs, one teaspoonful of butter. Rub the butter into the flour, add the eggs, beaten light, and the milk. Add the yeast cake dissolved in three tablespoonfuls of warm water. Knead well five minutes. Let it rise over night and in the morning mold into oval rolls. Place these in a pan just touching each other, and let rise again. Cut each across the top with a knife, and bake.

STEWED OYSTERS

Carefully remove all pieces of shell from the oysters, and strain their liquor to free it from sand; put the oyster liquor over the fire with an equal quantity of milk, and a tablespoonful of butter to each quart; let it gradually heat, removing all scum as it rises; when the broth is hot season it palatably with salt and pepper; put in the oysters, and heat them until the edges begin to curl; then serve the stew at once, because the oysters grow small and tough when they are overcooked. The milk may be omitted if it is not liked.

SALT FISH DINNER.

Soak over night in plenty of cold water, with the skin upward, about three pounds of salt cod-fish; in the morning wash it in fresh water twice, and put it over the coolest part of the stove where it will not boil, in cold water enough to cover it; let it scald for an hour, and then let it boil for ten minutes. Half an hour before it is done peel twelve large potatoes, and boil them without breaking in salted boiling water; boil also six eggs hard and remove the shells; make a white sauce. When all these ingredients are prepared drain the fish and place it in the middle of a large platter; arrange the potatoes and eggs around it, and pour the sauce over them. Pickles or tomato catsup should be served with the dish.

Have a care to be courteous and civil in heart and mind and general bearing, and, in order to be so, never be too familiar with anyone, but act the same to all.

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THOMAS J. RUSHING, Esq., *2902 Pine Street, St. Louis, Mo.*, writes: "I was a great sufferer from catarrh for three years. At times I could hardly breathe, and was constantly hawking and spitting, and for the last eight months could not breathe through the nostrils. I thought nothing could be done for me. Luckily, I was advised to try Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and I am now a well man. I believe it to be the only sure remedy for catarrh now manufactured, and one has only to give it a fair trial to experience astounding results and a permanent cure."

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CHS. A. PRATT, M.D.,
P. M. GALARNEAU,
G. H. MATTHEWS,
J. O GRAVEL,
J. GUSTAVE LAVIOLETTE,
Executors.

Montreal, 21st March, 1888. 84 5

L.S.L.

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1	GRAND PRIZE OF	20,000....	20,000
2	LARGE PRIZES OF	10,000....	20,000
4	LARGE PRIZES OF	5,000....	20,000
20	PRIZES OF	1,000....	20,000
50	do	500....	25,000
100	do	300....	30,000
200	do	200....	40,000
500	do	100....	50,000
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FOR THE CURE OF

Bad Legs, Bad Breasts, Old Wounds Sores and Ulcers!

It is an infallible remedy. If effectually rubbed on the Neck and Chest, as salt into meat, it Cures Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Coughs, Colds, and even Asthma. For Glandular Swellings Abscesses, Piles, Fistulas, Gout, Rheumatism and every kind of Skin Disease, it has never been known to fail

Both Pills and Ointment are sold at Professor Holloway's Establishment, 533 Oxford street London, in boxes and pots, at 1s, 1½d., 2s. 6d. 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s. and 33s. each, and by all medicine vendors throughout the civilized world.

N.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address daily between the hours of and 14, or by letter.

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL. Superior Court. No. 2650. Dame Jane Austin, of the City and District of Montreal, wife of Thomas Brown, of the same place, stevedore, and duly authorized to *ester en justice*, Plaintiff, vs. the said Thomas Brown, Defendant. An action for separation as to property has been instituted this day by the Plaintiff.

Montreal, 20th March, 1888.

CRUICKSHANK & ELLIOT,
Her attorneys *ad litem*.
83-5

PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 1428. } SUPERIOR COURT.

Dame Clara Dufresne, Plaintiff, vs. Olivier H. Mallette, Defendant. Madame Clara Dufresne has this day instituted an action for separation as to property against her husband, Olivier H. Mallette, trader, of the City of Montreal, said District.

Montreal, 6th March, 1888.

F. X. DURAND,
Attorney for Plaintiff.
84-5

ALLAN LINE.

UNDER CONTRACT WITH THE GOVERNMENT OF CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND FOR THE CONVEYANCE OF THE CANADIAN AND UNITED STATES MAILS.

1887---Winter Arrangements---1888

This Company's Lines are composed of the following double-engined, Clyde-built IRON STEAMSHIPS. They are built in water-tight compartments, are unsurpassed for strength speed and comfort, are fitted up with all the modern improvements that practical experience can suggest, and have made *the fastest time on record.*

Vessels.	*Tonnage.*	*Commanders*
Acadian	931	Capt. F. McGrath.
Assyrian	3,970	" W. S. Main.
Austrian	2,458	" John Bentey
Buenos Ayrean	4,005	" James Scott.
Canadian	2,906	" John Kerr.
Carthaginian	4,214	" A. Macnicol.
Caspian	2,728	" Alex. McDougall
Circassian	3,724	Lt. R. Barret, R.N.R.
Corean	3,488	Capt. C. J. Menzies.
Grecian	3,613	" C. E. LeGallais
Hibernian	2,997	" John Brown.
Lucerne	1,925	" Nunan.
Manitoban	2,975	" Dunlop.
Monte Videan	3,500	Building.
Nesterian	2,689	" John France.
Newfoundland	919	" C. J. Mylius.
Norwegian	3,523	" R. Carruthers
Nova Scotian	3,305	" R. H. Hughes.
Parisian	5,359	Lt. W. H. Smith, R.N.R.
Peruvian	3,038	Capt. J. G. Stephenson
Phœnician	2,425	" D. McKillop.
Polynesian	3,983	" Hugh Wylie.
Pomeranian	4,364	" W. Dalziel.
Prussian	3,030	" James Ambury
Rosarian	3,500	Building.
Sardinian	4,376	Capt. J. Ritchie.
Sarmatian	3,647	" W. Richardson
Scandinavian	3,068	" John Park.
Siberian	3,904	" R. P. Moore.
Waldensian	2,256	" D. J. James.

The Steamers of the Liverpool Mail Service, sailing from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, from Baltimore, Md., on TUESDAYS, and from Halifax on SATURDAYS, calling at Lough Foyle to receive on board and land Mails and Passengers to and from Ireland and Scotland, are intended to be despatched from Halifax:

Sardinian ..... Saturday, Mar. 24
Parisian ..... Saturday, Apr. 7
Polynesian ..... Saturday, Apr. 21
Sardinian ..... Saturday, May. 5

At TWO o'clock p.m., or on the arrival of the Intercolonial Railway train from the West.

Rates of passage from Montreal via Halifax:—Cabin $58.75, $73.75 and $83.75 (according to accommodation). Intermediate, $35.50. Steerage, $25.50.

From Baltimore to Liverpool, via Halifax:

Sardinian ..... Tuesday, [illegible] 0
Parisian ..... Tuesday, [illegible] 3
Polynesian ..... Tuesday, [illegible] 17
Sardinian ..... Tuesday, [illegible] 1

Rates of passage from Baltimore to Liverpool:—Cabin, $60, $65 and $75. Intermediate, $30. Steerage, $20.

NEWFOUNDLAND LINE.

SS. NEWFOUNDLAND will perform a fortnightly service between Halifax and St. John's, as under;

From Halifax.	From St. John's.
March 13.	March 19.
March 27.	April 2.
April 10.	April 16.

Rates of passage between Halifax and St. John's:—Cabin $20.00; Intermediate, $15.00; Steerage $6.00.

GLASGOW LINE.

During the season of Winter Navigation steamers will be despatched regularly from Glasgow for Boston (via Halifax when occasion requires), and regularly from Boston to Glasgow direct, as follows:

Norwegian ..... About Mar. 31
Austrian ..... About Apr. 7
Carthaginian ..... About Apr. 15
Scandinavian ..... About Apr. 21
Siberian ..... About Apr. 28
Canadian ..... About May 5

The Steamers of the Glasgow, Halifax and Philadelphia Service are intended to be despatched from Philadelphia for Glasgow:—

Manitoban ..... About March 31
Grecian ..... April 13
Corean ..... About April 27

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Granted to Liverpool and Glasgow, and at all Continental Ports, to all points in the United States and Canada, and from all Stations in Canada and the United States to Liverpool and Glasgow,

Via Boston, Portland and Halifax.

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Through Rates and Through Bills of Lading for East bound traffic can be obtained from any of the Agents of the above-named Railways.

For Freight, Passage or other information apply to John M. Currie, 21 Quai d'Orleans Havre; Alexander Hunter, 4 Rue Gluck, Paris; Aug. Schmitz & Co. or Richard Berns, Antwerp; Ruys & Co., Rotterdam; C. Hugo, Hamburg; James Moss & Co., Bordeaux; Fischer & Behmer, Schusserkorb No. 8, Bremen; Charle Foy, Belfast; James Scott & Co., Queenstown Montgomerie & Workman, 36 Gracechurch street, London; James and Alex. Allan, 7 Great Clyde Street, Glasgow; Allan Brothers, James street, Liverpool; Allans, Rae & Co., Quebec; Allan & Co., 112 LaSalle street, Chicago; H. Bourlier, Toronto; Thos. Cook & Son 261 Broadway, New York, or to G. W. Robinson, 136½ St. James street, opposite St. Lawrence Hall.

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25 Common street, Montreal

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