

Woman's World

THE FASHIONS.

The Fashion writer of the N. Y. Post, in the regular weekly issue, has this to say:

Latin duchesse and pea de soie are favored textiles for wedding gowns, and black, mauve, and primrose crepe de chine for bridesmaid's toilets.

A very stylish "dress" costume for the early winter or for late autumn wear consists of a skirt of moiré velours or tulle, a bodice of satin, and a Russian blouse and large picture hat of velvet. This forms a very handsome suit either in black, golden brown, Russian green, dahlia, or plum color.

Returning importers are glad to report that even in Paris the "dress" sleeve still shows some pretty and graceful arrangement of cap, frill, or puff at the top. On tailor gowns for utility uses very many sleeves are merely close coat shapes, with but little extra fulness on the upper portion; and the mutton-leg style on demi dress gowns is an extremely diminutive model, but a very popular one.

Buttons large and small, plain and fancy vestings, soutache, mohair Milan, and all silk braids, elaborate appliques, military ornaments, and intricate motifs in beads and silk cord—each and all play their part in the decorating of plain and dressy tailor gowns for the winter. On very expensive costumes, elegant fur decorations are added in the form of high standing collars, jacket fronts, edgings, skirt and panel borders, cape collars, and cuffs.

Very broad-trimmed black-velvet hats in Rubens style, turned up on one side, are trimmed with very long, very broad ostrich plumes drooping well over the brim on each side of the face. At the back is a standing Prince of Wales plume, the three tips of which curve towards the crown, and just in front is a low, broad bow of velvet with a buckle of French brilliants in the centre.

Aubergine or petunia color—as it is called by some importers, and dahlia by others—is a rival to the more vivid shades of red as an accessory of light evening toilets or those of cloth on day gowns, appearing as ruffles or facings on the skirt as girdle stock, jacket-lining, etc., on the bodice. The plum-red color is much associated with green in brocades, silk, and wool fabrics, velours, veils for dress and millinery uses, and chine and taffeta silks; their deep rich tones look very handsome during the mellow autumn days. It is a shade that has been found to be more becoming to women of certain type than either brown, blue, green, or even black, which latter color has always been overrated as proving generally complimentary.

Jet garnitures of every description are revived for the adorning of winter gowns, wraps, and bonnets. Some exceedingly elegant fancies are brought out, and very novel band and applique trimmings exhibited. The ready-made jet accessories include small jacket fronts, ornaments particularly designed for Russian blouses, yokes, epaulettes, skirt and vest pieces, panels, Medici collars, and also jetted nets, with matching bands, points, edgings, and insertions.

The French walking jackets this autumn are the smartest things imaginable. In tan or beige cloth, made from models between an elongated Eton and a military jacket, fastened at the neck, but with easy fronts, is a charming French style, finished with soutache braidwork of the same color, and edgings of very dark mink fur.

On cloth gowns for demi dress wear braiding in tan and gold is much employed, and black and steel appear on gowns of prelate purple and Danish blue. Some of the grey wool gowns are decorated with rows of black velvet or gimp in dark shades of red, and it is quite noticeable among the imported models that the skirt and waist are so trimmed that the effect is of a garment cut in one continuous length, the gimp or velvet bands carried from shoulder to corsage-edge, and upon the dress skirt just beneath this edge begins a similar band that is carried down the skirt. Similar bands are added to the skirt in broken lengths, and this is a style to be particularly commended to rather stout women, or those who are short-waisted.

Not only are dark blue, purple and plum-colored serges and cloths made up into suits for knock-about wear, but handsome walking and visiting dresses are fashioned in these useful enduring fabrics. It is only the way in which the costume is trimmed that renders it a very simple gown for general wear or changes it into an ornate and very smart one, wholly proper and suitable for almost any but full-dress occasions. Machine stitching is all that is required on the utility suit, but a blouse front of cream-colored guipure, velvet revers, standing collar and cuffs, and a silk lining, will entirely transform this identical suit into a rich-looking, really elegant costume.

There are very few, if any, well-dressed women who think of wearing the skirts of their walking costumes or any sort of street dress indoors; that is, if they place any great value upon the dress. Apart from the chance of accidentally soiling it, the crisp even hang of a skirt is spoiled to a great extent if worn long in a sitting position. There is much real economy in keeping a costume for the promenade exclusively, taking it later into general use when purchase is made of a new street dress. If the old one has been carefully brushed and hung

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where the breeze will sweep the dust from its surface now and then, and the facings and bindings occasionally renewed, it will, in its turn, form the skirt of a practical indoor dress that has been known to last an additional two years without looking the least bit shabby.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

A domestic-science teacher, of which there are not a few in these closing years of the century, reminds her class that in a riving fish or the claw creatures like lobsters, crabs, and the like, tea should be kept from the table. Coffee is the one proper drink to offer with such a menu. Tea with meat is equally unnecessary and indigestible, though this combination is as common as sunshine throughout the land. It is the opinion of this same teacher that one of the best movements to be inaugurated by the active and energetic women who are invading every field is that of a tea crusade. Her opinion of this cup which poets laud and artists put in pictures is one pronounced disfavor. After referring to it, one hardly dares mention that high-class caterer, two or three certainly in New York, choice tea in bulk that is an especially proper blend for the afternoon tea-table. The information is given, however, that if we will drink it we would better have a good concoction.

A writer in an American exchange referring to the subject of bare floors says:

Women have long been instructed that rugs and bare floors are sanitary essentials to housekeeping. While this statement is undoubtedly true in many cases, it still admits of qualifications. In houses whose rooms have well-made hard-wood floors the arrangement proves satisfactory, though all women admit that it increases the household work. Good floors, however, are still the exception more than the rule. When a housekeeper attempts to stain and oil margins that are made of uneven, loosely put together boards, she finds that she has undertaken a considerable burden. Such floors almost never look well. They need the most constant care to be even of tolerable appearance. Wiping over once a day by no means keeps them in condition, particularly if, as is probable, the house in general be poorly built, with dust to rise from the cellar and enter through the windows by many cracks and ill-joined corners. More than one housekeeper testifies that under such conditions they have gone back to fitted carpets. These, it may be added, can be hygienically cared for by following the approved method of sweeping them. This is to brush the dust from the corners and use a carpet sweeper to take it from the main space of the carpet, afterwards wiping it over with a clean damp, not wet, cloth. Another point urged for the rug system, which expert cleaners do not bear out, is its economy. Few maids can adequately clean the heavy rugs with which many apartments are strewn. They demand outside service about as frequently as does the fitted carpet. A New York woman who occupied a handsome uptown apartment paid two dollars a week throughout the year to have her rugs properly cleaned every Friday morning. It will be the wise housekeeper who will study the limitations of her residence before she decides in favor of bare floors.

"A saying that is literally true," remarked a physician the other day, "is that setting forth the doctrine that one man's meat is another man's poison. Within a short time I have treated two curious cases of what I may term eruptive indigestion. In the first I chanced to meet the man on the street in the morning. He was apparently perfectly well. At five o'clock I was summoned to his residence. I should not have recognized him, so distorted were his features from the eruption which covered them. Investigation and the future history of the case settled beyond a doubt that the man had been poisoned by clams which he had eaten at luncheon, yet the disturbance was for him alone, other members of the family who had partaken of the same dish feeling no ill results. A fortnight later another patient of mine came to me with a marked eruption on hands and wrists, and between the fingers. A dinner of veal was responsible for the trouble, and again, as in the first instance, the sufferer was the only one affected of the family who had partaken of the meat at the same meal. In each case I found that the tendency to distress from the particular food was known to each sufferer, although never before had the symptoms been so marked or distressing. This is, perhaps, a word of warning to persons who know their poison to abstain from it, particularly when their systems may be from some cause in a non-resisting state."

Greatly reduced though the profits of organ grinding are at the present day, there is yet money in it for those who use a common term, "work it for all that it is worth." A really good second hand instrument, in perfect working order, can be bought for £16 or £18

former self. Despite all we could do he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each time leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to his mouth. His nervous system was so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himself. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave the pills to Harry for several months and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it, nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as hearty a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."

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Omens—"Julia, you did not accept Mr. Fitz-Jones'?" "I was afraid to, he proposed to me on bargain day."—Chicago Record.

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ORGAN GRINDERS. Some Features of Their Mod. of Life and Their Earnings—The Italians Most Successful in the Business.

In spite of the many protests and oft-suggested legislation about street noises generally, it is evident that the piano-organs have, as our Yankee cousins would say, "come to stay." They are not altogether unmusical, though to a lover of music their playing is terribly mechanical, and utterly devoid of expression. For a long time after their introduction into this country, a score of years ago, they, like the once celebrated minstrels, "never played out of London." Now, however, the piano-organ may be heard in every town throughout the country, and even in the smallest villages.

The gradual extension of the ground covered by the organ grinders is distinctly due to the increased competition in the profession. A dozen years ago the business was almost entirely in the hands of swarthy Italians, who occupied a colony of their own at Saffron hill, and they undoubtedly made very large profits. At that time a man and woman, working a good "graft" or round, could reckon on an average of twenty shillings a day. They lived thriftily, and soon saved sums which, in their eyes, constituted quite little fortunes. Such an easy mode of earning money excited the envy of many who noted how rapidly the harvest was reaped. A Jew of the name of Levi was the first to start an organ "plant" for the benefit of Londoners. He furnished the organs and costumes which were then deemed indispensable for the role of grinders.

Levi soon had many imitators for the rates which he charged for the hire of his organs brought him in enormous profits; but there was yet another class of competitor to enter the field. A workman in Bernonsey tannery broke his arm; the limb had to be amputated, and his employer set him up with a piano organ. The man's appearance, as he turned the handle with his remaining arm, excited compassion, and drew in the contributions of the passers-by. Other cripples followed his example.

The writer has been at some pains to ascertain the earnings of a piano-organ at the present day. There are still many Italians left in the business, and these undoubtedly make more money at it than any other grinders. They work long hours, being insured to fatigue; they cover more ground by moving more quickly, and they seem to have an intuitive knowledge of the best districts to work, and which is still more important, the best hours of the day at which to work them. A pair of Italians, with a good organ, fitted with the latest and most popular tunes, can today reckon on an average takings of from nine to eleven shillings a day.

The East ender and his donah, even the native of London, do not make nearly as much money out of their organ as do the imported grinders. They are not so strong, and cannot work so long and travel so far in a day; they are given to waste much precious time over the leisurely consumption of pints of four-half—or, if the weather is bad, two of "gin 'ot"—and they take frequent holidays, spells of idleness, which are unknown to the foreigners. It is safe to say that the East enders do not make much more than six or seven shillings a day all the year round, out of which they have to pay for the hire of their organ.

As for the "gridders," as the cripple grinders are called, their business fluctuates more than that of the others. They cannot cover a large district, and much of the sympathy which their appearance at first evoked has undoubtedly died away. Their best pitches are in quiet streets, where there is a big population of children, the older girls being much given to pavement dancing. Gridders always have lively waltzes or dance music in their repertoire, and with luck can take threepence or fourpence per patch. But the wily Italian, who is quick to lay out a good graft, often puts on a spurt, and works the "kids' pitch" before the griddle appears, when, of course, the latter finds the supply of available coppers exhausted. A pair of "gridders" are lucky if they can average four or five shillings a day, but then their organ is generally their own.

Greatly reduced though the profits of organ grinding are at the present day, there is yet money in it for those who use a common term, "work it for all that it is worth." A really good second hand instrument, in perfect working order, can be bought for £16 or £18

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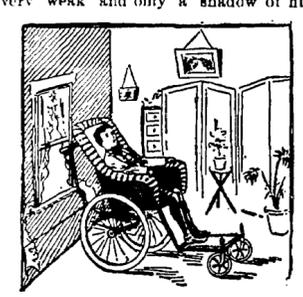
A BOY'S SUFFERINGS.

ATTACKED WITH INFLAMMATORY RHEUMATISM AT AN EARLY AGE.

EACH SUCCESSIVE YEAR BROUGHT FRESH ATTACKS WITH INCREASING SEVERITY UNTIL HE WAS A PHYSICAL WRECK.

From the Sun, Belleville. Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Kelly are people who are deeply grateful for a kind intervention of Providence whereby the life, health and happiness of their twelve-year-old son, Master Harry, has been restored and preserved. Mr. Kelly is one of the best known conductors of the Midland division of the G. T. R., and is now residing in this city. A Sun reporter having heard of the cure of the little fellow and the joy of his parents, called at their home and was met by Mrs. Kelly, who on being informed of the object of his visit, at once told the story of the cure and how the results were attained. "We were living in Madoc when our boy was about five years of age and in the spring I went to call him one morning. He replied to my call by saying he could not rise. I at once went to him and found that he was unable to walk. Medical aid being summoned we discovered that inflammatory rheumatism had our little boy in its grasp. All that attention and doctors could do was done and the attack passed off, but the following spring while in Peterboro he was again seized with the dread disease and again we were in terrible dread of losing the child. When the warm weather came again he rallied, but was very weak and only a shadow of his

former self. Despite all we could do he was again attacked in the next spring. You can imagine the fear and dread with which we watched these recurring attacks, each one more severe than the last, and each time leaving our boy in a worse condition than those that went before. His last attack confined him to bed for three months, and his heart was dangerously affected. His sufferings were terrible, and it was pitiful to see him trying to carry food to his mouth. His nervous system was so shattered that a form of St. Vitus' dance had affected him, and his hand and arm trembled so that he could not feed or aid himself. Some friends advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and recommended them so highly that my husband and myself decided to try them. We gave the pills to Harry for several months and when the spring came watched anxiously, fearing a return of the trouble, but were thankful and delighted to see no symptoms of it, nor has he been troubled for the past three years. "What is the condition of his health at present?" asked the reporter. "He is as sturdy and as hearty a boy as parents could wish for. I attribute his recovery and present health to nothing but Pink Pills, and I cheerfully recommend them to all."



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HER VOCATION.

She was sore at heart. She was five and thirty and it seemed to her that she had almost wasted all her life.

She sat in her little dressing-room after the play was over, thinking bitterly, what had she ever done in this world, this world which had so long claimed her? Nobody needed her now. She was alone and—but at that moment a voice said:

"May I come in, Kate?" and her cousin's husband entered the room.

He was a tall man, with gray in the brown hair which clustered about his temples, and serious Irish-blue eyes. His was a strong face, and there was nobility in its expression, but sadness, too, and the mobile mouth had lines of pain and stern self-mastery.

He looked searchingly at the face of the woman before him. He had always thought Kate handsome, but to-night she was superb. She was tall and dark, with a fine figure, an almost regal carriage, and an air of pride and reserve which belied her, for her nature was frank and sweet.

"What is this I hear, Kate?" he asked, as he threw himself into a chair beside her. "Are you going away?"

"I think so," she said slowly. "You've had a good offer, Garrett wants you for his leading lady, some one said. Forgive me for asking, but is it the money, Kate? I would gladly give you the same as he will."

"It is not a question of money," she said, almost choked with indignation. Hugh Connor sighed heavily and said: "I suppose it is a better company than mine. I can't make it what I want. I'm selfish, but I'd like to keep you with me, Kate. When must you go?"

"—I don't mean to accept Mr. Garrett's offer," she said. "I think of going into the Sacred Heart." It was very hard to talk with those wistful blue eyes fixed upon her, and saying such strange things which they had never said before.

"Kate!" he cried, incredulously. "Surely you're not going to be a nun?" Then her passion burst through the veil of reserve, and she cried indignantly: "Yes, I am! And why not? Years ago I meant to be one, and Estelle needed me. Then it was little Kate, and now, no one in all the world needs me, and I may go. What have I ever done worth the doing in the world? Not a thing. Let me go, Hugh. Nobody needs me now," and she burst into tears.

Hugh Connor looked very tenderly at the bowed head, then his rich voice said gently:

"There was once a woman who was very talented, and stately, and beautiful, and sweet, though she never seemed to know she was any of these things. She was, too, so proud that no one ever reached to the bottom of her great heart. She was ambitious, and dreamed of the religious life, that she would be another Saint Teresa, and she failed to see that her life was an inspiration for purity and virtue for all around her. She gave up her dreams to care for a helpless little cousin, and before she died she whispered that countless times, when temptations came to her, the pure and noble face of this woman had seemed to rise before her and save her. Was that nothing?"

"This woman lived a stainless life, amidst the dark pitch of stage life, un-defiled, and many a man has said she made him believe in and respect the purity of women, and wish to keep them as stainless as she."

"A motherless child learned her first lessons in truth and obedience at this woman's knee; a whole company of players, men and women, came to her for sympathy and help; a lonely man has felt as if an angel presence guarded him and shed reverent tears at the thought of the blessing of this woman's life so near his own. Kindly acts and gracious words make the atmosphere about her one of beauty."

"Deed of week day kindness Fall from her noiseless as the snow, And she hath never seemed to know That aught were easier than to bless."

"Is all this 'nothing'?" "Ah, Kate!" he reached and caught her fingers, and held them close, albeit they trembled and fluttered to be free, "Kate, I want you," he said, eagerly.

She looked at him with great, shy, startled eyes; then rose and tried to draw away from him, unconscious of the story her eyes had told to his. Then he drew her to him and held her fast.

"Kate," he said tenderly, "I love you. Will you stay with me as my wife, my Kate?"

She closed her eyes. His wife! Ah, no. Such happiness was not for her,

she thought, and in a flash she saw she had loved him unknowingly all these years.

"Estelle!" she murmured at last, trying to free herself from his arm. He released her, but still held her hand in that firm grip.

"I loved my sweet little child-wife very dearly," he said, steadily, but this was her wish, too, Kate, for she whispered it to me just before she died. There is a difference in my love for you, a reverence as for a queen. You are my ideal. Will you come to me, dear, you who have been a blessing to others all your life? Will you come to me and let me try to make you happy? But not unless you love me," he added, jealously.

She raised her frank, true eyes to his in a look which at last revealed to him the innermost holy of holies of her heart. Then she laid her other hand in his and said simply:

"I think I have always loved you, Hugh. I shall be quite happy," and she knew she had at last found her vocation. —Mary F. Nixon, in The Angelus.

IT DON'T PAY

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