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Wom's Love.

But I am nong to write minute details of Mr. ning's school for crippled childreough it was one of the most beautind most successful forms of char have ever known. It afforded to , and me a fair way of earning our g, though Mr. Manning was mist in supposing that the work of it'd fall mainly upon me. In Abby med to develop and satisfy a mot instinct that had generally been puraged or thwart-ed in her life mionable and finishing governess, was happier than when she had with us, under my stepmother's aity, and continually checked in her; of training a child. Full scope waen to her, and she developed a wrful genius for devising ways oring our melancholy children happi She insisted on it that we must tivate their hearts rather than thinds. We followed them to their pomes and made acquaintance wiheir mothers. In some cases wed a rare compensa-tion to the aff child in the profound tendernavished upon it by the father anther. Even when poverty presse hardest the cripple was most cafor in many cases. There were exons, but these were

For myself, I mounted the narrow staircase he cripples' school-room, I took ast step into a higher and happier liftil then, my charity consisted in g money, generally in small summelp the poor. But now I learnerst divine pleasure there is in transpassion when one can give one'sto alleviate distress. Never again I stand afar off, deaf to the crny fellow-creatures, and sympathypassion and love. to look upon ig as it might seem, as only a shorge and a trainingground; a schor another and far better state of ence. If they learned this lessoll it would enable them to bear patience and hope the months aars of pain and suffering which could not escape. Over the firepivas painted in plain letters the ver'Our light affliction, which is but moment, works our weight of ." Much stress was laid upon thery of compensation.

"Blessed areoor, for yours is the kingdom of Ge "Amen!" sae children. "Blessed ar that hunger now,

for ye shall bed." Blessed arthat weep now, for ye shall laugh

'Amen!" It was a sti lesson, but I know

Couragd hope were most needed in tharkened and dreary The first feys in Churchwarden was a smalsused city burialground, which been recently reclaimed from lid neglect and concerted into a sant plot of grass, with somewhalle attempts at flower beds and aubbery. The gravestones which formerly covered the little enclosed were now ranged against the vof the surrounding buildings, the indications that the past generati I often turned in in searcthe solitude I used command in boms I shared with Abby, who wecustomed to call a desire for lonss a fit of moping.

It was a soli in the midst of a crowd, but I smade the discovery that no solitudnore complete. Past the iron gates railings which separated the garfrom the main thoroughfare, them a constant stream of human beirach one bent on his own business absorbed in his own interests. I feyself invisible, or at least overlook the eyes that fell on me were insee of my presence. There was a etual roar and din, which soon hae effect of silence for one sound ralized another, and the brain ceato be disturbed by them. There so many forms and faces passing that one grew unconscious of air regarded them, as

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little as we regard cattle in the coun-Here I sat, in the faint October sun- The Splendors shine, or in the dim October mists, whilst my mind assimilated its novel surroundings. I felt myself absorbed. engulfed in this tideless sea of humanity, into the whirlpool of which my fate had cast me. Hitherto, I had dwelt in sunny and shallow waters. I had seen crowds and masses of my fellow-creatures, but from afar off; myself kept in a fortunate aloofness. now I was one of the masses, a unit amid a million; jostled, crushed, utterly insignificant, an atom of sand on a limitless shore or a drop in a fathomless ocean. The very ground under my feet was the dust of creatures like myself; the houses had been built and the streets laid by hands long since dead, by myriads of hands, innumerable legions of vanished generations.

I was here in the heart of the great city which had existed so many centuries, bearing its striving, mourning, expanding population, for ever coming through the gate of birth, and passing away through the somber gate of death, a never-ending procession, threading the same streets and bearing the same

Night in the city had an irresistible attraction for me. The early sunset called into play millions of lights, which illuminated the main thoroughfares brilliantly. It was dark so soon that it was still suitable for me to stroll through the streets alone. There were tragedies and comedies being acted everywhere, in the presence of spectators who paid little heed to them. The stalls on each side of the wider streets were lit up with flaring gas jets; and their keen proprietors, with the equally keen and shrewd customers, presented me with many glimpses into human nature. I could not linger long beside any of them, lest I should attract too much attention; but there was a humor and a passion about some of the scenes which appealed to and fascinated my imagination.

The spell of the city was upon me. I began to understand how citizens could not break away from it, and would yearn to get back to it from the loveliest of country places. I nad wondered to hear Mr. Manning assert that he could not bear to be away from the streets of London. But I wondered no longer.

Then, when I turned away from the busier roads, and turned down the quiet side streets, which were but dimly lighted by a few lamps, where the high walls rose darkly on each side, with obscure corners here and there, where crime and misery might find a hiding-place, there was a read pleasure in the stillness that made by own foot-

Churchwarden street was one these. There were few gas lamps, and still fewer shops with lighted windows, making darkness visible. Most of the buildings were huge warehouses, which were deserted at night; and between when they negot money, but help them lay narrow passages, black with exceeding blackness. At the entrance There was esson which David to one of these my feet were always Palmer and y, following in his arrested, and I gazed down it with faswake, were catly striving to engrave indelibl the minds of this forlorn band oe pilgrims along the a glimmer of water, now pale and dim They were taught and mysterious, and again sparkling with flashes of light from ships that were passing by. There I would often stand, forgetful of time, in that curious passivity of brain which is neither thought, reverie, nor memory, yet has something of all three.

We had not yet seen Felix Palmer, though his voice had grown familiar to my ear. The school house, from 10 for us a far exceeding and eter- Abby and me to do the extremely simple clock to 4, left plenty of time for tasks of household work there were in the barely furnished dwelling. But all Every morningly began her work the rougher part was done for us. I heard Felix Palmer steat barefoot past our door very early in the morning; and when we came downstairs we found the fire lighted, the cinders taken away, the coal box filled and the kettle singing on the hob. But Felix himself was gone, as he had to be at the dispensary every morning of the week at 7 o'clock. When we reached the school the dispensary door was already closed filled the dren's hearts with saw nothing of the interior, though we against unpunctual patients, and we could often hear the voice of Felix as we sat in the school room overhead, singing while he put the place in order street, before w accustomed to my new surround was a strange and shared with our crippled scholars, and before going away. He went home at by 4 o'clock, when we returned, he was off again on one of his numerous avocations, which generally kept him from home till late at night. I began to wonder if we should never meet; and my curiosity grew more and more excited. "Felix seems very busy. I have not seen him since we came," said Abby one evening to David Palmer. We usually sat in the kitchen instead of our earth beneathontained the dust of | coal, and we found the old man's comown sitting-room at night. It saved panionship charming; it was certainly to find in mrn sitting-room at home, but w I could no longer with one another. Abby was apt to be somewhat dull and triteful if we stayed

"What is Felix doing now?" she asked. "He gives help wherever it is needed," his father answered, with a smile on his serene face. "He has nothing else to give, but there is always more work of that sort in the winter than in the summer. He will sit up tonight with a bricklayer who was injured by falling from a scaffolding. You see, he has some knowledge as a surgeon, and

[To be Continued.]

Fact, Fancy and Fable. Have convinced people that Putnam's

Corn Extractor should be given the preference. Get rid of your corns; get

rid of them without pain; use Putnam's Extractor and no other. A Montana mining expert declares that there is more gold in Montana than in Alaska.

LIFE SAVED.-Mr. James Bryson Cameron writes: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than half a bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any other remedies do me good.

It is the Chinese custom to inaugurate a business venture with a display of fireworks Dr. Chase's CuresCatarrh After Oper-

ations Fail. My boy, aged fourteen, has been a sufferer from catarrh, and lately we submitted him to an operation at the General Hospital. Since then we have resorted to Dr. Chase's Catarrh Cure, and one box of this medicine has made a prompt and complete cure.

H. G. Ford, Foreman, Cowan avenue Fire Hall. Write benefits on marble, injuries on

to be Unrolled.

How in Heaven All Earthly Dimness Will be Made Clear.

Great Forcefullness of the Bible Set Forth by Rev. Dr. Talmage.

Washington, March 8.-This discourse of Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage is one of mighty contrasts and the dimness of earthly eyesight, as compared with the vividness of celestial eyesight is illustrated. The text is I. Cor., xiii., 12: "For now we see through a glass,

darkly; but then face to face." The Bible is the most forceful and pungent of books. While it has the sweetness of a mother's hush for human trouble, it has all the keenness of a scimeter and the crushing power of a lightning bolt. It portrays with more than a painter's power, at one stroke picturing a heavenly throne and a judgment conflagration,

The strings of this great harp are fingured by all the splendors of the future, now sounding with the crackle of consuming worlds, now thrilling with the joy of the everlasting emancipated. It tells how one forbidden tree in the garden blasted the earth with sickness and death; and how another tree, though leafless and bare, yet, planted on Calvary, shall yield a fruit which shall more than antidote the poison of the other. WHAT IT TELLS OF THE FUTURE.

It tells how the red-ripe clusters of God's wrath were brought to the wine press, and Jesus trod them out; and how, at last, all the golden challices of heaven shall glow with the wine of that awful vintage. It dazzles the eye with an Ezekiel's vision of wheel, and wing, and fire, and whirlwind; and stoops down so low that it can put its lips to the ear of a dying child and say: 'Come up higher.'

And yet Paul, in my text, takes the responsibility of saying that it is only an indistinct mirror, and that the mission shall be suspended. I think there may be one Bible in heaven, fastened to the throne. Just as now, in a museum, we have a lamp exhumed from Herculaneum or Nineveh, and we look at it with great interest and say, How poor a light it must have given compared with our modern lamps! So I think that this Bible, which was a lamp to our feet in this world, may lie near the throne of God, exciting our interest in all eternity by the contrast betwen its comparatively feeble light and the illumination of heaven.

BIBLE IS THE SCAFFOLDING. The Bible, now, is the scaffoldi For at the end of the rising temple, but when the building is done there will be no use for the scaffolding.

The idea I shall develop today is that

in this world our knowledge is comparatively dim and unsatisfactory, but, nevertheless, is introductory to grander and more complete vision. This is eminently true in regard to our view of God. We hear so much about God that we conclude we understand him. He is represented as having the tenderness of a father, the firmness of a judge, the majesty of a king, and the love of a mother. We hear about him, talk about him, write about him. We lisp his name in infancy, and it trembles on the tongue of the octogenarian. We think that we know very much about him. Take the attribute of mercy. Do we understand it? The Bible blossoms all over with that word -mercy. It speaks again and again of the tender mercies of God; of the sure sane, almshouses for the destitute, and mercies; of the great inercies, of the demand more than human solution.

mercy that endureth forever; of the demand more than human solution.

Ah! God will clear it all up. great Being are most inadequate, one-

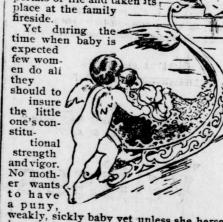
sided and incomplete. When, at death,

the gates shall fly open, and we shall

look directly upon him, how new and

surprising! CHRIST'S VIRTUES SET FORTH. Again, my text is true of the Saviour's excellency. By image and sweet rhythm of expression, and startling antithesis, Christ is set forth-his love, his compassion, his work, his life, his death, his resurrection. We are challenged to measure it, to compute it, to that she could get only a few pence lenged to measure it, to compute it, to that she could get only a lew pence weigh it. In the hour of our broken for making a garment, and that invalid that for twenty years could not, experience of his love, and shout until lift his head from the pillow, and that the countenance glows and the blood widow that she had such hard work bounds, and the whole nature is ex- to earn bread for her children. hilarated, "I have found him!" And yet it is through a glass, darkly. We see not half of that compassionate face. We feel not half the warmth of that loving heart. We wait for death the righteous in heaven. Infidels say. Then we shall be face to face. Not shadow then, but substance. Not hope then, but the fulfilling of all prefig-

Oh, what a warm wel-, come the first little traveler whom Heaven guides to the door of a woman's heart receives from the happy mother. Every thought and care is given to the comfort and well; being of the new comer after it has entered into the portals of life and taken its place at the family ___ fireside Yet during the time when baby is expected en do ali



weakly, sickly baby yet unless she herself is entirely healthy in the special, delicate structure which makes motherhood possible, the baby is certain to suffer in some way for her weakness or neglect. The surest way to avoid this is for the mother to reinforce her own strength by the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescrip-

tion during the time of anticipation. It will make her perfectly healthy. It will lighten and brighten the time of waiting. It will make the ordeal of motherhood about the state of the st solutely safe and comparatively free from pain and will insure a strong, healthy constitution for the baby. Mrs. Nannie J. Taylor, of Lovelace, Hill Co., Texas, says: "I am the mother of eight children. I suffered from female weakness. I tried physicians with no avail. When I last became with child I saw the advertisement of Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I bought two bottles and took according to directions. When baby was born I had a very easy time and have not suffered one hour since, from female weakness. Baby is as fat and healthy as can be."

Prospective mothers should cand to the

urement. That will be a magnificent un-Oh! to gaze full upon the brow that

was lacerated, upon the side that was pierced, upon the feet that were nailed; to stand close up in the presence of him who prayed for us on the mountain, and thought of us by the sea, and agonized for us in the garden, and died for us in the horrible crucifixion; to feel of him, to embrace him, to take his hand, to kiss his feet, to run our fingers along the scars of ancient suffering: to say, "This is my Jesus! He gave himself for me! I shall forever behold his glory. I shall eternally hear his voice. Lord Jesus, now I see thee!"

does this mean? What is God going to do with me now? He tells me that ail things work together for good. This does not look like it." You continue to study the dispensation, and after awhile guess about what God means. "He means to teach me tnat. Perhaps it is

to teach me the uncertainty of life." to yours? Why did God give you that child at all if he meant to take it away? Why fill the cup of your gladness brimming if he meant to dash it

Do you suppose that God will explain that? Yea. He will make it plainer than any mathematical problem—as plain as that two and two makes four. In the light of the throne you will see that it was right-all right. "Just and true are all thy ways, thou King of

HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT. Here is a man who cannot get on in the world. He always seems to buy at the wrong time, and to sell at the worst disadvantage. He tries this enterprise and fails, that business, and is disappointed. The man next door to him has a lucrative trade, but he lacks customers. A new prospect opens. His income is increased. But that year his family are rick, and the profits are expended in trying/to cure the ailments. He gets a discouraged look. Becomes faithless as to success. Begins to expect disasters.

Others, with only half as much edu- kidneys - that DOAN'S what it all means. He says, "Perhaps poisons from the system would spoil me. Perhaps poverty is necessary to keep me humble. Perhaps I might, if things were otherwise, be tempted into dissipations." But there is no complete solution of But there is no complete solution of the mystery. He sees through a glass Pills. I have had a weak and painful darkly, and must wait for a higher un-

remember the failing of that great enterprise-your misfortune in 1857; your disaster in 1867. This is the explanation." And you will answer, "It is all right."

PROVIDENCE'S DEEP MYSTERIES. I see every day profound mysteries of providence. There is no question we ask oftener than Why? There are hundreds of graves that need to be explained. Hospitals for the blind and lame, asylums for the idiotic and in-In the light that pours from the throne no dark mystery can live. Things now utterly inscrutable will be illumined as plainly as though the answer were written on the wall, or sounded in the temple anthem. Bartimeus will thank God that he was blind, and Lazarus that he was covered with sores, and Joseph that he was cast into the pit, and Daniel that he was denned with lions, and Paul that he was humpbacked, The thought of the text is just when applied to the enjoyments of Your heaven will be a very place compared with the world of the lost, for, according to your teaching,

today assembled for worship. Put them together and they would make but a small audience compared with the thousands and tens of thousands, and ten thousand times ten thousand. and the hundred and forty and four thousand that shall stand around the throne. Those flashed up to heaven in martyr fires; those tossed for many years upon the invalid couch; those fought in the armies of liberty, and rose as they fell; those tumbled from high scaffoldings, or slipped from the mast, or were washed off into the sea. They came up from Corinth, from Laodicea, from the Red Sea bank and Gennesaret's wave, from Egyptian brickyards and Gideon's threshing floor. Those, thousands of years ago, slept the last sleep; and these are this moment having their eyes closed and their limbs stretched out for the sepul-

HAPPINESS UNKNOWN ON EARTH We are told that heaven is a place of happiness; but what do we know about happiness? Happiness in this world is only a half-fledged thing; a flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher from which flowery path, with a serpent hissing across it; a broken pitcher, from which the water has dropped before we could drink it; a thrill of exhilaration, followed by disastrous reactions. To help us understand the for of house the same path of the

ALL WILL BE REVEALED. The idea of that text is just as true when applied to God's providence. Who has not come to somt pass in life thoroughly inexplicable? You say, "What

to humble my pride. Perhaps it is to make me feel more dependent. Perhaps But after all, it is only a guess-a ocking through the glass darkly. The Bible assures us there shall be a satisfactory unfolding. "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter. You will know why God took to himself that only child. Next says, "can it be possible that we are door there was a household of seven children. Why not take one from that group instead of your only one? Why single out the dwelling in which there was only one heart beating responsive in their song. Wave it from the top

folding. Will there be an explana-God will take that man in the it of the throne and sav. "Child mortal, hear the explanation! You

the majority of men will be destroyed. THE LOST WILL BE FEW. I deny the charge. I suppose that the multitude of the finally lost, as compared with the multitude of the finally saved, will be a handful. suppose that the few sick people the hospital today, as compared with the hundreds of thousands of well people in the city, would not be smaller than the number of those who shall be cast out in suffering, compared with those who shall have upon them the health of heaven. For we are to remember that we are living in comparatively the beginning of the Christian dispensation, and that this world is to be populated and redeemed, and that ages of light and love are to flow on. If this be so the multitudes of the saved will be in the vast majority. Take all the congregations that have

WHAT IS YOUR A woman's hand tells the tale! to do her cleaning. If her hand is rough, wrinkled and shrunken,

> Montreal. Chicago. St. Louis. New York. Boston. it; and we fail to get an idea of the River of Life in heaven. We get very imperfect ideas of the reunions of heaven. It will be an uninterrupted gladness. Many a Christion parent will look around and find all his children there. "Ah!" he all here-life's perils over? The Jordan passed and not one wanting? Why, even the prodigal is here. almost gave him up. How long he despised my counsels! but grace hath triumphed. All here! all here! Tell the mighty joy through the city. Let the bells ring, and the angels mention it

of the walls. All here!'

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ness. Baby is as fat and healthy as can be."

Prospective mothers should send to the bell us understand the joy of heaven the Bible takes us to a river. We stand on the grassy bank. We see the stand on the grassy bank. Thouse R. Parker. Our Parker Agent the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the cities is emptied into it: and the banks are torn; \$45 and upwards; return. \$55 and upwards; return. \$64 i3; steerage, \$23.50.

At a recent sale of rare coins at Melnin of Allina and the banks are torn; and unhealthy exhalations spring up from the properties of the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the stand on the grassy bank. The stand of the stand of the stand of the stand of the s

Navigation and Railways

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