# Constant, Watchful Care

Is necessary to save the Little Ones. Thousands of people have to be constantly, unceasingly guarded! Born with ow chests, stooped shoulders and general bodily weakness such people are



Living susceptible to every change, a slight draught, damp feet, foggy weather, any little thing is sufficient excuse for an attack of sore throat,

cough and even pneumonia. Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure builds up the system and gives strength to resist these attacks. It never fails to do so. It will make a naturally weak person comparatively strong and

### Shiloh Cures Croup In a single night.

robust, and will positively heal up and permanently cure sore and inflamed membranes. If it does not do so to the purchasers entire satisfaction his druggist will refund the purchase money in full. No Cure no Pay! The following testimonial speaks plainly.

S. C. Wells Co., Colborne St., Toronto.—"I come from a family of Consumptives and none of my ancestors have reached old age, to my knowledge. Twenty three years ago I chanced to hear of the Shiloh Consumption Cure, and being more thoughtful than most young men, probably owing to the family curse, as we termed our hereditary consumption, I thought I would get a bottle and find out what it purported to do and, if it seemed reasonable, give it a fair trial. I carried out this plan and am, I implicitly believe, as a consequence, here to write this testimony. I am now 45 fifteen or twenty years older than the age usually reached by my family, am hale and hearty and as likely to reach a ripe old age as the next man, thanks to Dr. Shiloh. Yours for ever, BENJ. GREEN, Ogdensburg, N.Y. Sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c., 5oc. and \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain 18. 2d; 2s. 3d; 4s. 6d.

## DANGEROUS PROCEEDING

Nerve Needed by the Steeple-Climber.

How the Professionals Overcome Fear of Falling.

Some 250 feet above the sidewalks of Washington street, on a little rope hung staging at the top of a steel pole, sits P. F. O'Neil, of Charlestown. ing alone. He said there were too O'Neil is a painter at work on the staff which holds the gigantic weather- said commerce was the thing for a vane on top of the Ames building. He was working in the building with other painters, when Supt. Mackay said that the weather-vane starf on the roof would have to be painted and "I can do it for you," said any troub O'Neil. When he began to examine the had gone through one side of the support and flattened against the other. They were evidently hrea from the harbor by some marksman who wished a

small taget at long range. 'And a very dangerous proceeding, said O'Neil, when he was on the roof again, "for a bullet has almost velocity when falling from a height as when shot from a gun. remember once a girl, standing in voice. yard, was severely wounded by a mysterious bullet. No one ever discovered where it came from, but four months later I was working on a church steeple not 200 yards from her house, and around the openings where the pigeons go in and out I found the wood riddled with bullet

O'Neil has been climbing steeples, chimneys and other high places for more than 25 years. He began life as a sailor, going out from Newfoundland on a ship when a boy, drifting to this country in time to enlist for the civil war, and at last taking up with his present occupation, in which he com-bines the trade of mason—for he has built the tops of many high chimneysof painter, of carpenter, of mechanic and worker in metal.

The most natural question to ask O'Neil was about fear; did he ever Some of Their Amusing Antics on the feel fear in high places? "Of course, Battle Field. he answered. I feel fear at times," Fear is common to all mankind. Not to feel fear is not courage; to overcome fear is the true quality of cour-Not long ago Prof. Taussig, of Harvard, who is interested in the matter from a psychological standpoint, wrote to me a similar question. What I told him I will tell you.

"I divide the nerve force of a man into two parts-the impelling force and the restraining force—the same impelling force that causes a body of recruits at first to run under fire, and the restraining force that causes them to overcome for various reasons the first natural fear. So in climbing, one unused to it is by the natural impelling force of his nervous system afraid -afraid that his legs, his arms, his support will give way and plunge him Shakespeare, who touched on all human emotions, touched on this feeling of fear in high places, when in King Lear he pictured Edward at

the Cliffs of Dover. The one way to get over the natural fear is by some restraining force from either within or without. I remember once when a new boy at sea ordered aloft by the mate he trembled with fear and begged to be let cut of it. 'Upon my soul, sir, I cannot go up there.' This was his first But when the mate impelling force. touched him with a rope's end he was at the top of the mast so quick that the mate could not follow him. The pain on his outer nerves brought him to his senses and made him exert his restraining force. So if you happen to be with anyone who shows fear in a high place, a few smart slaps on the face will bring him to for un-The right medicine conquerable fear in a high place is immediate pain on the outside nerves.

"Fear can be overcome like any atural passion. I remember that hen I began to climb I felt sensations of numbness in the back of my head, and at such times I used to stop devote myself to restoring cour-The way to do this is to remember that support is at hand and that it depends only upon yourself to make use of it. Climbing is, in fact, really a less dangerous occupation than driving a restive horse or an electric car; for the safety of the climber depends elmost entirely on himself, while the other case many chances of accident are beyond his control."-Boston

Transcript.

GETTING STARTED. A strong inclination toward a trace profession is often one of the surest signs that a young person will succed in it, and if the inclination is strong enough, and shows signs of permanence, perhaps the young person cannot do better than to follow it, no matter what some of his advisers may say to

the contrary. A young man with mild manners stepped into the office of his somewhat crusty uncle, who was engaged in the practice of law.

"Well," said the old gentleman, "active of law.

that you are out of college, what are you going to do for a living?" "I think I'll study some more, and adopt the profession of law." "That's right," was the sarcastic re-

"Go ahead and have your joinder. "Go ahead and have your own way. Don't take any advice. I thought we had a talk about that the other day. I told you the profession was overcrowded. But you won't believe me, of course. You've got to go ahead and put in a few years unding out for yourself."

I am willing to take advice," replied the nephew, mildly. "The fact is I'm trying to take all the advice I can get. When you told me to give up the idea of practicing law, I went to a friend, who is a civil engineer. He said my general education ought to give me a good foundation for any profession, but he advised me to let civil engineermany people in the business now. He man, and he gave me the ad-of a friend of his who keeps a young dress

drug store druggist said that I could go a college of pharmacy without through but he wouldn't advise me to do it, as there were as many people vane he found three or four bullet in the business as it would stand. He holes in its steel support. The bullets asked me why I didn't take up medicine. went to see our family physician. He told me it was an exacting life, in which the percentage of eminent success was small. In fact, he said that there were more physicians now than there was practice for. He had heard me sing, and asked me if I had never thought of a career in music. I went to see a musician, and he tried my

"What did he say?" 'He wasn't as gen the others. He said there were hundreds of people with better voices than mine, looking for work. He thought I might make a good bricklayer, or something of that kind. So I hunted up a bricklayer, and talked it over with him. He said the brick-laying business was overcrowded, and that should think a man with my training would be a lawyer. So I came back here, and I'm willing to start in and go to work studying with you. or go through the list again, getting more advice, whichever you think

### **MULES AS CLOWNS**

That mules may often turn the tide of battle has received new demonstration in South Africa. Mules were the clowns of the American civil war, and many stories are told of them. Brigadier General John D. Imboden, Confederate States army, was ordered by Stonewall Jackson to place 12-pound frowitzers on the backs of pack mules and drive them down into a defile on the Luray road, near Port Republic. in the rear of Prague's battery. boden, somewhat skeptical concerning the mule's reliability as a gun carriage, rendered implicite obedience to his chief's orders and the weapons were taken safely to the point designated, when to the consternation of the command, the Federals began to shell the ravine. The mules could not run on account of their heavy loads, and so securely were these bound upon them that it was impossible to shake them off. Terror stricken, some of them lay down and wallowed, while the others kicked and pranced about,

aiming at all points of the compass in quick succession. It was a grand old circus according to Imboden. Some of the men sat down on the heads of the prostrate Others threw themselves animals. with might and main on the bridles of the main performers, while the re mainder of the detail vainly essayed to dodge the flying heels. In the midst of the excitement Stonewall Jackson himself passed along the bank of the ravine above, grave and preoccupied. It was one of the most critical situations of the war for the Confederates, when their great commander

chanced to look down and see what was going on in the defile he halted and laughed long and loud. The most famous mule episode in history is probably the celebrated of the mules after the battle charge of Missionary Ridge. An attack had been made on Geary by Longstreet's corps, and for three hours Geary's valiant band had been standing off forces vastly superior in number. Hooker ordered Gen. Howard up from Brown's ferry to Geary's relief. The latter had three miles of rough country to cover and was obliged to stop on the way and capture a hill from which rebel shot was raining down. Leaving a detachment to hold this position and taking a company of Confederate prisoners with him, he pressed on in a night so dark that only by the light of muskets could forms be distinguish-

In the darkness Hooker's teamsters became frightened and descried their charges. The mules, finding them-selves no longer under the lash of a master, started on a wild run, and, soon breaking loose from the wagons, stampeded directly toward the enemy. In the darkness the southern boys took the onslaught for a cavalry charge and in turn stampeded, leaving the mules victors in possession of the field.

### Boys and Girls.

A Miracle. One eve the west was golden red, And just before I went to bed I planned to rise with early light And travel all the day till night;

And where the sun had set I'd find What pretty wonders lay behind. But when I woke, and looked to see How far by day the west might be, I found I'd reached it, for, alack! The sun was now behind my back—Yet sky and trees and grass, some

way,
Were quite the same as every day!
—E. L. Sabin.

What Happened to Jimsey. By Clara O. Lyon.

There was no place where Robbie liked better to visit than at Aunt Mary's house. In the first place, there was dear Aunt Mary herself, who was fond of all boys, and particularly fond of Robbie. In the next place, there was the cooky-jar, which had a wonderful way of never being empty no matter how often he visited it; and, last of all, there was the Rinkum was a parrot that always made Robbie laugh by exclaiming, in odd imitation of Aunt Mary,

"Mercy, how you've grown!"

He liked Rinkum, but he liked the mocking-bird, Jimsey, too, though Jimsey couldn't talk; but he would hold his head on one side and peer at Robbie with his bright eyes to make sure it was he, and then hop gayly about his cage as if glad that the boy had come again.

Now, one day something happened. Aunt Mary washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, set her bread by the stove to rise, and, telling Jimsey and Rinkum, who had been let out of their cages, to behave themselves, went upstairs, never dreaming that two such well-behaved birds would get into trouble while she was gone. But pretty soon she heard Rinkum's loud screeches, which told her something was the matter. "Fire! fire! throw on water!" cried

Polly as she entered. "Where are you Rinkum, where's Jimsey?"

"Mercy, how you've grown! Fire! Fire!' screamed Rinkum from a dark corner of the room under the table, where she had retreated as if in fear. But Jimsey was not with her, and Aunt Mary grew alarmed, as she saw, what had escaped her notice when she went upstairs, that the side win-dow was open several inches. "Some cat has got him, or else he has flown She started toward the winaway." to look out, but as she went she noticed a strange heaving of the napkin over her bread. She whisked it off, and there was poor Jimsey up to his neck in the soft sponge, struggling to free himself, but sink-ing deeper and deeper. Rinkum had watched him fly down to the edge of the pan, pick up a corner of the napkin in his bill, peck at the dough daintily to see if it were good, and then hop down into the sticky stuff, which held him fast. She did all she could by giving the alarm, and Aunt Mary soon had the bird out of his queer bath; but Jimsey's feathers had to be cut, and he was never quite so lively again, so that Robbie, when he "Aunt Mary, It seems to me that Jimsey's getting old; he acts like an

And I'm getting old, too. Do you know I'll be six years old to-"Mercy, how you've grown!" said the parrot.—The Outlook.

The Society Mother My mother is the prettiest thing-She still looks but a girl, folks say. I wish she was a girl, for then

Together we could play!

I'm six years old-or will be soon-And I am all the child she's got: And sometimes when ft's lonery, why, I wish there was a lot!

For mother has to work so hard, A-dancing nights, or pouring tea Each afternoon, she has no time To play and romp with me I wish some nights she'd stay at home,

And when it's time to go to bed, She'd hear my prayers instead of nurse. Then when it's dark I'd have no dread.

If she'd jes let me hold her hand-Her pretty hand with all its rings. And I can go right off to sleep If mother only sings!

But mother has no time, she says, To humor little girls, 'cos she Gets tired out with balls and things That keep her up till three.

I hark each night for mother's step And then I call out, loud and clear, "Hope you'll have a lovely time," "Good-night, mother dear!"

But when she's gone, and down below I hear the carriage door slam to, I feel so lonely I could cry, And sometimes p'r'haps I do. -Harper's Bazar.

Sharing Their Christmas Gifts Two eager little girls sat on Ruth's one morning before drinking in every word of the story one was telling them about some people who lived near her, "who were very poor and had several little children, one a tiny little baby, and who were not going to have any Christmas presents, nor any Christmas dinner, nor even anything in their stockings, because it had been such a hard winter, and work was so scarce, that Mr. Roth, the father, couldn't find any-

thing to do, and he had tried so hard to get work, too."
"You see," continued Ruth, "my sister is a doctor, and she goes there often, because the little baby sick, and she really knows they are poor, and she knows how badly they about it, too, because she said Mr. Roth told her he had always had money enough to take care of his family and buy them Christmas presents until this year, but sister says times are very hard, and she feels so sorry for them. She thought," Ruth went on, "that maybe the girls here would each bring an apple and a potato to school, for that would make quite a big basket for Mrs. Roth, you and might save some money know. for Christmas," and she stopped, out

of breath. "Oh, no," cried Milly and Ruth at nce, "don't ask the girls to do that, we'll fix it." And they did.
The day before Christmas I wish you could have seen them, they wanted to buy the store out. Of course their mother helped them to choose the things, and first they bought a splendid big turkey and cranberries for cranberry sauce, and sugar, and tea, and coffee, rice and flour, potatoes, apples, nuts and oranges; then

ings, and they put in some of their own books, too, and several pairs of nice warm mittens.

But that wasn't all, their mother

some lovely candy, toys for the stock-

tic and taking out of the chest some of the many little garments she had stowed away as souvenirs of the babyhood of her own children; and several dainty little dresses, a pink and white sack, and a little pair of socks were put on top of the basket. Then the address was given to the butcher boy, with full instructions to leave the basket at Mrs. Roth's, no

matter what she said.

It was Christmas eve, and Mr. Roth had just come in. He tried to smile as he greeted his wife's expectant look, but then he caught sight of the little empty stockings over the fire-place, and sat down and buried his head in his hands instead. She knew what it meant, and for a moment it seemed as if it were of no use to try to be brave, and she broke down and

Then suddenly there came a rap at the street door. Who could it be? Mrs. Roth rose and opened it, and there on the step stood a merry, rosycheeked boy, with a great big basket, who said: "Good evening m'am, I believe this is for you, and with an effort he lifted it into the room, and stood smiling up at her.

"Why, no," she exclaimed, "you have made a mistake. I never ordered those things; there must be something

"No, m'am," he said, smiling more broadly than ever; "it's all right, they are for you, m'am. A merry Christmas to you, and good night," and he With trembling hands she took off

the cover, and realized in a minute what it all meant.
"Oh, husband," she said, "he was he Christmas angel."
And as she lifted out a dainty, llt-

tle white, baby's dress, she looked toward the room where the children were sleeping, and there were tears in her eyes again, but this time they were tears of joy.

## **WOMAN LEGISLATOR**

Mother of Five Children, She Serves in the Legislature of Colorao.

There are three women in the house representatives of Colorado. Mary H. Kinkaid, in Ainslee's for January, gives this account of the Hon. Frances S. Lee, member from Arapahoe:
"Mrs. Frances S. Lee, who is the youngest of the three women representatives, was born in Chicago less than thirty years ago. When 11 years old she went to Colorado with her parents, who settled in Denver. She was graduated from the West Denver school and taught for a short time before her marriage to Frank W. Lee, a leader in the Colorado State Federation of Labor. Mrs. Lee is the mother of five children. The youngest was 3 years old when the campaign of 1898 began. Although her home duties had kept her busy for a number of years, she had been a conscientious student. Through her husband's affiliations she had acquired a wide knowledge of labor conditions. She joined the Colorado Woman's Democratic Club, be cause she felt it to be her duty to do her part as a citizen. She soon gained the friendship of the members, who put her forward as their candidate for the legislature. Mrs. Lee was slow to accept the honor, for she had been too much occupied to cultivate the art of public speaking, and she hesitated to assume duties so at variance with her

quiet habits. The club had chosen its hear of her refusal to run for office. When Mrs. Lee pleaded that she could children, there were members who offered to stay with the each mea, and before retiring baby if necessary. Mrs. Lee was reminded that where there is a will there —IT'S NERVES. is always a way. Her name was presented to the Democratic convention, and she was nominated without opposi-

"The campaign showed that the woman who could manage a house successfully, and who could care for a family of children, had the qualities of a leader. When the time came for her to take up her public duties it was evidence that the retiring home woman could be trusted to do her part in the

"Mrs. Lee introduced five bills touching educational and latter questions. None was passed, although each was the subject of earnest debate. With other women legislators Mrs. Lee did much toward the pushing of the reform measures that became laws. A WOMAN IN THE SPEAKER'S

CHAIR. "Mrs. Lee is of medium height and slender form. Her features are delicate and her face shows that she is of a high-strung, sensitive nature. By her womanliness and her gentleness, she won the chivalrous regard of the men who were her colleagues. She was the first woman ever called to the chair of the house during a session of the committee of the whole. The other women members had often presided during the regular discussions, but when Mrs. Le was asked to take the gavel during the consideration of an important question



SWOMEN.



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Mass., put up one of the few really pure cocoas, and physicians are quite safe in specifying their brand." - Dominion Medical Monthly.

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there was a momentary sensation. The honorable member from Arapahoe blushed and showed some hesitation. Then she ascended the steps leading to the speaker's stand, and took the big chair as if it were her habit.

"During the session Mrs. Lee not only managed her house and cared for the children, but she found time to entertain many guests at her home. Once someone suggested that the cares of state must be something of a burden when added to domestic duties. Mrs. Lee laughingly replied that anyone who had the executive ability to run a house and rear several children, ought not to find any duties too exact-ing for her strength."

### TUMORS

Are Readily Removed by Our Constitu tional Treatment Without the Necessity of Operation.

Many people are afflicted with lumps or tumors in parts of the body, that do not seem to cause them much pain or inconvenience. Tumors, it must not be forgotten, are serious and should not be neglected for several reasons. In the first place their growth may involve or impair some vital part of the body, in the second place they constitute a drain on the system, and in the third place they frequently develop into cancers, as any physician will substantiate. Few people care to have their growths removed by the surgeon as they dread the pain of the operation. With our pleasant home treatment it is different. You simply take the remedy internally. It goes through the system, searching out and neutralizing and destroying those poisons from which tumors and cancers de-You have nothing to suffer, nothing to dread. After a time you will notice the tumor lessening in size, gradually disappearing, till it is completely cured. Send two stamps and we will mail you our treatise and testimonials. Stott & Jury, Bowman-

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How many of us have spent a de-"clous hour with Dickens' little "Tiny Tim." He pleased us because he was for ever helping, or ready to help some unfortunate.

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Teachers and Students—On surrender of certificate signed by principal, single first-class fare and one third, going Dec. 9 to 31, 1899, returning until Jan. 17, 1900.

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The Maritime Express will leave Montreal daily except on Saturday, at 729 p.m., for Hall fax, N. S., St. John, N. B., and points in the Maritime Provinces.

The Maritime Express from Halifax, St. John and other points east, will arrive at Montreal daily, except on Monday, at 530 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Montreal daily, except Sunday, at 7:40 a m., due to arrive at Riviere du Loup at 6:00 p.m.

The Local Express will leave Riviere du Loup daily, except Sunday, at 12 noon, and Levis at 4:35 p.m., due to arrive at Montreal at 10:10 p.m.

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Trunk system, at Union Station, Toronto, and at the office of the General Traveling Agent.
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