eager hand waited for his clasp. His days were spent in an attic chamber, though not happily, still almost cheerfully; his evenings he lent for a slender interest to the second violin of the orchestra of a second-rate theatre. When seated before the blazing foot-lights. with his bow capering, of its own will it seemed to him, across the strings and the music vaulting above his bowed head, he was no longer the poor, striving, hungry, half-clad vagrant, but a sublime worshipper in a temple not made with hands, a soul feeding on the fruition of the future, a grand ideal soul, with an immortal hunger, though inheriting a kingdom clothed with the glory of a rainbow, a glad, inspired wanderer through all the realms of light, and joy,

and melody intense. It was a damp, foggy night that he found himself in the half-deserted street, scarcely roused from his visions, the glare of lamps still blinding him; the air was more than damp, it seemed to exude warm drops that fell like stealthy tears upon him and soaked his thin apparel. He had left the principal thoroughfares and was hastening through zig-zag lanes and by-ways when the string of his violin bag snapped, and the instrument would have splintered on the pavement but that his nimble hand broke the fall. "Ah, Ariel," he sighed. "that was a naughty freak of yours. Have you grown already tired of your limits and my company? Wait, I will yet give your voice to the uttermost parts of the earth, and make your memory fragrant. Who knows," he continned, while securing it from further mishaps—"who knows, my little Ariel, but that some future age may treasure you as the mouthpiece of my inspirations? Be patient, little one." As he raised himself he paused and listened. Close beside him towered an arched doorway, all its recess wrapped in densest shadow. it seemed to him that a little stir issued from this doorway; he bent forward without perceiving anything, then lifted his violin to his hear. "What! grumb-ling, Ariel?" he said, and as though Ariel indeed spoke a timid questioner

"Speak to me?" For a moment it appeared to Philip Arne as if he had passed out from the actual world into that of fancy and faery, into the beautifully fantastic world of the magicians; that his violin had become en entity, a living and voiced soul; then he found space and breath to interrogate it : "Who are you?" He repeated the ques-

broke the quiet:

tion; the answer was ready now: "I don't know; will you-will youhurt me?"

"Oh, a child! No, no, how could I hurt you? What are you doing here, out in the rain? Can't you get in? Is this your home?" "I sleeps here," sighed the little

"You mustn't do so; your mother will

be angry. Did you run away? Shall I pull the knocker for you?"

"Don't you?" "No; she left me t'other day just

round the corner there. I looks for her every day till dark, then I comes here and sleeps. Will you tell? The per-leece doesn't catch me in this place." And the tiny voice retreated. "Where did your mother go?" recom-

menced the questioner. To get us a hunk of bread. I wish she'd come soon, I'm so hungry."

"Has she been gone long?"
Oh, how long!"

"Have you eaten nothing since?" "Every day an old woman that keeps

one of them stalls there gives me an apple, and I sings her a song; and sometimes she gives me a cake too-but that's when she's had a drop, you know.'

"Come with me," he said. "I will give you both." He held out his hand. In an instant

she had sprung from the niche and clung to it. Iwo dark, starry eyes flashed up to him their sad appeal. Surprised to find her so small he lifted and carried her in his arms. This was what Philip Arne picked up.

II.

She might have been seven when this occurred.

"But now what shall I call you?" he asked, one day. "Lichen, because I found you growing on a stone? Or Saint?—for you were in a niche." She choose Saint.

From out his miserable pittance he dressed her tastily and neatly, reserved for her the most delicate morsel of his table, bought her fruits and flowers at the stalls, instructed her in her lessons, and paid a trifle to a poor lodger who taught her needlework. Too young to be left alone evenings, he accustomed himself to carry her with him to the theatre, leave her, perhaps, in charge of some woman in the green-room, or she would nestle on a cushion and nod off into dreams. He taught her to call him her brother Philip, and the children in the court, apt at abbrevations, called her Saint Ann.

Having on one occasion taken her with him as usual he left her in the green room with the children who were to sing in some part of the grand gala play. It was no novel or interesting thing to them, and one with a headache grumbled incessantly. "Let me go and sing in your place,"

suggested Saint. Will you? Oh, but you don't know

the part!"
"Can't you sing it to me?" persisted

Pooh! I might as well sing to them

Won't the others sing it over a little? Ishall catch it soon. I have some of it now. See!" and she trilled a bar or caparilla is the One True Blood two the others glad of the excitement. Purifier and NERVE TONIC.

crowding about her with corrections, interruptions, and additions—making a fascinating hurly-burly, while they dressed her in the stage garb of the little shirk, and in the pell-mell and confusion she made her entree unobserved. It so happened that she had be-come somewhat familiar with the different parts, naving listened with attention upon successive nights as the voices from the stage rung in upon her waiting in the passage way, or stealing up to the very entrances of the side-scenes; so that now, as the leader, beside herself with merriment at the success of her scheme, tripped, hesitated, and paused at the second bar of her solo, Saint caught it up and drew it along, through all its airy and delicate meanderings, till at last her voice seemed to smite the clouds and die there in a perfect ecstasy, as it were a lark's. Philip sat below in calm concern. At first the song seemed to mingle with his dream. He was at home in his garret, expressing a lovely image, and Saint's voice supplied a want he must otherwise have experienced; it spanned the actual and ideal; but soon the applause aroused him. Then, glancing upward, he saw and heard without any keen surprise, only murmuring half-audibly, 'Oh, it is

Saint!" When all was over the manager waited upon Philip to engage Saint. He de-

clined; she acquiesced.
"Saint," he asked, "do you wish to go
and sing for this gentleman?"

"No; I wish to sing to you only!" From that night he gave her constant instruction, spared no pains, left often and often his musical devoirs to superintend his musical recitations. Still he grew; his genius pushed its plumed wings through all these engrossing labors; it found a thousand encampments, which proved its genuineness. At last it soared! His name was in every mouth, his skill the topic and enthusiasm of the day. He grew rich as well as great; he, the once poor, neglected violinist, became the feted, the courted, the toasted, the everything that was splendid of court or country.

In the meanwhile, he thought, Saint must go to Italy; it would ripen her voice, give a roundness, a lusciousness that it needed. Not that it needed anything to him; but Art, he knew, was no regarder of persons. He would go too, but someone must chaperone her. He was not her brother. He knew that gladly; by and by the world would know it too. Just now—why, he could hardly say—he could not tell this heedless, selfish world.

They went to Italy; they drank the draughts distilled from its sky, and earth and sea; they wandered among the beautiful records of an ancient magnificence; it endowed him with its melancholy; but for Saint her spirits rose and fell like the irridescent bows of glancing waterfalls.

At Florence crowds followed them. And this proud young fellow-countryman what did he for ever in their train? Whatdid his rapturous glance seek? To Philip all woe and misery was comprised in the beam of those eyes. Ah, but Saint and he were not so much alike as brother and sister! She felt differently all this, you may be sure, and came even to him for sympathy. How, alas, this bond of brotherhood fretted him.

"I listen to the crystal voice of your sister Saint for the first time to morrow night, Signor," simpered the bland and widowed Countess Girondi, with one eye on Arthur Grattan, the handsome Eng. sackcloth and ashes. The judicial in-lishman. The unconscious shaft shive vestigation of the affairs of the Eastern ered Philip. This external din of sister or brother perplexed him; the heavy odors, the blinding brilliancy, the color, the flash of eyes and jewels in this Countess' saloon made his brain giddy. He was out of himself and answered with dreamy boldness, "Signor, you mistake; she is not my sister." It was his thought that took voice; he knew not that he had spoken till the astonished faces reflected his words as in so many magnifying mirrors.

At dusk next day his tellow-countryman desired a conference with Philip

'Allow me to demand," said he, "the circumstances of your connection with this young lady whom you have represented as your sister."

"Upon what ground?" as arrogantly questioned Philip. Upon that of a suitor who scorns to

ally his ancient blood with disgrace !" "Then you shall hear," said Philip coldly calm. 'Strange she had not told me of this," he murmured dreamily. 'True, I remember, she sent for me today but I was too ill to go. All this day I have not seen her. It was well to have begun the test-yes, you shall hear. She was such a tiny thing—the night was so chill and she lay in a doorway when I tound and took her to my garret. I was poor then, Mr. Grattan, and only twenty. I have kept her ever since. Her mother had left her to find a bite of bread; she never returned. I called her my sister

Saint to shield her youth. Nothing—"
"Enough!" interrupted Grattan. "I
relinquish all claim to your beggar girl. As for yourself you may challenge if you please.'

"I certainly shall not please." As the Countess had said Saint was to sing that night. When, therefore Philip—sad, heart aching Philip—went to conduct her she met him at the door, a whole heaven in her countenance. There was no time for words. He had delayed her so long in order to gain composure, Le could only say to him while assisting her to tne carriage, "Naughty Philip, couldn't you have postponed your indisposition that I might have told you my disposition? How little you know, sir, what you've missed! Dear Philip, kind brother."

"Dear little Saint," he said, shutting the carriage door, "to-morrow."

The house was crowded; every square inch of space flaunted plumes and diamonds and glittering faces. As she appeared it was as though a bit of swansdown had been blown before the fcotlights and oscillated there upon the blast of applause that it encountered—so petite, so exquisite, so shining, yet full of such magnificent power, all felt spel-led, speechless and awed as though gaz-ing on a mirage, an unreality. Silence

NERVOUS Troubles are due to impoverished blood. Hood's Sar-caparilla is the One! True Blood

fell like a pall about them till her song cleft it and somed into melody. Ladies held their breath; men of the world heard the invitation of angelic choire. Well might they attune their souls to this spirituality of harmony, it was the last strain of Saint's they would ever hear till in heaven she joins the Jubilee! For look you, fingers of flame are clutching at her garments—snatching, clambering; racing, they multiply around her, play with the ribbons of her hair, catch at the hanging of the stage and wrap all in undistinguishable terror. She had seen them as they leaped from her feet and confronted her. Paralyzed with fear and unable to cry out, she felt herself smothered in woolens and lifted away from death and destruction. And whispering "I knew you would save me, Arthur!" she raised her head from its pillows only to behold the living love in the dead, pallid face of Philip Arne there where he had fallen close beside her half-resting on the same cushions. He had lost his life to save her.

There stood long in Florence a stately mansion sculptured and splendid, with gardens swathing it on every side save that where the river went singing by. If one in a boat floated lazily below it at every window he would see cherub faces clustering, hear laughter and song and perhaps descry the scarred and disfigured phantom of that memorable night, Saint Ann, the children call her still, the mute cantatrice. And beyond, from the bosom of foliage and flowers, springs the white cross that marks Philip Arne's grave and breaks the sunshine into a thousand smiles.

For years Saint Ann taught children -poor, homeless children-to sing; took them into her heart as Philip Arne had taken her, and dying, divided her fortune among them. So now at lovely Florence they show you two small flower grown graves and an old bewildered violin. This is Ariel!-San Francisco Monitor.

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

Judicial Investigation of the Prison System in Pennsylvania.

Some of the Facts Revealed—Interesting Statistics Regarding Its Effects.

[N. Y. Sun J

During the past ten or fifteen years a very great deal of consideration has been given to the subject of prison discipline. and interest in the subject is being still further enhanced because of the International Prison Congress, which is to meet in Berlin in 1900 and to which delegates are already being appointed by Governors of commonwealths, Governor Hastings having appointed Gen. Isaac J. Wistar to represent the prison system of Pennsylvania in that congress of prison directors, inspectors and commisaioners.

In view of these facts it may interest the people of the United States to know that what may fairly be termed "Vauxology" or "the system of philosophic penology," is undergoing judicial investigation at the place of its birth - the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania and the friends of "Vauxology," in consequence, are in mourning, as it were in Penitentiary, held with the view of determining the good or bad effects of

SOLITARY CONFINEMENT upon the nervous system, was forced upon Judge Gordon of the Philadelphia Common Pleas Court—who, by the way, is one of the most humane of all our l'ennsylvania judges-by reason of an application made to him for the removal of an insane criminal from the peniten tiary to the Norristown State Asylum for the Insane. The facts brought before him in that case led him to make a per sonal investigation, and after two or three visits to the Penitentiary he found that the number of seemingly insane persons was so great that he appointed a commission consisting of Dr. Dercum. recognized as the foremost specialist of nervous diseases in Pennsylvania; Dr Morton, President of the State Board of Charities; the Hon. Henry J. McCarthy, ex Justice of the Superior Court of Penn sylvania, and several other other gentlemen of like distinction to make exhaustive examination of the number and condition of the insane in the Eastern Penitentiary. The prison inspectors insisted that there were practically no insane prisoners in the penitentiary; the Gordon commission held otherwise, and in order that the people might see and know for themselves, Judge Gordon brought a number of the worst cases from the prison to the large Quarter Sessions Court Room, and in the presence of the Grand Jury, the newspaper report ers, the public of Philadelphia and the prison inspectors, made examination of the sanity of those so brought before the

A prisoner named John Jacobs, whose cell Judge Gordon visited by accident in his personal examination at the prison was stood up before the 500 persons present and exhibited by Dr. Dercum. On his head and face were scars that Dr. Deroum stated had been made by blunt instruments; his arms and breast and back were covered with scars which the doctor said resulted from burns by hot irons, and his wrists disclosed scars made the doctor said, by thongs.

No questions were asked of the prisoner, but two other sane prisoners were put upon the stand and under the solemnity of oath testified that Jacobs was

TOO CRAZY TO BE LEFT ALONE and had been put in the cell with them that the scars upon his back, arms, and breast were made by the steam pipes in the cell in his efforts to burn out the devil that he constantly insisted was inside of him; that the sours upon his head were from the beating they gave him to make him become quiet, and the scars upon his wrists were made by the twine string with which they tied him to the iron wastepipes every night. Asked as to how olten they beat him, they re plied almost every night, for he was noisy every night of his life, and they could not go to sleep until after they had beaten him and tied him. Asked as to

whether or not the keepers knew of these whether or not the keepers knew of these beatings and tieing, they replied that the keepers did, that they had frequently asked the keepers to furnish straps for asked the keepers to Jurius.
his wrists, and the keepers had always refused to do so. All the other meaning cases thus publicly heard in onen court a like character and just as marked in their dementia. The prison inspectors' reply was that these men were not incane, but that they were malingering in order to be transferred to insane asylums. The unanswerable refutation of that by Judge Gordon was that in the case of Jacobs he had but fifteen days of an unexpired sentence to serve when these things were taking place.

The statement was made by the inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary under oath "that there is no more insanity, indeed not so much, incident to the separate confinement system as to the congregate. The fact was indisputable at home and abroad. The statistics showed that three times as many insane prisoners are discharged from the East ern Penitentiary cured as were discharged cured from all the congregate prisons in the State during a period of five years." In answer here is the annual report of the inspectors of the Eastern Penitentiary for the calendar and official year 1896 On page 146 the following appears:

MENTAL CONDITION OF THE 673 PRISONERS DISCHARGED DURING THE YEAR 1896.

No. Per cent Insane (transferred to asylums by order of court) 11 Imbecile..... 3 0.45Weak 43 639Good......616 91.53

From the above will be seen that of the 679 prisoners discharged from solitary confinement during the year 1896 the surprising number o 57 were mentally weak, imbecile, or insane.

Dr. Cnase, the able physician in charge of the Friends' Asylum in Philadelphia, fixes the proportion of mentally affected at about 210 to the 100,000 in the United States, divided relatively thus: About 2 to every 300 in large cities, and about 2 to every 500 of population in the country. The statistics of Great Britain show about 280 mentally affected to each 100,000 of population; but under the solitary prison discipline in operation at the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania the ratio, as shown from the official reports made by the inspectors, Is 8,469 to each 100,000; or, in other words, while the normal percentage of mentally defective is about one-fourth of 1 per cent. in England and the United States, it is 8 47 per cer cent. under the so itary sys tem of our Eastern Penitentiary.

The Darkey's Inspiration.

In a little town of western Iowa there once lived a venerable, rheumatic negro, who rejoiced in the majestic name of Thomas Jefferson Jackson, but for practical purposes was known to everybody as Old Jeff. "Befo' de wah," Jeff had been the best runner, jumper, and allround athlete on his master's plantation. and he never tired telling of the wonderful feats he had performed when he was young.

The men and boys of the village, always anxious for amusement, had done their best to induce Jeff to prove his prowess in athletics, but their efforts were never successful. They waited, hoping that something would happen to effect it. One day something did hap-pen, and for the first and last time Jeff's ability to do marvellous things was put annoyance. A ter trying many remeto the test.

The day in qu stion several men were standing back of the village store making suggestions, while Mr. Smith, the proprietor, tried to empty a barrel of molasses. One end of the barrel was resting on a small box about two feet from the ground. In boring through the tough wood, Mr. Smith had broken the auger. He was just directing a boy to procure an axe and was standing near the barrel when Jeff shuffled around a

In an instant Jeff, who had heard the order given, understood, and a happy inspiration came to him; he could silence the boys" and do a good turn for Marse

Smith at the same time.
"Look out dar! boys," he cried, "ole
Jeff will fix yo'r bar'l," and before anyone could stop him he ran towards the upraised end. When very near it he paused, gave one mighty spring, turned a half somersault, and struck the end of the barrel with his head. The thick, tough wood gave way like pasteboard and Jeff, slightly dazed, but very much pleas d with himself, was struggling in the barrel of syrup.

He crawled out of the barrel backwards, digging the syrup out of his eyes and ears, and without a word slowly trudged off towards his cabin. What Mr. Smith said shall not be recorded in these beautiful white pages; but he was the only man in all the little crowd who saw nothing to admire in old Jeff's wonderful performance. As for the darkey himself, the effect on him was unfortunate. His old habit of boasting—the one picturesque thing in his poor old life—was gone forever.—John F. Daly in the Notre Dame Scholastic.

WITH INVALIDS.

Yes! with invalids the appetite is capricious and needs coaxing, that is just the reason they improve so rapidly under Scott's Emulsion, which is as palatable as cream.

VALUE OF THE EGG IN SICKNESS.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. Wnen fever is present and appetite is nil, he says, when we want an aseptic article of diet, the white of an egg, raw, serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the volk remaining inside the shell; add a little

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salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it Repeat every hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materi ly helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain extent may antidote the toxines of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quick-ness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they supp sed, and they are very ready to take a second dose.—Pacific Medical Journal.

NEVER PAY CASH.

Advice of a Business Man Who Believes in Buying on Credit.

[N. Y. Sun.] 'Never pay cash for anything if you want to get commercial rating," said a business man the other day. "Get goods on credit, even when able to pay spot

cash for them, and pay the bill with promptness when it becomes due. If you do this long enough you will probably get the reputation of possessing all the money you have got trusted for, and, at any rate, will be known in business circles where you wouldn't be named if you always paid cash. A man who pays cash for everything is supposed to be doing business on small capital, while a man who gets things on credit, or, what is better still, pays for them in notes, is generally believed to be operating on such a large scale that he has no ready money to spare for small deals.

"As for getting credit, it is the first step that costs, of course, but a man can begin by referring people to his landlord and the tradesmen with whom he deals, if he can do no better. If he has no accounts anywhere, he must set about having them; get trusts for small amounts and you will in time get trusted for larger ones. The first requisite to wealth is not money, but credit. Get credit and you will do business amounting to an indefinite number of times your capital.

"Without dilating further on the advantages of credit, let me give you an illustration of the disadvantages of doing business on a cash basis. A country merchant I knew who had always paid cash for everything he bought (and did a correspondingly small business) determined finally to enlarge his trade, and to do this required the credit he had never before asked for. When he came to town and asked the men to whom he had al ways paid cash to let him have goods on time, they one and all became su-picious of him and refused. The very fact that he had always paid cash made them think, when he finally asked for credit, that he wasn't a sate man to trust. Moral: Never pay cash for anything if you would avoid suspicion."

POPULAR HOTEL MAN.

is I was troubled with pimples on my face and head which caused me much dies without benefit I was advised to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle heiped me and I took four botiles. I am now completely cured. JAMES REILLEY, Proprietor Chapman House, Sarnia, Ont.

Hood's Pills act easily and promptly on the liver and bowels. Cure sick head-

PATENT REPORT.

Below will be found the only com plete up to date report of patents granted by the United States Gov ernment this week to Canadian inventors. This report is prepared specially for this paper by Messrs. Marion & Marion, solicitors, of patents and experts, Head Office, 185 St. James street, Temple Building, Montreal, from whom all information may be readily obtained :-584849-Daniel Brenan, apparatus for

mixing mortar.
584982-William A. Bunn, fastener for

neckties. 584771-Louis Delettrez, melting furnace 584992-Julia Egan, hat holder.

585027-Edward Gurney. stove. 585031-Charles L. Heisler, locomotive.

584955—George A. McLeod, calendar. 584895—Jacob Salé, folding baby carriage. 584900-Braxton L. Scott, funnel. 584967-Albert H. Strong, puzzle.

585066 -Louis B. Vincent, match box. 585146-William A. Winn, wind will. 585148-Humphrey B. Young et al, thill coupling.

A COUGH REMEDY. A troublesome throat irritation or

cough, the result of a cold, is most annoying, but a home remedy will relieve and oftentimes cure it without the aid of other medicines. The following formula was given by a physician many years ago and has been found to be of great value: Take a quarter of a pound of the best gum arabic and pour over it half a pint of hot water. Cover and leave it until the gum is dissolved. Then add a quarter of a pound of pure white augur and a generous half gill of strained lemon juice. Place these ingredients over the fire and let them simmer about ten minutes. Then pour the mixture into a bottle and cork. When taking this syrup, a little water may be added.

A Child of the Age-"Otto, you have a had report. What does that mean?" Yes, papa; teacher must have something against you!"

Jones Brown: Idon't see how you can afford to give her such valuable presents. Brown Jones.: Why, I get them back again, don't I, when we are married?

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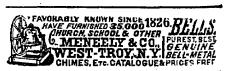
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