CYCLING TRIPS

The Wheel Is a Family Affair in France.

John Foster Fraser, author of "Round the World on a Wheel," contributes the following to Young Men, of London, Eng.: I believe folks across the channel get far more encoment out of cycling than we in England do. We are tremendously proper, riding in straw hats and clipfastened flannel trousers, and sitting bolt upright and awkward; or else we get into a semi-racing costume, curl ourselves into the shape of an S, with noses over our handlebars, and come under the general unenviable definition of being "scorchers." So with our wives, our sisters, and the other fellows' sisters. They wear long and flapping ungainly skirts, and they ride machines with seats too IVW and handlebars too high, and are altogether quite correct and decorous; or else they wear horrible "bloomers," baggy and awkward and not pretty, and they mount men's bicyries, and hate to have brakes, and ride fast through traffic, and altogether do their best to secure a reputation of being much too forward and not exactly mice persons to invite to afternoon tea.

Now, they do these things much better on the continent. In France particularly there is an amount of frolic-some romance introduced into wheeling that we don't understand, and at times, indeed, are rather shocked about. You have only to compare the cyclists you see in Hyde Park or Battersea Park with those you see on the Bois de Boulogne. The Parisian devotees of the wheel are the most picturesque riders in the world-barring, of course, the Shanghal Chinaman, who, with flowing pigtail, silken biue lacket, yellow satin trousers and shoes, tricked out with green and red bows, both picturesque and quaint.

In France lighter-built machines than ours are usually ridden. We affect tweed jackets; our Gallic friends prefer jerseys, white, green, blue, when you get into Austria.

And one of the icligate of continent-tricolors. Then the Parisienne is a cycling is the charming welcome children. arm believer in the bifurcated garment. Somehow, English girls, who wear bright biouses when tennis-play-'ng and have gorgeous flowers in their hats, always—if they are "rationally" bloomers of dowdy The Parisian girl tries to make herself as pretty and as at-tractive in her bicycling garb as though she was going to a garden par-ty. So the boulevards of Paris are gay with cyclists. Even the messenger boy with box containing "the latest thing in hats," swung behind his shoulder, is attractive in his blue suit and gilt buttons, and, like his prototype in England, he dearly loves to go whizzing past a swaying, jolting four-wheeled cab and impudently to the fat driver that he

virons of Paris, where the roads are wide and level and the thick bunched trees throw deep shadows by the way, to meet whole families going off to The young husband and wife probably drive a tandem and have a little basket-chair in front, whereon the baby, to its gurgling delight, can be carried, and the daughter of the household, a mite under the age of ten, but a pocket edition of her mamma, in pretty, chic clothes, spins along independently, proud in the satisfac-tion she can ride as fast as her par-The French are a family-loving people, and it is one of the most charming sights imaginable to come across little family groups of cyclists hastening to the woods to idle the day away. And human nature among the cyclists of Paris is not unlike human nature among the cyclists of London. In wayside copses, resting beneath the trees, you may catch a glimpse now and then of a fair-eyed maid reading poetry aloud, and by her reclines a youth, who looks upon her fondly, and no doubt tells her that never had he heard such duclet music as her words.

Frenchmen are not rovers born like we Britishers. But the love of cycling, if it hasn't sent them trundling their wheels round the world, has at of the delightful corners and nooks of their fascinating land. There is a Touring Club de France with quite a brilliant array of members. And certainly France is very beauti-

There is no policeman to enforce the laws of health and to call "stop!"

> when you are in danger from disease. But Nature has her own danger signals. When pain shoots like a lightning flash along the nerves, when the heart beats feebly or irregularly, when there is unnatural fullness after eating, sour risings, headache, coated tongue or irritable temper, then Nature is plucking you by the sleeve and calling "stop!" To neglect these warnings is dangerous. Derangement of the stomach and its allied organs is but the beginning of trouble for the whole body. As a complete cure for disease of the stomach

and the organs of digestion and nutrition Doctor Merce's Golden Medical Discovery stands without an equal. It purifies the blood, cleanses the system of poisonous accumulations, nourishes the starved nerves and builds up the entire body, blood and bone, muscle and nerve.

"It is with pleasure that I tell you what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery and 'Pellets' have done for me," writes Mrs. T. M. Palmer, of Peede, Kaufman Co., Tenza. "Two years ago I was taken with stomach and bowel trouble. Everything I ate would put me in distress. I lived two weeks on milk and even that gave me pain. I felt as though I would starve to death. Three doctors attended me one said I had dyspepsia, two said catarrh of the stomach and bowels. They attended me (one at a time) for one year. I stopped taking their medicine and tried patent medicine; got no better, and I grew so weak 2nd nervous my heart would flutter. I could not do any kind of work. Now I can do my house work very well, am gaining in fiesh and strength, and can eat anything." nerves and builds up the entire body,

ful to go touring through. I love—now that I have returned from my wheel wanderings—to go spinning along with a congenial friend, through the lovely lanes of my own land. But the drawback to touring in England is the general badness of its inns. In nearly every French village you find a neat clean hostlery where the food will be clean hostlery, where the food will be excellently cooked, the service kindly, the bedrooms bright and cheery. Besides, the cnarges are moderate. In England there are few villages where John Foster Fraser's Charming Sketch

-Features of 'Cycling in Germany.

Austria and Russia.

England there are few Villages where you can get a passable meal. In the small towns the cooking is often bal, the attendance shocking, and the charges inordinate. That is why in France you frequently find more Englishmen touring on bicycles than you should have a start of Alma Jose de Navarro. He is now about three years old. He has his father's features. No matter who his mother's guests may be, she always stays with him in the evening until he is asleep. Even with-

will find in England itself. A tour in France awheel is a delightful way to spend a holiday. Of course there are troubles in getting past the customs officials, but if you are a member of the Cyclist Touring Club much of the difficulty is smoothed away. It is good fun touring in a party. providing the number is small. Four or five are sufficient. Large parties are a nuisance, and not very man-ageable. Cliques inevitably form; there are constant delays owing to a breakdown of somebody's machine; some riders will think the pace too fast, and others will declare it is ri-diculously slow, and at the hotels it happens that some members always get the best rooms, and so discontent and ill-feeling are bred. This is why big touring parties are usually fall-ures. The best way, then, is to have a party numbering four or six—all well equainted with one another beforehand-appoint one of the party captain, and let his word be law on the hours of starting, how long the rests shall be, whether, if the weather is murky, you stop or go on. Then another member should be treasurer, and all hotel expenses and refreshments

by the way should be pooled.

But still there are thousands of cyclists who have already been to France, have ridden through Holland, seen practically all there is to be seen in Belgium, and now sigh for fresh countries to conquer. Let me suggest, then, a little ride in Germany and Austria. Proceed with your bicycle to Cologne, and ride by the Rhine side to Coblenz, and thence to Mayence. Darmstadt, Mannheim, Stuggart, Ulm. Augsburg, Munich, and so over the frontier to Vienna. The whole distance can be done very comfortably within a fornight. I have been over the route. In Wurtemberg and Bavaria you seem to slip back to the fourteenth century; everything is so quaint and old-time. The roads are excellent, and only hilly

you receive everywhere. You may not know the lang rige, but instead of this causing confusion it will enly lead to a greater show of courtesy on the part of the people you meet. There are cellent cycling clubs in Germany. But snuff or dusty tint, and apparently the Teuton is a solid, serious rider endeavor to make themselves unprecompared with his Ganic neighbor. A club run is much like a military parade. The members are often in uniform, and on the highway ride four abreast. The canan is at the head, and shouts his commands like a brigadier-general. When a vehicle is being passed, the cyclis's form into twos or single file with quite a soldier-like

Though the Germans are Austria it was by no means an un-usual thing to find that the daughters of the inn had been early astir, had gathered a posy of flowers and tied it to the handlebars. The same good-heartede friendliness I met in Hungary. The day I rode out of Buda-Pesth it was almost impossible to see parts of my bicycle for the flowers and ribbons of the national colors-green. red and white. I have kept these ribbons as a remembrance of an exceedingly hospitable people, as I found the Hungarians to be. The Hungarians have good memories, and they remember that the English were their friends when they were struggling to cast off the Austrian yoke. So every Britisher who goes to Hungary on his bicycle will find warm welcomes from the Magyars. I made it a rule in Hungary to wear a tie of the national colors, just as when I was in America I carried a miniature flag of the Stars and Stripes on my bicycle, along with my little Union Jack. These little amenities are always appreciated. It is the Britisher abroad who is wooden and starched and sneeringly superior that is disliked. you don't put on airs, if you rea. ber that because you are Briton-boi . /that It is no qualification for you to be rude to other least made them acquainted with nationalities, you can go anywhere and everywhere and have a good time.

Russia is not a land to be recommended to the cyclist. But should the ad- proceeds: venturous go so far, he will find the Russians bursting with hospitality. Though their roads are so bad, the where it has not been.

The one terror of the Englishman cycling abroad is the feroclousness of the dogs. True, in Bavaria, I found it the geese that showed fight, while the drowsed in the sun and looked on blinkingly. But it is the canine nuisance that is disturbing wherever you go. Some continental cyclists carlittle squirts of ammonia, which they fire at the animal when it comes yelping; others have little explosive bullets which go off when thrown on the ground; but the most customary weapon is a switch, carried by a little clip on the handlebar.

I remember being in Brussels on the day of the National Fete a year or two ago, and attending the eyeling sports, which were honored by the presence of King Leopold. There was a special gold medal prize offered by his Majesty. The race was won by an Englishman, a little stiff-set fellow, builet-headed and awkward in his gait. He came up slouchingly to receive his medal. "You rode well, and I'm glad to make your acquaintance," said the king, holding out his long thin white hand. The Englishman looked at his own hand, dirty and covered with perspiration. "And I'm very glad to meet your Majesty,' he said at last, rubbing his hand on his breeches leg to clean it before taking the king's hand. And when he did take it he gave it a hearty shake as though he was greeting an old friend. The king smiled, and those round about laughed. "I hope you're quite well, your Majesty," said the cyclist as the king handed him his medal.
"Yes, thank you," answered King
Leopold, laughing himself. Then the Briton ran off to his dressing-room. The episode just showed that the English racing cyclist on the continent is often more honored than he is at often more home. I don't think the Queen has ever shaken hands with one of our record-breakers.

Mary Anderson at Home. Mary Anderson's chief delight is her boy, a sturdy little chap, wno bears the name of Alma Jose de Navarro. evening until he is asleep. Even within the last year Mary Anderson has received many tempting offers of professional engagements. "But," she says, "I have done with public life forever. I am living for my husband and help."

I am living for my husband and baby. Mrs. Navarro is an ideal mother, hostess and housekeeper. She is in her garden every summer morning at 7. Her home, Court Farm, is an old-fashioned Elizabethan farmhouse, gables, in the picturesque little village of Broadway, near Worcester, England. It is a delightful old world place, nestling close under the Cotswold Hills, miles away from the rail-

Novelty in Scaling-Wax. A Frenchman has become the benefactor of that part of humanity which is accustomed to seal its own letters with wax by combining the candle and the sealing wax. He has put a wick down the center of the stick of sealing wax. All that has to be done is simply to light the wick and hold the wax parallel to the letter, and every drop of melted wax that falls leaves a bit more wick free for the flame to feed on.

> +++ A Dainty Cake.

The present price of the wax with a

wick is about twice the price of an

ordinary stick.

Four eggs, reserving the whites of two, if small, the white of one, if large; two cupfuls of brown sugar, one-half cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls of cinnamon, one spoonful of cloves, two cupfuls of flour,

Bake in three layers. One cupful of raisins, seeded, chopped and stirred into boiled icing, for which the whites of two eggs, if small, are to be reserved as before said. Use two scant cupfuls of sugar to two small eggs, one cupful to one large egg. This

White Gowns.

White, which has been so very popular through the summer, still seems likely to remain in high favor, even during the autumn and winter months. There is much to be said in its favor, too, for it suits most people better than colors do, and, all traditions to the contrary notwithstanding, one must admit that white is very becoming to the middle-aged, and even to the elderly, always supposing of course, that with advancing years they have been fortunate enough to keep their youthful slimness, and have not lost the juvenile contour of thir figures. Speakstaid and dignified in their cycling, juvenile contour of thir figures. Speakyou begin to notice a difference in
character as soon as you get amongst
the Austrians. They have more gaiety younger members of the community, shouldn't go to sleep.

Here in our own country members of a family "bike." In France all the family, or none, "bike." Indeed it is quite common, in the delightful environs of Paris, where the roads are phlegmatic. When I was riding across the use of white is that it is unquestionably more suitable for a person of slender or medium figure than for inclined to a superabundance of flesh. For the latter nothing is so becoming as a plain black gown. Men always like black; not one-tenth of them can tell why, but the fact remains that a black dress is more likely call forth favorable comment from the average unobservant male than anything else. This has been proved any number of times.

> What Degrades Domestic Service.

Mistresses would do well to read the paper on domestic service and the responsibilities of employers which is contributed to the August Forum by Mary Roberts Smith, associate professor of sociology in Leland Stanford Junior University. The writer finds the cause of the increasing disfavor with which domestic science is regarded chiefly in three things: as compared with other occupations, its ir regularity of hours, social stigma, and lack of personal independence. The social stigma is traced to the fact that household service, almost alone among all other classes of labor, has not been emancipated from the traditions of feu dal servitity. The learned professor

A deeper cause, however, is the liking of human nature to command its inferiors. Women, especially do not want Muscovites are as ardent cyclists as intelligent squals to serve them; they the Americans, and that is saying a want an inferior, a subordinate,—a serthe Americans, and that is saying a want an inferior, a subordinate,—a sergood deal. In most cities there are vant, not an employe. Compare the atcycling clubs, larger in numbers than titude of a business man towards an you find in English towns of the same size and there is generally a specially built club pavilion with a track adjoining, where riders can train or race, attaching to service, intelligent, self-respecting women shun it; because you find in English towns of the same employe, and the attitude of the miscial stigma increases. Cause and effect are reciprocal. The fact of social inferiority is expressed in many petty ways-by the use of the Christian name, by the requirement of livery when not on duty, by a servile manner, and, more than all, by the social isolation. Every other class-has its amusements, every other girl has her opportunity for suitable marriage; but the maid-servant must go out of doors to be entertained or to be courted. Some of this is due to the low social standard of domestics as a class; but much more of it is attributed to the notions of the mistress. The social ban extends to the very stratum of soclety; the petty tradesman will marry a sewing girl, a shop girl, a tailoress

Hrs. George Williams, Fairfield Plains, Ont., rofused all substitutes. -- Would have only Laxa-Liver Pills.

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and Dyspepsia, don't be persuaded to try a substitute. Take example from Mrs. George Williams, Fairfield Plains, Out., who says: "As there are so many other modicines offered for sale and recommended to be as good as Lava Liver Pills I am particular to get only the gennine, as they far surpass anything else for regulating the bowels and correcting disorders of the stomach,"

but not a "hired" girl; the working girls' clubs admit all kinds of respect-able women to their membership ex-cept the domestic. Socially the domestic is tabooed, ignored, slighted by every class except the day laborer.

That it is a woman that thus probes the weakness of the mistress-mind adds to the pungency of the remarks.

+++ A Handy Table.

A new table is being shown in the furniture stores which could easily be duplicated in less expensive materials and placed in more than one room in the house.

This table is designed especially for photographs, and will fill a long-feit want. It is about as large as the old-fashioned work table and, like it, has a top which opens, disclosing a box inside which is divided into compartments of different sizes for the recep-tion of photographs. The top is of pleated satin brocade, so arranged that pictures can be poked in here and there, and when opened the top forms quite an ornamental beckground for the faces of our friends.

The Poets.

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Admirals All.

A Song of Sea-Kings. Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake, Here's to the bold and free! Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake, Hall to the Kings of the Sea! Admirals all, for England's sake, Honor be yours, and fame! And honor, as long as waves shall

break, To Neison's peerless name.

Admirals all, for England's sake, Honor be yours and fame! And honor, as long as waves shall break. To Neison's peerless name!

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay, With the galleons fair in sight Howard at last must give him his way And the word was passed to fight. Never was schoolboy gayer than he Since holidays first began; He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea, And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared. Their cities he put to sack; He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard, And harried his ships to wrack. He was playing at Plymouth a rubber

When the great Armada came; But he said, "They must wait their turn, good souls," And he stopped and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold, Duncan he had but two; But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled, And his colors aloft he flew.

I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried, "And I'll sink with a right goodwill, For I know when we're all of us un-

der the tide
My flag will be fluttering still. Splinters were flying above, below, When Nelson sailed the Sound; "Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere

Said he, "for a thousand pound!" The Admiral's signal bade him fly, But he wickedly wagged his head;

He clapped the glass to his sightless And "I'm damned if I see it," he said. Admirals all, they said their say

(The echoes are ringing still). Admirals all, they went their way To the haven under the hill. But they left us a kingdom none can take-The realm of the circling sea-

To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake. And the Rodneys yet to be.

Admirals all, for England's sake, Honor be yours and fame! And honor, as long as waves shall break. To Nelson's peerless name!

-Henry Newboldt.

What the Chimney Sang.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang. And chanted a melody no one knew And the woman stopped, as her babe she tossed, And thought of the one she had long

And said, as her teardrops back she forced. "I hate the wind in the chimney."

Over the chimney the night-wind sang. And chanted a melody no one knew; And the children said, as they closer drew,
'Tis some witch that is cleaving the

black night through, 'Tis a fairy trumpet that just then And we fear the wind in the chimney.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang, And chanted a melody no one knew; And the man as he sat on his hearth below. Said to himself, "It will surely snow

And fuel is dear and wages low, And I'll stop the leak in the chimney.

Over the chimney the night-wind sang. And chanted a melody no one knew; But the poet listened and smiled, for Was man and woman and child, all

three, And said, "It is God's own harmony, This wind we hear in the chimney. -Bret Harte.

TRAVELING UP TO DATE. You can go to sleep in London in the rain

And awake in giddy Paris-sur-la-Seine, We can dine with Madame Sara, On the famous Riviera, And spend the night at Frankfort-onthe-Main. We can hurry on to Norway if we like,

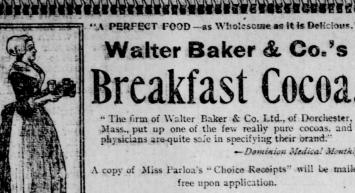
Or cross the great Sahara on a bike, Then, without a word of warning, We can spend tomorrow morning At Haarlem with a Dutch girl on a dike. We can circumnavigate the waters

blue, And the Czar of all the Russias in-And then, desire unjaded,
Seek a country uninvaded.
Or thread the mazy streets of Tim-

We can picnic underneath St. Peter's dome, Or play checkers in a chilly catacomb, Till at last the only places
Where we haven't shown our faces
Will be the great North Pola—oh, yes,
and home!

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