

# In Woman's Interest

**Those Wrinkles.**  
All wrinkles are produced in the first instance by the frequent repetition of some muscular contraction, or by sickness. They are not merely superficial, as some suppose, but appear when the epidermis is removed, and are found not only in the face, but all over the body. They do not run in any regular direction, and no law has been found including all their directions, and while we see them in some cases, very old children, and quite commonly in people of 65, they are only normal in a healthy person at 40 and over.

Vertical wrinkles between the eyes come quickly to those who study much or worry themselves. This can easily be accounted for; the eyebrows contract naturally in deep thought, and grief or worry produces the same action, which, when repeated frequently, causes a fold in the skin, marking emotion. Undergoes many times. Straight wrinkles across the forehead are in most cases produced through the wily habit of elevating the eyebrows, and are generally premature. These can be avoided by care and attention in keeping the eyebrows perfectly still when speaking, and if women would take more care in controlling the muscles of the face, we should not see so many wrinkles on comparatively young people. There are women who cannot or will not speak calmly, but make grimaces which bring all their muscles into play with every word they utter, which is fatal to the preservation of a smooth skin.

Crow's feet are supposed to mark the passing of the 40th year, and diverge in furrows from the external angles of the eyes in all directions, like the claw of a bird, from which they are named. The wrinkles of the nose, which descend down each side of the mouth, are generally the first to appear; they are created in laughing and mastication; a simple smile is sufficient to produce them, so it is not surprising that the position of these commonest of acts should soon be graven on the face.

The wrinkles of the cheeks and chin follow the oval of the face, and are caused by a diminution of the fatty substance under the skin, which then falls into folds. These found in the eyelids and underneath the eyes are the result of hard living, grief or worry. Considerable work does not create wrinkles, but the premature ones, which so often disfigure a young face, can certainly be prevented by a judicious use of cold cream, which keeps the skin moist, care in the selection of soap, and the avoidance of anything which causes wrinkling the forehead when washing. Tepid water, neither hot nor cold, should be used all the year round, and plain tar soap is preferable to any other. Some people object to using soap on the face; this may be all very well in the country, but when one is exposed to the dust and dirt of a big city, soap is a stern necessity.

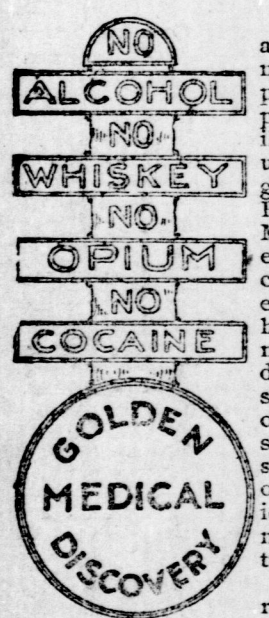
### Black Muslin in Vogue.

Black lawn hats are the latest fancy of fashion, and all the smart women wear them. They are made with a wired crown, and four or five plished ruffles extending out from the face to form a wide brim, say the Boston Globes. A piece of the lawn is wound about the crown and tied in front in a huge bow. There is no color about it anywhere, and nothing employed in the making but the black lawn. Nothing can be more becoming than this charming trimming for the face of full black hair, all fringed and undulating over the hair, says the Chicago Tribune. They are worn in the city shops, because they are a novelty, but if you are clever you can make one for yourself. If it is too difficult to make the hat without a frame, you can buy a black wire frame with a plain crown about three inches high and a narrow brim, as you only want a wire or two to support the ruffles, as they stand out well with their own fullness.

Black muslin frocks, too, are particularly fashionable with this year, and have the upper part of the body, the tight sleeves and the bottom of the trailing skirt shirred in little fine shirtings on cords of featherbone, the tulle falling long and being ruffled about the edge. Such a gown as this, of the finest, thinnest black French lawn is worn by a well-known society woman at Newport, and with it she wears a white tulle hat heaped high with white tulle pompons.

The white muslin gowns worn are made in the most ravishing styles, with a profusion of little frills, puffs, ruffles and tucks, and with their floating tulle they look like something out of old pictures.

They have no lining in the sleeves and under the shoulders, and the glow of the flesh shows through beautifully. With these floating white gowns are



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worn the black lawn and muslin hats and the green and violet parasols and shoes make up the perfect toilettes.

### Electric Novelties for the House.

Electricity for heating is now introduced in many houses, and the kitchen outfit is almost complete. One can cook without heat, dust or smoke in the new electric kitchen. There are electrical tea-kettles, stew-pans, coffee-pots and toasters. They are easily manipulated where electricity enters the house. By attaching a wire to the knob on the small implement heat is quickly communicated to it. Very little heat is given to the surrounding air by the knob, and one can cook in a small kitchen with a large electrical range without experiencing any appreciable discomfort from the temperature. For hot-weather use one can fry apples in unassisted heat, and is bound to come into general use as electricity becomes more popular as an economic household agent. The small electrical cooking utensils cost from \$5 to \$50 apiece and a complete electrical kitchen outfit can be obtained at from \$100 to \$200.

### Invalid's Screen.

Here is a suggestion for the comfort of your dear one: Prepare a screen large enough to shut off light, draughts, etc., and secure privacy when necessary, and on the side which is to be next the bed or invalid put a pocket of various shapes—one for a book or a magazine, a long narrow one for the clinical thermometer, others for bottles and boxes of medicine; still others for scissors, rubber bands, handkerchiefs, small snuff-box, stationery, and so on. Your own intelligence will tell you just what particular pockets your invalid will most appreciate, and they may either be stitched on, glued on, or attached by means of fancy sewing or embroidery.

### Mutton and Tomato Sauce.

Make three cups of good tomato sauce thickened with a heaping teaspoonful of flour rubbed into one of butter. Keep hot in a double boiler set at the side of the range. Toast slices of bread, butter them, spread on a platter and put a tablespoonful of tomato sauce on each slice, and the remainder of the tomato sauce turn two cupfuls of minced mutton, put the saucepan over the fire, stir until the meat is thoroughly heated, season to taste, and pour upon the toast.

## EDUCATE THE MOTHERS

### Girls Should Be Taught the Duties of Motherhood

To the Interest of Posterity—Sad Effects of Ignorance.

[Hamilton Times.]

A little while ago when a few alarmists were screeching about Ontario's low birth rate and pointing with envy to Quebec, the Times ventured to say that Ontario's case when considered in the light of death as well as birth statistics, gave no cause for apprehension. We pointed out that while Ontario had a comparatively low birth rate, on the face of the returns, it had also a very low death rate, whereas Quebec's infant mortality was enormous. In Ontario marriages take place much later in life, couples are better educated, and the conditions of poverty and mental and physical strain on the mother—are not conducive to the vitality of the race. Four or five well-born, well-nurtured, well-educated, happy children in a family are better than a dozen weaklings, who start handicapped pre-natally to perish by the way or drag out a miserable manhood or womanhood. This view, we are led to believe, is held by many people who decline to join in the rant raised in certain quarters. And intelligent people in Quebec also see that there is another side to the birth rate question. The gross ignorance of very young mothers, chargeable with an awful amount of infant suffering and mortality, is Dr. Labege, city health officer of Montreal, the other day said that "the ignorance of young mothers, over-chargeable with an awful amount of infant suffering and mortality, is a very serious matter. It is a very serious matter, the birth rate record is kept high!"

Dr. Labege thinks some organized system of teaching young mothers their duties and responsibilities ought to be undertaken, even if the city has to pay for it. Perhaps something could be done in that way, but to the student of sociology that would seem to be beginning to late and touching only the fringe of the subject. The girls should be taught while they are yet girls. Marriage at 15 to 18 should be discouraged, and young women ought to be taught plain facts about themselves, the duties of wifehood and parenthood—facts which even among Ontario mothers and daughters are to the latter's cost, too often untaught. No duty is so important as that of the wife and mother; to none do many immature girls bring less intelligence. They blunder along, it is true, but human souls pay the penalty of their ignorance. Mothers are too much to blame; the early marriage, high birth-rate ranks are also blameable. It is a delicate subject, but somebody has a duty to perform toward the young girls; that somebody is primarily the mother. If the mother is incompetent, then society must instruct them, or society must suffer.

In this connection Dr. Labege, of Montreal, is in receipt of a letter from one who says she is "an old woman," and her advice is: "Instead of teaching young mothers begin with the girls. Get up a society of intelligent women, and, as you say, divide the city into sections. Let the women find out the girls, rich and poor, contemplating marriage, and send them to the institutions where babies are cared for, say, for a month or three months, those who are able to pay for the instruction to do so. Have a woman with practical knowledge give common sense talks to these girls, how to handle and care for infants. Tell them their duties as wives and mothers; show them the serious side of marriage, for the mothers of today are too ignorant to teach their

daughters; tell them how infants are to be fed—not with the bottle; tell them that when the law of nature is outraged humanity must suffer, as we notice present in the many unhappy homes where the children have no love for the parents nor the parents an intelligent love for the children."

There is more to be considered in this connection than mere numbers of births. Men exercise judgment in breeding horses, cattle, sheep and hogs. How much more should we consider posterity!

## MEADOWHURST CHILDREN

"Meadowhurst Children and other Tales," by Mrs. Eleanor Le Sueur MacNaughton, of Quebec, is a book of stories for children, which should receive a warm welcome from the Canadian public. It is not necessary to read more than a page in order to see that the author is thoroughly at home with children, and finds an infinite fund of interest in their sayings and doings and all the workings of their minds and hearts. This, of course, is the primary qualification for success in writing for children. Mrs. MacNaughton possesses, in addition, a bright and attractive literary style, free from all unnecessary verbiage and other unassimilable matter. The child who takes up this book to read will find himself or herself fairly and squarely dealt with; that is to say, he or she will find things of real interest in language which needs no interpreter beyond childish experience. Mrs. MacNaughton observes in her preface—and quite correctly in our opinion—that books of this character are scarce. We congratulate her on having so successfully realized in the book before us her own conception of what a book for children should be.

We are not told where "Meadowhurst" is, but considering that the author lives in the ancient city, we should be disposed to locate it somewhere on the St. Lawrence shore. Certain it is that a French-Canadian population forms that of the background; and it is pleasant to observe with what friendliness and sympathy Mrs. MacNaughton describes their customs and characteristics. In a country like ours, in which it is important to cultivate good feeling between our different race elements, this gives the book a distinct value apart from its other merits. The Meadowhurst children are either permanent residents of the place, or visit it for their holidays; and a very happy and interesting group they form. They have a great many different ways of amusing themselves. In the first chapter they perform a play, which they call "The Babe in the Wood." In the second they have a picnic; in the third, a bazaar; in the fourth a plot begins to form, which in the fifth results in a wedding, seen, however, and described entirely from a child's point of view. Chapters six and seven describe their adventures; and to the end there is always something doing which holds the reader's attention and sometimes almost hold his breath. We must in particular mention the story in two parts called "The Children's Rock," in which is most graphically and feelingly narrated the danger and the rescue of two children who were caught by a rising tide while playing on a rock at a considerable distance from the land. A brief quotation from the book will perhaps give a better idea of its quality than any description.

"Barbara Fritchie" in a delightful old garret began to talk of the bravery of the aged heroine. "It was grand," said Peggy, "but oh, Olive, how could she do it? I know that I never could. Why, if I even heard that an enemy's army was coming to Meadowhurst I'd be so frightened that I couldn't sleep nights!" "Fooh!" said Fred, "What a goose you are, Peggy. Why, I should love an army to come, and if there were any flags that ought to be up and I would lead them down, Larry and I would be afraid of the chance. Wouldn't we Larry?" "Yes, after the army had tramped away," said Larry.

"No," said Fred, "we'd haul them up again, and then we'd have them there all pointing their rifles at us, at least, I would; you could be a coward if you liked."

"Oh, ho!" said Larry, "I'd like to know who was coward last year when we were in the woods?" Fred turned very red in the face. He can't bear snakes, and one day in the autumn, when were gathering cones and mosses for our bazaar, and met a big black and yellow one, he took a white air and ran away. "I wasn't afraid of the snake," he said, "it could do no harm; for father says none of the snakes here are poisonous, but it was so ugly it made me feel sick."

"Well, the enemy would make me feel sick," said Larry. "How silly you both are," I said, "to dispute what is never likely to happen. There is no war now and no enemy likely to come to Meadowhurst; and though I should like to do something brave, just as you, Fred, I don't believe I'll ever get the chance, not till I'm big anyway, and perhaps not even then. Heroes and heroines are nearly always great people, kings or queens or generals, or they live when something exciting is going on, like Barbara Fritchie. Of course, in our time there must be lots of chances."

"Everybody has chances," said Fred. "Our teacher was telling us that just the other day. He said that the world was a battle field and that every one had a chance to be a hero, and he is making a good rattling piece about it. I don't know it all yet, but just listen to this verse," and Fred jumped off the sofa and stood up very straight while he said: "In the world's broad field of battle, Be not like dumb driven cattle; Be a hero in the strife." "There, now, what do you think of that?" "I don't know what it means," said Larry. "Do cattle go to battle?" "Of course not," said Fred. "Well, why does he say not to be like them?" "He means—why, he means not to act as they would if they did go, you stupid!" "I don't see how he knew anything about it," said Larry, "and I don't think he knew much about cattle either. If they did go to battle and were anything like Farmer Flaxman's bull, they'd make things pretty lively and not be dumb, either."

little things to help them and make them happy."

"Well, Peggy," said Fred, kindly, "of course there must be some people like that to be proud of the others, and it may be just as well for you and Olive to, since she's a girl, to be something like cattle, kind and harmless and useful; but you bet when my chance comes, I am going to take it, and then perhaps you will both be learning a piece about Fred Archer instead of Barbara Fritchie."

"Do cattle learn pieces?" Larry said, but Fred took no notice of him, and as the garret was beginning to get dark, we all went down stairs. The book is full of pleasant scenes, and then lit up by a touch of humor, and could hardly be read by children without helping to make them happy and good.

## Boys and Girls.

### The Land of the Make-Believe

[By Dora M. Conger.]  
Merry little lady,  
Playing in the sun,  
Selling things to mother  
"Havin' lots o' fun."

Drags the baby's go-cart,  
Don't you hear her cry—  
"Fankins an' potatoes,  
What you want to buy?"

Lilac-leaves are lettuce,  
A cabbage is a rose;  
The green grapes in the basket  
Are melons, I suppose.

Currants make nice apples—  
Yellow, green and red,  
I hug an' little huckstress,  
Who shakes her curly head.

"You musn't do so, mother;  
I'm Tompkins with his wagon,  
Do please, play right," says she.

"What you want this mornin'—  
Sweet corn, or some peas?  
I've just the nicest spinach,  
An' beans—just look at these!"

"I think I'll take a melon,  
Tomatoes, and some greens;  
And, since you recommend them,  
Of course, I want some beans."

I ask how much I owe her—  
"Two dollars and a half."  
I gravely count out buttons,  
She breaks into a laugh.

"You've not enough to buy 'em,  
Unless you've more than this,  
But just because it's you, mamma,  
I'll sell 'em for a kiss!"

### William Was Proud

When he arrived, a young and unknown kitten, at his future home, he had no idea what honors awaited him. His name, William Anthony, United States Marine Corps, tells that his owner is a small American boy who is American war, and a hero-worshipper, who was familiar with the names and deeds of our country's latest heroes. William Anthony was the name, you doubtless remember, of the orderly who announced the blowing up of the Maine to the captain. It is said of him that he saluted just as he would have saluted his superior at any time, and delivered his message in a calm, even tone, as he would any message. This little boy was called for shortly after the blowing up of the Maine, and voted the orderly one of our nation's heroes. The name must be honored, it could not be given to the canary, for he was named after the kitten came shortly after to the small boy, and was named William Anthony at once. A hero was honored and a small boy was happy.

Whether because of his name, or because he was educated to be exclusive, William Anthony was called for shortly after he was educated to be exclusive, would not eat out of a chipped saucer, nor would he eat meat that was not carefully cut. Summer came and the small boy and his family were to go to the country; what was to be done with William? The cook had a sister who had children who were fond of cats, William thought about it for some days, and as the cook, who was devoted to William, was going to visit her sister, the boy decided that his much-loved William might go.

These children welcomed William with enthusiasm, almost forgetting to show how delighted they were to see their aunt. The oldest girl had studied history, and she showed the kings were sometimes given titles that showed their character, such as William the Silent. In less than a week William Anthony became William the Proud. The family adopted the name easily, for English, and used to their kings and queens; it was in their blood, so to speak. The cook adopted the name as particularly fitting, and it was introduced to William's own home. This year the cook is not going to live with her sister's children, and other arrangements had to be made for William the Proud. The grocer came forward and announced that he generally needed a cat in his store to take care of the rats and mice. William won the cook's affection because he was a champion in the matter of catching rats and mice, and his virtues were made known to the grocer. The grocer sued for the honor of William the Proud's company; for some of the streets are paved with cobblestones, and in the afternoon, the grocer was happy. The day came that William was to start.

"I shan't take him on the delivery rounds," announced the grocer, "for some of the streets are paved with cobblestones; I'll come in the afternoon and drive him home over smooth pavements." You should have seen William the Proud. The grocer's wagon arrived with a large empty tray crate having a hinged cover. William was put in this with so much dignity that he was not at all humiliated. The cover was dropped quietly upon him; he was carefully carried to the wagon, the whole family watching from the front door as the grocer drove away very carefully with William the Proud, in what he evidently regarded as a throne of state, mounted in a royal carriage. "Well, I should be troubled about his duty. They never are rats or mice who the William lives. He is William Anthony, U. S. M. C. now; I do not want him called William the Proud any more. That's not American," announced William's hum and companion before he started for the mountains.—The Outlook.

### THE PESSIMIST

The pessimist looks in the sky,  
And if a cloud be there  
He straightway heaves a doleful sigh  
Because it isn't fair.  
Or, if perchance, no cloud appear,  
He greatly shakes his head  
And groans: "Unless it rains, I fear  
The crops will soon be dead."

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### The Poets.

The Old Front Gate.  
Wen dath's chillun in de house,  
Fu' kin keep on gittin' tall;  
But de folks don't seem to see  
Dat dey's growin' up at all.  
Twell day fin' out some fine day  
Dat de gals has 'menced to grow,  
Wen dey notice ez dey pass  
Dat de front gate's saggin' low.

Wen de hinges creak an' cry,  
An' de babs go slantin' down,  
You kin reckon dat it's time  
Fu' to cas' yo' eye aroun',  
'Cause dath ain' no 'sputin' dis,  
Hit's de trues' sign to show  
Dat dath's countin' goin' on,  
Wen de ol' front gate sags low.

Oh, you grumble an' complain,  
An' you prep dat gate up right;  
But you notice right nex' day  
Dat hit's in de same ol' plight.  
So you fin' dat hit's a rule,  
An' dath ain' no use to blow,  
Wen de gals is growin' up,  
Dat de front gate will sag low.

Den yo' tink of yo' young days,  
Wen you cotted Sally Jane,  
An' you sot' o' feel ashamed,  
Fu' to grumble an' complain,  
'Cause yo' ricklection says,  
An' you know hits wo'ds is so,  
Dat huh pappy had a time  
Wid his front gate saggin' low.

So you jes' looks on an' smiles  
At 'em leavin' on de gate,  
Try'n to tink whut he kin say  
Fu' to keep him dath so late.  
But you lets date gats erlone,  
Fu' yo' spruce goes to show  
Twell de gals is ma'd off  
It gwine keep on saggin' low.  
—Paul Lawrence Dunbar.

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