

...The HOME CIRCLE

CHARITY.

If some women would only bear in mind that they may need the world's good word themselves some day they say and how they say it. Charity is of thought as well as of deed. It is not restricted to the feeding of the hungry and the clothing of the poor. It is as much needed among the rich as among any other class. The woman who would be a pattern of her sex will cultivate a still tongue. If she would be a blessing to humanity she will temper justice with mercy, and above all she will keep her verdicts to herself when she sits in judgment on her friends.

THE PRESERVE CLOSET.

The temperature of a preserve closet should not rise above 70 degrees. The closet should be perfectly dark, as not only heat but light is injurious to the keeping of preserves. It should also be a perfectly dry room. It is a good plan to have the walls whitewashed once a year—in the general case, the shelves to insure a perfectly wholesome atmosphere. A small compartment in the cellar near the stairs is often a convenient place for the preserve closet. It should, however, be free from dampness or mould, and snugly built if used for this purpose. In many houses it would not be dry enough. There are few things more enticing than a picturesque preserve closet, with its neatly papered shelves laden down with good things for the coming winter.

DON'T GROW OLD.

Many women become middle aged from the simple reason that they allow middle aged habits to steal upon them, and relapse into a state of physical indolence just at a time when they should fight against this tendency to give up exercise, says Woman's Life. The best preventative against growing middle aged are cheerfulness, a strict determination not to worry over trifles, and a sense of humor that saves one from depression. A cold tub every morning, a walk every day in rain and sunshine, face massage with cold cream at night, ten minutes' physical exercise immediately on rising, friction of the hair to stimulate its growth, will keep any woman free from wrinkles and will preserve the contour of the figure.

TOO MUCH CONDIMENT.

What is a condiment? A condiment is something added to the food to make it relish, or make it more pungent. Dr. Smith, in his work on "Food," classes them as medicines. He makes three classes, represented by three articles; salt represents one, vinegar another, pepper the third. They are often used to hide the defects of bad cooking. They are also often used to stimulate a jaded appetite, and they are generally used to excess. If used to hide the defects of badly-prepared food, or food not of the best quality, they do harm by making palatable what ought not to be eaten at all. If used to stimulate a jaded appetite, they may sometimes be useful, although it must not be forgotten that hunger is the best appetizer. But the chief point I wish to emphasize is, that condiments, salt, mustard, pepper, etc., are used in excess. As Dr. Smith says, they are really medicines and certainly well people do not want to take medicine continuously. Salt is probably used in excess more than anything else. So much of it in the system is quite unnecessary and harmful. It paralyzes the nerves of taste, blunts them so everything tastes flat, if not highly seasoned. Sometimes eat at tables where the potatoes are so highly salted I can taste nothing but salt. The potato taste has entirely disappeared. The same is true of pepper on other foods. This gives a sameness to every article of diet, which defeats the very end sought. Condiments should be used in moderation. The nerves of taste then become more acute and more pleasure is given. Bryant, the poet, did not use condiments at all, and there are many nowadays who do not. Especially is highly seasoned food bad for the young.—Journal of Hygiene.

GETTING THE MOST FROM SLEEP.

Cultivate the habit of sleeping in an attitude which is healthy. It may seem absurd to suggest cultivating a habit while asleep, yet it can be done and the health greatly improved thereby. One is often really startled by the extraordinary attitudes assumed by the children in their sleep, and yet the grown members of the family are doing the same foolish thing in a modified degree. The extreme weariness felt by many persons upon getting out of bed in the morning is often due largely to the unnatural position in which the body reposed during the night; the muscles have become strained, and worse than all else, the lungs have labored all night without sufficient fresh air, the result being that the blood is poisoned by the gases and the whole system debilitated. Beds which are too soft, springs which sag, and too many soft pillows, all help to throw the body in an unnatural position. Heavy quilts and over-heated rooms cause restlessness and consequent twisting of the bed into uncomfortable positions. A room kept at 75 or 80 degrees at night is much too warm for health, even if one is accustomed to this temperature. Refreshing sleep is impossible until the room is kept cool and an abundance of fresh air admitted during the night.

SYSTEM IN HOUSEWORK.

By all who have tried it housework is considered hard work and so it should be planned carefully to save the strength of the worker. If the family can be ready for their meals at certain times, thus avoiding the delay which is so annoying to the cook, much time can be saved in the preparation of the food. When breakfast is planned and partially prepared the night before, very little work and time are required to get

it on the table. In this way the work of the day, whether it be washing, ironing or other items of the weekly routine, may begin early and so be done in the cool part of the day. Beds should be aired as early as possible after rising, and windows opened to admit the fresh morning air. Before the sun gets high enough to warm the rooms, the shutters should be closed to keep them cool. A shady porch, on which one can sit at a low table to prepare vegetables, is a great help in the work of the day. Oiled or painted floors can be kept clean by mopping them with weak suds, which is much easier than the old-fashioned way of scrubbing the bare boards to keep them white. A soft wood floor may be made to look nearly as nice as hardwood by staining it with one of the wood stains kept clean with weak pearline suds. The kitchen table should be covered with zinc or oilcloth. The zinc lasts longer and is not injured by setting hot kettles on it. The oilcloth is very nice and is easily kept clean with weak pearline suds. The zinc will need to be rubbed with a rag saturated with kerosene to remove smut, grease and grime and then the mixtures washed off with pearline suds. A lard cap of water, in which to put sticky dishes until ready to wash them, will save considerable work by soaking off the adhering dough or cereal, as the case may be. All of the things used in preparing for baking should be near the kitchen table, while those required about the stove should be arranged on shelves or near it. It is endless trotting to and fro that takes the time and strength of the worker, and anything that will lessen the necessity for it will be welcomed as a valuable assistant.

FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

The old-fashioned boiled dinner, which appeals to certain cultivated tastes may be made more appetizing by boiling the corned beef first, letting the liquor cool in which it boiled, removing all the fat from the top and cooking the various vegetables in it separately in different pots. An old cook, whose corned beef is known for its tenderness, washes the meat thoroughly and boils it very slowly until it is tender. She then removes the meat, plunges it quickly in cold water, takes it from that bath and keeps it in a hot place until the vegetables are cooked. A little of the liquor in which the meat was boiled is saved, after the fat is removed, to moisten the next morning's hash. Equal quantities of meat and cold boiled potatoes chopped together are used for the hash. Sometimes a green pepper freed from its seeds is also contributed. The hash is browned deliciously in plenty of butter. Here is a tasty dish that utilizes an inexpensive cut of meat. Select a neck of lamb, separate it into the natural sections and cut the meat from the bones. Have a casserole at hand, put into it two tablespoonfuls of butter and saute in it a small onion. As soon as the onion is a golden brown, put in the lamb, which has been rolled in salted and peppered flour. Sauté it until it is nicely browned on all sides. Then add two large slices of tomato, a tablespoonful or two of minced ham and two cups of seasoned meat stock or hot water flavored with beef extract and a little kitchen bouquet. Cover the dish tight, put it in the oven and cook slowly for two hours. If vegetable flavoring is liked, about twenty minutes before the dish is to be served, diced carrot and turnip and green peas may be contributed. Send to the table in the casserole.

To cook breakfast bacon when there is no opportunity to broil it over the coals, place the slices in the wire boiler, put it over a bread-pan to catch the drippings, and cook in a hot oven, turn the broiler once. Ham is excellent cooked this way. To broil a chicken, have the bread pan very hot and the chicken split open in the back, and place flat, skin up, in the hot pan. Bake twenty minutes of half an hour. Do not season or put in any water. When done season with butter, pepper and salt, cutting gashes here and there to let the seasoning in. This mode of cooking is almost equal to broiling, and is much easier for the cook.

Almost every housekeeper knows the value of a hot towel in un-moulding jellies and custards. They will appreciate the suggestion in Good Housekeeping of a cold towel to assist in removing a cake or pie from the baking tin. Wrapping the towel of cold water, fold and lay on the table, and set the hot baking tin on it for a few minutes when the obdurate cake or pie may be easily removed. Cover the knife with a piece of oiled paper when cutting butter. This makes the clean smooth cut which delights the heart of the housekeeper who values appearances.

Almost every housewife has a good rule for hickory nut cake, but few have this excellent rule for cookies: Beat to a cream half a pound of butter and a pound of sugar. Add two eggs and a pound of finely-chopped hickory nuts. Stir in flour enough to make the dough quite stiff and roll out into a very thin layer. Cut into round cookies and bake them in a moderately hot oven. When the jumbles are a delicate brown, cut them with a little white of egg, sprinkle with granulated sugar. Hickory nuts are always good stirred into candies, like fondant, fudges or taffy. They are also well liked in salads where English walnuts are used. To five good-sized chopped apples add a cup of minced nuts, also a little celery, and cover with mayonnaise or with a simple dressing, after the following rule: Beat two eggs and stir with them a piece of butter the size of an egg, a scant half teaspoonful of sugar. Add to it (stirring well) a quarter of a cup of vinegar and half a cup of milk. Cook and stir until it is of the consistency of cream. Take it from the fire the instant it boils, to avoid curdling. When cooked, stir in a tablespoonful of olive oil, and when cold pour it over the chopped nuts and apples.

Children's Corner

A CHAPTER FROM REAL LIFE.

Dewey, the tramp dog, is seriously hurt, and the heart of the Allegheny Gazette, is sad, says the Pittsburgh Courier. For weeks, perhaps, the companion of the urchins who cry "poopers" in the North Side Diamond will be confined to the hospital, and his antics will not be enjoyed by the thousands of pedestrians who have made his acquaintance during the past year and a half.

The disability of Dewey has created a state of war between the newsies and the Pittsburgh Railways Company, for it was one of the corporation's conductors who struck the blow that put the popular doggy's leg in splints and stirred the wrath of the hardy little lads who claim ownership of the animal. This man, Joseph Kealy, will be served with a warrant by Humane Agent Rea. Dewey, with his leg in a plaster cast, in a livery stable in the Diamond taking his knockout stoical, as is his way.

The trouble occurred about the middle of the afternoon. About the Carnegie Library corner the newsies were crying papers, and, to relieve his ennui, Dewey was running after street cars and barking. According to witnesses, Conductor Kealy got on the lower step of his car and kicked Dewey. The latter resented this by taking a bite at the conductor's ankle. Kealy stepped from the moving car and picking up a brick, hurled it at Dewey, it striking him on the hip.

With a howl Dewey bounded. From all directions newsboys rushed and swarmed about the prostrate dog and the offending conductor, threatening to mob the latter. Dewey was carried to Perry Charles' stable, where Mr. Charles, who is a veterinary surgeon and an intimate friend of Dewey, set the latter's shattered limb and encased it in a plaster cast. His assistants were half a score of newsies, who spoke words of encouragement to the dog and cautioned Mr. Charles to be careful in handling their pet.

Conductor Kealy boarded his car and started off. A council of war was held by the newsies; it was decided that on the return of the cat to the city Kealy would be promptly annihilated, and preparations for the assault were made. Dewey's wounds had been washed keenly by several of the company's disinfectors, and Kealy was taken from his car at Sandusky street and hurried from the seat of war.

Hundreds of persons witnessed the affair, and among them was Humane Agent Rea. Rea knows the boys and he knows the dog. He promptly made information against Kealy, charging him with cruelty to animals, and the warrant was served.

Dewey is simply a yellow mongrel of muscular build. On one day's time he is ushered into a score of fights with other dogs by the newsies, and he needs no urging. Some of his adversaries have been bulldogs of fame, but it is the champion boast of the newsies that their champion has never suffered defeat. His gameness is known to hundreds of North Side residents who have seen him battle. Where he came from no one knows. He just came one day and the boys adopted him, and named him after the hero of Manila Bay. Since then the butchers in the market have fed him generously. His nights are spent in city hall or in some stable in the Diamond. He shows no preference in his lodging places, but when fatigued retires to the place that happens to be nearest at the moment. The city officials and employees are on intimate terms with the dog.

If the Pittsburgh Railways Company takes up Kealy's case and fights it, no doubt Dewey's fame will become like that of the illustrious man for whom he was named.

SHE WAS A THERMOMETER.

After Eleanor had been going to school for three weeks she arrived at home in a great state of joyous excitement. "Oh, mamma, mamma!" she cried; "I'm going to be a thermometer!" Mamma was bewildered and tried to find out more. But all that Eleanor knew was that the teacher had told her that afternoon that next day she should be a "thermometer." At last mamma had to resign herself to let it remain a mystery, but later in the day she met the teacher and found out that because Eleanor had been so very, very good teacher had decided to make her a monitor.

LITTLE BEN'S REQUEST.

Little Ben lives in a new house, one of the most modern houses, where light, water, heat and other things, are all to be had by turning a knob or touching a bell. He lives in a state of perpetual marvel over these things, and the other night when suffering from a headache the little fellow said to his mother, who sat beside him: "Please turn on the dark, mother. My eyes hurt me."

ORIGINAL SIN.

Nan, the angel-faced, heavenly-eyed child, stumbled on the stairs, one day, and, to the consternation of the family, said, explosively, "The Devil!" Mother and aunt tried to get the child to tell them where she heard such a thing. The roachbed mouth remained firmly and rather sulky shut. At last, tired out by the coaxings of these anxious ones, she said, irritably: "Oh, that's been in me a long time!"

THE QUEER BEGGAR BOY.

One day the queerest beggar boy I ever saw before. He was the raggiest one I ever saw before. My mother told him, "Come right in and sit down here and rest." And gave him loaves of buttered bread. And cake, and turkey breast. And then she gave him my old coat. And hat that's almost new. And then she said, "Poor child, poor child." And gave him playthings, too. But 'stead of being happy, then, And nice and satisfied, As I'd a' been, that beggar boy, Jus' cried, and cried, and cried! —Harper's Magazine.

FATHER KENNEDY'S FREE NERVE TONIC. Discusses and a sample bottle to every address. Foot get this medicine FREE. KENNEDY MED. CO., 109 Lake St., CHICAGO. Sold by Druggists and all good bottle, 10c per box.

PONY TO THE RESCUE.

Pony kicked up his heels, threw down his head, and cavorted around with all the grace and coquetry of his proud mother, who for years past had held the championship record for fleet trotting. Winfield, twelve years old, and strong and sturdy of limb as his pet colt, held out a beseeching hand and called: "Come, Pony! Come now! Whoa there!"

But Pony was in no mood for riding his young master down the turnpike to the ocean, but preferred to graze quietly in the heavy grass pasture which spread so temptingly before him. "Now, Pony, now come here! Geently!"

Then, in hot disgust, with the perspiration running down his hot cheeks, Winfield flung the halter angrily at him and said: "You mean old thing, go it! You won't get any breakfast this morning." Throwing the few ears of sweet corn across the fence, Winfield turned and started to walk up to the house. Pony stopped and watched him, and even ventured to follow a short distance. He dearly loved sweet corn and choice selected oats, and now he seemed to understand that they were to be denied him.

Winfield went up to the house, and soon reappeared with his bathing suit in his hands. The short cut to the ocean was across the lower meadow field, and he passed purposely close to Pony's pasture lot. Poor, as if sorry for his behavior, greeted him with a pleasant whinny and trotted up to the fence. But Winfield was angry, and refused to rub the silken nose pushed between the rails toward him.

"No, no! I don't want you now," he said, as if administering a severe rebuke to his pet pony. "I won't take you this morning. And that breakfast! There it is inside the fence."

He pointed to the heap of sweet corn, and even tossed a few of the green ears up in the air. Pony pleaded with eyes and voice for just one taste but the appeal had no effect.

When Winfield had disappeared from view pony trotted back to where the unaten breakfast was placed. The corn looked so cool and tempting that the colt stretched his neck as far out as possible, vainly hoping to reach the nearest ear. But it was too far! Then he grew excited at his disappointment and began to rear and jump. Three times he trotted back a hundred feet, and raced toward the fence, as if to jump it. The fourth time he did not stop, but made the venture. With all his power and strength he sprang upward, and with a clean jump he vaulted the top rail.

It was so easily accomplished that Pony seemed to smile at his former doubts. He was half tempted to jump back again just to show how easily he could do it. But the breakfast of sweet corn was lying near his feet, and he decided to eat first. With a contented sigh he slowly ate the corn, and licked up the last grain that had fallen from the ears. Then he turned to trot around in the new field. There was no fence to this lot, and nothing could prevent him from taking his favorite trot down to the ocean.

He slowly cantered along, stopping occasionally to nibble some of the fresh meadow grass and to roll in the soft bed of silken moss and rushes. In a few minutes the white foam of the surf lusted up ahead. Then Pony trotted faster, the charm of the water drawing him forward in ever-increasing speed. As he hurried along he looked keenly around as if anxious to catch sight of Winfield. He had decided that he would not be captured, but would enjoy the morning, racing around at his own sweet will.

But Winfield could not be seen anywhere on the beach. Few people had come down that morning, and the long stretch of sandy shore was deserted. Pony trotted down to his favorite place and looked around. There were his master's clothes piled up in a heap near a sand dune, but Winfield was nowhere in the vicinity.

Pony raised his head and neighed. He was really lonesome and wanted his companion. There came to his ears a faint reply, which made him cock up his head. It was the unmistakable cry of Winfield, calling: "Pony! Pony! Come here!"

But how faint and far away it seemed! Pony looked around, up and down the stretch of sand. Then the faint voice called again. It seemed to come from over the water, carried in on the top of the waves. The young colt looked across the seething billows, and suddenly descried a small black object far out in the waves. He reared up on his hind legs, looked again, and then with a neigh rushed toward the water and plunged in. There he saw Winfield swimming far out in the surf.

Pony was a powerful swimmer, and he breasted the waves with strong strokes. In a few minutes he was near his master. He heard again that faint voice: "Pony! Pony! Come quick!"

Pony did not understand human language, but he did seem to know that something was wrong. That white face was barely out of the water, and the eyes looked unnatural.

He gave vent to a whinny, and swam to Winfield's side. The boy had just strength enough to throw up his arms and grasp the mane of his pony. Then he nearly fainted from the pain and cramp which had seized him.

Pony turned toward the shore, and swam back as fast as he could with his burden. Winfield was so exhausted that he lay on the sands for a long time unable to rise. Pony trotted around him, and occasionally rubbed his nose in his hands.

Finally, when strength partly returned to him, the boy said: "Pony, you saved my life, you dear fellow! I wonder if you know?" The colt whinnied and kicked up his heels: Did he know it, or not? At any rate he stood still while Winfield climbed painfully upon his back and a few moments later he trotted briskly up to the house, meekly carrying his rescued burden home—George Ethelbert Walsh in S.S. Times.

THE RHEUMATIC WONDER OF THE AGE BENEDICTINE SALVE

This Salve Cures RHEUMATISM, PILES, FELONS or BLOOD POISONING. It is a Sure Remedy for any of these Diseases.

A FEW TESTIMONIALS RHEUMATISM

What S. PRICE, Esq., the well-known Dairyman, says:

212 King Street east, Toronto, Sept. 18, 1903.

John O'Connor, Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I wish to testify to the merits of Benedictine Salve as a cure for rheumatism. I had been a sufferer from rheumatism for some time and after having used Benedictine Salve for a few days was completely cured.

475 Gerrard Street East, Toronto, Ont., Sept. 18, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Nealon House, Toronto, Ont. DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in recommending the Benedictine Salve as a sure cure for lumbago. When I was taken down with it I called in my doctor, and he told me it would be a long time before I would be around again. My husband bought a box of the Benedictine Salve, and applied it according to directions. In three hours I got relief, and in four days was able to do my work. I would be pleased to recommend it to any one suffering from lumbago. I am, yours truly, (MRS.) JAS. COSGROVE.

256 1/2 King Street East, Toronto, December 16th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—After trying several doctors and spending forty-five days in the General Hospital, without any benefit, I was induced to try your Benedictine Salve, and sincerely believe that this is the greatest remedy in the world for rheumatism. When I left the hospital I was just able to stand for a few seconds, but after using your Benedictine Salve for three days, I am able to go to work again. If anyone should doubt these facts send him to me and I will prove it to him. Yours for ever thankful, PETER AUSTEN

188 King Street East, Toronto, Nov. 21, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I am deeply grateful to the friend that suggested to me, when I was a cripple from Rheumatism, Benedictine Salve. I have at intervals during the last ten years been afflicted with muscular rheumatism. I have experimented with every available remedy and have consulted, I might say, every physician of repute, without perceivable benefit. When I was advised to use your Benedictine Salve I was a helpless cripple. In less than 48 hours I was in a position to resume my work, that of a tinmith. A work that requires a certain amount of bodily activity. I am thankful to my friend who advised me and I am more than gratified to be able to furnish you with this testimonial as to the efficacy of Benedictine Salve. Yours truly, GEO. FOGG.

12 Bright Street, Toronto, Jan. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this word of testimony to the marvellous merits of Benedictine Salve as a certain cure for Rheumatism. There is such a multitude of alleged Rheumatic cures advertised that one is inclined to be skeptical of the merits of any new preparation. I was induced to give Benedictine Salve a trial and must say that after suffering for eight years from Rheumatism it has, I believe, effected an absolute and permanent cure. It is perhaps needless to say that in the last eight years I have consulted a number of doctors and have tried a large number of other medicines advertised, without receiving any benefit. Yours respectfully, MRS. SIMPSON.

PILES

7 Laurier Avenue, Toronto, December 16, 1901

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto, Ont.: DEAR SIR,—After suffering for over ten years with both forms of Piles, I was asked to try Benedictine Salve. From the first application I got instant relief, and before using one box was thoroughly cured. I can strongly recommend Benedictine Salve to any one suffering with piles. Yours sincerely, JOS. WESTMAN.

241 Sackville street, Toronto, Aug. 15, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—I write unsolicited to say that your Benedictine Salve has cured me of the worst form of Bleeding Piles. I have been a sufferer for thirty years, during which time I tried every advertised remedy I could get, but got no more than temporary relief. I suffered at times intense agony and lost all hope of a cure. Seeing your advertisement by chance, I thought I would try your Salve, and am proud to say it has made a complete cure. I can heartily recommend it to every sufferer. JAMES SHAW.

Toronto, Dec. 30th, 1901.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: DEAR SIR,—It is with pleasure I write this unsolicited testimonial, and in doing so I can say to the world that your Benedictine Salve thoroughly cured me of Bleeding Piles. I suffered for nine months. I consulted a physician, one of the best, and he gave me a box of salve and said that if that did not cure me I would have to go under an operation. It failed, but a friend of mine learned by chance that I was suffering from Bleeding Piles. He told me he could get me a cure and he was true to his word. He got me a box of Benedictine Salve and it gave me relief at once and cured me in a few days. I am now completely cured. It is worth its weight in gold. I cannot but feel proud after suffering so long. It has given me a thorough cure and I am sure it will never return. I can strongly recommend it to anyone afflicted as I was. It will cure without fail. I can be called on for living proof. I am, Yours, etc., ALLAN J. ARTINGDALE, With the Boston Laundry.

BLOOD POISONING

Corner George and King Streets, Toronto, Sept. 8, 1904.

John O'Connor, Esq., Toronto: Dear Sir,—I wish to say to you that I can testify to the merits of your Benedictine Salve for Blood-Poisoning. I suffered with blood poisoning for about six months, the trouble starting from a callous or hardening of the skin on the under part of my foot and afterwards turning to blood-poisoning. Although I was treated for same in the General Hospital for two weeks without cure, the doctors were thinking of having my foot amputated. I left the hospital un cured and then I tried your salve, and with two boxes my foot healed up. I am now able to put on my boot and walk freely with same, the foot being entirely healed. I was also treated in the States prior to going to the hospital in Toronto, without relief. Your salve is a sure cure for blood-poisoning. MISS M. L. KEMP.

Toronto, April 16th, 1902

John O'Connor, Esq., City: DEAR SIR,—It gives me the greatest of pleasure to be able to testify to the curative powers of your Benedictine Salve. For a month back my hand was so badly swollen that I was unable to work, and the pain was so intense as to be almost unbearable. Three days after using your Salve as directed, I am able to go to work, and I cannot thank you enough. Respectfully yours, J. J. CLARKE, 72 Wolsley street, City.

Toronto, July 21st, 1902.

John O'Connor, Esq.: DEAR SIR,—Early last week I accidentally ran a rusty nail in my finger. The wound was very painful and the next morning there were symptoms of blood poisoning, and my arm was swollen nearly to the shoulder. I applied Benedictine Salve, and the next day I was all right and able to go to work. J. HERDAN, 34 Queen street East.

JOHN O'CONNOR 100 KING STREET EAST, TORONTO FOR SALE BY WM. J. NICHOL, Druggist, 170 King St. E. J. A. JOHNSON & CO., 171 King St. E. And by all Druggists PRICE \$1.00 PER BOX.