London Advertiser.

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TELEPHONE CALLS.

Business Office 107
Job Department 175
Editorial Department 136

London, Wednesday, August 31.

Workmen and Others.

The Hamilton Street Railway Company has undertaken to do a very absurd thing. The company sells "workingmen's" tickets, eight for 25 cents, good morning and evening during the hours when most people go to or return from work. The same regulation exists in this city. In Hamilton the company announces that hereafter these special tickets shall be sold to "workmen and workwomen only." The conductors are to determine by appearances who is and who is not a workman or workwoman in the sense intended by the company. The idea is to restrict the privilege of cheap tickets to those who work in factories or in some mechanical occupaion. The saleslady or the typewriter who has worked all day at the store and the office; the male clerks, bookkeepers, in fact all workers in the shops, offices and warehouses, will be barred out by this ruling.

The conductor on a crowded 6 o'clock car will have to be a sharp man to classify passengers on the spot. In the shirtwaist season, or perhaps in any other, how is he to distinguish the girl in the factory from her sister in the store or the office, or the latter from a society bud? In this democratic country the maid and her mistress look pretty much alike. Among the male passengers the dividing line is not so hard to draw but it cannot be drawn rigidly. The man with the dinner pail will go unquestioned and a grimy face will be a sure passport, but there are plenty of mechanics in occupations which permit them to wear a boiled shirt, a stand-up collar and spotless clothes. The conductor might come near the mark by examining the passengers' palms. Instead of "tickets, please!" he could shout out "show your hands!" and pick out the horny-handed as he passed along with his fare-box.

By the way, how do the working people of Hamilton—meaning factory operatives only—relish the attempt to mark them out as a special and peculiar class? In this country nearly every man is a workingman in the sense that he works for his living. It is impossible to draw an arbitrary line of this kind through any Canadian community. The proposal of the Hamilton Street Railway Company is not only ridiculous, but insulting to the people of the city, and they will be wanting in spirit if they submit to it. Surely such an attempt to discriminate against a class of the citizens will not stand the test of the courts.

The Archbishop of Canterbury.

The present Archbishop of Canterbury is the first Primate of all England to set foot in the new world. As the head of the great and historic Church of England, which, like the British race itself, has been planted and has taken root in many soils the world over, he will be specially welcomed in a British colony, where he possesses the spiritual homage of his own communion. Archbishop Davidson is not of the narrow type of ecclesiastic. He showed remarkable breadth of sympathy in participating in the funeral services of Charles Spurgeon, the great Baptist divine, and in occasionally preaching from Presbyterian pulpits. He is known as a low churchman, but has pursued a tolerant policy and endeavored to compose the differences in his church by counsels of moderation. His Canadian itinerary is very brief, being confined to Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, but he has come to America upon invitation or the Episcopal Church of the United States, and is constrained by courtesy to give most of his time to our neighbors. He will attend the triennial Episcopal convention at Boston early next month, and it is expected that his presence will have a beneficial influence by establishing closer relations between the mother church and her flourishing offspring in the republic, thus strengthening the bonds of amity between the two nations. It is to be regretted that the archbishop cannot spare time to visit the Diocese of Huron, which was the scene of some of the earliest and most fruitful missionary efforts of the Church of England.

The Good Roads Movement.

The eighth annual report of the Commissioner of Highways for Ontario records rapid progress in the spread of the good roads movement. The first step toward a campaign for road reform was taken in 1894 in the organization of the Ontario Good Roads Association. In this way the subject was first brought before the public and a more active interest aroused.

In 1896 the Ontario Government created the office of Provincial Highway Commissioner. The appointment was denounced gy the Opposition, but the results have been so beneficial that no whisper of objection is now heard. The commissioner, Mr. A. W. Campbell, began a vigorous propaganda, addressing meetings in all parts of the Province and sending out literature. By the end of 1903 about 130 townships had abolished or commuted statute labor and in its place had adopted systems whereby fewer and more permanent road overseers take the place of the pathmasters of the statute labor system, which has outlived its usefulness. Proper roadmaking machinery is being employed, definite methods of doing the work have been established, and a campaign of education has been inaugurated which promises to transform the face of the Province..

Legislation has kept pace with the growth of the roadmaking spirit. The Government has appropriated a million dollars to aid municipalities in road building and in the purchase of toll roads and machinery. The Eastern Ontario Good Roads Association, formed in 1901, and the Western Ontario Good Roads Association, formed in 1902, have given force and direction to road reform and aided in stimulating public interest.

The system of statute labor was established in this Province by Governor Simcoe. It was in keeping with pioneeer life, when roadmaking consisted in cutting down trees, removing logs and stumps and corduroying swamps and throwing up an earth grade. But today the circumstances are different. The pioneer work has been done on the roads as well as on the farms. For roadwork machinery has been provided—graders, stone-crushers, steam rollers—all a means of economy, as much as modern farm machinery. The difficulty of maintaining a road may increase or diminish half a dozen times in crossing a township, according as the soil is clay, loam, sandy, gravelly, dry or swampy, yet there is not, under statute labor, a proper means of equalizing the work of keeping up the roads, and it is, therefore, inevitable that a road cannot be kept in a uniformly good condition. This is unfair to many of the users of the roads, as well as to those who are required to build and in repair the difficult sections. In place of this outworn and wasteful system scores of townships are commuting statute labor at a fixed rate per day—that is, the ratepayer contributes money instead of his labor. This money is spent under the direction of a road overseer or commissioner. The work is carried on the year round, instead of one time during the year and the labor is employed where it is most needed.

It has been surprising that the small municipalities of Ontario have until recently paid so little attention to this matter. Millions of dollars have been spent upon railways and their equipment, canals, harbors, lake and ocean steamship lines, yet without common country roads all this vast expenditure would be futile. Every ton of freight has to be carried to or from the railway or steamer over the common roads. At a period of bad roads, railway and steamship traffic is reduced and the current of trade is much impeded. No public work would contribute more to the general prosperity than would the improvement of country roads. The Province is to be congratulated upon the awakening of the farmers to this fact.

A Touching Poem.

The beautiful poem which follows was recited years ago at a funeral in Elmira by Juage S. S. Taylor, of that city, who in introducing it said:

"I am not here to deliver an eulogy—the man needs none. I am simply here to comply with a personal favor asked of me years ago by the deceased, and that was, at his death, to recite this little poem which he so dearly loved to hear."

Mr. Jacob Schwartz, at whose funeral the poem was recited, had heard it in the south. Its author is unknown.

THE NEGRO FUNERAL.

I was walking in Savannah, past a church
decayed and dim,
When there slowly through the window
came a plaintive funeral hymn;
And a sympathy awakened, and a wonder
quickly grew,
Till I found myself environed in a little
negro pew.

Out at front a colored couple sat in sorrow, nearly wild;
On the altar was a coffin,in the coffin was
a child;
I could picture him when living—curly
hair, protruding lip—
And had seen perhaps a thousand in my
hurried southern trip.

But no baby ever rested in the soothing
arms of death
That had fanned more flames of sorrow
with his little fluttering breath;
And no funeral ever glistened with more
sympathy protound
Than was in the chain of tear-drops that
enclasped those mourners round.

Rose a sad old colored preacher at the
little wooden desk
With a manner grandly awkward, with a
countenance grotesque;
With simplicity and shrewdness on his
Ethiopian face,
With the ignorance and wisdom of a
crushed, undying race.

And he said: "Now, don't be weepin' for
dis pretty bit o' clay—
For de little boy who lived dere, he done
an' run away!
He was doin' very fine here, an' he
'preciate your love;
But his sure 'nuff Father want him in de
large house up above.

"Now He didn't give you dat baby, by a
hundred thousan' mile!
He just think you need some sunshine,
an' He lend it for a while!
An' He let you keep an' love it, till your
hearts was bigger grown;
An' dese silver tears you're sheddin's jest
interest on de loan.

"Here yer oder pretty chilrun!—don't be
makin' it appear
Dat your love got sort o' 'nop'lized by
dis little fellow here;
Don't pile up too much your sorrow on
deir little mental shelves!
So s to kind o' set 'em wonderin' if
they're no account themselves!

"Just you think, you poor, dear mounahs,
creepin long o'er sorrow's way,
What a blessed little picnic dis 'yere
baby's got today!
His gran'fathers an' gran'mothers crowd
de little fellow round
In de angel-tended garden of de Big
Plantation ground.

"And dey ask him, 'Was your feet sore?'
an' take off his little shoes,
An' dey wash him, an' dey kiss him, an'
they say, 'Now, what s de news?'
An' de Lawd done cut his tongue
loose; den de little fellow say,
'All our folks down in de valley tries
to keep de hebbenly way.'

"An' his eyes dey brightly sparkle at de
pretty things he view;
Den a tear come, an' he whisper, 'But I
want my paryents, too!'
But de angel chief musician teach dat
boy a little song,
Says, 'If only dey be fait'ful dey will
soon be comin' long.'

"An' he'll get an education dat will probberbly be worth
Seberal times as much as any you could
buy for him on earth;
He'll be in the Lawd's big schoolhouse,
widout contempt or fear;
While dere's no end to de bad t'ings
might have happened to him here.

"So, my poor dejected mounahs, let your
hearts wid Jesus rest,
An' don' go to critercisin' dat are One
w'at knows de best;
He have sent us many comforts—He have
right to take away—
To de Lawd be praise an' glory now and
ever!—Let us pray!"

True Version.

[New York Sun.]

Jack and Jill went up the hill
To get a pail of water;
Jack fell down and broke his crown—
The widow married after.

A Labor Saver.

[New York Weekly.]

Mrs. Minks—Have you filled the parlor lamp?

Domestic—I guess it don't need fillin', ma'am.

"The parlor was in use last evening until nearly midnight."

"Yes, ma'am, but your daughter's young man was the only caller.

Cannibalistic.

[Houston Post.]

"I'm so glad you come. We're going to have a young married couple for dinner."

"Gee! So am I. They ought to be tender."

The P. C.'s Duty.

[Oshkosh Times.]

It is not exactly safe for a policeman to go on the theory that every unconscious person is drunk until his breath has been analyzed.

Women Mail Carriers.

[Minneapolis Journal.]

An Iowa postmaster has tried the experiment of women mail carriers. The wives have taken their husbands' places when the latter were ill and the postmaster recommends the appointment of women as the result of his very satisfactory experience.

Sadness and Joy.

[Houston Post.]

'Tis sad to think of this great truth
"There are no birds in last year's
nest,"
But, oh, the gladness when one finds
A quarter in his last year's vest!

Business.

[Houston Chronicle.]

"What business are you in?" asked the pelican.

"Oh, I'm in the infant industry," replied the stork, "the long clothes line, you know?"

Couldn't Have Been.

[Houston Post.]

"I have always been a prominent figure," boasted the self-made man.

"Then you were never a sweet boy graduate or a bridegroom," replied his listener.

Take to the Woods, Bishop.

[New York Tribune.]

Carrie Nation, with a hatchet at rest—for the time—is moving east upon the subway tavern. When the consecrated hatchet meets the consecrated saloon, then will come the tug of war.

Merely a Guess.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"Two thousand years ago a Greek philosopher said: 'Markets are places which men have established to deceive one another.' "

"He must have been on the wrong side of wheat."

A Lucky Child.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You don't seem to be much discouraged, Mr. Binks, because it is a girl."

"No, I'm mighty glad of it. My wife had made up her mind in case it was a boy to call him Kenneth Clarence Earl de Lancy."

Poor Fido!

[Exchange.]

Mrs. Jones—Are you aware, Mrs. Skinbone, that your dog has bitten my little Willie?

Mrs. Skinbone—What, your little Willie, who's just got over the scarlet fever? Oh, Mrs. Jones, if anything should happen to Fido, I'd never forgive you.

The Type-Setter's Joke.

[Kansas City Times.]

The man had fired at a bear,
That cartridge was the last;
He missed; then threw his gun aside,
The bear was coming fast.
The man ran to a precipice,
The bear o'ertook him there,
But just as the hunter turned,
HPG-gMfg vqz vbgkq] ESC ¼f sbr.

The bride walked slowly up the aisle,
And met the happy groom;
Just then a man's voice, loud and clear,
Came ringing through the room.
"She shall not be your wife," it said,
A pistol then was flashed,
But at this juncture rose a form,
wohdmn fw farhst HTM)42ffl.

The court had sentenced him to hang,
"Twas said he'd done no wrong,
"He bore the crime to shield a friend,"
Was whispered through the throng.
He stood upon the awful trap,
The rope was round his neck,
The sheriff reached, but stopped; just
then
SQadv shrdlu vmhal.?!)(." ;;, THT.

It Pleased Her.

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

Miss Oldgirl blushed and giggled,
So warm his love words were;
'Twas only the old, old story,
But it was new to her.

Her Fate.

[Tom Masson in Life.]

She was a maid of high degree,
And quite severely proper.
Each man she met, so proud was she,
Would love, despair, then drop her.

But there remained without demur,
When all the rest forsook her,
An amateur photographer,
And finally he took her.

Reunited.

[Life.]

They kissed, and then they kissed again;
And then they kissed again; and then
They cried: "Why, Lou! It's you!" "Why,
Jen!
It's you!" And then they kissed again.

And then—well, then they kissed again,
And Jen kissed Lou, and Lou kissed Jen;
Each screamed a little scream—and then
Well, then, I think, they kissed again.

'Twas on the street. I stopped. And when
I did, well, then they kissed again;
Stood off, approached, embraced, and
then,
Well, then I think they kissed again.

Oh, they were such good friends! And
when
I left, I saw them kiss again.
And as I went I heard them say
They had not met since—yesterday.

Why.

[Somerville Journal.]

"Why is she hooked behind?' is a question that nobody is expected to answer. Fashion is popular because she can never be called to the bar of public opinion to explain the whys and wherefores.—Biddeford Journal.

She's natty and neat,
And dainty and sweet,
To her witchery none can be blind.
She's stylish and swell,
A regular belle—
But why is she hooked behind?

Girls' fashions are queer,
New ones rise every year,
To puzzle the masculine mind.
She's right up to date,
Now will someone please state
Just why she is hooked behind?

Her waist is a dream,
But a waste it would seem
Of patience those eyelets to find.
Perhaps I've no right,
To seek for more light—
But why is she hooked behind?

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing

SICK

Headache yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured

HEAD

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

ACHE

Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills make a dose. They are strictly vegetable and do not gripe or purge, but by their gentle action please all who use them. In vials at 25 cents; five for $1. Sold by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

RUSSIAN-GERMAN ALLIANCE RUMORS

Distrust of Radical France Revived in the Czar's Empire.

St. Petersburg, Aug. 31. — Rumors that a Russo-German alliance is practically superseding the Russo-French alliance are gaining in consistency, and are attracting the attention of the students of international affairs. The old distrust of radical France is reviving.

Some of the Czar's most responsible advisers fear that political events may happen in France at any moment that would rob the alliance of all real value. Russians say that if the Combes Government should succumb to a radical coalition Clemenceau would succeed to power.

Clemenceau is the traditional enemy of Russia. The moral of these reflections from their point of view, is to unite with Germany, which is less vulnerable than France to popular influence, and less inclined to yield to the blandishments of Brittania.

Apparently the only thing which can prevent the crystallization of present tendencies into a definite treaty is the ultimate refusal of Germany to go that length.

It is recognized that Germany's benevolence for Russia stops just short of malevolence for Japan, but only the most sanguine Russian observers imagine that the wily Kaiser could be drawn into a hard and fast agreement to bolster up the dubious structure of Muscovite power

Stockholm, Aug. 29.—A letter just received by a Swedish statesman from an official correspondent in St. Petersburg, contains the following sentences.

"Few things are more certain than that the two great military powers of Europe, Russia and Germany, are heading towards a reciprocal arrangement, surpassing in practical importance any political deal of recent times.

"It is a mistake to assume that the anti-German comment in a section of the Russian press represents anything substantial. Indeed, the Czar's cabinet is so highly pleased with Germany's treatment of Russia during this war that it is disposed to aid that friendly nation in Europe, Asia Minor and China. The Kaiser's readiness to favor the Czar in the far east amounts to a passion, albeit a regulated passion. He wants Russia deeply involved there to ease the pressure on Germany's eastern frontier and clear the way for German expansion in the near east.

Vienna, Aug. 29.—The close co-operation of Russia and Germany is commented upon in political quarters as a fact as interesting as it is conspicuous. "Where is Germany's benevolence for Russia going to stop?" asks the Presse. "Will it finally become so pronounced that Great Britain and Japan must take official cognizance of it? France is the ally of Russia, but Germany is Russia's mainstay in its hour of difficulty. Great Britain shows little appreciation of the drift of affairs. It uses strong words at St. Petersburg, but it accomplishes nothing worth mentioning. Count Lamsdorff's replies are as soft as butter. He seems willing to agree to anything. He even permits British ships to run errands for Russia.

"Nevertheless the Czar's war flag continues to frighten British commerce and to fill the holds of German ships. Russia is quite willing to acquire a reputation for blundering if that is necessary for the attainment of its ends. Indeed, it rather wants its acts construed as innocent mistakes, since it thinks the offended nations will be thus moved to leniency. The whole outlook does not inspire a feeling of security."

Those who suppose that the umbrella is a modern contrivance will be surprised to learn that umbrellas may be found sculptured on some of the Egyptian monuments and on the Nineveh ruins. That umbrellas bearing a close resemblance to those of today were in use long before the Christian era is shown by their representation in the designs on ancient Greek vases. The umbrella made its first appearance in London about the middle of the eighteenth century, when one Jonas Hanway, it is said, thus protected himself from the weather at the cost of much ridicule.

BLACK DRESS GOODS

"A TRIUMPH OF QUALITY."

In seeking the reason why Kingsmill's are noted for having the "Finest Black Dress Goods," it is only necessary to mention that "the development of quality is one of the greatest functions of this up-to-date store." Our magnificent showing of Fine Black Dress Goods — the always high-grade, always dependable fabrics of superior dye and beautiful finish. Every piece guaranteed fast black.

NEWEST FABRICS.

Prices 50c to $1.75 Yard

All-Wool Fancy Hop Sacking—A splendid selection to choose from.

All-Wool Panamas—An extra choice lot.

All-Wool & Mohair Crepe de Chene—Special selection; extra value.

Silk and Wool Eoliennes—A very beautiful selection of this rich and stylish dress goods.

Every Piece Guaranteed Fast Black.

Silk and Wool Drap de Paris.
Silk and Wool Crepe de Paris.
Silk and Wool Crepe de Chene.
All-Wool Broadcloths.
All-Wool and Mohair Armure.
All-Wool Sanglier Hop Sacking.
All-Wool Fancy Cheviots.
All-Wool and Mohair Spot Cheviots.

"What We Advertise Is So."

Kingsmill's

Sole Agents for Butterick Patterns.

LAUGH AND WORLD LAUGHS WITH YOU

But Those Who Echoed This Girl's Mirth Failed to Recognize Hysteria.

New York, Aug. 31.—She began to smile as soon as she had transferred and entered a Twenty-third street cross-town car at Second avenue about 6 o'clock this evening. Every one else looked gloomy and grumbled as they were shoved and squeezed in the crowded car. Several saw the girl smiling so broadly and wondered that she had the heart to do it in such a place. Then the car started.

"Ha, ha, ha!" sounded a girlish treble laugh. Some of the others began to look less gloomy.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

Every one in the car was looking at the girl by this time, and several of them began to smile, to.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho," laughed a big, stout man, who did not know what he was laughing at any more than he knew what the girl was laughing at.

"Haw, haw, haw!" another man broke in.

"He, he, he, he, he!" began a woman who had caught the infection. Then every one laughed, and such a chorus of "Ha, has," "Ho, hos," "He, hes" and "Haw, haw, haws" rolled out that the man who was wrinkling his brows over "past performances" in the corner woke up and cackled a cracked, wintry laugh. The conductor was last to fall a victim to the girlish merriment, but his iron facial muscles finally yielded to the general flood of mirth. The motorman turned around to see what the joke was, and pedestrians stopped on the sidewalk to gaze after the car and wonder.

Just as the car reached Broadway the girl who had started the laughing gave a little scream, threw up her hands and tumbled to the floor. When Dr. Humphries, of the New York Hospital, reached her he said she was suffering from acute hysteria, and he took her to the hospital, still unconscious. She recovered there and said she was Rose Cutler, 19 years old, of No. 237 Munroe street. Her condition is serious.

The three symbols of the imperial house of Japan are the mirror, the crystal and the sword, and they are carried in front of the Emperor on all state occasions. Each has its significance. "Look at the mirror and reflect thyself," or in other words, "Know thyself," is the message of the mirror. "Be pure and shine" is the crystal's injunction, while the sword is a reminder to "Be sharp."

Carshops Inspected.

A party of G. T. R. officials were at Stratford Tuesday morning and inspected the building operations on the G. T. R. shops extension. They came from Toronto, looked over the work in the G. T. R. yards at Waterloo en route, and left at noon for London.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS OF MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES the CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's."

When one woman envies another she is sure to snub her.

A SUCCESSFUL MEDICINE.—Everyone wishes to be successful in any undertaking in which he may engage. It is, therefore, extremely gratifying to the proprietors of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to know that their efforts to compound a medicine which would prove a blessing to mankind have been successful beyond their expectations. The indorsation of these Pills by the public is a guarantee that a pill has been produced which will fulfill everything claimed for it.

Now-a-days

the standard of advertising literature, from the printer's standpoint, is growing higher and higher. Handsome booklets, catalogues and other pieces of business literature are so prominent among the thousands of commonplace printed things that flood the mails, that the mediocre literature is consigned to the waste basket without a reading.

Let us make your printing new, novel and attractive.

It costs you no more than the wastebasket kind.

The proof is yours for the asking.

ADVERTISER JOB

PHONE 175 PHONE 175

Lee Hing Laundry.

Telephone 1,344. 467 Richmond Street.

Shirt collars ironed straight, so as not to hurt the neck. Stand-up collars ironed without being broken in the wing. Ties done to look like new. Give me a call. If you are not satisfied, no pay. Washing returned in 24 hours. All hand work. Best in the city. Parcels called for and returned.

BIG G. For Unnatural Discharges. GUARANTEED CURES in 1 to 5 days. Guaranteed not to stricture. Prevents Contagion. THE EVANS CHEMICAL CO. CINCINNATI, O. U. S. A.

MEN AND WOMEN. Use Big G for unnatural discharges, inflammations, irritations or ulceration of mucous membranes. Painless, and not astringent or poisonous. Sold by Druggists, or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles $2.75. Circular sent on request

It's the Kidneys

Close the sewers of a city and an epidemic rages. The kidneys are the sewers of the body. Let these vital organs become diseased and the whole system is affected, dizziness, headache, dull, listless feeling, shooting pains in the back, tell that the kidneys are in trouble, and a neglect of nature's warning means uric acid poisoning and dreaded Bright's disease.

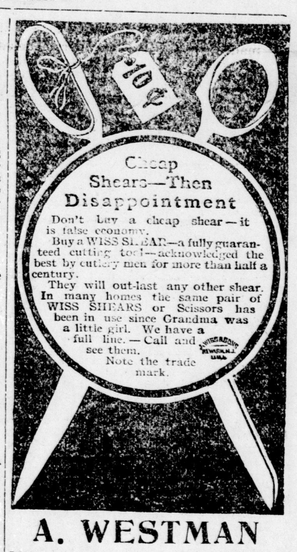
GIN PILLS

make kidneys healthy. They instantly relieve all Kidney Troubles—clear, heal, purify, strengthen - put the Kidneys in perfect condition to perform their work as nature intends

We have such implicit confidence in the virtues of Gin Pills that we authorize druggists to refund the money if they fail to cure.

At all druggists, 50c box, 6 boxes for $2.50 —or direct from

The BOLE DRUG CO., Winnipeg, Man.



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121 Dundas St. 7 Market Square

Complete Stock of

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Marlin,
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Stevens

RIFLES.

The Hobbs Hardware Co. Limited.

WHOLESALE ONLY.

"The Maple Leaf Forever."

Cowan's Perfection Cocoa

has Maple Leaf Label on every tin. It is "made in Canada," and is absolutely pure.

The Cowan Co., Limited

TORONTO.

Immense quantities of sand equal to that imported from Turkey especially for glass making, have, according to the Westminster Gazette, been discovered not far from London.