FEAST OF THE PURIFICATION.

Toward the Temple's shadow stealing
E'er the day's full glory breaks;
In its mystic silence kneeling, while her love its offering makes:

Like the smile of the Et rnal Like the same or the retermit Resting on her, bending low, Radiance, born of Jesus' presence, Lights her face with rapture's glow.

Eves that mirror but His image Eyes that nurror one firs image weath those lids whose gentle fall Breathe of virtues fair that drew Him To her heart, so sweet their call.

Oh! the grandeur of her offering Oh! the grandeur of ner onering tool Elernal, though her son! Ah! the lowimess of Mary, Queen and Mother both in one.

Teach us, Mother, how to linger O'er this mystery of love;
Bend our wills to sweet submission, Life's devotion let us prove.

Purify our hearts and spirits
With the fire of love divine; Taken from the heart of Jesus, Given by His Heart to thine.

HOUSE AND HOUSEHOLD.

Times Change.

A quarter of a century ago people spoke contempuously about teaching girls to sew in the public schools, and added: "The next thing temprocusly about teached: "The next thing public schools, and added: "The next thing we know they will be for setting up cook stoves in our school-rooms and teaching the girls to in our school-rooms and teaching the girls to make bread." That prophecy has been fulfilled, and the idea of teaching girls to be both practical and intellectual is growing so rapidly in the schools that soon the country will be filled with homes over which they will reign as household queens, girls who learned the art of cooking in the schools. It is a mistake to suppose that cultured women, as a rule, dispise cooking. In fact, a hundred years or more ago it was considered as somewhat of a test of a woman's insidectual ability that she should be able to write a "cook book." It is delightfully common to find peached away semong old books the ones which long dead aunts and grandsmothers filled with carrietly culted recipes in their fine, cramped handwriting.

Take Time. It is said that a real English housekeeper never cares how much time she spends on anything in cookery that she wants well done. Too much haste makes waste of both time and much haste makes waste of both time and material in cooking. The pudding, the broad, the meat, are spoiled often for tack of due thought and consideration. Have the fire just right, the ingredients all at hand before beginning. The old adage that some people "never let their heads save their heels," is particularly true of many housewives. They will make half a dozen trips to store-room or pantry, when perhaps two would have sufficed if they had kept their wits about them. Some women run up and down stairs in the same heedless manner. It is well to make mental notes of what one wants, and to be as saving of the physical strength as, of overything else. That's one way a woman may keep herself young and beautiful.—New York News.

The chestnut is the most farinaceous and the least city of all nuts, and therefore it is the most easy of digestion, but it requires boiling or rossting to burst the starch cells and render it digestible. The chestnuts of Italy and France are much superior in size and perfection to their cousins, on account of the attention pald to their cuitivation, while ours until recently have been left in their wild state, altogether neglected and allowed to grow as they would. Now, however, they are being quite extensively cultivated, the nut proving equally good if not superior to the imported article. They are little used on our tables, though they make delicious desserts.

The I alian chestnut has had the preference in the hands of the confectioner over either the French or American, on account of its superior size and compactness; the American being small and the French divided into irregular pieces by the inner skin, while the Italian is generally in one solid piece, and not so liable to break while heing preserved in sugar. It is, therefore, preferred in the preparation of marrons glace and candied or caramolied chestnuts.

The chestnut, after being roasted or boiled, also makes a most delicious stuffing for roasted

nuts.
The chestnut, after being roasted or boiled, also makes a most delicious stuffing for roasted poultry or game. A nicely-roasted turkey stuffed with chestnuts is a grand dish, and not to be despised by either saint or sinner.

Hamburg Steaks.

Hambury steaks.

Take a piece of beef, from which you remove all skin, fat and sinews; scrape or chop the neatup very line, but not as fine as sausage ment; season it to your taste with sait and cayenne pepper, then add a small scarlet onion and allitte garlic chopped very fine. Now wet your hands and mould or form the mass into small round steaks, about an inch in thickness; fry them in butter, first on one sldo then upon the other, and place them upon a hot dish and pour a hot tomato sauce over them, or serve them simply with the butter in which they were fried, poured over them.

Broiled Hamburg Steaks.

Or, instead of frying, place your steaks upon agridiron or double wire brolier, well greased, and broil them on both sides; place them on a not dish, and pour over them molted butter seasoned with sait and cayenne pepper. This mixture of meat is also often spread upon silees of bread, with butter in which a spoonful of dry mustard has been mixed, and used as a sandwich, or it may be served raw and cold with silees of Vienna bread spread with gilteleged butter.

MINDING ONE'S BUSINESS.

A Useful Discourse on a Much Neglected



Think of hanging up clothes in a rainstorm under an umbrella. To those who use Pearline it would not look half so absurd as it does to see a woman bobbing up and down over a wash tub, inhaling the fetid steam which

EILEEN AROON.

A Pretty and Romantic Story-An Old

Song and its Origin Explained.

FOUND IN HIE SORROW his impiration, for by the camp-fire An the woods of Offaly that night "Elleen Aroon?

his inspiration, for by the camp-fire an the woods of Offaly that night "Elleen Aroon" was written.

By forced marches O'Daly and his followers reached Wicklow a few days later. From thence, accompanied by his foster-brother Murtoghonly, he travelled to the castle of his enemy, "The Kavanagh" He reached the castle on the night when Elleen was about to become the unwilling bride-o'Talbox.

The nuptial supper was already laid when O'Daly ontered the banqueting hall disguised as an Irish harper. The Irish bard in those days was always an honored guest in every Irish household, and O'Daly in his disguise was accorded a caed mille faithe.

He marked the traces of sorrow and suffering and bitter remorse on his beloved one's face. He was saked to sing, and then for the first time an Irish audience heard "Elleen Arooz."

"I know a valley fair, Eileen Aroon; I know a cottage there, Elleen Aroon;

Deep in that valley shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Flower of hazel glade,
Eileen Aroon.

"Is it the laughing eye.
Eileen Aroon?

Is it the timid sigh, Eileen Aroon?

Is it the tender tone
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?
Oh! it is the truth alone.
Eileen Aroon.

Who in the song so sweet,
Kilcen Aroon?
Who in the dance so fleet,
Elleen Aroon?
Dear are her charms to me,
Dearer her laughter free,
Dearest her constancy,
Elleen Aroon.

"If she should prove untrue, Elleen Aroon? What should her lover do, Elleen Aroon?

Fig with his broken chain Over the bounding main, Never to love again, Elleen Aroon,"

And Eileen Aroon recognized the voice of her lover in the disguised harper. This song that gushed from the poet's heart, bung with deepest feeling, touched a responsive chord in

her own.

It was an easy matter to whisper a word in O'Daiy's ear, for there was no su-picion of his presence in the stronghold of his enemy.

An hour later the Wicklow chieftain and the woman he loved, mounted on two feet horses, were speading to his home among the Wicklow bills. A Soggarth aroon was found to tie the knot that united them for life; and in every Wicklow peasant's cabin to-day you will hear the story of the love of Carroll O'Daiy and his Elicen Aroon.

The Curfew.

As in Old England, so in New England is the curfew still heard. In Boston the nine o'clock

bell was rung from time immemorial up to within a very few years. So, also, at eight o'clock in the morning and one o'clock in the atternoon. Muny Bostonians regrefully mis this good old custom; old; as is witnessed by

arises from the soiled clothing steeped in hot water. Poor thing; she's trying to make her clothes clean in the old-fashioned way of rub! rub! rub! which wrecks the woman; rubs the clothes to pieces, and is successful only by dint of hard work.

Now millions of women use PEARLINE just because it does away with the rubbing and the inhaling of poisonous steam. A delicate woman can do a large wash or a full day's house cleaning, if she uses Pearline. An ordinary day's work can be done in half a day by its aid; it makes a saving all around.

Costs five cents to prove it; your grocer keeps the goods; beware of peddled imitations. JAMES PYLE, New York.

fication, that they may indulge in idle gossip. This hurts no one save themselves. But there is another class of people who take it that they have been delegated to attend to the affairs, both spiritual and temporal, of their neighbors, and from the manner in which they discharge their supposed duties, we must conctade that their call was not received from on high. We find this class of moral censors always on the look-out for the little intilings—or what may seem to them failings—of their neighbors, and when they have discovered any they are in no wise particular about telling the exact truth about it. If they do not expressly exaggerate the faults, they tell them in such a manner as to leave everyone under the impression that the failings mentioned may be much greater than they really are. For example, they say, with an omineas shrug or shake of the head, this one or that one did or said so-and-so-something that may not altogether be to the credit of the person, though not by any means bad in itself, yet leaving the ininds of the hearers open to the inference that there are other things at the lack of it that are still less creditable.

THE BUSYBODY

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his: and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filenes from me my good name, Robs me of that which not enriches him, And makes me poor indeed."

Mind your own business, then; you will be happy; you will make others happy, and the world will be all the better that you live and

A Strange Tomb.

Lady Burton, widow of the famous traveler, who before he died embraced Catholieity, gives some particulars about the proposed interment of her husband's remains: "I have chosen my ground," she says, "cleven feet by nine feet. This is to be covered by a dark stone Arab tent. In the tent, above ground, are to be two slabs to hold two coffins and room for a small altor. Outside the tent, above the flab curtain which serves as a door, will be a marble cruciffx, under it a "Book of Life," on one side his name and death recorded, the other page blank. Under this book will be inscribed Justin McCarthy's beautiful sonnet, which embraces all his life." who before he died embraced Catholicity, gives

Grains of Gold.

It is not calumny nor treachery that does the nost harm in the world; they are continually most harm in the world; they are continually crushed and are felt only in being conquered. But it is the glistening and sortly spoken lie; the amiable fallacy; the particula lie of the historian; the provident lie of the politician; the jealous lie of the partisan; the merciful lie of the friend, and the careless lie of each man to himself, which darken and degrane our life.

The discontented worker who pines for wealth without being willing to labor for it wealth without being willing to labor for it regards the idieness in which it would caable him to live as the acmo of temporal happiness. He has no idea of money as a motive power to be applied in enterprises that give healthful employment to mind and body. All that he desires is to live a feather-like life—to loaf luxuriously. People who induige in such sensual longings do not know how much more glorious it is to tear affuence from opposing late by main strength of will and inflexibility of purpose than to receive it as a windfall of purpose than to receive it as a windfall officer is infinitely more satisfaction in conquering a fortune with brain and muscle than was ever experienced in obtaining or discipating the goldent store that some thrifter hand and accumulated.

Whatever be our temperament, we are tend-There would be far less trouble and vexation in this world were people generally to observe strictly "the eleventh commandment"—or in other words to mind their own business and let that of others alone. It seems passing strange that in this world, where everyone has enough to do during his natural life to attend to himself, some must take time to bother themselves about the affirs of others. That they are prompted to do this through motives of charrity we never could believe, but are of the opinion that every one so interesting himself is led to meddle with the affairs of others through idle curiosity, if not through malice.

There are many ways in which one can sin against "the eleventh commandment." There are many ways in which one can sin against "the eleventh commandment." There are many ways in which one can sin searching out little secrets for their own gratiing in one direction or the other according to

Joseph Josselyn, who visited Boston in 1668, and in his description says: "On the South there is a small but pleasant Common, where the galiants, a little before sunset, walk with their marmalet madams, as we do in Moorsfield, etc., till the nine o'clock bell rings them home to their respective habitations, when presently the constables walk their rounds to see good order kept and take up loose people." In many of our towns the curfew still rings out o'er hill and dale. In South America it is called the "Stay-beil"—toque de la queda—and after it was rung, at ten o'clock, the use of the streets was forbidden by municipal ordinances to the inhabitants of Quito and other Peruvian towns.—From "Bells," by E. H. Goss, in New England Magazine for January.

YOUTHS' DEPARTMENT.

Hunted by Wolves.

Perhaps not many people east of the Rocky Mountains have ever travelled on snow shoes. The Norwegian snow shocs, or skees, are the ones mostly used here. Going down a decline one goes at such a terrific rate of speed that one has to use a brake—this is, "ride the pole," which is general y a stick some eight feet long, which is belief in front in the hands, and then sat upon so it will plow in the snow, thus lessening the speed. On the 17th February I started from my cabin

On the 17th February I started from my cabin at the foot of Storm mountain to make a trip to the top to see if the fur-bearing animals were still out. It is only about ten miles to the top, and I reckoned that I could easily make there and back in a day. Packing a slight lunch I tied it to my belt and started.

When I had reached the top and looked it over I was surprised to find the sun just going down. Darkness fails very suddenly in this country after sundown, and I concluded to await the rising of the moon, which I knew would rise soon after dark, as it would be dangerous snowshoeing down the mountain side in the dark, for one could not keep the trail and would be liable to rush headlong against a tree or go plunging over the precipice.

trail and would be liable to rush headlong against a tree or go plunging over the precipice.

Durkness folias I have never seen it before. Everything was obliterated. I sat on my snow shoes at the head of the trail waiting for the light of the moon. The silence was oppressive. All around me I could see the dim outlines of the snow-capped peaks, dark and sombre, rearing their heads toward the sky. I must have fallen asleep, but I awoke with a start at the cry of a panther coming from a path of green timber a short distance to the left. This was followed by the cry of a timber wolf, which was answered by another and another, until the hills resounded with their weird howls. Soon gaunt shadows fitted from tree to tree all around me. The the awful thought burst upon we that I was surrounded by wolves, which at this season of the year are very hungry and fierce.

"I know a valley fair,
Elleen Aroon.
I know a cottage there,
Elleen Aroon.
Deep in that valley shade,
I know a gentle maid,
Flower of hazel glade,
Elleen Aroon."
Carroll O'Daly, a Wicklow chieftain of the sixteonth century, was the author of "Eleen Aroon." Apart from the exquisite beauty of the melody and the tonching pathos of the words, it possesses an extrinsic interest from the romantic interest attached to its composition.

around me. The the awful thought burst upon we that I was surrounded by wolves, which at this season of the year are very hungry and fierce.

If I could keep them at bay until the moon rose I was safe, as I could easily keep away from them. As one came close I did a very foolish thing. Pulling my revolver, I shot him through the body. With a fearful yell he started to run, the blood pouring from the wound in a seream. He was pounced upon in a second and torn to pieces by his companions. Crazed by a taste of blood thewhole yelplag pack charged upon me. It was growing light in the cast where the moon would soon rise, but was still too dark to travel with safety; but I tarried not.

Hastly slipping my feet in the leathers of my snow shoes I started down the steep incline as if shot from a catapult. Down, down, down into the darkness I rushed at a headlong rate. A gaunt brute crouching near a tree sprang at my throat, but he had not calculated on my rate of speed and passed harmlessly through the air ten feet bethind me. On came the pack, but their cries became fainter and fainter, and I soon began to ride my pole and slacken my rate of speed, as I was passing close to the brink of a precipice and soon had a turn to make, which one caunotensily do with snow shoes twelve feet long. I stapped at the turn to await the rising of the moon, which soon came up, making it as lightas day.

I believed that the wolves had left to hunt some slower game. But that delusion soon suffered a rude shock. Soon the yelps commenced with redoubled fury, as they scented me, and came-closer and closer. I got on my shoes and waited, nothing loth to showing them again how easy it was to give them the slip. On they came, and as they got close I started out once more, but was horriacd to find that at this place the decline was not great enough for the shoes to run themselves. I had forgotten until this time about this place. There was a bench about 5.0 yards long, and from there the trail veered to the right, and for half a nille descended ve

A Maght Attack.

A two-years' life and the boundless interminable pampas of South American, laying out a railroad line on a perfectly level plain, would have caused death to the very asphyxis of enaut, had not incidents come from time to rouse us from the deadly torpor.

Our habitation was more odd than inxurious. As an omnibus, it may have borne the fashionable ladles up and down Broadway in their arduous shoping hours; but, long since discarded thence, it had come to be our office, parlor, kitchen and bedroom, or hay-waggon, as the case maight be. As we got further out on the plains, we had to make it also our ambalant fortress, with loop-holes for musketry, the increasing insecurity of life and property rendering this necessary.

The vaquero, or gauchos, are a set of Arabs to whom anything that glitters is a temptation not to be resisted. Adroit thieves, they were constantly prowling around, and it required encessing watchtulness on our part. They are once, he would murder his own father. Unfortunately, one of our party possessed a showy, silver-mounted article, half English and half Maxican, which, once seen by the gauchos, put all our lives in danger.

They slood wondering at us as we made our invasion into their solitary realm, where, the whole long year, they ride about, so solitary and slone and their wildenness of horms, that it is a wonder they do not lose the gift of speech. Of civilized life they know nothing.

Once a year they go to a ranch, or village, to remaive from their master fine three or four dollars that constitute their yearly wages; this buys him in article or two of dress, enough it was of wonder; our moving house was a wonder, our mathematical instruments, implements of likes long sentences.

witchcraft: but as the eye of each one restedon the saddle, there was a gleam of desire that boded no good.

At last we halted near a pool containing some hundred gallons of water, and in the dry season this unalluring liquid was a treasure, which we put under the guard of some of our laborers to keap off the cattle. The gauchos soon camb up, till five or six had gathered from different points, offering rude articles for sale. One of us unwisely showed a handful of small silver change. But we did not lot them approach our horses too closely; we knew them too well to allow them within arms' length. We had to warn them off constantly, and I at lenst began to have my misgiving.

After supper I left my companions seated around the fire, and strolled out, riffe in hand, scrutinizing all about. At some distance I came upon a gaucho, examining his horse's hoof. I asked him if his horse was disabled, and he pretended that it was; but I felt that it was only a pretext for lottering near us. On returning to the fire, I imparted my suspicions, and we soon decided on our course of action.

We had a musical member of our party, whose violin, if not handled with the skill of a l'aganial, served to relieve the tedium of our little circle. Its case was now to do service. It made the body of a figure which we dressed up like a sontinul who had sat down and fallen asleep. A cloak and slouched hat made the illusion perfect, We corraled our horses carefully, and put them under a watchful guard, then placed our sentinel, and retired within our fortress. At length the nearly imperceptible metion of the high grass announced the gauchos' approach. Then a head peered out, and the whole body crept cautiously forward, keeping in the shade, though not so completely but that I recognized the gaucho of the lame horse. Five more followed, and, seeing the sleeping sentinal, one advanced, lasso in hand, to strangle him. As it whiredein the air, we gave them a volley; the formost felt dend, the crust dashed off with a yell, dragging, as the sup

CANADIAN NAMES.

Departure From Good Old Nomenclature and Ugliness in the New Ones.

A writer recently entered a well'tuned protest against the modern goths and vandals who setting aside the musical Indian nomenclature, evolve barbarous English names for our cities, lakes and rivers. Yet in the Province of Quelakes and rivers. Yet in the Province of good bee, the process of desceration has not gone nearly so far as it has further West. We find on the Canadian Pache, for instance, that many of the stations between Callander and the Pacific Ocean have been called after politicians. Mr. Van Horne invented names for the summits of the Rocky Mountains. He named the four highest mountains after Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Geo. Stephen and Sir Donald Smith. In Northern Ontario the Provincial Government has earned reproof from right-thinking men by naming several of the new townships after muchine politicians. The names of royal or viceregal lap-dogs favored by ultra-loyal settlers in the old days, are poetry itself compared such selections. In Lower Canada many of the names which strike the traveller as base modern inventions, are in reality corruptions. Only three centuries have elapsed since the mariners of St. Malo penetrated the Gulf of St. Lawrence, yet many of the rugged names they left upon the coast line have been tortured out of sense and meaning in the bee, the process of desceration has not gone CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

out of sense and meaning in the

CONFUSION OF TONGUES.

Their fond du baie, i.e., the extremity of the full, has become Fundy Bay or Bay of Fundy; l'anse au gris fond, the cove with the grey bottom, is now Griffin's Cove; Cap d'Espoir has been altered to Cape Despair; Pointe des Monts, the point of the cilifs, first into Dennon's Point and then to plain Devil's Point; Millos Roches to Mill Rush, and so on. In some instances the process of corruption has resulted in a double change. A suburb of Quebec, once known by the English as Shepherdville, from the name of a resident, became the Bergerville of the habitant, and the Beggarville of a later English generation. The enrily French explorers gave the name Lac als Renne, Reindoer Lake, to what is now, through corruption, Rainy Lake; and later on the French cranslated this into Lac a la Pluic. In some cases, however, the French are responsible for the corruption. Thus Bomerset, formerly an exclusively English district in Lower Canada, but now largely French, is becoming St. Morrisotte; Stannold is st. Folle; Meteni street is the Rue Metal; and so on. The original Indian names are, of course, not so readily corrupted. Megantic, the battle club; Batiscan, the horn; Cacouns, where there are porcapines; Maskinong, the ugly fish; Missisquoi, the big woman; Rumouski, the dog's home; Tomisconata, it is deep water everywhere; these and many other Indian names in Quebec still flourish in their burlly. Coming back to Ontario, such names as Brown's Corners and Smithville, and such importations as Guelph, Whitby, Prince Albert and the like, have no good reason for being. Much more beautiful and appropriate are Saugeen, the mouth of a river; Manitoulin, Spirit Island Oshawa, ferry him over; Toronto, looming of trees; Wanbuno, the morning light, etc.

in the first execution was not quite so much but sail very steep doesn't down a truit as a string to my cabia, seven miles it was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to the steep doesn't was life or death to get to life or death to life or death to life or death to get to life or death life or

Personal Liberty. vs.

Physical Slavery.

We are all free American citizens enoying our personal liberty; but most of us are in physical slavery, suffering from scrofula, salt rheum or some other form of impure blood. Hood Sarsaparilla is the great blood purifier which dissolves the bonds of disease, gives health and perfect physical liberty.

"Very good, but rather too pointed," as the fish said when it swallowed the

Why does a busy editor resemble an industrious burglar? Because he dis-

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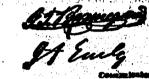
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OTUET OF THE UNITED STATES, is an inviolable contact between the rate and the Lottery Company, will remain in food mader only circumstances FIVE YMARS LONGER, UNTIL 1495. The Longies, URTLI 1985.
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