OUR SHORT STORY

"The Sixth Mrs. Washane."

ing-oh, she didn't think him a saint

till he up and died in the gutter, re-

lieving her of a nuisance. I mind now

she broke down when we told her he

was dead, and said: 'He's done one

good thing that I hope the Lord will

Jonh Washane walked home in a

"Lucia;" his voice was still somewhat

"Oh, John, why don't you say what

you start to, without repeating? Dear George used to speak so differently."

"Did he ever cuss you?" John had

"And strike you? Get drunk-seal

-neglect-come, Lucia, tell me; I want

Mrs. Washane's dimples became ap-

a twinkle in her brown eyes, "so I may

as well admit it. He was-oh, John,

dear, he did make my life so miserable,

demanded, pulling upon his knees the

wife whom hitherto he had hardly

dared to kiss; "you made me think he was an angel, all-but."

a playful tweak to the grizzled mous-

tache so near her face. "But, John, dear, I did it in self-defense. I'd heard

how you told your second wife of the virtues of Susan. And I'd heard how

she came at last to the conclusion that

you didn't think she was worthy to un-

tie your shoe-strings, and so died. And then you told your third wife that she

had been a treasure, that Matilda was

not to be mentioned lightly, that she

was a worker, a help-mate, a woman

of a thousand, and you could never

forget her worth; and then Jennie died

and you put on her tombstone what

you never told her you thought about

her; and then Carrie heard of Jennie's

goodness, and how you could trust her,

but died, not knowing that you trusted her, too; and then Mary, the sweetest woman that ever lived, I admit, for I

knew her, she was my own cousin-

Mary became your wife, and you never told her that she made your home as

happy as heaven, and she died-and

John, dear, I didn't want to hear what

all the others had heard, and so I gave

you the chance to hear the kind of talk

your wives had heard—and—John, dear, you're not angry, dear, are you—

because-well, it has been lovely here,

and I'm so glad that you married me

and gave me a chance to forget George

Douglas. You're not angry, John,

And John Washane kissed his pretty,

you'll never mention your 'dear departed' to me again, I'll tell you what I

think-I've got a wife now who is the

best and brightest, loveliest, sweetest,

cleverest, dearest woman-there, there,

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Boys and Girls.

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The Baby's Lesson.

"O boo'ful flower!" the baby cried,

She grasped the stem with her finger

And then with a sob the flower let fall,

For a thorn had pricked her, dimple

And reached for the rose in glee.

And a sorrowful baby was she,

"O Kitty, kitty!" the baby cried,

She pulled at his fur, alas, alas!

To the pussy-cat downy and wee,

For he turned and gave her, it came to

Before he scampered over the grass,

'O pretty, pretty!" the baby cried,

She cooed and called in her soft delight,

But when she caught at his wings so

He vanished suddenly out of her sight.

And a 'stonished baby was she,

As 'sprised as a baby could be,

Then into the house the baby went,

She had learned three strange and

The kitten has claws, and the rose has

And the beautiful butterfly-bird has

And a wise, wise baby was she

Now which of us wiser could be?

How a Little Indian Girl Plays.

[By Alice Cary Hewett.]

Lucy Hawk is a little Indian girl who

lives on a reservation in Dakota. Her

grandfather is the loved and honored

chief of his tribe, and Lucy is his fa-

vorite grandchild. She is a sweet little

girl with willing hands and feet ready

to do the bidding of the teachers at the

mission school where she lives for eight months of the year. She speaks

English with a pretty accent, and steps

about with a quaint dignity and grace

that pleases the eye and gladdens the

On cold or stormy days, after the school hours are over and household

tasks are done, Lucy turns with a hap-

py heart to the playroom, where she

amuses herself by making moccasins

ico, which perhaps some child in the far

away east put in the missionary barrel. When tired of the basies, she gets her

pebble tops, of which she has a num-

ber hidden away in the pocket of her

dress, tucked away in a corner of her

pigeon hole in a row of boxes in the

playroom, or buried safely under the

steps. It is only a common pebble with

for her funny babies, or making dresses

for them from the bits of bright cal-

-Youth's Companion,

Dear me!

And her face was grave to see.

wonderful things,

A scratch that was sad to see,

As red as a scratch could be!

As a butterfly lit on her knee.

Dear me!

Dear me!

Dear me!

As sad as a baby could be!

puss, don't smother me."

and all.

pass.

bright

stings,

wings.

heart.

"It's too bad." Mrs. Washane gave

"Why did you deceive me so?" John

"Someone has been talking," she said,

give him credit for, he's died.'

found his tongue at last. "Why, John?"

to know the truth."

so unbearable."

parent.

dazed condition.

People generally in Pottsville pitied Mr. Lawton grinned. the new Mrs. Washane that was to be. "I did," he said, with Not that Pottsville people were acquainted with her and allowed their acquainted with her and anowed their acquaintanceship to run riot with their sympathies. Not so; they knew of her by hearsay only, as a widow, Widow Douglas, they believed, of Green Mead-

But they did know John Washane. That was enough to know. John Washane, who had placed less than a year ago the plain yet touchingly inscribed stone to the fith Mrs. Washane. first Mrs. Washane's stone testified that 'None knew her but to love her:" the second, "Her price was above rubies." Mrs. Washane, third, was lamented as, one who "had done what she could;" the fourth, as "one whom the heart of her husband could safely trust in;"
while number five's epitaph was, "she
always made home happy." And now
number six was about to be offered at the connubial altar-so said Pottsvill-

It was talked over at the various sewing circles, and suggestions were offered, motions were made and carried as to the best way in which to apprise the new Mrs. Washane-to-be of her unenviable prospect; and one day-as it happened, only a wek prior to the marriage an anonymous epistle found its way to the Widow Douglas, of Green

"Dear Friend"-thus ran the letter-"Dear friend, though strangers to you, we feel it encumbent upon us to write you, ere you take upon yourself the vows of connubial obedience to one John Washane, of Pottsville. He is a good man. He is an honest man. He s a generous man. But truth compels us to state that in spite of many virtues he has worried his many former wives into untimely graves by nagging and bossing. That this may not be your fate is the wish and prayer of YOUR WELL-WISHERS."

The Widow Douglas read the letter, a curious little frown, which was half a smile, showing itself as she perused the anonymous missive.

The wedding ceremony was over. plished fact, and the twain, now one. having driven in their own hired hack all the way from Green Meadows to Pottsville, were about to enter the house which Sally Lancaster had with indignant vehemence gotten in readiness to receive the bride

And now John, as soon as we can get our clothes changed I think that you had better hang that gate while I am getting supper—I noticed it sags." 'Lu-Lucia-wh-what?" John Washane was plainly astonished at the admonitory tone of his new-made help-

Mrs. Washane's answer was a trifle disturbed in tone, though sweet. "I hope. John, that you're not going to annoy me by causing me to repeat my words—my dear departed husband always paid close attention when I spoke. I said, 'You'd better hang that gate as soon as you get your every-day clothes on, as it sags so."

Thus was the beginning of John

Washane's sixth marital venture; when he came into the house he was urged to take off his boots at the threshold and reminded, "Never did I thus have to address my first husband." Constantly was the statement made: "What would | dear?" my dear partner Douglas have thought had I been obliged to ask him to bring | coaxing, young wife, and said: up coal?" "Dear George would never have failed to procure the best meats and butter." Until at last John Washane became accustomed to the oft-repeated assertions, and actually felt that, compared with the late George Douglas, he, John Washane, was an outcast and a villain. No longer did he refer to Susan, Matilda, Jennie, Carrie and Mary as patterns for all future housewives to copy: what were they as compared with her to whom the sainted Douglas had bowed in allegiance before? His voice took on a humbler cadence when he spoke to or of Lucia. His? How had he ever dared to woo this piece of perfection-how had he

been so favored to win her? He referred to his own unworthiness one day to a neighbor lately moved into the town, a man who for years before had lived in Green Meadows.

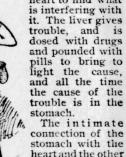
"As I think of her former partner, I wonder what she saw in me that should lead her to renounce the name of George Douglas? It may be that she saw my need and, as it were, was willing to snatch me as a brand from the burning-what were you about to say, Lawton?

"You never knew George Douglas Dersonally?" John shook his head.

"But you did, I dare say, by reputation at least?"

The woman who mislays her hat and

looks for it in her purse, among other im-possible places, is very like the physician who looks in all sort of impossible places for the cause of a disease. The heart be-gins to act irregularly and straightway there's an exam ination of the heart to find what is interfering with it. The liver gives trouble, and is dosed with drugs and pounded with



The intimate connection of the stomach with the heart and the other vital organs, necessarily results in the sympathy of these organs with any derangement or disease of the stomach and the organs of digestion and nutrition.

Thousands have been cured of palpitation, liver trouble, shortness of breath, in the side, backache, and numerous other complaints by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. This medicine acts directly upon the stomach, the organs of digestion and nutrition and the blood making glands, and the fact that it cures so forms of disease is the best proof that these diseases originate in the stomach and must be cured through the stomach.

"I had been a great sufferer for several years, and my family doctor said I would not be a living man in two years, but, thank God, I am still living," writes Mr. George W. Trustow, of Lipscomb, Augusta Co., Va. "Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is what saved my life. I had hear! trouble so bad that I could not lie on my left side without a great deal of pain. I was nearly past work when I commenced your medicine, but I can do about as much work now as any man. I cannot say too much for the benefit I have received."

The People's Common Sense Medical Ad-iser, the "Bible of the body," is sent free on receipt of 31 one-cent stamps to pay exense of customs and mailing only, on in paper covers, or 50 stamps for cloth-ound edition. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce,

would never call it a top; but Lucy drops it with a little twirl of the fingers which sends it spinning away with a dizzy rush, and she follows it up with her whip, lashing it until she is tired and out of breath, the pebble whirling faster and faster the longer the lashing continues. Sometimes she pastes bits of bright paper to the sides, and then the spinning pebble seems to be covered with rings of color. It is a pretty play and never loses its fascination for the little brown children. *666666666

When at her own home, Lucy goes coasting sometimes, and what do you think she has for a sled? You would "I did," he said, with a silent mirthful chuckle. "And so you are the man that married Lucia Douglas? A good never guess, so I will tell you. A big buffalo skin is spread on the snow at woman she, and a clever one. But George Douglas—well, yes, I knew him, the top of the terrace, which divides the prairies from the river bottom. Lucy too-lots of folks did-the grogshop keepers best of all. Thought that he was a kind of saint, did you? Well, and her sisters find a nice warm seat on the soft fur, the child in front gathers the end over her feet and holds on now, Lucia didn't when he used to tight and fast as those behind give a beat her till she was nearly dead; and starting push, and away they go, down she didn't when he stole Parson Grant's the steep slopes, and come to a quick colt; nor she didn't when he used to stop at the foot, a screaming, laughing, squirming heap of touzled heads swear blue streaks at her; nor when she used to have to keep herself and and twisted shawls. him from starving by taking in wash-

Sometimes the boys slide these steep hills with a barrel-stave under each foot, and we have enjoyed watching their agile jumps and somersaults at

the foot. Like white children, the Indian boys and girls like to imitate their elders. In their play we see them unfolding their shawls to take the place of the Indian blanket, wrapping their babies and ty-ing them in stiff bundles to be carried on their backs, as they visit or play at

awed as he addressed her, in spite of what he had heard. "Lucia—di—did— Again, they will set up their tentpoles in the yard, and use their shawls for covering the picturesque tepee. Then they play at building camp-fires, and cooking feasts for imaginary warriors

Boys and girls alike are full of spirits and laughter-loving fun, and they are never tired of listening to stories about white children. - The Outlook,

0000000000000000 The Poets.

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"Let Us Go Home." "Let us go home, the day is done, And softly steals the pale, young moon.

A silver shadow of the sun Athwart the broken haze of noon. Let us go home: the summer night Is all for you and me, my lass; The years have stolen half our sight, But come! there's one more stile to

'Let us go home, the corn is ripe, All yellow falls the driven leaf, What are they but the golden type-The richer hope that springs from

Let us go home; the dawn was fair, The noon was full, the eve is sweet; The night may hide enough of care-But love shall guide our homeward feet

'Let us go home! we cannot stay. Our eyes are blind-or is it night? You, dear, shall lead our homeward way; Let us go home; our love is strong,

But here, before you, stands the stile. My hand, good wife, 'twill not be long, I'll join you in a little while!" -Frederick G. Bowles.

Loafing Day.

The lazy boy sprawled on his back and squinted at the sky,
Wishing he were the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high; For day was lapsing swiftly, half-way from dawn to noon,

And the breeze it sang: "O lazy boy. what makes you tired so soon?"

But the lazy boy was silent, and he slowly chewed a straw, Vaguely mindful of the thrush that whistled in the haw And half aware of bleating sheep and

of the browsing kine Far scattered over slumbering hills to the horizon line.

Happy, happy was the boy a-dreaming sweet and long, Fanned by the breeze that tossed the haw and raffed the thrush's song: For the whole glad day he had to loaf, he and himself together, While all the mouths of Nature blew the flutes of fairy weather.

The year's great treadmill round was done, it drudgery ended well, And now the sunny holiday had caught him in its spell,

So that he lounged, a lazy lout, upsquinting at the sky, And wished he was the long-winged bird that slantwise sailed on high.

It's good to work and good to win the wages of the strong; Sweet is the hum of labor's hire and sweet the workman's song;

But once a year a lad must loaf, and dream, and chew a straw. And wish he were a falcon free, or a catbird in the haw! -Maurice Thompson.

A Masquerader.

Sorrow once wearied of his sad estate, And, finding Pleasure sleeping in the

Put on his mantle, bargaining with Fate That she should tell of the exchange to none. through the city gates he made

his way, And eager crowds flocked round from far and near; But some who strove to grasp his gar-

ments gay Shrank back, they knew not why, with sudden fear, And there were those who gave him

of their best, Who set before him a most royal feast. Doing him homage as a kingly guest-

Till, as the music and the mirth increased. One peered beneath his hood and saw

with wild surprise The somber spirit looking out from Sorrow's eyes. -Christian Burke.

Almost in Despair.

"My wife suffered with pain and distress from an affection of the throat. caused by impure blood. She was almost in despair of ever obtaining a cure, but finally procused a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and after taking six bottles of this medicine she was completely cured." John Wecknar.

Galt. Ont. That distress after eating is prevented by one or two of Hood's Pills. They

A recently built organ run by electricity contains 64,500 miles of wire. There are thirty-two waterfalls in a distance of 154 miles in the Congo

Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is pleasant, sure and effectual. If your druggist has none in stock, get him to prosmooth sides, and a little white child | sure it for you

HARD WORK

Brilliant Intellect Not the Main Qualification for Success.

The Talent for Toil Is the Thing-Experience of Famous People.

[Saturday Evening Post, Philadelphia.] It is a common mistake to suppose that intellectual cleverness or mental power is the main qualification for success in any career. Far more important than brilliant abilities is a talent for work-for hard, persistent, unremitting toil. Mental cleverness is the edge of the knife which makes it penetrate; but whether it penetrate deeply or not depends more on the force applied to it and the persistence with which it is applied than upon the sharpness of the blade.

The will is the driving-wheel which sets all the mental machinery in motion. It is the man who not only resolves to succeed, but who begins and re-begins resolutely again and again after every rebuff, that reaches the goal. Take any calling or sphere of achievement—as literature, for example, a calling in which success would seem to depend chiefly upon intuition or inspiration—what men call "genius" -and what an amount of toil-of hard, unremitting, exhausting work—nay, even of drudgery, success in it exacts!

A poem like Gray's Elegy, or Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, or Pope's Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot is not struck off at a flash. The most fastidious and exacting taste has been at work upon it for weeks and months. perhaps for years-blotting, expanding, condensing and polishing with ceaseless care, and it is not till after innumerable changes, blots and erasures that this quintessence of thoughts which have been refined in the crucible is at last given to the world, its different parts fused together and finished with all the care of a skilled jeweler setting his most precious gems.

The same thing is true of a great historical work like Gibbons' or Macaulay's. It involves an amount of labor and positive drudgery of which the reader who glides so easily over its pages has no conception. To produce a sterling history which shall abide the closest critical scrutiny, the writer must go back to the original sources of information, to the statutes of the period he is portraying, the diplomatic correspondence the orders and reports of military leaders, the records of debates in councils and parliaments, political pamphlets, street ballads and "broadsides," ships' log-books, contemporary memoirs, private diaries and letters, newspapers-even, in some cases, to old worm-eaten account-books and musty files of receipts. He must scrutinize piles of papers in foreign languages, or in the strange spelling and handwriting of centuries long past -in faded ink, too, and on browned parchments; and days, and even weeks of toil must sometimes be undergone in preparing to write a single page.

It is customary to explain the highest results of human effort—the achievements that immortalize men-by attributing them to a subtle, mysterious at first with great difficulty, so sucpower which no one has been able to cessful at last, not only as a novelist, define, yclept "genius." It is thought to vulgarize a great work to ascribe it to anything but direct inspiration from phleteer? It was a Herculean faculty heaven. Men are led into this error by of work, which manifested itself in contemplating the magnitude of a work Newton's Principia. or Milton's Paradise Lost, or a great invention-in its finished state, without considering the slow, gradual, creeping progress by which these things have been brought to their perfection. Unable to trace the weary steps by which the philosopher, poet or inventor has passed, in spite of many defeats and discouragements, from one mountain peak of thought to another, "thinking while others slept, reading while others rioted," till he has attained to his present lofty elevation, they cry out that he is "a miracle of genius!" "Yes," says Sydney Smith, "he is a miracle of genius, because he is a miracle of labor; because, instead of trusting to the resources of his own single mind. he ransacked a thousand minds; because he makes use of the accumulated wisdom of ages, and takes as his point of departure the very last line and boundary to which science has advanced; because it has ever been the object of his life to assist every intellectual gift of nature, however munificent and however splendid, with every resource that art could suggest and every atten-

tion that diligence could bestow It is true that men have different degrees of aptitude for a particular pursuit; but it is equally true that all truly great men have become such by intense and persistent toil. Their superiority is not so much a superiority of natural endowment as a force of will and a faculty to toil which urge all their natural endowments into the very highest and most efficient activity. Slowly and painfully did Milton elaborate verse after verse of his sublime epic; and Newton left on record the assurance that he did not discover the law of gravitation by the aid of heaven-born inspiration, but by dint of a homely virtue within reach of all

men-the habit of patient thought. Nine-tenths of the most useful labor in any calling is drudgery-work which kindles no enthusiasm and elicits no praise-but without which signal success is impossible. "No man." the painter Innes, "can do anything in art unless he has intuitions; but between whiles he must work hard in collecting the materials out of which intuitions are made." All great artists understand this, and act upon it accordingly. What rare endowments of eye and hand had Michael Angelo! Yet neither he nor the many-sided Leon-They studied the human frame as if they expected to be doctors; the laws of matter as if they meant to be engineers; the nature of light as if they meant to be physicists; and the principles of optics as if they had resolved to be astronomers.

All the great statesmen, scholars, orators and writers of ancient and modern times have had a marvelous talent for work. "I know that he can toil terribly," said Queen Elizabeth of Raleigh. Look at Palmerston! "I have seen him." says his physician. Sir Henry Holland, "under a fit of gout which had used several remedies to no avail would have sent other men groaning to their couches, continue his work of reading or writing on public business almost without abatement, amid the chaos of papers that covered the floor as well as the tables of his room." What a Titanic and tireless worker was Gladstone, alike in boyhood, middle life and old age, when at 84 he sometimes read and studied ten hours a day! It was this talent and love for work which made his fellow-student at Oxford, the brilliant Arthur Hallam, the subject of Tennyson's In Memor-"Whatever may be our I am confident that Gladstone is are advertised to do. a bud that will blossom with a richar

They Envied She dressed so well that her friends

She dressed so Her! not believe the stories she told about the little money she had to spend. She used

Maypole Soap Dyes-used them in her own room and dyed quickly, cleanly and without trouble.

There was never a streak in the colorings she obtainedthey didn't crock—they didn't fade—her friends "envied her" Maypole Soap

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BRAINS COUNT We will give \$100,00 in Gold to any one who will arrange the twenty letters printed above into three names deucting three well-known siting of the United States Navy dering the Spanish Will. Remember we do not usent one cent of your money. There is only one condition, which will take less than one hour of your time, which we will write you when your prize is dolivered. In making the three names, the letters can only be used as many times as they appear above and no letter can be used which does not appear. After you have found the three correct names, you will have used every letter in the twenty exactly as many times as it appears. The money will be paid August 18th, 1809. Should mee than one person succeed in finding the three correct names, the iso,oo will be equally divided. We make this therefore to introduce our charming and interesting family, 96 to 144. Column, tilnstrated monthly magazine to as many familles in the United States and Canada as possible, where it is as yet unknown. Our magazine is carefully edited, illustrated and filled with the choicest literary matter that the best authors produce. Try and Win. If you will make that three names and sond them to us at once, who knows but that you will get the gold 1 Anyway, we do not want any money from you, and a contest like this is very interesting. As soon as we receive your answer we will at once write and notify you if you have won the prize. We sineerely hope you will, as we shall give the \$100.00 arong anyonsy. Do not delay. Write at once.

RIGLEY PUBLISHING CO., 345 Washington St., BOSTON, MASS.

fragrance than almost any whose youthful promise I have witnessed."

Macaulay was an extraordinary worker, and when toiling at his history in 1848 rose at daybreak and wrought intensely—sometimes sitting! at his desk twelve hours on a stretch. "I have made myself what I am," said that giant of classical erudition, Porson, "by intense labor."

What made Bulwer, who composed but as an essayist, dramatist, historian, poet, orator and political pamspite of his lifelong invalidism, in not less than a hundred olumes, the he lived but sixty-eight years. Who needs to be told of Pascal, who killed himself by hard study; of Cicero, who narrowly escaped death by the same cause; of Walter Scott, rising to work daily at five o'clock in the morning. and "breaking the backbone of the day," as he used to say, pefore his family had assembled for breakfast; or of Arnold Rugby, always up to his ears in work, learning some new lan-guage, studying some fresh historical subject, or cheering on by his pen some progressive movement of age? Even Keen, the tragedian, whose impersonations were deemed so spontaneous and unstudied, "studied and slaved," says one who knew him, "beyond any other actor I ever knew." All these men were superior to other men because they took more pains that other men-because, as Turner said to the lady who asked the secret of his success as a painter, they "had no secret but hard work."

Let us be thankful, then, if we have a talent for work. Whatever our allotted task, let us buckle to it with energy and content.

BY EVERY MAIL.

A Toronto Man Is Deluged With

Letters. Wrote to People All Over Canada Ask-

ing About Dodd's Kidney Pills-Replics Have Been Coming for Two Weeks-Still They Come. Toronto, June 23.-Replies to the letters sent out inquiring as to the lasting qualities of certain cures made

Dodd's Kidney Pills, during the last nine years, have been pouring in on the gentleman who sent them out, this last week. He, it will be remembered, is the compiler of a scrapbook which contains a great many of the thousands of cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills that have been reported from time to time. in the daily and weekly press of the country.

The letters come from all over Canada and in some cases are from people ardo da Vinci thought any detail of who were cured as many as nine years anatomy or physics beneath his notice. ago. All forms of Kidney Disease are ago. All forms of Kidney Disease are represented, including Bright's Disease. Diabetes, Rheumatism, Disease, Female Trouble, Paralysis, Bladder and Urinary Disorders. Nervous Diseases and Blood Poisoning. Up to the present no reply has received which showed that a cure by Dodd's Kidney Pills of any of these complaints has ever been otherthan permanent.

John McDonald, 130 Langlois avenue, Windsor, was reported in January, 1897, as being cured of Rheumatism and Dropsy of two years standing. He and finally he tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. After using but one box he was cured. The dropsical swelling in his legs, which had been severe, disappeared. Mr. McDonald is well known in Windsor and several persons vouched for his case at the time. Mr. Mc-Donald's recent letter reads as follows:

Windsor, May 6, 1899. Dear Sir,—I will gladly send you the information you ask for that I am all right at present as far as my health is concerned. I used Dodd's Kidney Pills and found them to do all that they JOHN McDONALD.

A Skin of Beauty Is a Joy Foreven Dr. Felix Gouraud's Oriental Cream or Magical Beautifier.



Also Poudre Subtile removes superfluous hair

Also Poudre Subtlie removes superfluous hair without injury to the skin.
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our swell '99 models early, we will, for the next 30 days, ship a sample Bicycle C.O.D. to address upon receipt of \$1.00. We offer splendid chance to a good agent in each town. You have your choice of Cash, or outright gift of one or more wheels, according to nature of work done for us.

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A life of pleasure makes even the strongest mind frivollous at last.-Bul-

The wise are polite all the world over; fools are polite only at home .-