

YOUNG FOLKS.

THE GRATEFUL GOBLIN.

Nick Nickson was a woodchopper. He had lived close to the forest for many years with his wife and children. It was seldom Nick went to town or anywhere else, because he had a great deal of work to do to keep his family alive. Wood-hewing never was much of a paying business, and Nick found it no better. But he never complained; he did the best he could in the best manner, and for the rest he trusted to a kind Providence to assist him and his wife and children.

Nick had now been going into the woods for twenty-five years, and as he was walking along this morning he was thinking of that fact more than once. "I have worked very hard," he muttered to himself as he stopped before a beautiful young oak tree ready to take off his jacket and start operations. "I have worked very hard," he said again, "and I think I ought to be pensioned off soon. But I don't think there is much chance. Where should I get the money to keep my folks at home without work. But there, it is no use growing now on the day of my twenty-fifth anniversary in the wood chopping line. Providence has stood by me so long, and I don't think I shall be forgotten in the future. Do your duty with all your might, with all your strength, with all your ability, and with an unwearied spirit of energy and perseverance; that is my motto, and success is bound to follow some time or other."

By this time Nick had taken his top coat off and laid it and his hat down in the long grass. Then he took his ax in his hands, and after looking at the tree from its base to its crown he gave the first blow. Thick splinters flew in all directions and Nick dropped his ax and jumped back from the tree.

"What is the matter?" he said; "did I not hear a noise somewhere like the whining of a child?"

He stood and listened for a few moments, but all seemed to be quiet. Then he resumed his task. But he had only made one more blow at the tree when he was stopped again. This time he heard these words, "Get me out! Get me out!"

"Who is it that calls there?" Nick asked, who was not in the least afraid.

"It is I, the goblin of Blinkingdale!" a voice replied.

"But where are you to be found?"

"I am in the oak you have been hewing at, and I hallooed out because I was afraid you might kill me."

"Well, tell me where I ought to strike in order to extricate you without doing you any bodily harm," replied Nick Nickson.

"The ax is too big and too sharp altogether," now said the voice from the tree; "take your pocket-knife and start cutting the bark about 2 feet from the ground. But be very careful or you will hurt me."

Nick now took his knife and he began cutting the bark. Piece by piece flew out, until at last he got to a hollow space, when the voice inside the tree let out a shriek that was so loud and terrible all the trees in the wood seemed to be shaken by it.

"Now you have cut my beard, you old villain of a woodchopper," cried the goblin. "Oh, I will kill you if you are not careful."

Poor Nick trembled with fear, because he had often heard of goblins and their cruelty to people. But he soon realized that he was yet master of the situation, and he need not be afraid of the goblin.

"Look here, Mr. Goblin," said Nick, "if you mean to kill me when you get out, I think I will leave you where you are and go home. Good-bye."

"For gracious sake, don't do that, my good man," hallooed the goblin; "I did not mean what I said then, but you did hurt me and no mistake. But be careful of my beard; it is very long, and it hurts very much if you pull only one of the hairs out. Now I will tell you something else. If you get me out without doing me any more harm I will give you a great reward, and make you the richest man in the world."

Nick was well satisfied when he heard that, and he worked with renewed vigor. In a few minutes the hole was large enough and the goblin came out. The woodchopper was astonished when he saw the creature. The little fellow was just 8 inches high, and his appearance was very funny. A long cap with a plume at the end hung down over his back, and his beard reached down to his toes. Nick looked much surprised when he remembered that this little man had been able to shriek so loud.

"How did you get into that tree?" asked Nick of the goblin.

"To tell you that would be a very long story to relate. Be it sufficient for you to know that I have been in that tree twenty-five years to-day. You have got me out of my long imprisonment, and I will give you a reward when the time comes."

With the last word the goblin had vanished.

"Well, but where is my reward?" cried Nick. "It is all very well to say I shall have it when the time comes, but when will that be? Oh, you mean little scamp of a goblin, to get me first to extricate you from an oak tree, where you were buried for twenty-five years, and then to run away from me because you are too stingy to thank me for it. Ah! this is an ungrateful, cruel world. Just when I thought that I was to be made rich, too. Ah, well! never mind; let me continue at my work of woodchopping, but I will be careful not to have any more to do with goblins."

Nick now worked away with his ax in a mad humor. He struck the trunk of the oak with terrific force. It seemed to satisfy his anger, because he imagined every time the ax hit the tree he was hurting the little goblin. In a few moments the roots of the tree lay bare, and behold! what did Nick find? At the very base of the oak he saw a little black ebony box. He picked it up and he noticed there was no lock to it. On the top were written the two words: "Open me!" But the words were spelled backward, and when Nick looked at them it read in his mind: "em nepO!" Nick never had been very sharp in book learning, and it never struck him to try and make some sense out of the words "em nepO!" He saw that he did not know what it meant and he did not trouble any more. When he went home he took the box along with him, thinking it would make a toy for one of his children.

Arrived at his little cottage he found one of his neighbors sitting on the doorstep. Nick showed him the little black box, told him where he found it and related to him his adventure with the goblin. The neighbor was a pretty shrewd old man, and no sooner had he looked at the handwriting on the box when he knew what it meant. He had read

it backward. But he never said so to Nick. When he went home he quietly put the box in his pocket. Nick did not notice it. He was too honest himself to suppose any one else a thief.

When the neighbor got into his cottage he immediately got a chisel and a hammer and smashed the box open. Inside he found a piece of paper, which was wrapped around a tiny little silver key. On the paper he read these lines:

In the forest by the brook,
Where the silver maple grows,
You will find a little nook
That with solid silver flows.

These lines were signed, "Your Grateful Goblin."

The man at once understood all. He knew where the box came from, and he knew that the goblin who had been in the oak had intended this for Nick. "Nick is a fool," the man said to himself. "I am going to lift the treasure. Why did he not keep the box for himself?"

He accordingly went into the forest. He found the little nook, just as he was told, beside the silver maple tree. Examining the ground, he noticed a tiny keyhole. He had already put the key into the hole; he turned it around, and he saw the shining silver in the nook, when his hand was suddenly arrested by the goblin.

"You are not the man who liberated me from the oak tree!" said the little man.

The thief then had to confess that he got hold of the box because his neighbor Nick could not read backward.

"Well, you had no business to be a thief, and you certainly had no right to take that box which did not belong to you."

"I am sorry," replied the man; "if you will forgive me I will go home and tell Nickson all about this silver treasure, and he can come and get it himself."

"No, there is no necessity for that. Anyhow, I do not believe you would keep your word. But now that you have found this silver treasure, take it to your home; it shall be yours." Then the goblin vanished.

The man at once began to fill his pockets with silver. When they were filled he took his cap, then his handkerchief, then he took off his coat and used it as a bag. But when all was filled he could not carry the load; it was too heavy. So he had to leave some behind. He hurried home and gave the silver to his wife, then he took the wheelbarrow and returned to the brook. He loaded the wheelbarrow to its utmost capacity before he left for home. On his way to his cottage, however, he had to cross a small bridge, which led over a stream, and when he was in the center of this bridge the boards broke under him and the wheelbarrow, the silver and the man fell down into the deep. The load had been too heavy. The man was too greedy; he wanted too much, and now he was drowned and he had nothing at all. It was fortunate for his wife and children that he had brought some of the treasure home, and they were saved from starvation.

Now we will return to Nick Nickson, the woodchopper. He never missed the little black box at all. Next morning he returned to the forest and worked away at chopping down trees as hard as ever. Sometimes he would think of the goblin, and then Nick would murmur: "The world is very ungrateful. The next goblin I find in a tree has to stay there for all I care."

After he had chopped down one tree he was astonished to find again a little black box at the roots. He picked it up again, and on the top these words could be read again: "Open me." But this time the writing was straight, and not backward; so Nick read it at once, and of course, understood.

"Open you! All right, that is easily done," he put the box on the ground, took his ax, hit it one stroke and the box was smashed. Inside Nick found a piece of paper wound around a beautiful golden key of the finest workmanship. Nick took the paper and looking at it close, he saw that it contained the following verse:

At the castle on the mount
Is a golden treasure,
Where golden rods is often found
Waiting for your measure.

The slip of paper was signed: "The Grateful Goblin." Nick looked at the writing long and intently. "Well," he said, at last, "I will at once go and find out whether that goblin has played another trick on me. I might as well be fooled twice as once."

He immediately ran towards the mountain, which stood not far into the forest. Arrived there he climbed up the steep ascent, and when he got to the walls of the castle he walked all around until he found the yellow golden rod growing everywhere. Then he examined the wall. In a moment he noticed a small hole in the wall, which seemed to have been made for his golden key. Putting it in the hole and turning round was done in a second. Nick already beheld the glittering mass of shining gold before him when the goblin appeared.

"So here you are, then," he said to Nick; "so you did not give the box away this time. Why did you not keep the other?"

Nick explained to the goblin that he did not know what the box contained.

"Why did you not open it?"

"I don't know."

"Well, your neighbor did, though, and he got a silver treasure. But I punished him before he was able to enjoy it, and he is now dead in the stream. Now, look here, Nick, you fancied that I did not mean to give you your reward as I promised."

"Well, it looked like it, did it not?"

"Looked like it has nothing to do with it. You should have trusted me, and have a little patience. However, you are a pretty good fellow, Nick, and now here is your treasure. Enjoy it with your wife and children, live long and be happy, and remember sometimes the Grateful Goblin."

Nick was now alone with his treasure. He took a good lot home with him, and he and his dear ones lived in the future as happy as happy could be.

The Most Probable Result.

He intended to take his first voyage to Europe and was elatedly talking to his best girl about it.

"Oh, Miranda, it will be just grand!" he said. "The city growing indistinct in the distance, the varied craft in the channel, the drowsy slush of the waves, the great green-tinted billows, the fleecy cloud isles overhead, the wide, limitless expanse, will fill my soul with—"

"Humph!" growled Miranda's father from behind his paper. "Fill your soul, eh? It will be more likely to empty your stomach."

CATCHING PORPOISES.

Exciting Work by Indians Off the Stormy Coast of Maine.

Along the coast of Maine there are several places where porpoise catching is carried on extensively and affords the principal means of support for many of the people living in those localities. The Bay of Fundy is an especially good fishing ground, and Indian Beach, bordering on the waters of the bay, is more or less occupied the year round by whites and Indians who do little else. For years the Passamaquoddy Indians have made a practice of camping on the beach and applying themselves assiduously to porpoise harpooning and shooting.

The winter fish are the fattest and give the most oil; that is the valuable part of the catch. The largest porpoises are about 7 feet long, will girth 5 feet, weigh 300 pounds and over, and yield from six to seven gallons of oil. The blubber is an inch or so thick in warm weather, but in the winter double that. A fat fish's blubber will weigh about 100 pounds. The Indians do their work in much the same way now as they did in early years, the most primitive methods prevailing. In trying out the blubber the appliances are of the rudest kind. The fires are built among piles of stones, over which iron pots are hung. The blubber is cut in small pieces and slowly melted. The oil is skimmed into jars and cans, and when pure is worth 90c. a gallon. The best oil comes from the jaws of the porpoise. The jaws are hung up in the sun, and the oil drops down into a vessel, each pair producing about one-half pint. Watchmakers and others using a very fine oil take it in preference to all other, and it commands a big price. The blubber oil gives a good light, and for years was burned exclusively in the lighthouses along the coast.

In a good season an Indian will catch nearly 200 porpoises, each yielding about three gallons of oil; but most of them fall a good deal below this as they are not over partial to labor, and as long as the returns of one catch will last, will loaf around the camp rather than go out again. The custom is to get a few gallons of oil, go to the nearest market, and sell it, then "rest" till forced by necessity to make further exertions. The porpoise's flesh is like pork when cooked, and a staple article of food.

The bravery, skill, and endurance demanded of the porpoise catchers in their work is almost unknown to the outside world. In the morning, when the men are going "porpoising," the women and children turn out to see the canoes off. Each boat has two men, and when a storm comes up while they are out, or they are unusually late getting in, there is great anxiety among those on shore. It takes years of training to make a good porpoise hunter, and the big boys begin by going out with the experienced men. No matter what the water's condition, be it rough or smooth, if there is a trip contemplated the start is made. In calm weather the blowing of the porpoise can be heard a long way, and guides the Indians in the right direction. Shooting is the most successful method of killing the fish. Long, smooth-bore guns with big charges of powder and double B shot are used. As the fish is floating, swimming and diving about the water, first on the surface and then below, the canoe is paddled as near as possible. Then, as the porpoise lifts himself to dive the gun's charge is let fly. There is seldom a failure to make a sure shot, but the fish is speared to stop his floundering about in the dying struggle. It is then landed in the canoe by grasping the pectoral fin with one hand, sticking a couple of fingers in the blow holes and dragging it over the side. In still water this is easy, but when a high sea is running the undertaking is hard and dangerous.

Sharks are plenty, and their fins are almost always visible cutting the water as soon as a porpoise is wounded, the blood attracting them. No end of stories are told of men having had their arms bitten off by sharks while they were reaching into the water to secure a porpoise, but old fishermen scoff at such a thing, and pay no attention to the dread ocean monsters as they almost rub their noses against the sides of the canoes.

Lawsuit Over a Goose.

At Antioch, a small village in Metcalfe county, Ky., suit was brought by Mrs. James Poynter to recover damages from Mrs. Ware for the slaughter of a gray goose belonging to the former. The killing occurred three years ago. The places upon which the two women live adjoin. Mrs. Poynter owned a flock of geese which she prized highly. The geese frequently got into Mrs. Ware's yard and ate all the grass. It is said that one goose can eat as much as three horses. Mrs. Ware frequently warned her neighbor to keep her geese in her own yard. Mrs. Poynter promised to do so, but the geese were too much for her. When they found out that they were not wanted in Mrs. Ware's yard they made that enclosure their favorite stamping ground.

One day Mrs. Ware discovered the geese in her yard, and she said "she guessed she wouldn't be bothered with them dratted geese any longer." She gave chase with a good sized billet of wood. She struck one goose on the head and killed her. The others escaped.

Mrs. Poynter demanded that Mrs. Ware pay her forty cents for the dead goose. She said that her neighbor could have driven the geese out of her yard without resorting to violence. Mrs. Ware replied that was the only remedy she had found effective, and refused to pay.

Mrs. Poynter brought suit in Squire John Grinstead's court to recover the forty cents. She employed a good lawyer. So did Mrs. Ware. Both women were widows, and each vowed she would spend her last cent in the case before she would give in. After many mistrials and continuances, prolonged through three years, Squire Grinstead has at last given his decision. It is in favor of the defendant. The costs on each side are about \$150, and Mrs. Poynter has to pay all unless she appeals to a higher court and receives a reversal of the magistrate's decision.

Enchanting Distance.

Smith—"I think Miss De Blank is very rude."

Jones—"What causes you to think that? I never thought her so."

Smith—"I met her down town this afternoon and asked if I might see her home. She said yes. I could see it from the top of the High School building and that it wasn't necessary to go any further."

Womens of The East.

The actual position of women in the far eastern countries of Asia is most curious and contradictory. While a girl baby is considered an unkind favor of Providence, the reverence paid the mother of a large family is unbounded; her permission is asked by gray-bearded sons to do the most ordinary things, and her away appears to be autocratic.

On the other hand Confucius and the classics are filled with scornful and contemptuous allusions to women, and are the authorities for the general belief in their inferiority. The women of the middle and upper classes in China are kept in seclusion all their lives, given no voice in the family councils until very aged, and are seldom taught even the rudiments of an education.

In contradiction to this low and miserable estate of some millions of Chinese women the present Empress dowager and Regent of China is an anomaly among the female sovereigns. She is a Tartar by birth, literally and figuratively, and is strong-minded, independent and masculine, even to our Western ideas. While no woman can occupy the dragon throne, this Regent has governed the empire during a most stormy and critical period. She has kept the eighty vast provinces together, and held in loyal subjection the wildest and most cunning coterie of councillors. The Chinese Empress is an active and energetic woman, and beside the many art of state-craft, is given to outdoor and athletic sports. Her feet are not dwarfed, and riding, hunting, hawk-hunting, and archery are her pastimes. No European has ever looked upon her, but there is no doubt of the existence of this Oriental Catherine the Great. She has never undertaken any social reforms, or attempted to widen the sphere of her female subjects.

In Japan, women have always held a position superior to that of their Asiatic sisters. Their seclusion, even in the old days, was not so strict. They led a freer and more outdoor life, and they were educated to a certain extent. The family idea and rule prevailed, and with the exquisite politeness of those people exalted deference was paid the mother of the family. The Confucian laws were recognized there as well, and her duties and obligations were strictly defined by them. Her three great duties were obedience to her father, her husband, and eldest son, as they in turn became the head of her family.

With the recent marvellous advance of civilization among Japanese, has come a corresponding improvement in their treatment of women, and now the Japanese wife has practically all the privileges of her Western sister.

The Decadence of The Bustle.

"Quare thee happenings, Mrs. McGlaggerty?"

"Throth'n' they diz, Mrs. Magoggin."

An' the quarest thing av all, Mrs. McGlaggerty, is the way the bushel is droppin' out av sight."

"What so, me frind?"

"'Tis, Mrs. McGlaggerty," said the Widow Magoggin; "the bushel is in the soup, as me bye Tammy sez, so far as high-chooned socioloty is concerned at the present time. They're not wearin' id no longer, an' be gorry, d'ye know, Mrs. McGlaggerty, there's some av the gerruls larks loike a camil wud a brokin' bock since they left aff their bushels. Them that had big bushels looks the wusht, av course, but dear knows them that had little wans looks bad enough. Oi wore a bushel mesel' for awhile, Mrs. McGlaggerty, jists because id war the shoyle, d'ye moind, an' not because Oi wanted to desave annybody about me figger; an' d'ye know now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, id'll almost break me heart to have to take id aff. Andher-shant me now, Mrs. McGlaggerty, that Oi don't moind wad bit fwat thranformation it makes in th' appearance av me figger—Oi'm not at all proud av the Vanyus de Bolony oontoor, as Paddy Clancy's brother, that want to school st Maynooth an' kem near to bein' priested, ushed to say—but id's an account av me feelin's an' f'what'payble id be loikely to say. Parteckly, too, Oi don't want that banany-faced Ditch woman, Hinny's mother, to have the laugh an me, fwich she will aff she ever sees me wud me bushel aff. Oi'm ther be chance, as id were, in the Park wad day, an' she sez she to me, pintin' to me Toohnoor, as the Frinch calls the bushel: 'F'what have ye andher there, Berdie?' sez she. 'F'where?' sez Oi, purtin'din' not to know fwat she was talk'n' ab ut 'There, sez she, pintin' to me bushel 'W'll now, me foine leady, sez Oi to mesil'. 'O'll be uvry bit as cute as you are, so Oi up an sez to her: 'Mrs. Dinkelspiel,' says Oi. 'F'what d'ye think Oi have there?' 'A rat thrap,' says she. 'F'what's that?' says Oi. 'A rat thrap, sez she agin, sayin' id so loud that av'ir'ly young frinds av moine who war passin' by hurd id. Oh, but Oi was so ashamed Oi kud have sunk rought down through the airth! but Oi didn't, Mrs. McGlaggerty. Oi simply towld the Ditch cattymaran fwat Oi thawt av her, an' sed that whouwer towld Oi Oi wore a rat thrap ur a burd cage ur a bushel av anny kind wad a monkey faced loiar an' Oi kud fwip the loife out av her four toimes in min mints. Now, ye see, Mrs. Dinkelspiel'll give me the razzle an' want to know fwat beken av me rat thrap. That's the only reason Oi wurry me head about it at all, at all, Mrs. McGlaggerty."

The Old Man's Little Mission.

"What is your mission here, sir?" asked the old man with a frown.

"I am on three missions, sir," replied the poor young man, who was also a humorist.

"Well, what are they?" inquired the old man, impatiently.

"Per-mission to marry your daughter, ad-mission to your family circle and submission to the regulations of your household."

"Ugh!" grunted the old man, who was something of a joker himself. "I have one little mission to offer before I conclude any arrangements with you."

"Name it," cried the poor young man eagerly. "I will be only too glad to perform it."

"Dis-mission!" shrieked the old man with a loud, discordant laugh, and the young man fell dead at his feet.

Putnam's Corn Extractor

is the best remedy for corns extant. It acts quickly, makes no sore spots and effects a radical cure. A hundred imitations prove its value. Take neither substitutes offered as good for the close imitations on the genuine too often offered.

How He K

A. D. Marsh was judge of the democratic primary Monday. A young man offered his vote, him if he was old enough.

"Yes," says the fellow, "I am twenty-one."

"How do you know?"

"Well, I have had the seven year itch three times," was the response.

The Lover's Mistake.

Impecunious Lover (lying for the all-world heires)—"Oh, Miss Minnie, won't give me some little hope? Your father, I am sure, looks with some favor on my suit."

"I think your are mistaken, sir. It is of poor quality and ready-made, too."

Doomed to die and oh, so young.
I there nothing that can save
This poor, hop-less sufferer
From the dark and cruel grave!
Come an answer—"Yes, there is;
"Favorite Prescription" try;
It has saved the lives of thousands
Who were given up to die."

For all "female diseases," Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is the standard remedy, and no woman should despair of recovery until she has given it a trial.

The Montreal "Star" says:—It is announced on excellent authority that the recent Papal decree constituting an independent university in Montreal has been quashed at the instance of his Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Quebec.

The long and the short of it—the measurements both ways.

No one knows how much the shoe pinches until he kicks something.

The Empire styles are outdoing all others for young girls, and the waists are growing very short indeed.

The Millionaire's Secret.

"The secret of success," said the prince of American millionaires, "is very simple. Keep out of debt, keep your head cool and your bowels open." Thus in twelve words of wisdom was summed up a hundred-millionaire. Success often hinges upon as small a matter as the state of the bowels. So, you see that Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets are not only the royal road to health, but to wealth and happiness as well.

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The shades of fawn, drab, gray, brown, green, and blue in half tones that are seen in light-weight woollens, challies, delaines, veilings, and diagonals are delicious.

When you feel your strength is falling,
In some strange, mysterious way
When your cheek is slowly paling,
Ah, "Four things," the neighbors say,
As they look at you in pity,
To the nearest drug store send,
At the earliest chance, and get
A Bottle of the Sick Man's Friend.

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Consumption Surely Cured.

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Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy free to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. address. Resp'y, T.A. SLOCUM, M.C., 164 West Adelaide St., Toronto.

"A relic of ancient Greece," remarked the boarder as he reverently passed the butter.

The Book of Lubon.

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