

**YOUNG FOLKS.**

The Face in the Looking-Glass.  
BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

The little Mamie, scarcely three years old,  
Dwelt near the prairie, where the winds blow  
Cold.

In a log cabin very plain and neat,  
With kitchen, parlor, bedroom, all complete  
Within one room. And o'er the mantel-shelf  
Hung the small looking-glass.  
And so it came to pass  
The little maid had never seen herself.

She knew not if her eyes were brown or blue,  
Or how her hair along her temples grew,  
Or if she looked like mother when she smiled,  
Or was, in fact, like any other child.  
No vanity there was about the lass;  
For, oh, how could there be,  
'Til like to know, when she  
Had never gazed within a looking-glass?

Her little sister Rene, just her age—  
As pretty as a picture, I'll engage—  
Took sick one day, and could not raise her  
head,  
And grew so white! And mamma, weeping,  
said,  
In words that Mamie scarce could understand,

That Rene'd gone away  
From their rude home to play  
With happy angels in the summer land.

One day a visitor by love beguiled  
Took from her trunk a toy to please the  
child—  
A small hand-mirror, that in its embrace  
Would surely frame the little maiden's face;  
And Mamie turned the curious trinket o'er  
And laughed aloud with glee  
To see how merrily  
The bright flecks danced on ceiling and on  
floor.

Then all at once she turned it so her gaze  
Fell on its polished surface. With amazement  
She started, then a closer scrutiny gave,  
As though one had arisen from the grave,  
And, "Rene! Rene!" screamed with passionate  
ecstacy.

Thinking, poor little lass,  
That from the sea of glass  
Her sister had come back to play with her.

**The Princess on the Glass Hill.**

Once upon a time there was a King who  
was called to go upon a long journey. Before  
he went he called the Prince his son to him  
and said: "See, my son, here are the keys  
of the whole castle. You may go wherever  
you choose, excepting only in one room; into  
that you may not step nor peep." Then the  
King rode away, and the Prince had the  
castle to himself.

For seven days he rambled up and down  
and hither and thither, until he had seen  
everything excepting what was to be found  
within those four walls, and he never looked  
for anything so much in his life as to know  
what it was they held that he was not to see.

"What harm can there be," said he, "for  
me to take just one little peep into the room  
through the crack of the door? I will let  
nothing either in or out, and my father will  
be none the wiser."

So he talked to himself, and then it was  
not long before he set out to do what he  
had been saying in his heart. Well, he  
opened the door the smallest crack in the  
world, and peeped in. There he saw a barrel,  
bound all round with six stout iron hoops  
as thick as your finger and as broad as your  
palm; next he saw a fountain of clear  
water that bubbled up into a stone basin;  
and last of all he saw a marble table with  
a silver cup upon it.

The Prince looked all about the room,  
and when he saw nothing more than the  
barrel, the fountain, and the silver cup, he  
opened the door and entered.

Then of a sudden he heard the sound of  
a weak voice coming from the barrel.  
"Dear Prince," said the voice, "will you  
not give a poor body a drink who has not  
had a taste of water for seventeen years?"

Now the Prince was a kind-hearted lad,  
and when he heard the voice in the barrel  
ask for nothing more than a drink of water,  
and that in such a poor weak little voice,  
his heart grew soft within him for pity.  
He took the silver cup from the marble slab  
and filled it at the fountain that bubbled up  
into the stone basin, and poured the water  
into a hole in the top of the barrel.

Then he was about to leave the room  
again, when the voice began speaking once  
more.

"Give me another drink or water!" it  
cried; and now it was loud and harsh, like  
the blare of a trumpet.

"No," said the Prince, "I will give you  
no more. I have done what I should not  
have done already."

"If you do not," cried the voice, "I will  
tell your father, as soon as he comes home,  
how you have come here to this room  
wherein he forbade you to enter."

When the Prince heard these words he  
put on his thinking-cap. "Come," said he,  
"I had better give the poor soul another  
draught of water; it can do no harm, and it  
will perhaps stop his mouth." So for the  
second time he filled the cup and poured the  
water into the barrel.

Crick, crack, bang, crack, crack, bang!  
The six iron hoops that bound the barrel  
tumbled to pieces, and out jumped a great  
black creature like a man, covered all over  
with shaggy red hair. He said not a word,  
but snatching up the Prince, he jumped out  
of the window, and ran off faster than the  
wind. Across hill and valley he went, and  
ever stock and stone, until he came to a  
great gloomy cave in the very midst of a  
dark forest; there he stopped, and set the  
Prince upon the ground. "Here is my  
home," said he, "and here you shall live  
with me and serve me."

And so it was as the black man said:  
The Prince lived with him and served him.  
Every day the black man went  
abroad into the forest, and while he was  
gone the Prince had to sweep the  
cave clean, and make the fire, and cook  
the supper against his master came home  
in the evening.

So passed seven years, in which time the  
Prince grew a great stout fellow, such as  
would be hard to match betwixt the four  
rivers; but in all that time he had seen  
neither a thread nor hair of any living soul  
like himself. But one day a great longing  
came upon him to get back into the world  
again, and to live among folk of his own  
kind. "Why should my master keep me  
here to build fires and cook food for him?"  
said the Prince to himself. "I will have a  
talk with him to-night when he comes home,  
and see what he has to say for himself."  
So saying, he cut a good stout club, and

when his master came back to the cave at  
evening-time neither fire nor supper was  
ready for him, and there stood the Prince  
with the club in his hand.

"Why is there no fire or supper?" said  
the black man.

"Because," said the Prince, "I am tired  
of living here in the forest alone, and mean  
to serve you no longer."

When the Prince's master heard what the  
Prince said he laughed, and raising his staff  
he gave the lad a blow that tumbled him  
heels over head under the table.

But this cake was too big for him to  
swallow, and what he gave the Prince the  
Prince paid back again so soundly that his  
master's jacket smoked like a chimney  
afore.

"Stop! stop!" bawled he at last.  
"And so I will," said the Prince, "if  
you will let me go, and show me the way  
out of the forest."

So off they set together, and after a while  
they came to the edge of the forest where  
the green fields began, though it was a long  
journey before they came there.

"Listen!" said the great black man, be-  
fore they parted company; "who gives me  
a sprat, I give him a herring." He plucked  
two hairs from his head and gave them to  
the Prince. "Here," said he, "whenever  
you wish for anything, come hither and  
blow one of these hairs into the air. I will  
not be too far away to help you." Then he  
put his hand into his pocket and drew out  
an old tow wig full of chaff and grass-seed.

"Take this also," said the wild black man,  
"and whenever you put it on, not a soul in  
the world will know that you are yourself."  
Thereupon the two parted company, and the  
one went one way, and the other the  
other.

The Prince put on the wig, and that  
moment his own mother would not  
have known him had she seen him, for he  
was no longer a tall noble hero, but a poor,  
lean, tattered, dusty, pale-faced lad, not fit  
or clean enough to sit in the kitchen corner.

Well, by-and-by, after the Prince had  
footed it along for a great while, he drew  
near to a great town, in the midst of which  
stood a splendid castle built all of marble,  
wherein the King of that country lived.

Up he went to the castle, and knocked at  
the door of the kitchen. And did they not  
want a handy lad about the place that could  
turn his hand to anything?—that was what  
he wanted to know. But such a poor lean,  
tattered creature had never come to that  
town before, so that the cook was for clapping  
the door in his face, only that he hap-  
pened to remember that they wanted a boy  
over yonder to clean out the stables and  
feed the pigs.

So that was the best that the Prince  
could find to do. And as no one wanted to  
have such a looking creature about the  
house, he had to sleep under the kitchen  
steps on a litter of straw.

But early one morning, before anybody  
was stirring in the castle, the lad went to a  
cistern that stood in the court-yard back of  
the house, and laying aside his wig of tow,  
began bathing his bosom and face in the  
water.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

**It Was a Miracle.**

Court—"What is the charge against this  
colored man?"

Officer—"Stealing a sheep."  
Prisoner—"I didn't steal no sheep. I see  
a readin' in de papahs dat wool wuz free, so  
I heped myself to Mr. Smiff's wuz."

Officer—"Your honor, the prisoner stole  
sheep, wool and all."  
Prisoner—"No, sah; not quiety, sah,  
I dist took up dat free wool w'at I done  
been a readin' 'bout sah, and dog my cats of  
I seed dat sheep crawl inter dat wool!  
Must be one ob dem dar merhicles, sah."

**Her Rebuke.**

They stood beside the cottage door,  
The youth and fair-faced miss;  
'Twas night and dark—he asked her for  
A kiss.

"Tho' I must answer no," she said,  
"I will this statement make;  
No man should ask for that which he  
Could take."

**Made That Himself.**

"Where did young Browne get his money,  
papa?"

"From his uncle, old Sam Brown. He  
inherited everything he has in this world,  
except the final 'E' to his name."

**Life at Lake Rosseau.**

He (who has just been accepted): Were  
you ever engaged before?  
She: Only once this summer.  
He: What? and here it is the last of  
August?  
She: But I only came last week.

**A Veteran.**

"Yes, boys," said old Bellows, proudly  
beating his breast, "I've been a soldier in  
my time, and if I do say it myself, like the  
war-horse of Scripture, I could ever scent  
the battle from afar."

"I s'pose," ventured young Paperwate,  
"that on very many occasions that saved  
your life?"

**He Didn't Chew.**

Old Lady (to street gamin): "I suppose,  
like all unfortunates of your kind, you chew  
tobacco?"

Boy:—"No—m."  
Old Lady—"Well, that is encouraging.  
So different from those boys on the corner,  
who have their lips all stained with the  
filthy tobacco juice."

Boy—"Yes—m, them fellers nain't inti-  
mated yit. When they git a little older  
they'll eat it, like I do. There ain't much  
satisfaction in chewin' terbacker, when yer  
kin swallow it, an' taste it all de way down."

"Sir," he said to the old man, "for  
months I have worshipped your daughter  
with a man's passion, which I had every  
reason to suppose was reciprocated."  
"Well!"

"Last night she cruelly refused me, and  
in the depth of my dark despair I overesti-  
mated my capacity, and this morning was  
fixed ten dollars."

"Well!"

"I think, sir, that in view of all existing  
circumstances, it would be no more than  
right for you to reimburse me the fine."

**Wrens in a Coffee Pot.**

A most peculiar bridal home, wherein to  
live for a season, and train up children, is  
thus described by a correspondent of "For-  
est and Stream." One day, two wrens en-  
tered his Texan cottage, and began explor-  
ing it, evidently intending to build a nest  
there.

They peeped into every corner, and final-  
ly went away, with the air of would-be ten-  
ants who say "they will look elsewhere;"  
but in half an hour they returned, and the  
innate of the cottage, wishing to furnish  
them with a residence all their own, hung  
an old coffee-pot on a tree near the door,  
tying it securely, that the wind might not  
shake it.

The wrens presently discovered it, entered,  
and were apparently delighted. It was evi-  
dently just the sort of house for which they  
had been looking.

The next day, its furnishing was quite  
finished. They had lined it with bits of  
feathers, shreds of wool and downy vegeta-  
ble growths, and it was soft as velvet.

Then, one egg appeared, and then another,  
and the little dame began sitting, while her  
husband, perched on a branch above the  
coffee pot, poured forth song after song, fly-  
ing away at intervals to bring her a fat  
worm.

When the little ones came, both father  
and mother began to feed them. They usua-  
ly started from the nest together, but sel-  
dom returned at the same time.

If the little man came first, he soon grew  
impatient, and after delivering his offering,  
would begin calling her, loudly and musically.  
Evidently her name was "Titty-tee," for he  
cried:

"Titty-tee? ah, Titty-tee!" repeating the  
note until she arrived.

Like the hero of "Never too late to mend,"  
he could not bear to enter his lonely dwell-  
ing until his wife appeared.

**His Portrait.**

Artists do not always devote brush and  
pencil to the portrayal of the beautiful;  
sometimes those potent instruments are  
turned into weapons which may reasonably  
be feared by evil-doers. A ready hand and  
brain are possession, likely to come into play  
under any circumstances; they may even  
cope successfully with brute force. The  
following adventure is told by Mulready, the  
artist:

One bright moonlight night, in my student  
days, I was walking in a street on the out-  
skirts of London, little better than a country  
lane, when a man came out of the shadow  
thrown by a large tree, and, producing a  
pistol, addressed me in the usual robber  
fashion with:

"Your watch and money, please!"  
"I am a poor artist," said I. "See, these  
are my drawings. I have no watch; I have  
never been able to buy one."  
"Your money, then, and be quick!"

All this time I was watching the fellow's  
face; it was very white, and I think he was  
more frightened than I was. I gave him  
all the silver I had about me; he said "Good-  
night," civilly enough, and started off towards  
London.

I made the best of my way home, and  
before I went to bed, I drew the man's face  
very carefully. The next morning, I went to  
Bow Street with my drawing, hoping it might  
be recognized by the officers there, but no!

The face, they said, was new to them.  
"If you will leave the likeness here, sir,"  
said the chief detective, "I may perhaps,  
come across the person it represents." That  
very soon happened, a fortnight had scarcely  
passed before I was called on to identify the  
man who had robbed me. He had been  
arrested for murder, and was easily convicted.

**The Adirondacks of Canada.**

"The Adirondacks of Canada," is the name  
given by Adirondack Murray, who made the  
Adirondacks of New York famous, to the  
Lake St. John region. Lake St. John lies  
about one hundred and forty miles back of  
the city of Quebec, or about one hundred and  
twenty miles up the Saguenay. The region in  
the vicinity of the lake forms a sort of basin  
among the mountains which shelter it, and  
make it possible to grow grain and roots in  
its rather scanty soil with success. Perhaps  
no class but the frugal and industrious  
French-Canadian would regard it as a  
desirable farming country, while millions  
of acres of fertile land are lying idle in the  
North-West. To the emigrants from the  
suburbs of Quebec it has furnished what seem-  
ed to them prosperous homes, enabling them  
to be happy and independent. Between Que-  
bec and the lake lies a mountainous coun-  
try full of lakes and rivers, where hunters  
and fishers and campers-out can be as happy  
as the day is long, if beautiful scenery, fresh  
cool air, healthy exercise and good sport can  
make a man happy. It is the region of the  
ouanichee or landlocked fresh water salmon  
and of the big speckled trout. Through this  
country the Quebec and Lake St. John  
Railway has been built, and is now running.  
At the lake are two Indian reserves, the  
inhabitants of which, owing to their  
hitherto isolated position, have escaped  
the diseases and vices which result from  
intimate relations with certain classes of white  
people. It is to be hoped that the Quebec  
Government will take steps to prevent these  
Indians being supplied with intoxicating  
liquors, or being made victims of in any way  
by the whites. The Rev. Father Armand is,  
it will be seen, very apprehensive of evil to  
his charge as a result of the opening up of the  
region by railway, and the establishing of  
tourists' hotels. At present they are a beau-  
tiful, simple, devout people, but, as Father  
Armand says, drink will undo everything  
and "means sure death to the whole race."

**Female Fun.**

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if you only had a little gumption you could  
sit down and help me out by writing a few  
funny paragraphs of a miscellaneous charac-  
ter of afternoons when your housework is  
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"She decorated her room with bric-a-brac  
and pictures and surmounted the whole with  
her husband's photo; then, sitting down  
in admiration of her work, she exclaimed:  
"Now everything is lovely and the goose-  
hangs high!"

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do not usually do these things up exactly in  
that style. Better stick to your house-  
work."

His photo hung too high to suit him.

**London Society in Trade.**

Ladies of the highest birth and breeding,  
says Clement Scott in a London letter to  
America, women admitted everywhere in  
society, are not above trading in millinery  
and female knick-knacks, not because they  
are in any necessity, but for the mere sake  
of doing something fast and original. Some  
set up bonnet shops, others start millinery  
establishments, old curiosity stores have  
attractions for others, and, under fancy  
names, such as Mme. Isabel or Mme.  
Madeleine or Mme. Rosalie, they buy and  
sell and tout and barter without the slight-  
est compunction or loss of social caste. In  
some cases it is even worse than that. The  
lady of fashion opens a bonnet or millinery  
establishment on the first floor; her hus-  
band occupies the ground flat as a betting  
place, with telephones and telegraph wires  
laid on to the first racing clubs; so the  
women come to feast on the millinery and  
to get into debt, and the men spend the  
afternoon smoking cigars, drinking brandies  
and sodas and gambling to their heart's  
content.

Ladies of title and fashion, who have  
good incomes of their own, whose daughters  
are well married to men of wealth and  
position, who have no pressing necessity to  
take up trade, except to provide themselves  
with luxuries, take to buying and selling  
merely to pass away the time. They avoid  
the shop difficulty by setting up their  
stores and exhibiting their goods in the  
little back drawing-room, to which they  
invite as customers all their friends and  
relatives, who look in for afternoon tea.  
They employ their male friends as agents in  
the bonnet business, giving them an un-  
derstood commission, and they do not  
hesitate to tout for customers at all the  
dinner parties, and dances and "at homes"  
to which they may be invited. Only the  
other day I was lunching with a very old  
friend of mine, and the servant interrupted  
us while chatting afterward, and announced  
the arrival of a pile of milliners' boxes  
containing samples of goods of every descrip-  
tion. My friend had met the fashionable  
milliner out the evening before at a party,  
and weakly promised her custom, and, be-  
hold on the next day she was asked to  
redeem her pledge and to give a helping  
hand to the tradeswoman. This is no end  
to the touting and begging and coddling that  
goes on.

Women who do not mind boring their  
friends for orders for bonnets and mantles,  
and who, having a certain knack of their  
own, or a half-starved milliner up in one of  
the back alleys, charge two or three guineas  
for a bonnet-shape stuck over with artificial  
flowers and ribbon that cost them a few  
shillings, or make 60 or 70 per cent. profit  
out of a child's hat, are quickly followed  
by men who, over the social dinner talk,  
try to push cigars or wine, either on their  
own account or on commission for friends  
in the city, in fact "shop" is the order of  
the day and it is difficult to pass a quiet,  
social hour without being victimized.

When the Chinese wish to declare the ex-  
treme vexatiousness of any piece of work,  
they say, "It is more trouble than a funeral!"  
the obsequies of a parent being reckoned  
the most maddening affair in human experi-  
ence.

Infants are buried summarily, without  
coffins, and the young are interred with few  
rites; but the funerals of the aged, of both  
sexes, are elaborate in proportion to the  
number of the descendants and to their  
wealth. When a childless married man  
dies, his widow may perform all the duties  
of a son toward him, may remain in his  
house, and may adopt children to rear as  
his heirs and as worshippers of his family  
manes. If his widow purposes marrying  
again, a young male relative may, with the  
consent of senior members of the clan, un-  
dertake the services expected from a son,  
and may inherit the estate of the deceased.

When one is about to die, he is removed  
from his couch to a bench or to a mat on the  
floor, because of a belief that he who dies in  
bed will carry the bedstead as a burden into  
the other world. He is washed in a new pot  
in warm water in which a bundle of incense,  
sticks is merged. After the washing, the  
pot and the water are thrown away together.  
He is then arrayed in a full suit of new  
clothing, that he may appear in hades at  
his best. He breathes his last in the main  
room, before the largest door of the houses  
that the departing soul may easily find its  
way out into the air. A sheet of spirit-  
money, brown paper having a patch of gilt-  
ing on one surface, is laid over the upturned  
face, because it is said that, if the eyes are  
left uncovered, the corpse may count the  
rows of tiles in the roof, and that in such  
case the family could never build a more  
spacious domicile.

**Death and Burial in China.**

A Plague of Mice in Australia.

Australia is suffering from a plague of  
mice. It is said that from Coomebarabran to  
Coolah there is hardly a residence that is not  
troubled in this way. The mice come in  
droves, and eat everything in the place. On  
one station 24, per 100 was offered for their  
destruction, and during a single night 2000  
were killed. The price then went down to  
1s. In one hotel in three nights 1000 mice  
were killed with a mixture of flour and  
arsynohine. At another place the mice ate  
the whole carcass of a freshly-killed sheep  
in one night leaving only the bare bones by  
the morning. At another station a man was  
kept whose sole duty was to keep the mice  
away from the provender during the time  
the horses were eating it, and this man  
found a difficult task. The week before the  
race at Coolah, the vermin got into the  
handbags at the station, and actually ate  
the handbags from the legs of the race-horses.  
Sleeping people are said to have been  
attacked by them. The crops were being  
destroyed. The mice climbed up the stalks,  
and ate the cobs. Many fields, acres in  
extent, had been abandoned, the corn being  
eaten completely away. Peop were at  
their wit's end to devise the best means for  
destroying the pest. The mice burrowed in  
the fields, like rabbits, in miniature warrens.

**Female Fun.**

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if you only had a little gumption you could  
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**Harvest Excursion.**

The Chicago & North-Western Railway  
Company announces a series of Harvest  
Excursions to points in Iowa, Kansas,  
Dakota and Nebraska, for which tickets will  
be sold, September 11th, September 18th,  
October 9th, and October 23rd. At the  
rate of one fare for the round trip. Time  
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out.

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