Two Christmas Turkeys.

Oh, it was glorious Christmas weather—sunshine and blue skies and a nipping frosty air that whisked about, tweaking noses and filliping cheeks until they bloomed like peonies!

Church was out, and a stream of people poured along the streets in the merriest humor imaginable, for, bless us all, it was Christmas day, and their hearts were aglow with the spirit of peace on earth and good will toward men.

The youngsters went hurrying homeward with skates slung over their shoulders of the new and glittering pattern especially delighted in by Santa Claus, for fine as the ice was the ringing of the noontide bells had called up visions of turkey and stuffing, plum pudding and mince pie which no mortal boy could resist.

As for the little girls in the new hoods and mittens and muffs they had found in the chimney place that morning, between vanity and appetite they stood irresolute at their own front gates, such happy, rosy, chubby creatures that everybody smiled involuntarily at sight of them.

The policemen on the corners slapped their arms about like windmills to keep themselves warm, grinning from ear to ear just because it was Christmas day. And over all pealed the joyous music of the bells in carols that found an echo on every lip.

Even the houses wore a gala air. Wreaths of evergreens hung in all the windows high and low, and the market on the corner was a thing of beauty and a joy forever, with piles of crimson cranberries, golden pumpkins, silver turnips, celery, apples, pears and nuts heaped picturesquely behind its frost etched panes of glass, and the whole framed in graceful festoons of ducks and chickens.

It was a triumph of art. No wonder the passers stopped in spite of their hurry to gaze upon it for the thousandth time and fall to speculating as to what had become of its two crowning glories—the biggest turkey on record and the smallest—which had hung there side by side for a week past in a contrast at once the joke and admiration of all beholders.

Popular belief held that the monster, the 30 pounder, had been purchased by old Ebenezer Green, the rich and crusty bachelor who lived by himself in a big house on the outskirts of the town, for he was the only person who could have afforded to buy it in such hard times. But the little one! There was hardly more meat on its tiny carcass than on a spring chicken. Who had a family small enough to get a Christmas dinner out of that?

Ebenezer Green had been asking himself the very question as he sat by the fire that noon, now watching the flames leap up the chimney, now turning to glance at the woman who presided over the housekeeping laying the table for his holiday feast—a feast, alas, of solitary splendor! He had been struck all at once at the absurdity of setting such a gigantic bird before a single person, and when he saw a platter half as large as the table taken down from the closet where his mother's blue and white Canton china was stored he fell into a silent fit of laughter.

The woman nodded primly, with a quick appreciation of the situation. "'Tis funny, I declare," she said presently, pausing as she reached the door with the great platter in her arms, "but the funniest part of it all is that the little feller is cookin this minute next door where they've got six mouths to fill beside their own. 'Tis honest injun!"

"Next door?" Ebenezer glanced up inquiringly.

"Yes, in the cottage on the east side."

"Why, it's tumbling to pieces. 'Tisn't fit for anybody to live in."

"Well, folks moved in a month or so ago, respectable looking, but I guess they are about as poor as can be. He's out of work, and he helps about the house handy as a woman, and she takes in sewing. There's a parcel of children, and I don't believe they ever have a good square meal among 'em. Think of 'em sitting down to-day to that mite of a turkey!"

And Ellen chuckled at the picture.

"How do you know they have that turkey?" demanded the old gentleman, more impressed than he would have liked to own by the curious coincidence which had kept the two fowls still near neighbors.

"The boy told me that brought ours last night. It seems he chores for the market sometimes, and they gave him the little turkey when they found there wasn't any prospect of its being bought. But, land's sake! I smell something burning." She hurried off in a flutter of anxiety. A Christmas dinner of all dinners to be spoiled!

Her master rose and slowly crossed the hall. He had been a handsome man in his day, and though his hair had whitened and his shoulders bowed under the burden of years he was still an imposing figure. He had few acquaintances in the town and was regarded with awe, principally on account of his wealth, which was reputed to be fabulous, but not a little because of a somewhat reserved and haughty air.

He made his way deliberately toward the sitting room, a spacious, comfortably furnished apartment, with windows looking out upon the shabby, weather beaten cottage, in which the other turkey was to end its mortal career. Sure enough, there were unmistakable signs of occupation about it.

The neglected garden had been put in order, the broken gate repaired and re-hung, and a general air of neatness gave a new interest and attraction to the little house long empty and unnoticed. The shades were drawn high to let in all the warmth of sunshine of the happy holiday, and Ebenezer Green could see what was going on in the room as well as if he had been one of the busy people in it.

Busy they were, for the table was spread with a clean white cloth, and the father, with a troop of excited children to help, was at that instant engaged in the thrilling occupation of taking up the children's dinner. The mother, pale, thin and sweet faced, was evidently the guest of honor, ensconced in the one comfortable chair, with a cushion at her back and watching the proceedings with a charming smile, half amused, half melancholy.

The eldest boy, a tall lad of 12, who did the chores at the market, filled the glasses with water fresh drawn from the well. Two gleeful little girls danced in with dishes of potato and turnip, and a brace of chubby youngsters in much patched trousers trotted after with the bread and butter, proud to assist in the serving of such a feast.

And last of all the father appeared in the doorway enveloped in a big white apron, to be greeted by an uproarious shout of delight. For he bore on a platter—oh, me, such a tiny platter!—the crowning splendor of the day, the turkey, done to a turn and smelling more delicious than ever a turkey smelled before, as the whole family unanimously agreed. There was gravy, too, in a funny china pot with a large handle, and who brought that in, feeling the importance of the occasion to the utmost, but the baby, toddling along as gravely as a judge, deep anxiety in her blue eyes. And cider! A whole quart in the big white pitcher—extravagance which could only be justified by the recollection that it was Christmas day.

And now the father laid aside the apron. The cook vanished; the head of the house appeared. He led the pale mother tenderly to the table, and the children, followed, prancing to their places around the table, which nobody thought bare or poorly set forth. There came a pause for a moment—the little heads, brown, black, and flaxen, were bent silently over the plates while the father asked a blessing and thanked God for his goodness in keeping them together and giving them so many comforts. And then he took up the carving knife as he gazed anxiously at the turkey. The revel was about to begin.

Ebenezer Green turned away, with a sigh. The bell had sounded in his own dining room, and standing on the threshold of the apartment he bent a fixed stare upon the table, where there were flowers and silver and cut glass, and on the side table, smoking hot and browned till he crackled all over, loomed up the mighty outlines of the prize turkey. For one man!

All at once the oddest idea popped into the head of that one man. If he had stopped to think about it, nothing would have happened, and the prize turkey never would have played a part in a story. But, for once in his life, the old man acted upon the spur of the moment. He hurried out into the hall, put on his coat and hat, opened the door, slipped back into the dining room and took up the platter from the table.

Oh, but that was a monstrous bird. Thirty pounds? Fifty! Old Ebenezer fairly staggered under its weight as he cautiously picked his way over the ice and snow toward the cottage door, and he couldn't even spare a hand to knock. The toe of his boot managed to make a good, smart rapping, however—a sound so unwonted that the father ran hastily out, with the children trooping in his train.

"Good day," gasped the visitor, quite out of breath after his Herculean efforts. "Good day, and wish you merry Christmas! You don't know me, but I'm your next door neighbor, Ebenezer Green. I've got the prize turkey, but I want you to help me eat it, for I'm very lonely over there all by myself. Can I come in?"

Come in? Well, the father saw in a trice how it was, and he opened wide to let in the turkey and its bearer, not to speak of a rush of crisp, chill air. The spirit of good will stirred in his heart, and forgetting the disparity of wealth and poverty between them he felt only a warm throb of sympathy for the solitary old man. The mother stepped forward, kindly gentle in a simple courtesy which would have become a palace.

"You need not have brought your dinner with you, sir," she said, smiling. "You are quite welcome to a share of ours on Christmas day. Jimmy, put a plate for the gentleman, and John," turning to her husband, "do not let him hold that heavy platter. Oh, what a turkey! He must have been raised in a land of giants."

So once again it chanced that the big turkey and the little one were side by side. The cottage was very soon a scene of riotous enjoyment, for Ebenezer's spirits rose at a bound and he felt like a boy again. He sent Jimmy back with a note to his housekeeper, who thought he had suddenly become mad when she found not only him but the turkey gone.

Over went the flowers, and the nuts and raisins, and apples and pears and grapes, the mince pies and the plum pudding from the great house to the small, and the children, who had not had a square meal for weeks, sat down to a board fairly groaning under the weight of the good things on it. The little boys ate till they could barely see.

The little girls were nearly distracted between admiration of the pink roses nodding in the tall vase on the festal board and astonishment at the pudding when Mr. Green set it to blazing in burning brandy.

And the father and mother wondered how their neighbor had ever got his reputation of being stiff and proud. Never had so delightful a guest descended into their modest household before.

They all put in and washed up the dinner dishes afterward. The father washed and Ebenezer Green wiped, wishing the directors of the bank could see him, and the young feet tripped briskly to and fro until everything was in its place, clean as clean could be. It was a real frolic.

Then they pressed up around the fire. The big logs had gone from Mr. Green's cellar not many minutes before Jimmy had worn a path through the snow to the house next door. It was story telling time, and in the cheery glow on the hearth the father poured out his soul and told how he had been thrown out of work by the closing of a factory, how hard he had tried to find another place, but to no avail, and how all they had to live upon was the sum his dear wife earned by sewing and Jimmy's pittance from the market. And the wife, in her turn, told how brave and patient he had been, with a loving glance that made him blush with pleasure.

And Mr. Green promised that he should have something to do by New Year's day and gave his word upon it, feeling for the first time how much happiness a rich man has the power to create.

Then it was his turn. The children gathered at his knee to drink in breathlessly his tales of travel by land and sea, of strange countries he had seen and people he had known—queer, quaint people in far off places, whose custom and history sounded like the most entrancing of fairy tales. The baby drew nearer and nearer, and finally climbed upon his knee, listening with her great blue eyes wide open. When it was her bedtime, she laid her cheek upon his in a soft caress.

"She loves you," she said, and in a burst of laughter was led away—not far, for the house was very tiny. Her childish voice could be heard prattling on while the elder sister made her ready for bed, and then the group outside fell into silence, while the little one knelt beside her crib and murmured the dear familiar words of her "Now I lay me down to sleep."

Oh, that was a happy Christmas day! As it drew toward its close Ebenezer Green lingered in his sitting room, bare and empty after that he had left so full of love and cheerful content. The fire leaped and flared and threw its rich light into the shadows round his chair. He felt the baby arms still round his neck, the dimpled baby cheek pressed close to his own, wrinkled and seamed with the cares of the world, and when the chimes rang out at midnight soft and clear the old man bowed his head, and for the first time in many a year he breathed a little prayer.

THE PRETTY SERGEANT.

The story of Virginia Ghesquiere, the French heroine, who was decorated with the order of the Legion of Honor for distinguished bravery during one of the campaigns of the French army in Spain, is graphically told by Emile Cere in his history of "Madame Sans-Gene et Les Femmes Soldats."

In the conscription of 1806 a young man by the name of Ghesquiere was enlisted among the forced recruits of the department of the Haut-Rhin. The beardless conscript was frail and delicate, utterly unable to bear the fatigues and hardships of war. Realizing the physical incapacity of her twin brother, whom she very closely resembled, the brave and unselfish sister, Virginia, decided to take his place in the ranks.

With the courage of a high and noble motive, Virginia Ghesquiere begged her parents to allow her to do for France what her brother's ill health rendered it impossible for him to do, and so earnest did the young patriot plead that she won their consent.

Donning her brother's apparel, the intrepid girl presented herself at the department on the following day, and was assigned to the Twenty-seventh Regiment by the unsuspecting officer whose duty it was to enroll the recruits.

For six years the brave young woman preserved her disguise, and during this period was several times rewarded for gallant conduct. At Wagram the "pretty sergeant," as the modest, effeminate-looking young soldier was generally called, had the honor of saving the life of the colonel of the regiment, who had fallen into the Danube, and would have perished but for her efforts.

On the second of May, 1808, after the Battle of Lisbon, the "pretty sergeant" performed a deed of valor that won for her the decoration of the Legion of Honor.

The girl soldier, who was now sergeant of a company of riflemen, perceived at a short distance from the field of battle the figure of the colonel of the regiment lying under the body of his dead horse. Turning to two comrades, she said, "The body of a colonel is a flag that belongs to the regiment, and the Twenty-seventh will retake it."

As she spoke she advanced toward the prostrate officer, followed by two soldiers. Her comrades, both weak from loss of blood, were unable to reach the goal, so that the burden of the affair fell upon her slender shoulders.

On reaching the spot, she found it impossible to lift the heavy body of the fallen officer, tug and struggle as she might! She was now, moreover, beset by two straggling English soldiers. Seized by a sort of frenzy at this interruption of a merciful deed, the little sergeant fired at one of her assailants, wounded him in the shoulder, and then disabled the other by vigorous blows from her gun-stock.

Both Britons surrendered, and assisted her in placing the officer, who still breathed, upon a horse which had strayed near. Compelling the Englishmen to follow, the "pretty sergeant" made a triumphal entry into camp, and was soon after made a Chavalier of the Legion.

One of the most singular circumstances of this curious history is that after the wars were over the woman who had won renown on the battlefield and public recognition from the empire chose to return to her native province, and resumed there the old, simple, tranquil domestic life of her childhood.

Virginia Ghesquiere died in 1855, but her memory will always live among the inhabitants of Defemont, who from one generation to another will tell their children's children the story of the girl-soldier who served France so heroically for her brother's sake.

POPULATION AND AREA.

The leading countries of the world rank in population as follows: China, 402,680,000; the British Empire, 381,037,874; Russian Empire, 113,351,649; United States, 73,000,000; France and her colonies, 59,666,967; German Empire, 52,244,503; Austro-Hungarian Empire, 41,827,700; Japan, 41,089,940; Turkish Empire, 33,559,787; Italy and her colonies, 31,970,785, and Spain and her colonies, 28,911,609. In area the leading countries stand in the following order; British Empire, 11,335,896 square miles; Russian Empire 8,644,100; China, 4,218,401; United States, 3,602,990; Brazil, 3,219,000; France and her colonies, 3,127 856; Turkish Empire, 1,652,733; Spain and her colonies, 603,076; Italy and colonies, 425,765, and the German Empire, 211,108.

HIS LAST WORDS.

Tireless Tank—Tell de boys dat I passed away happy, an' dat de way uv me death was sublime.

Wayside Wallows—I'll do it, pard; but how wuz yer hurt?

Tireless Tank—Run over by a loaded brewery wagon.

Remember

We don't advertise for mere effect, but for business. We know that, if you are subject to cramps, that you should have a prompt, efficient remedy on hand. Nerviline— nerve-pain cure—has a wonderful and immediate curative power. It relieves in one minute; it cures in five. Pleasant to the taste and the best known remedy for pain.

ADVICE TO MOTHERS

THE HEALTH OF THEIR DAUGHTERS SHOULD BE CAREFULLY WATCHED.

Young Girls Susceptible to Trouble That May Result in Decline—Pale Faces, Headaches and Fickle Appetite the Symptoms of Early Decay.

Fro mthe Sun, Orangeville, Ont.

Some months ago Maggie, the fifteen-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Sweeney, of John street, of this town, began to fail both in health and spirits. Her face was almost as white as chalk, her appetite very fickle, and her limbs began to swell. Notwithstanding her growing weakness she persisted in attending school until one day her teacher advised her to go home, and not to return until she felt better. At the same time the teacher, who knew the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases, advised her to take them. The advice was followed, and Mrs. Sweeney told our reporter that almost from the outset there was an improvement in her daughter's condition. Her appetite became better, the color returned to her face, and the severe headaches that had made her so miserable vanished, and she is now feeling better than she has done for many months.

It is quite evident that this young maiden was suffering from a lack of blood, as do so many young girls who are just at a critical point in life and it is quite as apparent that there is no other remedy the equal of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in such cases. They enrich the blood, stimulate the nerves and build up the entire system, and mothers will act prudently if they insist upon their daughters taking an occasional box. We know from experience that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done great good in Orangeville and vicinity, and there is scarcely a day that our reporter does not come in contact with some one who has a good word to say for this wonderful medicine.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitation by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People."

COOL COURAGE.

How an Englishman Worked a Gun at Great Hazard.

A fine example of cool courage in presence of the enemy is contained in a dispatch in the Gazette of India. In the official report of the operations in the Tochi valley the name of Lieut. de Brett, of the Royal Artillery, was specially mentioned and attention was drawn to the rapidity with which he had brought reinforcements and ammunition to the front at Maizar.

When the young officer fell in with the force the enemy were pressing forward. There was a gun at hand, but it was without the usual appurtenances. This gun Lieut. de Brett loaded himself, and rammed the charge home with a rifle, without sponging out between the rounds. He recognized the supreme danger of what he was doing, and for that reason, refused to be helped by the Sepoys near him, preferring to take all the risks himself. Afterward he improvised a sponge by wrapping a puggaree round a lance. Maj.-Gen. Corrie Bird, does not hesitate to say that the fact of the gun coming into action when it did, materially assisted in dispersing the enemy and extricating the escort.

SET FIRE TO HIS WIFE.

Minirano Doused Her with Benzine and Tar After Failing to Brain Her.

Antonio Minirano quarrelled with his wife early Thursday morning, in Erie, Penn., and after first failing to brain her, doused her with burning benzine and tar. Minirano and his wife entertained several of their countrymen late on Thursday night, and the husband became very cross. After the departure of the guests he went to the cellar for more wine, and, when his wife followed him with a lamp he threw a hammer at her, and missing the mark seized an open can containing benzine and tar and threw it over the woman. In an instant she was covered with fire. Her shrieks brought in three boarders who heard the woman cry, "Tony, you threw that stuff on me! You have killed me!" The oil and tar burned into the woman's flesh, and when the officers arrived the husband was engaged in plucking the crisped flesh from her body. The woman died before an ante-mortem statement could be secured. Minirano has been arrested.

THE PERFECT MARRIAGE.

A perfect and complete marriage is, perhaps as rare as perfect personal beauty.

Men and women are married fractionally—now a small fraction, than a large one.

Very few are married totally, and they probably only after some forty or fifty years of gradual approach and experiment.

Such large and sweet fruit is a complete marriage that needs a very long summer to ripen in, and then a long winter to mellow and season it.

But a real, happy marriage of love and judgment between a noble man and a woman is one of the things so lovely that if the sun were, as the Greek poets fabled, a god, he might stop the world in order to feast his eyes on so rare a spectacle.

A COOL HAND AT THE GAME.

Bystander—I suppose we cannot conceive how cold it is up in the Klondike gold fields. I don't suppose you did much in the winter except play poker.

Returned Miner — Play poker! Mister, the frost would break the jackpots as soon as the first ante was made.

SOPHIA'S SAILOR SWEETHEART.

Slowly strolling seaward, some sailors sonorously sang sea songs. Sophia Sumpter, Shagtown's sweetest singer, startled, shrieked shrilly. Seeing sailors she stared surprised. Smiling, she said:

"Sir sailors, sing something softly. Something sorrowfully, sweetly sad."

Silas Sears, senior sailor, seeing Sophia's sentence singular, stood stupidly silent.

She, still standing sorrowfully solus, saw sunset splendors stealing skyward, saw silvery stars soon studding silent sky. Sheltered spots soon shaded seemed, sun setting silently, surely.

Sophia's serene splendor subdued Silas Sears's soul—singing seemed superfluous. Still some sweet singers—strangers softly, sweetly, serenaded Sophia.

Sadness subsiding, she smilingly scanned sailor Sears steadily.

Sears, slender, straight, stately, still stood silent.

"Stranger Sit," suggested Sophia. "Scarlet streaks slanting skyward say storm."

Sophia's sister Susan, sensible spinster, soon served supper.

"Supper, stranger," said she.

So Sears, supping serenely, sagaciously said some sensible sentences. Sophia's sire seeing stranger seek Sophia's side, seemed sorely suspicious.

Seeing such suspicions, Sears, settling score, strode, seaward, seeking ship.

Sophia's sire scolded soundly.

"Stop, stop!" solicited she, "sailor simply sought supper."

"Senselessly suspicious," she sighed, sleeplessly sorrowful.

Sunrise saw Sophia Sumpter seeking strawberries. Seeing some striped snakes, she screamed shrilly startling Shepherd Sampson's sheep so sharply, sheep scattered seeking safety somehow.

Some scapegraces seeing sheep scattered, stole several; seeing same, Sophia shouted:

"Say, Sampson, some scoundrels stealing sheep."

Sneaking stealthily scoundrels sought shelter, sending sheep straying. Shepherd Sampson seeing same, savagely shouting sought sheep.

Securely secreted somewhere, Silas Sears, sailor, saw Sophia's scare. Slaying snakes, Silas sympathizingly soothed Sophia. She, sweetly smiling, sought strawberries successfully, Sears seeking same.

Sometime subsequently Sophia's spousal surprised Shagtown. Sire Sumpter sent superb silver set, senseless suspicions subdued. Sophia Sumpter Sears seeming such sweet signature.

DIVERSITY OF OPINION.

Diggs—Where do you think is the finest scenery in this country?

Griggs—Don't know. No two railway guide books agree on that point.

A Corn Photographed by X Rays

Shows a small hard kernel, covered by layers of hard skin. This tiny corn causes keen pain. The only sure means of extracting it, without pain, in a day, is Putnam's Painless Corn Extractor. Sure? Yes. Painless? Yes. Cheap? Yes, indeed! Try it.

MAKING HIMSELF SOLID.

Your little Jim seems to be popular with the other small boys.

Popular? The other day he asked if he could give each of his boy friends an apple, and when I came down stairs the entire barrelful was gone.

A BAD OMEN.

First Turkey—Oh, cheer up, old man, you are superstitious.

Second Turkey—No. I am not superstitious, but when I pick up cranberries by the kitchen door three days in succession it makes me kinder melancholy.

DEAFNESS CANNOT BE CURED

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that can not be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A QUESTION ANSWERED.

The father had been reading some news from the Klondike country, and in the article was a list in roung numbers of the fortunes that had been made there.

Say, papa, inquired the small son, what are round numbers?

They are numbers that are not square, my son, responded the father promptly; but the boy didn't know any more than he knew before.

W P C 897

MONSOON is Clean
MONSOON is Fragrant
MONSOON is Delicious
MONSOON is Economical
MONSOON Indo-Ceylon Tea
IS THE BEST.
25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cents per poun..
The Monsoon Tea Co., 7 Wellington-st. W., Toronto.

NOT AS HE EXPECTED.

She—There certainly must be some misunderstanding that you should insist upon breaking our engagement so shortly before the date fixed for our marriage.

He—There is. I understood that your father was wealthy.

HE WASN'T.

Bunting—Well, old fellow, I suppose that you are now willing to acknowledge the revival of confidence.

Larkin—Nothing of the sort, sir. My wife is just as skeptical as ever of the explanations I offer for being out late.

AGENTS WANTED.—BOSTON PERFECTION PIN RIM CO., 130 King St. W., Toronto.

Good Men Wanted in every township to sell our CHURN. Fastest seller. Sample $3.50, or stamped envelope for particulars. T. MOUNCE, 10 King St. W., Toronto.

SAUSAGE CASINGS.—New Importations, finest English sheep and American hog casings. Reliable goods at right prices. Park, Blackwell & Co., Limited, Toronto.

LAW Mills, Mills & Hales Barristers, etc., removed to Wesley Bldgs., Richmond St. W., Toronto.

PATENTS PROCURED in Canada and Foreign Countries by C. R. RICHES, Patent Attorney, Canada Life Bldg., Toronto. Write for free book on patents, etc.

THE FAMOUS ONTARIO BUSINESS COLLEGE
Most widely Attended in America. For Illustrated Catalogue (30th year), ADDRESS—
ROBINSON & JOHNSON, F.C.A., BELLEVILLE, - - - ONT.

J. N. ANDERSON, M.D., No. 5 College-st. TORONTO, Ont.
EYE, EAR, NOSE & THROAT SPECIALIST

Apples, Poultry, Eggs, in good demand.
The Dawson Commission Co., Limited
Cor. of West Market and Colborne St., - TORONTO.

WOOD & PHOTO ENGRAVING
J. L. JONES ENG. CO.
6 8 10 ADELAIDE S. W. TORONTO

W. G. HARRIS,
William Street, Toronto,
BUYS COPPER, BRASS, LEAD.
REFERENCE:—IMPERIAL BANK.

"WE WANT YOU QUICK."
Intelligent ladies and gentlemen can be supplied with genteel and very PROFITABLE employment. Industry is the essential NECESSARY to secure GOOD REMUNERATION. Can give the address of representative who has just cleared $113 in 21 DAYS. $5 can be made right AT your own HOME.
J. L. NICHOLS & CO.,
33 Richmond West, Toronto.

DR. GOODE'S
PAINLESS PENNYROYAL PILLS
A Specific for Female Complaints,
are a true boon to every lady who suffers in the performance of nature's effort. They at once ease the pain and restore natural and healthy action of the ovarian vessels. For young and developing womanhood they excel any remedy which can be used. They are compounded solely from the active principles of vegetable substances, and are perfectly safe and reliable. Ask your druggist for them, and if he does not keep them in stock he can procure them for you. Price $1.00 per Bottle, or 6 for $5.00. Wholesale Agents:
The Toronto Pharmacal Co., Limited, Toronto.

CANADA PERMANENT LOAN & SAVINGS COMPANY
Subscribed Capital.....$5,000,000
Paid-up Capital.....2,500,000
Assets.....12,000,000
HEAD OFFICE—TORONTO ST., TORONTO.
Branch Offices—WINNIPEG, MAN., AND VANCOUVER, B. C.
The ample resources of this Company enable its Directors to make advances on Real Estate, without delay, at low rates of interest, and on the most favorable terms of repayment. Loans granted on Improved Farms and on Productive Town and City Properties. Mortgages and Municipal Debentures Purchased.
Applications will be received at the offices of the Company.
J. HERBERT MASON,
Managing Direc, Toronto.

FOR TWENTY-SEVEN YEARS.
DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND
LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

A CITY LUXURY.
Just as the city looks to the country for most of the luxuries used on its tables, so the country must turn to the city for those conveniences which are justly termed luxuries for the hard-working housewife. City housekeepers have learned to realize that to save time is to lengthen life.
SAPOLIO!
is one of the best known city luxuries and each time a cake is used an hour is saved. On floors, tables and painted work it acts like a charm. For scouring pots, pans and metals it has no equal. IF YOUR STOREKEEPER DOES NOT KEEP IT YOU SHOULD INSIST UPON HIS DOING SO, as it always gives satisfaction and its immense sale all over the United States makes it an almost necessary article to any well-supplied store. Everything shines after its use, and even the children delight in using it in their attempts to help around the house.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO