BRITAIN'S ERRAND BOYS.

WHAT HE HAS DONE TO BUILD UP THE EMPIRE.

Part and Parcel of the Great Business World of London and Other Cities.

Few people seem to realize how much the nation owes to the errand-boy. He is generally looked upon as a cat-calling, idling, marble-playing nuisance, a necessity, perhaps, but, nevertheless, a nuisance. Yet no one seems to have taken into account what a general strike of errand-boys would mean, or what a blow it would give to the various branches of trade that make up our prosperity as a nation, says Pearson's Weekly.

For instance, how many tradespeople are there who are not sufficiently well-to-do to employ horses and carts and the male attendant as driver, but who, nevertheless, have sufficient means to give work to a dozen errand-boys? And not only the smaller tradespeople have to employ errand boys, but the great emporiums as well, the hotels, the clubs, the post-offices, the theatres, in fact, everywhere the ubiquitous "five-shilling-a-week youth," will be found.

Supposing, therefore, that all the errand-boys were to become suddenly non-existent, it would be impossible to fill their places with men. Men require higher wages, and besides have work elsewhere. Yet errand-boys would have to be found. It would be impossible to utilize loafers and ne'er-do-wells for obvious reasons. Take away the men such as dock-labourers, stevedores, road-cleaners, commissionaires, and the like, and picture the result. Trade would become stagnant, shops would be unable to supply their goods, chemists would be unable to send out their bottles of medicine, a thousand blows would be struck at the national prosperity by such an apparent trifle as the

ABOLITION OF ERRAND-BOYS.

And the British errand-boy occupies a position that may be almost called unique.

To a foreigner in London the streets seem composed greatly of youths, of striplings, darting here and there amid the traffic, some with baskets, some in uniform, some on bicycles, some on omnibuses. They seem a noisy, irresponsible crew, and yet what a mighty unit they are in one working day of work a-day London. They seem to be part and parcel of the irresistible bustle of London and our great cities by far the most numerous band of all our workers.

For while banker, clerk and merchant sit in their offices and give up their time to the business that takes up all their passive time, the errand-boy it is who forms the linking chain of their business routine. Can more be said? Has not the errand-boy, therefore, earned the right to be called an empire builder? He is the machinery set in motion by the man in the engine-room of the empire's trade.

There is another factor in the case. How many instances are there in Britain's history of an errand-boy who has risen to fame and fortune from the obscurest of positions? The answer is hundreds, literally hundreds. There are many of our great merchants and financiers who started life running errands for men whom they have now left far behind in the race for

WEALTH AND POSITION.

As boys they ran their errands and kept their eyes open—picking up scraps of information here, and there that were treasured up in their brains until the time came when they might astonish the world by an exhibition of their smartness.

For the smart errand-boy is given opportunities that can be given to no one else. He may one moment find himself in the office of the millionaire, the next be delivering a message or what not to the humblest and shadiest of mankind. One of these quondam errand-boys, now a multi-millionaire, has a note-book that he started when an errand-boy, in which he used to jot down the incidents of the day, the facts he learnt, the things he noted, the scraps picked up from beneath the rich man's table. And thus he climbed step by step to the position he holds to-day.

Here, then, is a matter worthy of consideration. The humble, irresponsible errand-boy is worth considering. He is worthy of being given a place among the factors that have helped to make the British Empire what she is to-day. For perhaps that very youth who jostles past you so unceremoniously, on the pavement, may, one of these fine days, be seated in his palatial office, at the head of a business whose branches stretch from London to Yokohama, and from New York to the China Seas.

In the office of a great Manchester merchant hangs a picture, the portrait of a small, pale youth dressed like an errand boy. It is given the place of honour, as well it might be. It is the portrait of the merchant himself, a lesson to all errand-boys, as he himself was.

A MONEY SEPARATOR.

Young Milyunno has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it.

Why doesn't he go into politics?

Irate Customer—Look, here, Mosenheimer, when I bought this suit of you, you gunranteed satisfaction. Monsenheimer—Vell, vot's do matter of you? I vos satisfied.

Visitor—You and your brother are twins, are you not, my boy? Boy—Yes, sir. It's hard to be twins. Visitor—How is that? Boy—When father don't know which of us does a thing, he thrashes both.

Head of the Firm—That's a pretty ancient-looking office coat you are wearing, Mr. Travers. Travers—Yes, sir. I got this with the last rise in my salary.

CHANGING HIS NAME

Deborah Hancock was busily engaged in decorating her birthday cake. She sighed as she placed the last candle, one more than the previous year. How fast those little waxen milestones seemed to multiply! Several years before, when the whole surface of the cake was so thickly studded that she could find no place for the new taper, Miss Hancock paused to ponder.

Was not 35 a good age at which to lose count?

The temptation was great. But all false pretense was abhorrent to the sturdy Hancock nature. Prevarication even to one's self was not to be tolerated. And what folly could equal in silliness that of attempting to conceal one's age?

The tapers were red, white and blue.

A light tap sounded at the door. Deborah carefully locked her pantry door before admitting her visitor.

"Mother wants to know if you won't go over to the picnic with us to-morrow?"

"Go to the picnic! Why, Ellen Ann, I ain't been to a picnic for 20 years! Thank your ma, but—"

"Oh, do come, Miss Deb. You know we're going to celebrate the incorporation of Hilton."

"Come in and think it over."

With a blush and a giggle the girl cast a backward glance over her shoulder. "I can't come in to-night. But you be ready and we will stop for you in the morning."

Miss Deborah followed the girl's glance and smiled as she caught sight of a dark figure lurking in the shadow of the lilacs by the fence.

"Oh, it's Joel," she said.

Ellen Ann giggled.

Perhaps it was the remembrance of her own unfinished romance, which made her heart particularly tender toward all lovers. Be that as it may she was the village confidante. Many awkward youths and shy maids blessed her for the kindly way in which she sped their wooing.

The next morning, when Ellen Ann's brother with a flourish brought his hay wagon to a stand before Miss Deborah's door, he found her waiting, lunch basket beside her.

The exercises were opened by a long and fervent prayer by Parson Elihu Griffin. Then Squire Cooper rose, and made some remarks, but detecting signs of restlessness among the younger people, he brought his remarks down to the pith of his address.

"Fellow Townspeople—I have a surprise in store for you. Hearing that this day was to be of special interest to the inhabitants of his birthplace, one of our sons who has made a name for himself in the political world, yet has still retained in his heart a warm regard for his old name, has come down to join in our festivities, and has consented to make a few remarks. Friends, I ask you to join me in welcoming the Hon. John Smith."

The cheering mercifully drowned Miss Deborah's painful little gasps of consternation. No one noted her pale face. All eyes were upon their illustrious townsman.

The Hon. John Smith did not detain his hearers long. He referred to the fact that they were all more eager to attend to the contents of their well-filled hampers than to any thing he might have to say. He also said that he was anxious to leave the platform and come down among them and seek out and shake hands with his old friends.

Deborah felt that she must go away by herself and recover her lost equanimity. Seizing upon two pails she insisted on going to the spring for water. She started off briskly, but behind the first clump of bushes she cast aside the pails and sat down to give her thoughts full sway.

Miss Deborah smiled as she contemplated the mental pictures of her youthful self. There she stood in her girlish pride her head saucily a-tilt, and a mischievous light in her eyes. But the smile was quickly followed by a sigh, as ever faithful memory drew the outline of a tall, awkward country boy who stood beside the maid.

Ah, now the girl's lips parted and bending her head, Miss Deborah hears the sound of a light laugh. At the sound, the youth frowns, then speaks.

"Dan Quincy is a common feller, and the girl I've kept steady company with shan't dance with him."

Again, the girl laughs, and then in mocking tones replied:

"A common feller is he? Well, his name ain't as common as some I know of, John Smith."

"If yer ashamed of my name now what'll ye be when it's yer own?"

"Who says I'll ever bear any such common name as John Smith? If I was you I'd ask the legislature to help me to a finer name."

"Do you mean that, Deb?"

"Yes, I do."

Thus, Deborah declared her independence. She supposed John would come around that evening and make up, as he had done so often before, but no, he had gone away from Hilton without a word.

At this point her reverie was broken in upon by the voice Deborah had listened to so long.

"Why, Miss Hancock, what are you doing here all alone?"

"I was going for water," Deborah faltered, pointing to the forgotten pails.

"Down to the old spring? I'll go and help you. I haven't forgotten the way. I believe I remember every incident of my life here. Do you remember the picnic just before I went away?"

Deborah nodded.

"Do you know I've often thought of that day. You see I took your advice and went to the legislature. It took time, but I finally reached there. But I decided that if I could obtain a handle to my name it would answer just as well as if I changed it."

"I'm afraid I was rude," Deborah stammered.

"It was the best rudeness I ever encountered. It made me leave here, otherwise I suppose I should have lived right along in the groove made by my ancestors. I have always been grateful for your scorn. It hurt dreadfully at first, but I came to see the other side of the question."

John talked of this and that, but suddenly he seemed to become aware of his companion's silence. He glanced at her and in a whimsical tone said:

"Deborah, doesn't the honorable modify the Smith a little?"

"What does a name matter, anyway?" Deborah asked, impatiently, but here we are at the spring."

"If the name doesn't matter, Deb, perhaps you'll scorn to share it with me now. Will you, dear?" and he bent low to look under Deborah's hat.

"John, there's Ellen Ann staring at us," and with a blush Miss Deborah withdrew her hand, but not until she had returned the pressure of the one which held it.

HEART TROUBLE

BROUGHT ON BY EXPOSURE AND WORRY.

Capt. Geo. Crandell, of Lindsay, Tells How He Secured Release From This Dangerous Malady.

From the Watchman, Lindsay, Ont.

In the town of Lindsay and surrounding country no man is better known or more highly respected than Capt. Geo. Crandell. Forty-seven years ago he was owner and captain of the first steamer that navigated the Scugog. Since that time success has crowned his life both on land and water. For forty-nine years he was a member of the Lindsay town council. He is now 73 years of age and enjoys the best of health, but it has not always been thus. Some years ago the exposure and worry incident to his calling began to tell upon his health, and his heart showed signs of weakness. His sufferings and complete restoration through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are best told by himself. To a reporter the captain gave the following story:

"Several years ago my heart began to bother me. At first I took little notice of it, but the trouble gradually grew worse until I had to summon medical aid. I suffered much pain and at times was attacked by smothering spells which caused me great distress. Frequently these spells attacked me during the night and it was with difficulty that I managed to breathe at all. I consulted several doctors, but their medicine failed to benefit me. I then tried a much advertised remedy but this also failed to help me. I had always been fond of smoking, but I was in such poor health that a few puffs from a cigar would distress me so much that I had to give it up altogether. I grew worse day by day and began to think my end was near and that I would die from the trouble. Some time ago I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking one box I noted an improvement in my condition and so I continued their use. I kept on improving till now I am as well and strong as I ever was in my life before and have not been bothered with the least sign of my former malady for months. I am now able to enjoy a smoke as I used to without feeling the least distress. All this I owe to the greatest of all remedies, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Rich, red blood and strong nerves are the keystone to health. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the most widely known and praised of medicines because from first dose to last they make new, life-giving blood, and restore weak and shattered nerves, bringing new health and strength to hitherto despondent sufferers. Do not take any substitute—do not take anything that does not bear the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around the box. Sold by all dealers or by mail post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA,

GREEN OR BLACK.

Its Virtues are Many; Its Faults None.

That's saying a good deal, but it is a true statement. You can verify it yourself. A trial will prove the truth or falsity of the above statement.

SALADA Ceylon Teas are sold in Sealed Lead Packets only. Black, Mixed, Uncolored Ceylon Green. Free samples sent. Address "SALADA," Toronto.

FROM THE PLAINS OF THE WEST.

NEWS OF ANOTHER SUCCESS ON THE PART OF DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS.

An Alberta Man Reports His Entire Satisfaction with the World-Famous Remedy—Blood Disorder the Cause of His Trouble—Dodd's Kidney Pills Have Removed it and he is Thankful.

Blairmore, Alberta, July 1st—(Special)—Dodd's Kidney Pills are just as well thought of in the great Northwest as they are any place else in the world. The people have confidence in them. They do as they are claimed to do.

Nor is the claim a small one. Dodd's Kidney Pills are claimed to cure some of the most dangerous and deadly maladies that flesh is heir to, and what is more, they do it. The proof is positive. Thousands and thousands of reputable people attest it.

For instance everyone knows Bright's Disease at one time meant the sentence of death. Does it now? Ask Arthur Colely, of Somerset, Man. He was cured of Bright's Disease, the last stages of it, by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Dodd's Kidney Pills will cure the lesser disorders of the human system arising from Kidney Disease with just as much certainty and an even greater promptness. Of these, Skin Eruptions, such as Boils and Pimples, arising from an impure state of the blood are not the most uncommon or the least distressing. Dodd's Kidney Pills, by improving the action of the Kidneys purify the blood, and Boils and Pimples immediately disappear.

Walter H. A. Noble of Blairmore, Alberta, writes in this connection: "I had been troubled with Pimples all over my face, and Backache. I tried everything to cure it, all kinds of medicine, but failed.

"I was told to try Dodd's Kidney Pills and did so at once. I got three boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills and took one after every meal. They cured me. They are the only things that ever did me any good. I will always use Dodd's Kidney Pills in case of sickness and advise all other sufferers to do so."

LONG TOM'S BREAKFAST.

Feeding a Huge Python Against His Will.

The python, huge and formidable as he is, is not of an aggressive disposition. Neither is he amiable. He is a sluggish, sullen, obstinate creature, and is more difficult than dangerous to manage in captivity. The trouble with him is not that he endeavors to kill his keepers, but that, if he objects to his quarters, he makes no fuss at all for anybody but quietly commits suicide by starvation. As he is as valuable as he is repulsive his possessors have good reason for anxiety when he shows signs of homesickness.

The Boston newspapers recently reported the interesting manner in which the ingenious owners of "Long Tom," a big snake on exhibition in that city, endeavored to overcome his fasting proclivities.

Long Tom, a native of Singapore, about ten years of age, four feet in girth, twenty-eight feet in length, and two hundred and fifty pounds in weight, had been for seven months silently manifesting in the way peculiar to his tribe, his distaste for life at the "Hub." Eat he would not; he lay all day long sulkily coiled in the window where he was on show, either sleeping, or staring with small evil-yellow eyes at the throng who stared at him.

At length two "snake men" were sent for, and it was decided that the rebel, under their direction, should be fed, willy-nilly.

A LARGE RABBIT

was killed, skinned, dressed and fastened to the end of a bamboo rod six feet in length and absolutely smooth. Then twenty men and one woman—the professional snake-charmer of the establishment—prepared to administer the meal.

One of the experts seized the python's head, and foot by foot the creature was pulled from its nest of blankets, wriggling violently. Each new length of glistening body was seized as it emerged and was held by an attendant, braced to his utmost strength—for it had been impressed upon every one that the great essential was to hold the huge reptile straight, as any twisting or writhing while the rod was thrust down its throat might result in injury.

The mouth was then forced open, and rabbit and pole were pushed in. A unique dialogue ensued; it was like playing, "Button, button,—Rabbit, rabbit, who's got the rabbitt?"

"Feel the rabbit?" queried the expert.

"Right here," responded the woman snake-charmer.

After a minute's pause: "Where is it now?"

"I've got it," from a policeman farther down the line.

Cautiously, the rod was pushed farther. The python writhed, and threw a man off his feet.

"Look out for a kink!" cried the woman; and the scaly coil was pulled taut again. Presently, as the slowly advancing lump, marked by a rippling and swelling of the elastic skin, seemed to have progressed far enough, she skilfully seized hold of the body just above it, and maintained a firm grasp while the rod was withdrawn, leaving bunny irrevocably established in the serpentine interior.

Sozodont for the **Teeth and Mouth 25c**

INSIDE OF CIRCUS LIFE.

PEEP BEHIND THE SCENES OF THE MOVING CITY.

Troubles of the Routine Life—Something About the Table Service.

Few understand or can realize the routine life of circus riders—their troubles on the road, or the trials and tribulations during the performance season in some large city. Wherever they stop there is a parade every day at 9 o'clock, a show at two o'clock and another at eight in the evening. Everyone must go in the parade and sometimes it means a slow ride under the broiling sun over eight or ten miles of streets. The average out-of-the-circus woman would faint and fall from her horse before she had ridden a mile.

As soon as the pageant reaches the show grounds, after having made its tour of the streets, there is a rush for the dressing rooms, for perhaps it is past noon. Parade dresses are doffed, street clothes are donned and then to dinner. The women in the circus live well. They have a cool airy dining tent with well set tables and competent waiters, and the food is of the best. The table service corresponds with that of the average city hotel, where a rate of say, $3 a day is charged. There are several kinds of meat, three or four kinds of dessert, with coffee, tea or milk. Fruits are added in season and no one ever goes to a country hotel when the dinner tent is up and running, for it is better by far than any of them. Dinner over, there is another

RUSH FOR DRESSING ROOMS.

The crowd is going in and the grand entry is about to begin. All are expected to appear in this pageant as in the out of door parade in the morning. This means another entire change of dress to the resplendent costumes worn in the grand entry. That finished there is a scurrying for the trunks and make-up boxes, dresses disappear and tights are donned, every article of the wardrobe must be neat and clean and of the very best, therefore cannot be thrown here and there carelessly. The performance has commenced and there is a continuation of ceaseless hurry that would distract any ordinary woman. Circus women, however, are used to it, and work with the precision that perfect system demands. Some of the women perform in two or three acts, each necessitating a change of costume, tights and all.

JUST LIKE OTHER WOMEN.

At 4.30 the afternoon show is over and then comes supper, which is really a substantial meal. Now comes an hour and a half of rest. Gathered about in groups in shady corners, the women of the circus come together, bring out their embroidery and fancy work, chat, gossip, and talk of everything except their business, which is rigidly tabooed. Seven o'clock sees them again in the dressing rooms and for the balance of the evening the rush goes on never seeming to end.

At 10.30 o'clock the show is out and the performers go to the sleeping cars, and it is there that the women of the circus are at home. The sleepers are arranged exactly like Pullman cars, with swinging upper berths, and are clean, well ventilated and attractive. As a rule each married couple has another married couple for chums. Their sections usually are opposite, and their natural desire for neatness, from force of habit, if from no other cause enables them to decorate their berth with little articles of fancy work, slippers, cases, a tiny pair of silken curtains at the windows, a little cabinet with a lock upon the door, toilet articles in racks upon the bulkheads, snowy counterpanes—everything, in fact, found in a well appointed sleeping apartment in a house.

OVER THEIR HEADS.

—She—I suppose your French helped you a great deal when you were in Paris?

—He—Er—no; you see, all those I had occasion to speak to were tradespeople and all that you know. They don't understand elegant French.

Mrs. Faddy—I suffer dreadfully from noises in the head, doctor. Doctor (who lives next door, irritably)—So do I. You have too many children, and you might get rid of your cackling fowls, and have that howling dog poisoned.

FRAGRANT

SOZODONT

a perfect liquid dentifrice for the

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New Size SOZODONT LIQUID, 25c
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Large LIQUID and POWDER, 75c

25c

At all Stores, or by Mail for the price.

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CEYLON TEA

never varies from its high standard and still maintains its place as leader. Always the people's choice. Lead Packages, 25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 cts.

If You Want best results SHIP all your BUTTER, EGGS, POULTRY, APPLES, other FRUITS and PRODUCE, to **The Dawson Commission Co.** Limited, City West Market and Colborne St., Toronto.

A TIE IN OPINION.

What did you and Joe fall out about?

He thought I ought to be friendly enough to give him that dog; and I thought he ought to be friendly enough to buy it of me.

HAY FEVER CAN BE PREVENTED

Don't seek other climes at "Hay Fever Season," don't destroy your stomach and nerves by drugs—prevent the disease. Hay Fever is caused by germs that float about in the air and finally find lodgement in your throat and lungs. Medicine won't reach them there, but Catarrhozone will. Catarrhozone is sure death to germs. Start now to use Catarrhozone. Inhale it into the throat, nasal passages and bronchial tubes; it goes wherever the air you breathe goes, and it will prevent and cure Hay Fever. Endorsed by not less than one thousand doctors in Canada and U. S. Sent to any address for $1.00 forwarded to Polson Chemical Co., Hartford, Conn., U. S., or Kingston, Ont.

Was he a famous man? Famous! Why, my dear sir, they're even talking of naming a new bicycle after him.

Ask for Minard's and take no other.

Was it a quiet wedding? Of course. You didn't expect they would quarrel right before the clergyman, did you?

SPECIAL TRAIN TO SAN FRANCISCO.

For Canadian delegates and all others going to the Epworth League Convention, via Chicago and North-Western Railway, to leave Chicago Tuesday, July 9th, 11.59 p.m. Stops will be made at Denver, Colorado Springs, Glenwood Springs and Salt Lake, passing en route the finest scenery in the Rocky and Sierra Nevada Mountains. Through Pullman Palace and Tourist Sleeping Cars. Order berths early, as party will be limited in number. Fare only $50 round trip, with choice of routes returning. Send stamp for illustrated itinerary and map of San Francisco to D. H. Bennett, Gen'l Agent, 2 King St. East, Toronto, Ont.

No, beggar, says a philanthropist, will go away empty-handed from a good man's door. Not if he can reach an overcoat from the good man's hall-rack.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that contain Mercury

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally, and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

AN INTERESTING STANDARD.

What is your idea of a man of honor?

A man of honor, said the French nobleman, throwing out his chest, is one who will pay his wine bill and card debts, even if he has to marry in order to get the money.

St. Martin, Que., May 6, 1895.

C. C. RICHARDS & CO.

Gentlemen,—Last November my child stuck a nail in his knee causing inflammation so severe that I was advised to take him to Montreal and have the limb amputated to save his life.

A neighbor advised us to try MINARD'S LINIMENT, which we did, and within three days my child was all right, and I feel so grateful that I send you this testimonial, that my experience may be of benefit to others.

LOUIS GAGNIER.

FORGETTING TIME.

I've had to learn so much this year,
The schoolboy says, you bet
I'm glad vacation time is near
So I can just forget.

Minard's Liniment, Lumberman's Friend.

THE MAIN THING.

Ascum—Now that your new house is finished, is it entirely satisfactory?

Richman—I believe it is.

Ascum—I was told you didn't like it.

Richman—I don't, but the architect says he's quite satisfied with it.

Maria Jane, said a fond mother the other morning to her daughter, did Daniel Johnson kiss you on the steps last night? No, mamma, he did not. If the fond parent had said lips instead of steps it would have troubled Maria Jane to reply.

For Over Fifty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays pain, cures wind colic, regulates the stomach and bowels, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by druggists throughout the world. Be sure and ask for "MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Teacher—And how do you know, my dear, that you have been christened? Scholar—Please, mum, 'cause I got the marks on me arm now, mum.

CALIFORNIA AND RETURN.

On July 5th to 12th, the Wabash Railroad will sell round trip tickets to San Francisco, California, at single first-class fare, good to return any time up to August 31st, 1901. Diagram of through sleepers now ready. Stop over en route west of first Colorado point. Everything will be first-class and up-to-date. This will be by far the most comprehensive trip ever offered to visit this golden land of sunshine and flowers. Free reclining chairs on all trains.

Full particulars at Wabash office, North-east corner King and Yonge streets, Toronto.

J. A. Richardson, Dist. Pass. Agt.

Guest—Can you give me a room and a bath? Clerk—I can give you a room, but I'm too busy to bath you just now.

Minard's Liniment is used by Physicians.

Marble is worth in the rough £20 a ton, and Italy exports 105,000 tons a year.

Cheap round trip rate between St. Paul, Minn., and the Pacific coast.

On July 6th the Northern Pacific Ry. will place in effect a low first-class round trip rate of $45.00 from eastern terminals to Seattle, Tacoma and Portland. Dates of sale at eastern terminals will be from July 6th to July 13th inclusive, and the final limit for return will be Aug. 31st, 1901. Destination must be reached not later than July 18th, stopovers being allowed IN EITHER DIRECTION within the transit limits.

This offers an unsurpassed opportunity for those desiring to hunt new homes and farms to go into the northwest and look over the country, or for those wishing to visit relatives or friends or to make pleasure trips, to do so.

Husband (to wife at the theatre)—Have you brought the opera glass? Wife—Yes; but I can't use it. Why not? I forgot to bring my diamond bracelet.

Keep Minard's Liniment in the House.

Abyssinia was converted to Christianity in the fourth century. The country has now over 12,000 monks.

AVENUE HOUSE McGill—College Avenues MONTREAL
Family Hotel rates $1.50 per day.

When you write to an advertiser, tell him that you saw his advertisement in this paper. It is to your interest to do so, as Our Folks are treated honestly and served with the best.

W. P. C. 1083

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For all skin ailments.

J. C. Calvert & Co., Manchester, England

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Brass Band

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Etc.

EVERY TOWN CAN HAVE A BAND

Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine catalogue 500 illustrations, mailed free. Write us for any thing in Music or Musical Instruments.

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Dominion Line Steamships

Montreal to Liverpool. Boston to Liverpool. Portland to Liverpool, Via Queenstown.
Large and Fast Steamships. Superior accommodation for all classes of passengers. Saloons and Staterooms are amidships. Special attention has been given to the Second Saloon and Third-Class accommodation. For rates of passage and all particulars, apply to any agent of the Company, or

Richards, Mills & Co., 77 State St., Boston. D. Torrance & Co., Montreal and Portland.

CHENILLE CURTAINS and all kinds of house Hangings, and LACE CURTAINS DYED & CLEANED LIKE NEW. Write to us about yours.
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J. L. JONES ENG. CO.
30 ADELAIDE ST. TORONTO

"O Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, & hard to please—
There is certainly one thing that will
please you if you get it, & that is
Monsoon Ceylon Tea—
Lead packets — All grocers.