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Don't Chide the Children.

Don't scold the little ones if the bed is wet in the morning. It isn't the child's fault. It is suffering from a weak-ness of the kidneys and bladder, and weak-kidneys need strengthening—that's all. You can't afford to risk delay. Neglect may entail a lifetime of suffering and misery.

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS strengthen the kidneys and all trouble is at an end.

Mrs. E. Kidner, a London, Ont., mother living at 499 Gray St., says:

""My little daughter, six years old, has had weak kidneys since birth. Last Febuary I got a box of Doan's Kidney Pills at Strong's drug store. Since taking them she has had no more kidney trouble of any kind. I gladly make this statement because of the benefit my child has received from this medicine."

PER CENT. REDUCTION

WOULD WIPE OUT FAMILY

ANGRY SUITOR KILLS FATHER OF GIRL HE LOVES.

Chicago Man Sought Revenge Because His Persistent Demands For a Dowry Sufficient To Start Himself and Finance in Housekeeping Were Refused. hicago, Feb. 24.-Angered because

resistent demands for a dowry ufficient to give him a start in couse-keeping were refused, and seeking revenge on the family of his sweetheart, George Childrose, a stenographer, yesterday, shot and killed Belry Meyerer, the girl's father, and alightly wounded Emnia Meyerer, her vist r. Her mother and another sis-Her escaped another shot intended for them by rushing into the street. Then, believing he had killed the

entire family, Childrose sent a bullet through his own brain and felt dead at the door of his sweetheart's room. The couple became engaged last ARTHUR FLLIS, ARCHITECT, OFFICE Trasday and the young man at once site of New Drill Hall, near corner of legan his demands that the father, a Queen and Montreal Sta retired mechanic and inventor, furnish morey to start the couple in house-

The demands were so large and persistent that the paternal consent to and fevia property. Loss granted on the proposed union was withdrawn. C. McGill, tannager of Frances Lone vowed to kill the whole family, and ing us off from those that had him in charge, We followed until night, when

> HE MADE HER SAY "OBEY." How a Facetious Bridegroom Caused

His Bride to Take the Vow. "I remember," said an old clergyman the other day, "that I was suddenly hard out to it to decide whether I should roar with laughter at a solemn service in the house of God or whether I should be very angry. The upshot was that I had such hard work to keep a straight countenance that I forgot to be angry at all. The incident arose in this way:

"It was in my early days in the ministo a country lass in a backwoods church. About that time the women of America were just beginning to kick against the clause in our marriage service which makes them promise 'to love, honor and obey' their spouses. The bride in this case wanted to escape the vow, but did not COTPORATION have the courage to refuse utterly to take it. Instead she tried to slur the sentence when it came her turn to repeat the words after me, and she said, 'To love, honor and 'bey,' leaving out the 'o' in the 99 YONGE STREET, TORONTO hope that I would not notice the omission. But I did notice the omission and

"'You must say "obey" clearly,' I announced, 'or I cannot go on.'

"The bride hung her head, but a stubborn look came over her face, and I could see that it would take a lot of persuasion to make her change her mind, "'Will you not say "obey?" ' I asked.

"She only shook her head. "'Come, now,' said I coaxingly. 'I will repeat the words again, and you say them

"I did so, and the bride murmured, Love, honor and 'bey.'

and exclaimed tartly, 'I'll say the same | ments had nothing to do with it."thing over a hundred times and not a syl- | Youth's Companion.

"I was getting weary of this nonsense, so I rapped out the words very suddenly and shortly, 'Love, honor and obey,' at the same time shooting out my index finger at the girl. This seemed to startle her, and with equal rapidity she began to

repeat, 'Love, honor and'sharp dig in the ribs with a huge forefinger, and the girl emitted a pained 'Oh!" But, determined not to be interrupted in | query: what she had intended to say, she finished her own rendition of the vow without a second's pause and ejaculated ''bey.'

THE SMOKE CONSUMER WORKED. That Was the Laundry's Great Ob-

"About a year ago," said a Chicago

after a lot of arguing, I got a west side office is found in the village. laundry firm to try it, with the understanding that I was to take it out at my own expense if it didn't give satisfaction, thought I'd go over and see how it was I theft. Like the cave dweller lighting the

that there wasn't a bit of smoke rolling | ally they will disappear. Murder will be out of the stack. In fact, it was almost | unknown, and theft, rendered unnecesimpossible to see from the outside that | sary by decent social organization, will there was a fire in the boiler. It made have disappeared also. me feel mighty good to see that the thing was working so well, and I went into the

office full of confidence. ""Well," I said to the senior partner, "how do you like your smoke consumer! about that," he replied. "We want it | per for the molasses barrel. Bless his

""What's the trouble?" I asked him. "' You agreed to take it out at your own expense if it wasn't satisfactory, you know. We have the contract in writing.' "'"That's all right. I'm not denying that I agreed to take it out, but I'd like to know what's the matter with it. I

looked at it just now, and it seemed to be consuming the smoke all right." " "Ch, it consumos as far as that's concerned, but since the smoke has quit rolling out of the stack a lot of our old customers seem to think we've shut down here, and they're taking their laundry

""Y's," the junior partner added. "and I on't imagine where we ever got the smoke, anyway. It would be just as sensible for a saloon keeper to go around preaching temperance."

"'So I had to take the consumer out and I've de ided to give up the idea of trying to introduce it among the laun-

Miss Parker, Gananoque, is spending a few days with Kingston friends.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S O CATARRH CURE ... ZUU. NO USE FOR THE CACTUS.

After Seeing His Friend Lushed to One by Apnehes and Tortured.

"No. I can't say that I have any ad miration for that sort of plant, bowever fine a specimen it is," said an Arizona man as he passed a casual glance at a gient cactus in the lobby of a hotel. "I have seen altegether too many of them, and there is a circumstance that is often recalled by seeing them that I had rather forget," The Arizonian hesisged and would have passed on, away from the enriously formed plant, had he not been asked to tell what was this circumstance which seemed to deeply affect him. He

began: "I have fived in Arizona a great many years. In fact, I am one of the pioneers of the territory. When I went there in 1865, there were few white people, but no end of Indians. The Indians were not all friendly. It was a year or so after coming to the territory that, with a small party of prospectors, I was crossing the great Arizona desert from Phenix to where is now the King of Arizona mine. We were all provided with food and water and were making the trip over the hot sands and under a scorching sue with as much comfort as was possible until we were overtaken by a straggling band of Indians. I think they were Jicarillas. "There was nothing to do but to make

a run for it, and we gave them a hard race for five hours until Archie Hazzard, one of the party, fell behind and was taken. Then we turned and made a fight, but it was no use. The Indians made off charge. We followed until night, when | ship as that myself some day!" In the | istered. I regret to say that my own the Indians made a halt, and there, before morning he had forgotten entirely his grandfather once, in a ...oment of angry clothes and lashed him to a big cactus. "Such suffering! They raised bim just far enough above the ground that his whole weight fell on the sharp needles of the plant, thousands of them plercing his flesh. While half of the Indians held us away the others danced about our suffering partner. There were only four of us and about twenty Indians, but we succeeded in driving them off after a fight that lasted until near midnight.

"When we reached Hazzard, he was nearly dead from the loss of blood and the terrible agony that he suffered. We got try, and I was marrying a young farmer | him back to Phenix, but he died in a few

"I have been caught in the desert and have been saved from dying of thirst by drinking water that is contained in the cactus, but I never can feel any gratitude to the plant after that first experience. And I never can tolerate an Indian.".

Mutton as a Motor.

Green, the English historian, one day asked a friend which of all the inventions of their day had done the most for the people as a whole. His friend guessed this and that, but the answer was: "Beyond doubt sixpenny photographs." A reply involving quite as great an ab-

surdity as that was made by Cecil Rhodes in answer to a lady who, seeking to draw him out, suggested that he owed his phenomenal rise to the impetus of noble sentiments. "Madam," returned Mr. Rhodes, "I owe my fortune simply and solely to cold

mutton. "Cold mutton!" gasped the lady. "Oh, Mr. Rhodes, what do you menn?" "When I was young," continued the "I looked at the bridegroom to see if he | South African millionaire, "I was so had any suggestion to make. The irrever- dosed with cold mutton and I hated it so ent fellow actually gave me a wink. "Try | cordially that I resolved to grow rich in her once more, sir,' he said. 'The third order to put it on one side for the rest of time's the best. She only wants coaxing.' my life. Yes, madam, cold mutton was "The bride shot him an indignant look at the root of my success. Noble senti-

How Should Bobby Know. The density of the English "bobby" has often been told, but here is the experience of a young woman just back from London. Happening out on the street one morning, she noticed that the reflected light suggested afternoon rather than "Just here the bridegroom gave her a morning. The sun, to all appearances, seemed to be in the west. To the first

> policeman she met she addressed this "Officer, which is the west?" He pointed to the direction from which the sunshine seemed to come. "Oh," she said, "then the sun rises the west in London?"

"As to that, miss," replied "bobby," "l really cannot say "

A Poor Place For Architects. There is a little village on the west patent lawyer, "I secured a patent on a | coast of Ireland in which there is only smoke consumer for a client of mine. He one house, and that shelters no family, for came into the office the other day, and I it belongs to and is occupied by the local asked him what he was doing with his in- priest. There are something over a dozen families living in the village, and each of "'Well,' he said, 'I haven't had much | them occupies an old fishing boat. As no success with it. It's hard work to get a large tree is found nearer than eight thing like that introduced. Last spring, miles, no carpenter's shop or architect's (and, although he expended thousands of

Primitive Savages. Morally we are still primitive savages. We are still combating murder, arson. physical mammeth, we are fighting the "'As I approached the laundry I saw | mammoths of moral deformity. Eventu-

Further Amputation. "You'd better see to Johnny, dear." said the wife. "I think he's chipping of ""I've been going to write to you a piece of your cork leg to make a stopcute little soul!"-Atlanta Constitution.

More In His Line. "Do you think I will make a player?" asked a singgish applicant for football. "You may make a chess player," said the coach. "You are slow enough in moving."-Boston Commercial Bulletin.

Under His Breath. "I suppose your wife always has the t word?" said the impertment citizen. "Not always," answered Mr. Meektor "But she always has the last one that is spoken aloud."-Washington Star.

"I wouldn't have refused that young in if I'd been you," said an elderly aunt to her young and frisky niece. "I don't think I would either if I'd been you," retorted the saucy maiden.

Oblivion is the dark page whereon memory writes her light beam characters and makes them legible. Were it all light nothing could be read there any more than if it were all darkness.

If we had no failings ourselves, we ild not take so much pleasure in finding out those of others.-Rochefoucauld. The licensed hotel and liquor men

Cameron scholarship of \$30 for the

GOT IDEAS FROM DREAMS.

INVENTIONS THAT HAD THEIR BIRTH IN SLUMBERLAND.

The Design of the Whaleback Boat Appeared to Its Originator In a Dream - The Shot Tower and the Sewing Machine Keedle.

Every one has heard of the whaleback type of ships, first used on the American lakes and since adapted succonstully to the transatiantic carrying

The inventor says the idea came to him white asleep. He dreamed that he was waiting in a small boat across on unknown and tempestuous sea when he became suddenly aware of the approach of what he at first took to be a marine monster, but which on closer examination 'proved to be a ship. It was, however, of a kind such as had never been seen by mortal eyes before. It looked very much like a buge cigar, and the dreamer noted that its deck curved upward toward the center and that there were practically no bulwarks, the result being that the water which broke aboard did no damage, but swirled off again almost immediately into the ocean whence it came.

No living creature was apparently aboard the strange craft, but the glare from her furnaces could be plainly seen as she drove onward through the fast gathering gloom. The sleeper followed her with his eyes as long as he was able, and when she disappeared he cried out aloud: "Splendid! I will build such a trange vision of the previous night, but his wife, who had been lying awake by his side and had overheard his ejaculation, repeated it to him and questioned him concerning its meaning. Then, like a flash, the whole scene came back to him-the stormy sea, bimself adrift in the open boat and the queer looking craft with the | his censor was within hearing, or he rounded deck and cigar shaped prow. Jumping up from the breakfast table, he flew to his study-he was an engineer's draftsman by profession-and ere evening dawned he had the plans drawn up for a ship designed in exact accord with the phantom vessel which had been evolved by a disordered imagination in the dead hours of the night.

Before Watts, the Bristol workman, dreamed the dream which has since become historical the making of shot was a slow, laborious and consequently costly process. Watts himself was a shotmaker, and he knew. He had first to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of a thickness nearly equal to the diameter of the shots he desired to make. He then had to cut these sheets into little cubes, place the cubes in a revolving barrel and roll the barrel round and round until, by the constant friction, the edges wore off from the little cubes

and they became spheroids. Watts had often racked his brain trying to discover some better and less costly scheme, but in vain. Finally, after spending an evening with some boon companions at an alchouse, he went home and to bed. He soon fell into a profound slumber, but the stimulants he had imbibed opparently disagreed with him, for his *leep was disturbed by unwelcome dreams. He imagined he was out again with the "boys" and that as they were stumbling homeward in the dark it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead. polished and shining, fell in a torrent and compelled him and his bibulous companions to drag their heavy limbs to a place

of shelter. In the morning when Watts arose he remembered his dream. He turned i over in his mind all day and wondered what shape molten lead would assume in falling through the air. These thoughts tormented him so persistently that at last, to set his mind at rest, he carried a ladleful of molten lead to the top of the tower of the Church of St. Mary, Redcliffe, and dropped it into the most below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of the most perfeet shot he had ever seen. His fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which ever since has been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so im-

portant in sport. Even more weirdly romantic is the story of the invention of the sewing machine, or, rather, to be strictly exact, of the needle which made the machine a working possibility. The unhappy inventor had practically beggared himself before he discovered where the eye of the needle of a sewing machine should be placed. Naturally, in constructing his experimental working models, he followed the plan adopted for the ordinary needle and drilled the eye in the heel.

Never for an instant did it occur to him that it should be placed near the point, pounds and years of labor, he would probably have failed altogether in realizing his ideal if he had not one evening, after a tollsome and disappointing day in his workshop, visited a variety theater. Here he heard a song sung, very popular in its day, entitled "The King of the Cannibal Islands." On returning to his home he was baunted by the refrain. His unfinished model also troubled him. Small wonder, therefore, that on retiring to rest he dreamed that he was building a sewing muchine for the king of the Cannibal islands; also be was perplexed about the position of the needle's eye, just as in his actual waking experience. He tried and tried, but the machine would not sew. At length the king got wild and gave the inventor twenty-four hours in which to complete his work. If the machine were not finished by then, death was to be the

He failed and as a result was ordered our for execution. As he walked between a file of soldiers be noticed that they carried spears that were pierced pear the points, and instantly, like a flash, came to he awoke. It was 4 o'clock on a bitter of bed, flew to his workshop clad only in | reward you accordingly. his nightshirt, and by 9 the first needle that had ever been forged with the eye at the point was lying before him. After that the rest was casy.

Modernizing It. "George, dear, you must ask papa's consent before another day goes by." "What's the harry?"

"He ought to know it, George, He wouldn't forgive me if I failed to have It seems to me like a foolish custom. It ought to be reformed out of existence. I'm too progressive to submit to it. I'll 1-II you what I'll do. I'm going to Pittsburg tomorrow, and I'll phone him over the long distance from there."-Cleveland Plain Depler.

of Winnipeg, have organized and are down a flight of stairs at the home of fully equipped for the referendum cammay die. Her skull was fractured. Mrs. C. W. Lane, Gore street, is

CLERICAL ANCODOTES.

How the Parson Is Sometimes Worsted by the Layman. He very occasionally gets it in church, as in the classic case instanced by the late Dean Ramsay, who relates that ou

a sultry summer Sunday afternoon a country congregation felt and yielded to the temptation to drowsiness with a remarkable unanimity. Almost the only person apparently wideawake was the village idiot, who sat in the front of the "loft," with steady gaze fixed on the minister. Singling him out as an example, the parson sharply rebuked his flock for their sleepiness. "Why," he exclaimed, "even the poor afflicted one, Daft Jamie, as ye call him, can manage to keep awake." "Aye; but, minister." retorted Jamie, not quite comprehending the situation, but dimly resenting the sudden publicity given to his doings, "if I hadna been an idiot I wad ha' been sleepin'

In a small church in Yorkshire well known to the writer one of the most regular and attentive attendants was a countryman who always closed his eyes to listen to the sermon. It helped him to think, he used to say, and that he really listened no one who undertook to question him about the discourse could doubt. On one occasion-when the pulpit was occupied by a youthful cleric from a neighboring place there came a pause in the sermon. Suspecting what it meant, but not troubling to open his eyes, old John said: "Tha can ger on wi' thy preachin'. I'm

noan asleep." Out of church the parson sometimes receives a "nasty one," deliberately adminoutspokenness, likened his vicar-in the post at the cross lanes in the parish; "for," said the irate and blunt old man, "it points people the road, but doesn't travel in it itself." The astonished vicar was too much taken aback to reply while might have made the retort which was made by a Kentish clergyman to a similar charge. "What!" said he. "Why, you're never content. Here I tell you what you ought to do on Sunday and show you what you ought not to do the rest of the week. What more do you want? You're never satisfied."

TWO CAPTAINS

One Dies For His People, the Other's

People Die For Him. Ruskin in his "Essay on War" says: "It is wholly inconceivable to me how well educated princes who ought to be of all gentlemen the gentlest and of all nooles the most generous and whose title of royalty means only their function of doing every man 'right'-how these, I say, throughout history should so rarely pronounce themselves on the side of the poor and of justice, but continually maintain themselves and their own interests by oppression of the poor and by wresting of justice, and how this should be accepted as so natural that the word 'loyalty,' which means faithfulness to law, is used as if it were only the duty of a people to be loyal to their king and not the duty of

n king to be infinitely more loyal to his people. "How it comes to pass that a sea cap. Enamelled Kitchen Ware. "How it comes to pass that a sea captain will die with his passengers and lean over the gunwale to give the parting boat its course, but that a king will not usually die v th, much less for, his passengers -thinks it rather incumbent on his passengers in any number to die for him? Think, I beseech you, of the wonder of

"The sea captain, not captain by divine right, but only by company's appointment; not a man of royal descent, but only a plebeian who can steer; not with the eyes of the world upon him, but with feeble chance, depending on one poor boat, of his name being ever heard above the wash of the fatal waves; not with the cause of a nation resting on his act, but helpless to save so much as a child from among the lost crowd with whom he resolves to be lost, yet goes down quietly to his grave rather than break his faith to those few entigrants,

"But your captain by divine right, your captain with the haes of a hundred shields of kings upon his breast, your captain whose every deed, brave or base, will be illuminated or branded forever before unescapable eyes of men, your captain whose every thought and act are beneficent or fatal from sun rising to setting, blessing as the sunshine or shadowing as the night-this captain as you find him in history for the most part thinks only how he may tax his passengers and sit at most case in his cabin."

A Duck's Suicide. Sportsmen who hunt ducks on inland streams and lakes have frequently known them to dive when wounded and fail to

A professional guide who has shot ducks for many years along the upper Hudson says he has solved the mystery. He shot a wood duck that fell wounded and dived in still water. It did not reappear, and when he came to look for it under water he could see the bird hanging with its bill to a root. It was quite dead, and considerable force was necessary to loosen its hold.

The hunter firmly believes that the duck committed suicide by drowning to keep from falling into the hands of its mortal enemy-man.

Planting a Vine.

Remember when you plant a vine that you are planting for time, and make a good provision for its growth. Don't dig a hole just large enough for the plant and thrust it in, leaving it to "sink or swim, survive or perish," as best it may. Rather do you give it a fair show for its life. Choose a place in good sunlight. Dig a hole two feet deep and a foot and a half square. Cart away the earth and fill the him the solution of the problem. While hole with well rotted compost, putting he was begging for an extension of time | good garden soil on top in which to set the plant. You have thus supplied it with cold winter's morning, but he jumped out | something to grow on, and the plant will

> Souchleed. To stop nosebleed apply cold water or ice to the forebead and nose or ice to the back of the neck or to the roof of the mouth. If this does not check the bleeding, insert in the bleeding postril a plur of dry cotton or wet the cotton first in a strong solution of alum water. Raising the arms high above the head sometimes

The Jar Domestic. Wife-Do you know of what you remind me? Husband-No: but I know of what you remind me.

Wife-What? Husband-Of every little thing I happen to forget.

From 10 to 15 p.c. discount on wall papers during February. A large assortment to choose from, at W. N. Lemmon's, 78 William street, success or to Savage Bros.



ERMS or GRIP nd all such disorders as pneumoniz bronchitis, colds, lung trouble and incipient consumption, make their successful attack when de calls of the

body can't throw them off. Now you will make a mistake if you think you can guard against the attack of these germs by alcoholic stimulation or drugging. You will only suffer a worse depression after and leave the vital parts of your body more unprotected to these terrible germs. "For the last four years my lungs were affected, and medical skill had determined that my case was hopeless. Early this spring an attack of La Grippe threatened to bring my life to a sudden close. I then commetteed using Ozone, "The New System of Caring Disrestored. The night sweats ceased, and my condition improved.

"My recovery is a marvel to all who know me, and I thank God for it. I wish you sire, much success with this medical wender, and will warmly recommend at all times. Yours very truly, Gordon McDonaid, 422 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ont."

very truly, Gordon McDonaid, 422 McLeod Street, Ottawa, Ont."

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Give your different organs nourishment by this means and make sure the red and white corpuscles of your blood are in their proper proportion. You can defy these germ attacks because every tissue in your body will become healthy. Ozone is not a combination of drugs, not a medicine, contains no alcohol. Simply oxygen in liquid form, prepared so that the system can use it.

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