

## ROGERS' LONDON HOME.

THE BANKER-POET AS VIRTUOSO  
AND MAN OF TASTE.

His Beautiful House in St. James' Place,  
Where Nothing Could be Wanting to the  
Guests he Loved to Entertain—The Poems  
of His Declining Days.

Upon the death of his father, in 1793,  
the poet took lodgings in London, and left  
the family estate to his younger brother,  
Henry, and his sisters. Two were already  
gone, before their father—an infant sister,  
and his brother Thomas, associated with  
him in the bank. So intimate were they,  
and of such kindred nature, that his loss  
made a great blank in the poet's life, as  
may be inferred from these lines in "The  
Pleasures of Memory."

"Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to share  
From reason's dawn each pleasure and each care;  
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know  
The humble pleasures of domestic life;  
If thy blessed nature now exists above  
An angel's pity with a brother's love,  
Still o'er my life preserve thy mild control,  
Correct my views and elevate my soul,  
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,  
Devout yet cheerful, active yet resigned."

In a few isolate lines we have depicted  
his vigils by the bed-side of his father,  
while midnight passes, and at length  
"morning through the shutter streams."

His city chambers were in Paper Buildings,  
the Temple; and here he continued  
till the year 1800, when he sold them, and  
for a few years lived in hired rooms.  
Rogers belongs in the list of bachelor-  
poets, and with such elect spirits, so fitted  
to "make a happy fireside cline" who  
never knew the tender connubial tie. Of  
these, also, were Montgomery, Pope,  
Cowper, Goldsmith, Thompson, Lamb,  
Halleck, Irving, Swinburne and others.  
In his later life Rogers "regretted that he  
had not married and taken on himself the  
duties of a husband and a father." He  
would quote Goldsmith's description of the  
Vicar of Wakefield, who united in himself  
the three greatest characters in the world;  
he was a priest, a husbandman, and the  
father of a family.

Rogers was as honorable as fortunate in  
his friendships. His companions, and the  
ones with whom he was closest, were ordinarily  
men of worth. His heart claved to a  
brother in adversity. His was the vindic-  
ating voice—the helping hand. His  
works and conversation abounded in gener-  
ous yet discriminative allusions to his con-  
temporaries. In later years his house was  
the resort of men elsewhere unbefriended,  
who frequently knew from warm experi-  
ences the treasures of his manly heart.  
Many a young writer drew courage and  
self-respect from a cordial interview with  
him. In Sheridan's decline, when forsaken  
by the great, Rogers befriended him  
and relieved him of want. Harmony  
was the chord he vibrated through the  
diverse groups that assembled at his cele-  
brated breakfasts in St. James' Place. He  
trucked not to the nobility, but ducal  
and lordly doors were ever open. Lord  
and Lady Holland were life-long friends,  
and many an hour of delight he passed in their  
company at Holland House. Among the  
men whom he cherished as friends, were  
Priestly, the theologian and chemist; Horne  
Tooke, the writer; Gilbert Wakefield, the  
classical scholar; and Stone, at whose home  
at Hackney he met Charles Fox, who was  
to Rogers as David to Jonathan. When  
the hand of power was laid on Tooke, a  
generous eye saw him, a kind heart beat  
for him, as he entered the Tower a  
prisoner.

"Thou that gate misnamed 'thou' which before  
Went Sidney, Russell, Raleigh, Cranmer, Moore,  
Or into twilight within walls of stone,  
Then to the place of trial."

When Stone was on trial for treason in  
the court of King's Bench Rogers' testi-  
mony as a witness before the jury court  
turned the scale in his favor. When Gil-  
bert Wakefield was lying in Dorchester  
gaol, and Rogers was on his way into  
Devonshire, (1799), he turned aside.  
Wakefield could say "I was in prison, and  
ye come unto me." Rogers in his  
"Epistle to a Friend" states the terms on  
which he even held the friendship of the  
highest,—to be able to give them some-  
thing in return for what he received:

"Pleased, yet not elate,  
Ever too modest or too proud to rate  
Myself by my companions; self-compelled  
To earn the station that in life I held."

It is said that Rogers would wound by  
sarcastic or contemptuous speech,—that  
his silvery phrase was like the panther's  
softness of paw; that "his wit had a de-  
precating turn and was often exercised  
with calm insolence at the expense of fussy  
pretence." Perhaps it is saying little of  
any man of intellect to affirm that his  
speech never galloped anyone. The actions  
of Samuel Rogers, equally with the tone of  
his writing, witness to the kindness and  
gentleness of his heart, and his total lack  
of malice in intention. That such a man  
should have warm friends is not singular;  
and that he had them, was proven by the  
eagerness with which monied men gather-  
ed around him, proffering assistance on  
occasion of the robbery of the bank in  
which he was a silent partner. Other  
evidences of generous esteem toward him  
are not wanting.

Unlike Lamb and Johnson, the ideal  
residence of Rogers was located in the  
country. Upon this he might have shaken  
hands with Cowper. He at one time con-  
templated the purchase of a rural estate.  
If he had settled on Friedley Farm, Nor-  
bury Park, near Micklem, Surrey, his

subsequent history must have been differ-  
ent from what by his continued city resi-  
dence it became. Disappointed in obtaining  
the object of his choice, he seems to have  
made no further search, but "contented  
himself with building his house on paper."

From his "Epistle to a Friend," we must  
learn what the poet would have liked:  
"Still must my partial pencil love to dwell  
On the home-prospects of my hermit-cell:  
The mossy pines that skirt the orchard green  
Here hid by shrub-wood, there by glimpses seen;  
And the brown pathway, that with careless flow  
Slakes and is lost among the trees below.  
Selling must trace, the flitting birds forgive—  
Each fleeting charm that bids the landscape live.  
On o'er the mead, at pleasing distance pass,  
Browsing the hedge by fits, the pinnered ass;  
The idling shepherd-boy with rude delight  
Whistling his dog to mark the public's flight;  
And, in her kerchief blue, the cottage maid,  
With brimming pitcher from the shadowy glade.  
Far to the South a mountain vale retired,  
Rich in the groves, and green, and village spires;  
Its upland lawns, and cliffs with foliage hung,  
Is wiza d stream, nor nameless nor unsung;  
And through the various year, the various day,  
What scenes of glory burst and melt away!"

And this should be his interior:—  
"Here no state chambers in long line unfold,  
Bright with broad mirrors, rough with fretted gold;  
Yet modest ornament, with use combined,  
Attracts the eye to exercise the mind.  
Small change of scene, small space his home  
requires.  
Who leads a life of satisfied desires,  
What though no marble breathes, no canvas glows,  
From every point a ray of genius flows;  
P. minute to bless the more mechanic skill,  
That stamps, renews, and multiplies at will;  
And cheaply circulates through distant climes  
The fairest relics of the purest times.  
Here from the mould to conscious being start  
Those finer forms, the miracles of art;  
Here chosen gems impressed, on sculptured shine,  
That sleep for ages in the secret mine.  
An I there the faithful graver fears to trace  
A Michael's grandeur and a Raphael's grace,  
Thy gallery, Florence, glides my humble wall,  
And my low roof the Vatican recalls."

But it remained for him to decorate more  
sumptuously than he had imagined. The  
real masterpiece of many hands were to  
adorn his walls. His intercourse with his  
brother-in-law, Sutton Sharpe, had quick-  
ened his love of the fine arts, and directed  
his poetic taste to the study of the plastic  
and pictorial. Accordingly, when he built  
his house in St. James' place, Westminster,  
he employed not only the architect but the  
artist; and for over half a century made it  
the repository of the art treasures he collect-  
ed, as well as the famed resort of artists  
and literary men. Here came Stothard,  
Flaxman, Saxe, Opie, Fuseli, Buryck and  
Holloway; and here came Byron, Scott,  
Moore, Crabbe, Fox, Campbell, Words-  
worth, Southey and Coleridge. Number  
22, St. James' place, was an artistic and  
literary Velheim.

"Amid the buzz of crowds, the whirl of wheels,"  
unique, in its way, as Westminster Abbey.  
The house is plain without, and its front  
"overlooks the green park, and possesses a  
gateway into it." Large bow windows  
give pleasant glimpses of turf and trees in  
the sunset. Flaxman laid himself out  
upon the mantel-piece, and the ornamental  
ceiling. The very cabinets and sideboard  
were made picturesque and beautiful by  
the hand of the artist. The pencil and  
brush of Stothard had illuminated his closet  
of antiquities, while in the dining room  
Chantry had exhibited his skill in carving  
patterns, which were bestowed in the various  
apartments. A Panathenian possession  
made classic the frieze round the stair-case,  
taken from the Elgin marbles. With econ-  
omical expenditure of his liberal income  
he purchased and bestowed here a richer  
treasure of painting, sculpture and bric-a-  
brac, than others had been able to procure  
for thrice the money; a collection which,  
when sold, after his decease, brought to his  
estate the sum of 50,000 l.—the sale con-  
tinuing twenty-two days. Here were coins,  
vases, portfolios of drawings and engrav-  
ings, manuscripts, and rare volumes ar-  
ranged in the most careful and systematic  
way.

Here were the masterpieces  
of the most celebrated painters; child-  
hood, like the Strawberry-Girl of Rey-  
nolds, "with her hands simply folded,  
a basket under her arm, standing in her  
white frock, looking full at the spectator  
with her fine large eyes;" masterpieces of  
the old English painters, of Gainsborough,  
of Wilson; fresco painting of Giotto;  
Raphael's Madonna and altar-paintings;  
the richness and depth of color in Sachi,  
Titian, and Rubens; the exquisite gem,  
wherein Corrairie has pictured the lonely  
shepherd playing his pipe amid his sheep  
in the peaceful, soft-lighted evening;  
a landscape of Poussin; a sketch of Tintoretto,  
and Bassano's "Rich Man and Lazarus"  
aglow with color; Raphael's "Entombment";  
Durer's "Weeping Child," and  
many others, not one of which but had  
genuineness and value; all so placed as  
never to seem crowded or ill displayed. The  
visitor here had much to engage him,  
whether for ear or eye. Nothing could be  
wanting to the guest that the banker-poet  
delighted to entertain.

PASTOR FELIX.

What was in Little Clarence's Mind.

Little Clarence—"Pa!"  
Mr. Callipers—"That will do, my son,  
I do not know how much of a snake is body  
and how much is tail, nor why Wednesday  
does not come on Saturday, nor anything  
of the kind. You will save us both con-  
siderable trouble if you go to bed right  
away."

Clarence—"I wasn't going to ask any  
questions, pa. I was only wondering why  
almost everything worth having in this  
world is either unattainable, indigestible,  
unfashionable, or too expensive?"

A Remarkable Old Man.

Biggs—I have just been reading a re-  
markable story of old age. Amos Johnson  
was 100 years old last week, and—  
Jaggs—Oh, yes, I know; he can walk  
five miles before breakfast and read the  
finest print without glasses.

"Not at all; he is so feeble that he can't  
move, and is blind and deaf. As food has  
to be administered to him hypodermically,  
every one wonders that he has not died  
long ago."

Hod A. Bricks—"The walking delegate  
was here this morning, and he was mad as  
a hornet." Mort A. Canning—"You  
told him we had nothing to complain of?"  
Hod A. Bricks—"Yes; that's what made  
him hot."

Mrs. Weeds (in a bookstore)—Have you  
"Baxter's Saints' Rest?"  
Clarklets (who used to work in a drug  
store)—No-o, I'm afraid not; but we have  
something just as good that we put up our-  
selves.

The young man—"Gracie, what is it  
your father sees in me to object to,  
darling?" The young woman (wiping  
away a tear)—"He doesn't see anything  
in you, Algonquin; that's why he objects."

## AFTER DOCTORS FAILED.

THE EXPERIENCE OF MR. FRANK A.  
FERGUSON, OF MERRICKVILLE.

Attacked by Malarial Fever, Followed by  
Decline—Two Physicians Failed to Help  
Him—The Means of Cure Discovered by  
Taking the Advice of a Friend.

(From the South's Falls Record.)

Mr. Frank A. Ferguson, partner of Mr.  
Richard Smith in the marble business at  
Merrickville, is well known to most resi-  
dents of that vicinity. He went through  
an illness that nearly brought him to  
death's door, and in an interesting chat  
with a reporter of the Record told of the  
means by which his remarkable recovery  
was brought about. "While engaged in  
my business as marble cutter at Kingston,"  
said Mr. Ferguson, "I was taken ill in  
May, 1893, with malarial fever. After  
the fever was broken I continued to have  
a bad cough, followed by vomiting and  
excruciating pains in the stomach. I was  
under the treatment of two different phy-  
sicians but their medicine did me no good,  
and I continued to grow weaker and  
weaker, and it seemed as if I had gone in-  
to a decline. About the middle of Sep-  
tember I was strongly urged by a friend to  
give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. I had  
not much hope that they would help me  
but from the time I commenced the Pink  
Pills I found myself beginning to improve,  
the vomiting ceased and finally left me  
altogether. I grew stronger each day,  
until now I weigh 180 pounds. At the  
time I was taken ill I weighed 197 pounds,  
and when I began using Dr. Williams' Pink  
Pills I had reduced me to 123 pounds,  
so that you will see how much the  
Pink Pills have done for me. I never felt  
better in my life than I do now, although  
I occasionally take a Pill yet, and am  
never without a part of a box in my pocket.  
I believe that had I not been induced to  
take Pink Pills I would be in my grave to-  
day, and I am equally convinced that there  
is no other medicine can equal them as a  
blood builder and restorer of shattered  
systems. Five boxes cured me when the  
skill of two of the ablest doctors in Ontario  
failed, and when I look back to the middle  
of last September and remember that I  
was not able to stand on my feet, I con-  
sider the change brought about by Pink  
Pills simply miraculous."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills strike at the  
root of the disease, driving it from the  
system and restoring the patient to health  
and strength. In cases of paralysis, spinal  
troubles, locomotor ataxia, sciatica, rheu-  
matism, erysipelas, scrofulous troubles,  
etc., these pills are superior to all other  
treatments. They are also a specific for the  
troubles which make the lives of so many  
women a burden, and speedily restore the  
rich glow of health to pale and sallow  
cheeks. Men broken down by overwork,  
worry or excesses, will find in Pink Pills a  
certain cure. Sold by all dealers or sent  
by mail postpaid, at 50c a box, or six  
boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr.  
Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville,  
Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. Beware of  
imitations and substitutes alleged to be  
"just as good."

The Fine Manners of the French.

The children of the nobles of France as  
soon as they could form words were taught  
to speak with wit and tact and courtesy,  
and to bear pain in silence. The little  
Duc d'Angoulême, eight years old, when  
the old savant Sanbrun entered his pres-  
ence unexpectedly, said, touching the book  
in his hand:  
"Ah, monsieur, I am in the company of  
Plutarch's men. You could not come at a  
moment more apropos!"  
The Count de Pallance, beheaded in his  
tenth year, stood erect and calm in the scaf-  
fold until he reached the guillotine. "Merci,  
monsieur," said his boy with a bow and  
smile. The next moment his head rolled  
in the dust.

Fine manners took the place in Paris of  
virtue, good sense and religion. The man  
or woman, Taine tells us, who showed any  
signs of pretension or self conceit was not  
received at court. Profound deference  
was shown to women and to the aged.  
Well-bred men heard of their own ruin  
with a bon-mot, and went out to fight each  
other to the death with such grace and  
courtesy that the duel seemed a sacrament  
of friendship. But under all this training  
or exquisite manners they were voluptuous  
and cruel.

How to Start a Bank.

Just now with money scarce, dull times,  
and generally little doing, perhaps some of  
my readers would like to start a bank. I  
feel like a little bit of speculation myself,  
but I am no hog, and am willing some  
other fellows should have a show at a good  
thing. Here is the story of how some  
Western banks have been started, as sup-  
plied to me by "One Who Has Been There":

"A corn broker or a pork broker feel-  
ing out for an extension of business puts  
a few dollars into a 'bank' and is given credit  
in another bank whose owner nominally  
puts up a like amount. This process is re-  
peated, and a thousand dollars are made  
to do duty as bank capital in a dozen com-  
munities. Indianapolis was disgraced for  
a generation by its wildcat banking  
methods, and is only beginning to get  
over it when the corn-pork brokerage sys-  
tem was introduced. The first financial  
flurry of course brought these 'banks' down,  
but the original promoters took care to  
clear out in time, and cleared out, too,  
very much ahead."

Rare and Curious Gems.

The rarest and costliest gems, though  
not always esteemed the most beautiful,  
are pigeon's blood rubies; fine opals and  
diamonds that are pure but shed a distinct  
glow of blue or pink. A very perfect piece  
of enormous size and lustrous skin, tinted  
a rarely beautiful golden green was valued,  
unset, at eighteen hundred dollars. A  
faulites green pearl is very rare. A curi-  
ous stone is the Alexandrite. It is a dark  
green stone that is polished, cut and set  
very like a fine topaz or amethyst in large  
showy rings surrounded by diamonds.

## CHASE'S CHAPTER

1. Dr. Chase's Kidney-Liver Pills are a  
combination of valuable medicines in concen-  
trated form as prepared by the eminent phy-  
sician and Author, Dr. A. W. Chase, with a  
view to not only be an unfailing remedy for  
Kidney and Liver troubles, but also to tone  
the Stomach and purify the Blood, at a cost that  
is within the reach of all. The superior merit  
of these pills is established beyond question  
by the praise of thousands who use them—once  
I fill a dose, one box 25 cents.

2. When there is a Pain or Ache in the  
Back the Kidneys are speaking of trouble  
that will never increase unless  
relieved. We have the re-  
liable statement of L. B.  
Johnson, Holland Landing,  
who says: I had a con-  
stant Back-Ache, my back  
felt cold all the time, appetite poor, stomach  
sour and belching, urine scalding, had to get  
up 3 or 4 times during night to urinate, com-  
menced taking one Kidney-Liver Pill a day.  
Back-Ache stopped in 48 hours, appetite re-  
turned, and able to enjoy a good meal and a  
good night sleep; they cured me.

3. Constipation often exists with Kidney  
Trouble, in such a case there is no medicine  
that will effect a permanent cure except Chase's  
combined Kidney-Liver Pill, one 25 cent box  
will do more good than dollars and dollars  
worth of any other preparation, this is endor-  
sed by D. Thompson, Holland Landing, Ont.

By the light of day the Alexandrite has no  
special beauty save its fine lustre, but  
directly a shaft of artificial light strikes the  
dull stone, deep gleams of red flash out of  
the green, and under the gas or in the  
firelight, one ignorant of this vagary  
would instantly pronounce it a ruby.

"I want you to publish these poems in  
book-form," said a steady looking man to a  
New York publisher. "Publisher—I'll look  
over them, but I cannot promise to bring  
them out unless you have a well-known  
name." Poet—"That's all right. My name  
is known wherever the English language is  
spoken." "Ah, indeed! What is your name?"  
"John Smith."

"That's a delightful little moreau Miss  
Edgerly is singing."  
"Yes; but—"  
"But?"  
"Yes; I wish it were a little less so, as  
it were."

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**STRAWBERRY**  
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and Summerside, P. E. I., with nearly 600 agencies  
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Line of Mail Steamers.  
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**PILLS**  
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ONE  
CENT  
A  
DOSE  
CURE  
25  
CENTS  
A  
BOX  
CURE  
KIDNEY DISEASE  
BACK-ACHE  
YOUR BLOOD  
BACK-ACHE

**WOMAN'S NEED**  
Women suffer unspeakable tortures from  
muscular weakness, caused by impaired nerves  
and poor blood. Uric Kidney acid poison,  
unnoticed, weakens the nerves and poisons  
the blood. By and by, if the Kidneys do not  
properly purify the blood, then comes pro-  
lapse, retroversion, etc. Blood 75 per cent.  
pure is not a nourisher—it is a death breeder.  
Delicate women need not be told how much  
they would give to get and STAY well. If  
their blood is free from the poisonous ferments  
of the Kidneys and Liver, they will never  
know what "weakness" is. The blood is the  
source and sustainer of health  
it cannot be kept pure except  
the Kidneys and Liver do  
their work naturally. Some-  
thing is needed to insure free  
and natural action of these  
organs, one 25 cent box of Kidney-Liver Pills  
will prove to any sufferer they are a boon to  
women, can be used with perfect confidence  
by those of delicate constitution.  
One Kidney-Liver Pill taken weekly will  
effectually neutralize the formation of Uric  
Acid in the blood and prevent any tendency  
to Bright's Disease or Diabetes.  
For purifying the Blood and renovating the  
system, especially in the Spring, one 25 cent  
box is equal to \$10 worth of any Sarsaparilla  
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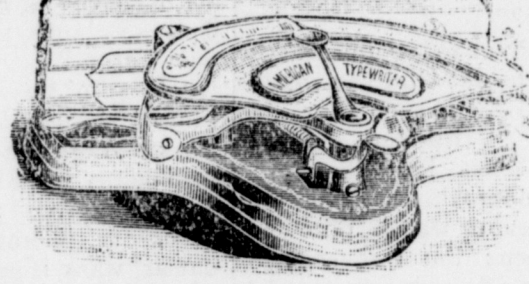
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Great Variety of Purposes.  
FOR CITY HOUSES, where the water from the  
mains does not rise sufficiently high to supply the upper  
floors. For this purpose the Engine is placed in the  
cellar and the tank on the roof; the water is pumped di-  
rectly from the mains up to the tank. This arrange-  
ment furnishes running water on every floor of the  
highest houses.  
FOR SUBURBAN RESIDENCES they are inval-  
uable from a sanitary point of view alone, and the luxury  
of having plenty of pure running water on the several floors of a  
country home cannot be over-estimated, and is a very great protection  
in case of fire.

Absolute safety. No steam. Valveless. Practically noiseless. No exhaust.  
Economical. No licensed or experienced engineer required—gardeners and  
ordinary domestic help can regulate them. Do not affect insurance. Ex-  
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