

NOTCHES IN THE STICK.

PATRIEX TALKS ABOUT SOME BOOKS AND WRITERS.

Some Recent Notable Papers in the Week.—Joseph Howe and other Provincialists as Portrayed by Dr. Bourinot.—Poetry that Appeals to the Heart.

The Week, for October 28th, is a "fat" thing, in the most legitimate use of that term, and excels in quantity, as well as quality; having, in addition to the four extra pages, a supplementary pamphlet containing Col. Denison's article reprinted from the Westminster Review, on "Canada and Her Relations to the Empire." That The Week is committed to a most energetic, through-going patriotism,—even at the risk of some misapprehension of one flourishing American neighbor,—must appear from such an editorial as that entitled, "Delenda est Carthago." One so far away from Ontario as the writer of these notes, must hesitate at so sweeping an indictment as that conveyed; which would have to be sustained by a fuller array of evidence in order to any general conviction. It is pleasant to believe the best we can of humankind, as some pleasant poet has suggested,—indeed, it helps our hearts amazingly; and we would prefer to regard the Republic in a less unenviable light than that of a besely-predestined and uncompromising foe of England. Yet in spite of this somewhat strong, and, we think, slightly perverse partisanship, we believe there is no more temperate and reasonable journal in Canada, nor one better calculated to promote the most enduring interests of the Dominion. To Col. Denison's pamphlet, which the editorial reinforces, a like objection might be urged,—it is not very generous toward our neighbors; yet it is in a manly tone, and is likely to be a useful document. Its interpretation in brief would be: "Let Canadians be Canadians; and let Canada be for Canadians. Loyalty to the Empire; and a deaf ear to the siren-song of the Republic." After all, let us shake hands again, and trust a little in God and Destiny.

No Canadian verse-writer, who ranks highly as Frederick George Scott, appears so frequently in the Canadian press, and no one writes in a spirit more loyal and patriotic. Some of his most ringing lyrics appear in The Week; such as "A Song of Triumph," (very reminiscent indeed, of Swinburne, in its jingling assonances and rhymes,) and "A Song of the Empire," which seems more like himself.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born
And bear the Briton's name,
For side by side our sires have died
In battle's smoke and flame:
They fought for England's glory,
And with her flag untiered,
Their hearts and hands have made our lands
The girdle of the world.

'Tis grand to be a Briton born,
And speak the British tongue,
Which loud and clear, like English cheer,
From honest hearts have sprung;
And over ocean's thunders,
Which roll since time began,
Our deathless speech the world will teach
The brotherhood of man.

But the article of choice that gives the current its most delicious flavor is the first of a series on the eminent men of Canada by Dr. Bourinot, who has had opportunity of receiving many impressions of the characteristics which he is so competent to convey in racy English. Dr. Bourinot cannot employ his pen too frequently for the interest and pleasure of his readers, for he fails not to set forth the right thing in the most agreeable manner. Accordingly, in the present article we have such portraits as many must recognize of the old conservative chiefs of Nova Scotia politics. James William Johnston and that popular and beloved tribune of the people, whose name could once act like magic—Joseph Howe. The old "Province Building," with its assembly chamber is depicted; and the imagination easily conjures that remarkable group which once gave dignity and lustre to the political life of the times. Such characterization as those of Johnston and Howe are too good to be overlooked or forgotten.

The portrait that recalls the memory in the Commons' House of Nova Scotia where he was long an honored leader, delineates a face of great intellectual power, with its finely-cut features, as if chiselled out of clear Carrara marble; his prominent brow, over which some scanty, white hairs fall; his earnest thoughtful expression, and his bending form, which tells of unwearying application to many responsible and arduous duties that devolved upon him in the course of a busy life as lawyer and politician. The portrait presents him in his later life when age had accentuated all the forces of his character and the cares of his life, in the very expression and lineaments of his visage. He was, during his life, the chosen friend and adviser of governors, during the most critical period of the history of responsible government. He was a Tory and an aristocrat by education and inclination, but the annals of the legislature show he was not an obstinate opponent of reform. A great lawyer in every sense of the term, an impassioned orator at times, a master of invective, a man of strong and earnest conviction he exercised necessarily a large power in the political councils, and did much to mould the legislation of the province. His speeches, however, were to often the labored efforts of the lawyer, determined to exhaust the argument on his side, and he had none of the arts of Joseph Howe, whose eloquence had more of nature and of the people. He had no deep sense of humor or ability to amuse an assembly—qualities indispensable for a great, popular leader, especially on the platform. At rare times, however, he forgot the lawyer, and gave full scope to the pent-up fire of a man in whose veins flowed the hot blood of the tropics, for he was not a Nova Scotian, but a West Indian by birth. As I recall the portrait of the most famous Nova Scotian of his time—famous for the brilliancy of his eloquence and his wide popularity in the province where he struggled successfully for the people's rights—I can still see, in my mind

the face and figure of Joseph Howe, as he stood by the clerk's table in the session of 1860, answering Dr. Tupper. "Then, as always, when excited, he had thrown his coat back on his shoulders and denounced his opponents with his finger pointed at them individually, and with all that scornful accent which his voice could assume on momentous occasions. He was a very ready and versatile debater, but his greatest and most readable speeches were the results of careful study and preparation. He did not speak entirely for the present but for future generations. His massive head was set on a sturdy frame; his eyes were always full of passionate expression; his voice had a fulness and a ring of which he had a complete mastery; his invective was as powerful as his humor was catching, and his pathos melting. Indeed he had a sense of humor and a capacity for wit which has never been equalled by any public man I have ever met in public life. Among his contemporaries, at a dinner or supper table, this humor was at times a little robust, to use the expressive phrase given me by a former Governor General of Canada. He was like Sir John Macdonald in this particular, though far superior to him in originality of wit and power to tell a good story. Howe's sense of humor and his personal magnetism, and his contempt for all humbugs, his sympathy for human weaknesses and frailties, deservedly won for him a place in the people's hearts, never held before or after him by a public man in Nova Scotia. He was the most successful man I have ever heard of on the public platform in the Dominion; he could sway thousands by his lights of eloquence, and lead them to follow him as if he were the shepherd of a flock of political sheep. Even his opponents loved to listen to him in his palmy days in a province where there has been always a great deal of political bitterness. In the homes of the people he was always welcome; the children loved to hear his stories, and the girls never objected to be kissed. He was vain of his popularity, but his vanity was that peculiar to all great men, and was never offensively displayed—it was the vanity that spurs men to make the best use of their abilities."

A better or completer summary of the characteristics and qualities of these two men, their appearance, and the causes of their influence and popularity, it would not be easy to find.

His disclosures concerning the creator of "Sam Slick," Sir William Young, Sir Adams Archibald, Williams of Kars, General Hastings Doyle, Sir John Macdonald, and others, will doubtless be eagerly welcomed.

Occasionally one gets hold of a book of poetry the contents of which seem to have come preeminently from the writers heart. It has the throb and glow of emotion at first hand, and quickens your own pulse or draws a tear before your eyes are well aware. To the order we rather hint than describe belongs the volume we have now in hand, for brief notice; as well as some others, of which we have on occasion expressed our appreciation,—notably "Drift," by Mrs. T. U. Neale, and "Frankincense and Myrrh," by the late Mrs. M. J. K. Lawson. These "Songs from the Woods of Maine," artless and clear as note of brook or bird, are quite irresistible in their heartsome appeals, and eloquent with the language of sympathy and affection. The love of nature is exhibited, without any affectation of elaborate portrayal; she is represented in her most familiar moods and forms, and with her charms are mingled human companionship and human joy and sorrow,—those hallowing influences which consecrate so sacredly earth's lowliest spot. What carols of the rustic muse will more surely carry ear and heart with them than, "When April Showers Come Down," "A Summer Song," "Beyond the Pines," "Dreaming," "The Hills of Strong," "O Wanderers of Maine," "When Leaves Are Lying Low," etc. They are of that lyric brood that come to the gentle, unresisting muse and insist on being sung. Who could put away such persuasion? Here is one, as brief as sweet:

Life.
Oh Life! How short thou art!
Short, though so sweet!
Short is the backward path
Trod by my feet;
Short is the path ahead,
Swiftly I go;
Whither my steps have led
Soon shall I know;
Soon shall we know, dear heart!
Life! oh, how short thou art!
Oh, Life! How short thou art!
Let me look back!
Tear drops! ye need not start!
What do I lack?
Short is the road I've tried,
Hill tops I see,
O'er the other side
Soon I shall be;
Soon shall be there, dear heart!
Life! oh, how short thou art!

There is an undertone of sorrow, a burden so genuine and pathetic that the one who pauses to listen feels constrained to sympathize. A full score of these poems record a close sisterly companionship and affection, now broken by death, and the loneliness and yearning grief imposed on the survivor. Perhaps we could select no one example more expressive of all contained in the rest, than that entitled "Gone."

She has gone—my life, my light;
Under the clover she lies,
The sun is no more at morning bright,
Nor the moon of the evening skies;
The days are long and drear
And the nights no sweetness bring;
The wearisome weeks are cold and dark,
And the year has lost its spring,—
The year has lost its spring,
And the summer forgot its June,
And the harp of my heart
Is forever out of tune.
Ah! the sky has lost its blue,
And the stars their twinkling ray;
And the garden has lost its fragrant breath,
Since my rose was stolen away;
The sky has lost its blue,
The woods their nightingale,
And my heart has lost a love so true,
That the springs of its river fail;
Yes, the river has lost its spring,
And the summer forgot its June,
And the harp of my heart,
Is forever out of tune.
The rainbow has left the sky;
The south winds do not blow;

A shadow is passing slowly by,
Wherever my footsteps go.
Sweet summer! I loved you once,
But the beauty of everything,
And the glory and sweetness have passed away,
Since my year has lost its spring.
Yes the year has lost its spring,
And the summer forgot its June,
And the harp of my heart,
Is forever out of tune.

The postess, in a letter, deprecates the idea that she is melancholy and inconsolable, and says that when she becomes sorrowful she sings herself glad.

Miss Julia Harris May, is a native of Strong, Maine, though, at times she resides in Brunswick, Farmington, and Auburn. Her father was a clergyman, and she and her sister had an academic education, graduating at Mount Holyoke Seminary. After teaching in the South for some years, the sisters returned, and in 1888, opened a private school at Strong, where they lived on their ancestral acres. We get several glimpses of this life in the poems, but one of the most quotable is the sonnet, entitled.

Possession.
Thy neighbor's meadow just across the way
Is broader than my humble hillside field;
More golden grain or barley it can yield,
But does it wear a brighter green to-day?
At morn Aurora's life-reviving ray
Tips all my rugged lands with fiery gold,
Before it shines upon my neighbor's bay,
Or warms the lamb within his ample fold.
And through his lofty elms and willow trees
Are grand to him and to the passer-by,
Far more it does my ample nature please,
To feast upon these apple trees mine eye.
My neighbor thinks his interval is fine;
I like my orchard better—it is mine.

The school established by the May sisters became popular and profitable, and, continued through the subsequent years, still exists. The elder sister, though greatly shaken by the death of the younger, a few years since, has kept the path of song and duty, and, has shown how the chastened heart, so far from all the joys of which it was once the partaker has only learned from its afflictions how to "breathe sweetness out of woe." This collection of Miss May's verse is issued, in a very attractive form, by G. B. Putnam's Sons, N. Y.

PATRIEX.

ALMOST DEAD.

PITIFUL CONDITION OF A YOUNG GIRL IN TORONTO.

A Mysterious Illness—Doctors Were Unable to Give Her Any Relief—Her Uncle's Story of the Case.

(From the Toronto News.)
The remarkable recovery of Cora Gray from a mysterious illness that baffled two of the best known physicians of West Toronto has been the subject of a good deal of talk among the residents in the neighborhood of Bloor street and Brunswick avenue. As it was expressively put by a neighbor, "she was all but dead," when suddenly she began to regain strength, and in a short time was out on the street with the color restored to her cheeks and the brightness to her eye.

Learning of the case a News reporter called on her uncle, Alpheus Ramsay, who is the proprietor of the Bloor street shoe store, at the corner of Brunswick avenue, and with whom she has lived almost since infancy. On learning that his visitor was a reporter he was somewhat loth to speak of the case.

"Everybody about here knows of the case," he said, "and I will be glad to tell any sufferer all about it, but I would rather not have it published."

When the reporter pointed out that he was in a position to let thousands know and probably be the means of giving them information that would lead to their recovery, he began to hesitate, and finally, he gave a brief account of the girl's miraculous restoration. He said:
"My niece is more like a daughter to me. She has been in my care since she was a child, and when she was taken sick a few months ago I was heart-broken. I got two of the best doctors in the west end to prescribe for her, but their medicines made her worse instead of better. She laid in bed week after week, looking like a corpse, eating nothing, and apparently wasting away in a mysterious manner. Her blood was thin and poor, and almost every day there was a change for the worse. She could not take the doctors' prescriptions, for she sickened at taste of them. While I was in this state of worry and anxiety a man came around one day delivering pamphlets and he threw one into my hand. I picked it up and I read an exact description of the illness with which my niece was suffering. The remedy prescribed for the cure of the malady described was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I sent for a box and Cora took them in a mechanical kind of a way. Well, sir, when she had taken them four days a change came over her. She began to eat with a relish, and every day she seemed to gain fresh strength. She adhered faithfully to the directions, and took four boxes. By that time the roses had returned to her cheeks and she was a different looking girl. She discontinued taking the pills and later this same languid feeling began to creep over her, so she bought another box and is now as bright and well as ever she was."

"That is the whole story," added Mr. Ramsay. "There may not be much in it for others, but I believe these pills saved Cora's life, and while I am not anxious for publicity on her account, it may be that other sufferers will be benefited by hearing of this remedy. I cannot speak too highly of Pink Pills. I recommend them to everyone I know, and I take them myself."

Mr. Ramsay is one of the best known men in his neighborhood. He is the superintendent of the Sunday school of Concord Congregational church, and has the confidence of the entire community among which he lives. He has spent two years in business at his present location and his business has grown so much that he is about to remove to larger premises in the Douglas block on Bloor street, near Bathurst.

His statements as to the young girl's

condition are amply corroborated by residents of the locality, and up that way there is a boom in Pink Pills.

Any sceptic who has the inclination to visit Mr. Ramsay will be courteously received, no doubt, and the circumstances frankly related. His gratitude for his niece's recovery leads him to make the most enthusiastic statements regarding the efficacy of the remedy that saved his girl's life.

HE SAVED HIS BOOTS.

The Constant Watchfulness of a Rhode Island Man on a Sleeping Car.

When the midnight mail train for New York left the Union Depot one night last week one of the passengers was a long, lean man, with an abundant growth of chin whiskers, a smooth upper lip, and an air of suspicion. He was evidently from the back districts, and it was apparent by his manner that he had never before travelled in a sleeping car.

Although the Providence sleeper was waiting on a siding, where he could easily have reached it and retired for the right long before the train started, he either did not know this, or else thought that by some mischance the railroad men might forget to attach the sleeper.

"I ain't goin' to take no chances," he said. "I've got ter be in N' York to-morrow, or else ye wouldn't see me givin' up no suchumes they charged me fer passage on this train. I missed ther boat. Didn't get here in time."

There he sat on one of the settees in the corner, dozing off at intervals and waking up to make a frantic grab at his bag, held securely between his feet for fear that some one might steal it. At last the train came from Boston, the sleeper was attached, and, after getting on the wrong car, he finally reached his berth.

After leaving Providence the lights in the car were turned down, and the porter started to collect the shoes of the passengers for the purpose of blacking them. The old man had evidently been warned of the dangers of travelling, and he was on the lookout for confidence men and sneak thieves of all kinds. Nothing could be heard in the car except the rumble of the train and the snores of the sleepers, but when the porter reached under the old man's berth and pulled out a pair of boots much in need of cleaning there was an awakening. A head was thrust out of the curtain and the porter was greeted with:

"Put them right down, now. Put them boots back. I was watchin' ye and jist waitin' ter see ef yer would try ter steal 'em. You put them boots back, right away. I knew these fellers on the sleepin' cars was a gang of robbers, but I didn't think they'd steal a man's boots."

The porter was wise, and he put the boots back, thinking that the old man would go to sleep and give him an opportunity to clean them. He went back to the lower end of the car, and after working away for some time, thought then the coast was clear and made a second attempt to get the boots. Just as he got his hand on them he heard a voice, and, accompanied by a muscular arm, which made demonstrations in front of the porter's face.

"What'd I tell ye about them boots?" demanded the old man. "I warned ye once, and I've had my eye on ye all the time. The next time ye come around here, tryin' ter get them boots, I'll give ye one on 'em over the head."

The porter retired discomfited, and when the train reached "N York" there was one passenger whose boots still showed the marks of Rhode Island mud.—Providence Journal.

What Becomes of the Lead Pencils.

"I don't know that anybody ever gave a satisfactory answer to the question 'What becomes of all the pins?' but I think," said a father, "that if anybody should ask what becomes of all the lead pencils, I could tell 'em. My two younger children have reached that age when they go to school and carry pencil boxes. A part of the equipment of the pencil box is a pencil sharpener, which can be bought now for the marvellously low price of one cent. Armed with this pencil sharpener, of course, great. When they first got the sharpeners the children used to turn off little saucers full of the fragrant cedar shavings just to look at and smell, and now at the least blunting or breaking off, of the point the pencil is carefully turned down again. And that's what becomes of the pencils; my children turn 'em into shavings."

Only a Starter.

Some newly married men are very bashful in paying the minister his fee. One bridegroom, who was put through the service here the other day, hesitated a good deal over it. At last he handed the minister a \$10 bill with the remark: "I wish

"I AM AS WELL AS I WISH TO BE."

Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., after Using Paine's Celery Compound, is a Picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty.

A Story for All Who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.

Miss Isabella Blake of 303 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the ambitious city. To-day, she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares, "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman" she does not wish it to be understood that she has entered the ranks, and adopted the facts of those light-brained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of altering the plans of an all-wise providence, and turning the world upside down. Al no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply when she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that dons the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-in-hand, tie, straight high collar, stiff derby hat, who walks out on our streets cane in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman" is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous, strong and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experiences. In the past, lions have stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what sore afflictions are, owing to the

rough grasp of disease; and at times, the cold touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's heart was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not overdrawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly testify for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone under God's blessing was the agent that saved life at a critical juncture. The following letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hardened unbeliever:—

"For years I suffered greatly, and I was under the care of doctors who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to sleep or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system run-down and little life left in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used in all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."

it were more, sir; I'll see that it is next time.
The bride gave her new husband a queer look, but said nothing, and he walked off with her, utterly unconscious of the slip he had made.—Washington Post.

CHRONIC HEADACHE.

The Change in My Mother's Condition Marvellous.

Scott's Sarsaparilla is a Boon.

MONTREAL, August 29th, 1895

GENTLEMEN:—There is such a change in my mother's health that I cannot restrain myself from writing to you. She suffered for years past with a chronic headache, accompanied with a disordered stomach. She was weak and irritable, and we thought she was going into a decline. For three weeks she has been taking a course of Scott's Sarsaparilla, which was recommended to her by Mr. McGale, Druggist, Montreal. Her headache is now but a memory, her appetite is good, and she has gained five pounds in weight in twelve days. She is a different woman, and I feel that you, in God's hands, have been the means of restoring her to health. I shall always recommend Scott's Sarsaparilla to sufferers from head or digestive troubles. Thanking you again, I close.

Yours sincerely,
Hortense Givilliere.
Scott's Sarsaparilla is a concentrated extract, pleasant to the taste, and is taken in small doses. It is the finest remedy for disorders of the stomach and liver, palpitation, scrofulous sores, eczema and skin diseases arising from impurities of the blood. It builds up the weak, the strong it maintains in health. \$1 of all druggists.

Smuggling in Balloon Sleeves.

While a man who patronizes street cars, theatres, etc., may not see the use of the big sleeves which take up so much room and destroys a woman's beauty, yet the girls themselves find them very convenient. The girl who shops finds she can store an immense amount of small bundles in her sleeves, and one woman declares that when she traveled this summer she packed each sleeve full of small articles, and thus saved carrying an extra grip. But the worst case of sleeves which had come to the Pickings man's knowledge was when these

sleeves were turned to account by the girls who went to Canada this summer. There was no end to the smuggling of small articles. Some Indianapolis girls were in a china store, and were in despair over the beautiful china and cut glass which they could buy so much cheaper than at home, but which they were forced to leave behind on account of the duty. Finally the girl clerk came to their rescue.

"Why don't you hide them in your sleeves?" she asked.

"How can we carry cups and saucers in our sleeves?" asked the Indianapolis girls.

"Easy enough," said the clerk, "I'll help you."

So the carefully packed cups and saucers in tissue paper, and tied them on to the girls' arms. One girl, more ambitious than the others, had a sugar and creamer tied to her arm. The big jacket sleeves were pulled over the china ware, and the girls went on their way with fear and trembling. They kept a safe distance away from each other, and the custom house officials never suspected that the bouffant sleeves held a whole china shop. If the sleeves keep on increasing in size the women will soon be able to smuggle their children and pet dogs along when they take a journey.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A TELEPHONE IN THE STOMACH.

Peculiar Phenomena of Human Nature.

In an age when that subtle force electricity is presenting wonders to the world almost daily, and the Wizard of Menlo Park has become the hero of the hour, there seems to be nothing that we may not expect in this direction. But it was not left to an Edison to establish a telephone in the stomach of human beings. The Great Maker of man in the economy of human nature provided such an instrument centuries ago. It is a fact that within the stomach of every man and woman there is a little instrument that telephones to the nerve centres in the brain as quickly as the food reaches that part. When for any reason this communication is stopped the food is undigested and physical trouble ensues. With word sent promptly from stomach to nerve centres, these supply the necessary juice that aid digestion, and nature successfully does her part; good health is enjoyed and man is able to perform with energy and pleasure his everyday duties. It will happen at times that those nerve centres will become deranged and lose their force; then it is that a remedy must be supplied, just as the skill of the electrician is necessary when something goes wrong with the office telephone. South American Nerve is the electrician, so far as the human body is concerned. It is a medicine unique and exceptional in this particular that it works directly upon the nerve centres, and when these are out of order it quickly places them in proper repair and completeness. Nearly all diseases, especially indigestion, dyspepsia, nervousness, general debility, sick headache and disordered liver arise through trouble at the nerve centres. You can just as readily count on South American Nerve effecting a proper cure in all such cases as you can depend upon the electrician of the Bell Telephone Co., removing any derangement that has taken place in your telephone.

It is said that the largest diamond in the world was found a short time ago in the mines of Bahia do Fernaguz, Brazil. The gem is reported to weigh 3,100 carats, which is 2,120 carats heavier than the largest existing diamond.

This is from the Leading Dry Goods House in Hamilton, Ont.

HAMILTON, ONT., Oct. 12th, 1895.

DEAR SIR:

In advertising Fibre Chamois up here, please warn people against using cheap imitations of which there are so many.

We have tried many of them and they do not give satisfaction. They go in holes very soon.

Many people now ask for Fibre Chamois and will take no other.

To the Canadian Fibre Chamois Co. (Signed) FINCH BROS.
Montreal.