

### Capt. Dudley Hobart's Double.

Part I.

Capt. Hobart entered the ballroom late, glancing around to see if his friends had arrived. Yes, the meagre array of elderly men and half-grown boys, so outnumbered by the feminine contingent, was augmented by several officers from the camp.

Undertaking to cultivate personal good will as well as Union sentiment by entering freely into the diversions of the neighborhood, he had felt with chagrin the avoidance of the better class of women. Some of his conferees had broken down this aversion so far as to win very pretty and well-bred Tennessee wives.

Capt. Hobart did not purpose any such conquest, merely seeking the opportunity of convincing these exclusive damsels that a gentleman might be reared north of "Mason and Dixon's line."

He had found it easy to ingratiate himself with the less exacting, and as a quadrille was forming, hastened to offer his arm to Miss Tennie Regan, a lively, shrewy girl who had met his small attentions with cordiality.

"You-uns won't care for dancing with me any more after you get a show to take out Cousin Virginia Huntley?"

"Miss Virginia Huntley! I thought she wouldn't condescend to go where she would meet Union soldiers," he said in astonishment.

"She's mighty bigoted an' above own'n' her pore kinfolks," said Miss Tennie, tossing her head. "I'm her third cousin, but sense she's went to board'n' school, she's been that high-minded that I ain't a keerin' whether she speaks to me or not, but she undoubtedly is right pleasin' to me to-night."

"Where is she?" asked Hobart, as he took his place in the set.

"On the side, at your left," whispered his partner, and he glanced furtively at the disdainful beauty, the oval contour of whose face, with its large dark eyes and long lashes, reminded him of an engraving of a Greek girl that hung in his mother's parlor.

"The effect was changed, however, by abundant light, brown hair, doubtless golden-tinted in sunlight, the sadness of the mouth troubled him. Ever since invading the South a woman's sorrow had conveyed to him a personal reproach.

"She's mighty apt to do something contrary to you-uns; she has allowed she'd glory in givin' an insult to every single solitary Federal she met up with," said Miss Tennie, piqued at his interest.

In the changing figure of the set he soon found himself balancing to Miss Huntley, who turned very pale but courteously gave him her cold hands.

"Your cousin was quite civil to me," he assured Miss Tennie, as he took her to her seat.

"Yes," was the reply, "she asked me to introduce you to her when we was plumb outdone with her. I reckon she's puttin' up a job on you-uns."

"I'll risk it," said Hobart. "Take me over and present me to her," and in a moment he was bowing low as Miss Tennie said "Cousin Virginia, I want to make you acquainted with my friend, Capt. Hobart."

The officer, asked with exceeding deference, "May I have the pleasure of the next quadrille, Miss Huntley?" and the lady in compliance laid a tremulous hand on his blue sleeve, whispering, "Let us walk around the room while the places are being taken."

She was evidently struggling with some strong feeling as they paced the long half-empty hall, and as they neared the door, she increased his amazement by saying in an undertone, "Cousin Robert, is it to revenge yourself on me that you come here, wearing this uniform?"

"You labor under some strange delusion, Miss Huntley, unless you are trying to play a trick on me," said the gentleman. "I devoutly wish I were your cousin, but that happiness has been denied me."

"You were wrong in your jealousy of me, Cousin Robert," she said, disregarding his reply. "I never cared for that northern college boy, he was Brother Harry's chum and was engaged and has since married a Boston girl. I have been true to you all these years. See, here is your ring, I have never taken it off since you put it there."

Hobart looked at the pretty hand from which she had taken the glove and then at her pained face; she seemed in genuine distress, but he feared some trap set for his credulity.

"It is time to begin the quadrille," he suggested, and during the dance made no further disclaimer, asking her to sit out the Virginia reel with him, as he offered his arm to take her to her seat.

"You are the lady I met yesterday as Mr. Stearns was going to the camp with me; you had a negro boy and two hounds with you?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, "and the shock of seeing you here in this dress nearly caused me to fall from my saddle. I was so sure that it must be you, and yet so anxious to believe better things that I stole off to-night with only my poor old Aunt Dilsey for a chaperone to this place where I am ashamed to be seen, to mingle with people that I despise."

Oh, Cousin Robert, my fears were true, and I beg of you to go away. It must have been sheer bravado that brought you to your home in a Federal uniform. You are not safe one moment; if Brother Harry knew of your coming back he would feel justified at shooting at you on sight as a southern renegade and as the man who had treated me so cruelly. Papa is almost as bitter, and there are dozens of people ready to kill you."

"My dear young lady," said the perturbed captain, "I must believe you sincere, but this is a horrible mistake. I never saw you till yesterday."

"Don't call me 'your dear young lady,' that cuts deeper than your denial of your own name. You are bitterly resentful; I suppose it was wrong of me to go to a ball with that Yankee, but he was our guest and papa said it would be unparliamentarily rude to refuse and then you sent me that wretched furious letter accusing me of breaking faith and saying I should never see you till you dressed as fine and appeared as aristocratic as any northerner that ever breathed. You have kept your word, while I have held myself pledged to you for life."

"What proof of my identity can I offer?" asked Hobart in dismay. "I haven't my baptismal certificate with me, but here are the photographs of my mother and sister, who would strongly resent the claims of anyone in Tennessee."

She put aside the cartes he had taken from his breast pocket, saying indignantly, "Robert Elder! have you been shameless enough to repudiate dear Cousin Sally, the truest, the most affectionate mother that ever broke her heart over a thankless son! I love her devotedly, though she has not forgiven me for innocently causing you to forsake her."

"I believe you have fallen in love with some northern girl who has made you false to your mother, and, worst of all, to your country, in her distress. Take back your locket and your ring, give them to her, for you are hers."

And she held out the trinkets to him.

"He rejected them with impatience. 'Miss Huntley, I don't know how many sweethearts your Cousin Robert may have, I have none. These baubles never belonged to me, they were given to you by your lover in good faith. Don't deceive yourself and annoy me in this way. Remember that your cousin is probably fighting in the southern army and if he lives will come home to make you proud of him. If I had been in his place nothing but death could have kept me from returning to claim you.'

"Is there no way of disabusing your mind of this error? It pains me to cause you grief. Ask your friend Mr. Stearns, if he does not know me to be an honorable Union officer."

"That is one of the strong proofs," she answered in the low soft voice that charmed him, "what would a Yankee care about my silly little Cousin Polly? That you saved her from marrying that drunken private with a wife at home, has made Uncle Tom so grateful that he will try to keep everyone from suspecting who you are."

Capt. Hobart rose flushed and discomfited. "The reel is ended, I must find a partner for the next dance. I hope, Miss Huntley, that you may realize your error, which is rather a dangerous one for me."

"Oh, Cousin Robert, won't you listen to me?" she entreated, but she shook his attentions impartially, escorting to supper Miss Tennie, who was quite irritated, saying, "Oh yes, Cousin Virginia and you-uns have been playin' hit mighty low down, lettin' on to me that you was strangers!"

"I pledge you my word of honor that this is my first meeting with Miss Huntley and she certainly expressed a very bad opinion of my character and of my uniform."

"You-uns think yourself mighty peart tryin' to pull the wool over my eyes that way. Cousin Virginia ain't a settin' up no commodious with a man that's only a dancin' partner. I seed her puttin' her hand on to yours, when I heard her say she'd as soon touch a snake as a Federal. I'm a-searin' what she's doin' of; she has heard that you've been a settin' up to me right smart an' she's bein' pleasin' just to spite me. She's been a-holdin' a grudge agin' me an' so's her kinfolks on account of me not bein' a scholar."

"Miss Virginia is not trying to flirt with me, I can assure you; and I am not paying attention to anyone in the South. I like to dance and talk with you because you are pretty and lively, but the girl I love best is in the North waiting for me to come back. Don't you want to see her picture? I always wear it over my heart."

Miss Tennie eyed the photograph of Hobart's sister blankly and curiously. "She favors you some. I reckon she is your cousin. She's mighty pretty."

"No, much dearer than any cousin," he rejoined, ignoring the implied flattery.

Miss Tennie looked at him keenly; there was little resemblance between the dark brother and the blonde sister.

"I allow that when you-uns come down South an' leave your sweethearts back thar, you put hit up to spark girls here just for devilment."

"No," expostulated the officer, "we don't mean to make love, only to be polite and enjoy southern hospitality," seeing that she was regarding him steadily as if to satisfy some doubt. He asked, "Why do you look at me so sharply? Do I resemble anyone you know?"

"Yes, you-uns do favor Cousin Robert Elder a heap; hit plumb taken my breath away the first time I seed you, but when I heard the sound of your voice I sensed the difference. Cousin Robert never had them there quare Yankee ways of sayin' words."

She stopped, and after a third examination of his features said suddenly, "You-uns must be some of our distant kin in the North."

"That's my secret, but I might claim you for a cousin," said the captain gaily.

"You-uns ain't a-keerin' to own me sense Cousin Virginia's been showin' you countenance, but if you're willin' to be kin to me, I'm willin'," said Tennie, with a beaming face.

"Good-night, then, Cousin Tennie," and Hobart bowed in farewell.

As he rode back with his brother officers he was reticent as to his odd experience. "That girl is sincere. I cannot distrust the frankness of her eyes," he meditated, "but my double must be a contemptible dolt, unworthy of such love as here."

Next day he wrote a long account of his adventure to his sister Blanche and had just sealed his letter when an orderly reported that a lady desired to see him on private business. He flushed, expecting to see Miss Huntley, but instead appeared a decent woman of 60 in a tidy gingham sunbonnet and cotton gown.

When they were alone, she set down the large basket she carried, advanced and regarded him with solemn dark eyes; then she threw her arms around his neck and kissed him passionately, desisting to say, brokenly, "Oh, Robert, Robert, son, how could you do your mammy like this hyar?"

He sought gently to disengage himself, but she held him fast till he said, "My dear madam, this is a very painful mistake. I am not your son."

She let him go, dropping on a stool, covering her face with her hands and rocking herself from side to side, sobbing out, "Oh, son, you're just as hard as Cousin Virginia said. I was so outdone with her for causin' you to be so jealous-hearted that I wouldn't never hold no manner of communication with her, not even when she was taken sick from grievin' after you, but when she rode over early this mornin' and told me she had seed you with her own eyes, an' begged me to get you out of the settlement before somebody shot you in the back, I forgive her. I never knowed the rights about'n the quarrel you picked with her; she said Harry had been beamin' her for takin' up with an ignorant somebody like you and her pa said you wasn't her equal, whilst you kep a givin' her a heap of sour looks an' boin' so orderly you didn't want her to draw her breath only when you give her leave; an' then like a plumb fool you threatened to light out if she went to that dance with Harry's chum. You'd orter knowed better, son. No Tennessee girl's goin' to take a dar' such as that, thar, an' I ain't a blamin' her much for goin' with him when her brother was along. Then you struck out, and she's acted like she was your widder ever since, an' never give no countenance to ary man that tried to spark her an' there's been heaps of 'em. You'd orter git down on your knees an' ask her forgiveness for such triflin' actions."

"Oh, Robert, son, women has said the like of that thar, but I put it past ary mother to feel so to her own flesh an' blood. Hit gives me a severe misery in my breast to see in that thar blue coat, but my old eyes has mighty nigh dropped out of cryin' for one more sight of you."

She smiled wistfully, then flushed with sudden hope. "Son, ain't you really or our side an' jest in the Federal army spyin' out things to help the good cause?"

"No, madam, I am devoted to the Union heart and soul. If you really believe me to be your son you will not insist on making it public. I prefer to be killed in battle and not waylaid by some sneaking enemy."

"You needn't be a wearyin' about my noratin' hit around; you taken a heap of risk comin' hyar to satisfy your spite agin' Cousin Virginia; but I want to ask a favor of you: don't rennin' up to that thar triffin' little rigan; you know she ain't no real kin to us; her stepfather's only my third cousin, but she puts on a heap of airs about bein' cousin to the Huntleys an' the Elders."

Hobart laughed in relief. "I am glad to please you in any reasonable way. Miss Tennie is only a passing acquaintance."

"Mrs. Elder looked fondly through

**MAGIC BAKING POWDER**

THE FAVORITE IN CANADIAN HOMES FOR MANY YEARS. TRY IT. REFUSE ALL SUBSTITUTES.

Sold Everywhere in the Dominion by the Best Dealers.

**E. W. GILLETT COMPANY LIMITED**

TORONTO, ONT.

MADE IN CANADA.

"Your name, I believe, is Mrs. Elder," said the young man gravely, "mine is Dudley Hobart. I was born and brought up in Waltham, Mass., where my mother and sister reside. I wish I could convince you of your error; your love for your absent son, your longing for him, evidently make you exaggerate my slight resemblance to him. Miss Tennie Regan and Mr. Stearns are not deceived by it."

"Oh, that bigaty Tennie Regan is so proud of your noticin' her a little for you never did before, that she'd swar to anythin' you said, an' Cousin Tom Stearns is that beholden to you that he'd be mighty clear to tellin' tales out'n school, but I allow he orter dropped a hint to me when he knowed I was a faintin' to hear from you."

She stopped to uncover her basket, saying with a little scorn, "You believe my name is Mrs. Elder, do you? I've fetched you over a couple of sliced sweet potato pies an' a jug of fresh buttermilk. I don't reckon such a high minded Federal officer remembers the taste of such like, but Robert liked 'em mighty well."

"You are far too kind to me, my dear madam," returned the captain, "try to be critical; does my voice sound like your son's?"

"Hit don't, Robert, but you said your name was Dudley Hobart, an' that thar sounds mighty quare for a stranger, both them thar names bein' in our connection; my great-grandmammy was a Yankee woman an' her name was Dudley, an' the Hobarts was further back. Tell me true, son, haven't you hunted up your kinfolks in the North an' studied their ways to spite Cousin Virginia?"

He shook his head sorrowfully, his heart aching at the pain in the kind strong face before him, that of a gentleman, as her delicate hands and eyes, her convictions wavered a little as his firmness impressed her. Suddenly she sprang forward, grasped his arm and drew him to the best-lighted corner of the tent, then she ran a fore-finger along his heavy eyebrows till she found a scar. "Hit's thar shore enough, the cut you got a fallin' on your preservin' kettle the day you was two years old. Oh, my boy, so handsome an' tall an' straight, I never thought my great ganglin' awkward feller could come to this. Oh! if you'd only got a gray uniform I'd be the proudest woman in Dixie. Ain't thar no feelin' left in your heart for me? You'd orter remember your'e what the Good Book calls 'the only son of his mother' an' she a widder."

Capt. Hobart realized that it was useless to say that the scar came from the lid of his dinner pail, throw at him by a schoolmate when he was 10, but he thought of a pretext to soften the mother's distress. "Let me ask you, Mrs. Elder, if your son from honest conviction had joined the Union army, would he not be justified in keeping it from you? You would surely prefer to think him dead."

"Oh, Robert, son, women has said the like of that thar, but I put it past ary mother to feel so to her own flesh an' blood. Hit gives me a severe misery in my breast to see in that thar blue coat, but my old eyes has mighty nigh dropped out of cryin' for one more sight of you."

She smiled wistfully, then flushed with sudden hope. "Son, ain't you really or our side an' jest in the Federal army spyin' out things to help the good cause?"

"No, madam, I am devoted to the Union heart and soul. If you really believe me to be your son you will not insist on making it public. I prefer to be killed in battle and not waylaid by some sneaking enemy."

"You needn't be a wearyin' about my noratin' hit around; you taken a heap of risk comin' hyar to satisfy your spite agin' Cousin Virginia; but I want to ask a favor of you: don't rennin' up to that thar triffin' little rigan; you know she ain't no real kin to us; her stepfather's only my third cousin, but she puts on a heap of airs about bein' cousin to the Huntleys an' the Elders."

Hobart laughed in relief. "I am glad to please you in any reasonable way. Miss Tennie is only a passing acquaintance."

"Mrs. Elder looked fondly through

approachfully at the young man. "Oh Robert, can't you git your own consent to see your mother just once? I've plumb waded in trouble about you, thakin' you might have took to drink like your pore pappy. I've spent nights on my knees prayin' the Lord to bring you back to me. I couldn't be pacified till I see you. Elder Briggs has chastised me for it, he said I was sinnin' in demandin' what I wanted that a-way and said I'd be punished for it. He told me I'd orter always say, 'if hit be consistent with the Lord's will,' but I was too hard-headed an' my prars to see you was answered an' here you staid an' won't own me for your mammy."

"The captain took her hand pressing it to his lips, his eyes were full of tears as he said, "Dear madam, I am sure your son will come back to ask your forgiveness for deserting you."

She drew away from him, with a swift gesture of deprecation. "I'd orter sensed that the Elder will was harder'n a millstone, you're plumb like your daddy but thar, I'd cl'ar forgot Virginia's message; she sent back your presents, she said you wouldn't take 'em from her last night." She opened the locket and held it toward him. "Don't you see yourself in thar tollable plain?"

He looked at the small picture in surprise, his own boyish face confronting him wearing a rather sullen expression. "Yes," he admitted, "the resemblance is striking, but I have told you the truth. I am not your son. I am not Miss Huntley's lover, though I could be so very easily. Take back thar ring and the picture and give them to her."

"You can do that thar. I won't meddle more in your love affairs. Son, kiss your pore old mother. She won't weary you no more, but hit would please her mighty to have you come and eat a chicken dimer with her next Sunday," said the anxious matron.

He stooped to kiss the forehead of the good woman who said, "I hadn't no gray hairs, son, when you left me, and now they're plumb white."

"I will come Sunday, if I can induce Mr. Stearns to show me the way. I thank you very much for invitin' me," and Hobart escorted his visitor to her horse, assisting her to mount, and watching her as she rode away.

The fidelity of the two women to the scapgrace 'em from her love affairs. Son, kiss your pore old mother. She won't weary you no more, but hit would please her mighty to have you come and eat a chicken dimer with her next Sunday," said the anxious matron.

He stooped to kiss the forehead of the good woman who said, "I hadn't no gray hairs, son, when you left me, and now they're plumb white."

"I will come Sunday, if I can induce Mr. Stearns to show me the way. I thank you very much for invitin' me," and Hobart escorted his visitor to her horse, assisting her to mount, and watching her as she rode away.

The fidelity of the two women to the scapgrace 'em from her love affairs. Son, kiss your pore old mother. She won't weary you no more, but hit would please her mighty to have you come and eat a chicken dimer with her next Sunday," said the anxious matron.

He stooped to kiss the forehead of the good woman who said, "I hadn't no gray hairs, son, when you left me, and now they're plumb white."

"I will come Sunday, if I can induce Mr. Stearns to show me the way. I thank you very much for invitin' me," and Hobart escorted his visitor to her horse, assisting her to mount, and watching her as she rode away.

came to the future Cardinal, when he was chosen professor of theology at Maynooth; but he was hardly installed in that position when Rome called him higher still—the See of Raphoe, left vacant by the death of Bishop McDevitt. His consecration took place in the Letterkenny Cathedral on July 20, 1879.

In 1887 Archbishop McGettigan, of Armagh, feeling the need of a coadjutor, asked for the appointment of Bishop Logue, and he was accordingly transferred April 20, 1887, to a titular see, with the rights of succession to Archbishop McGettigan, who did not live long after securing Bishop Logue as his coadjutor. His death took place December 3, 1887, less than eight months after Bishop Logue's going to Armagh and then the latter became the Archbishop of Armagh and the Primate of All Ireland.

In what estimation the Primate is held at Rome was fully illustrated in 1893, when Leo XII. selected him as the member of the Irish Hierarchy on whom to bestow a red hat. He was created a Cardinal priest in the consistory held January 16, 1893, being, strange as it may seem, the first incumbent of St. Patrick's See to have a seat in the Sacred College.

Rev. Albert Knapp, a distinguished member of the Dominican Order, who has been nominated to the Archbishopric of Trinidad, in succession to the late Archbishop Flood, O. P., an Englishman, and was formerly a member of the Church of England, for the ministry of which he at first thought to study. Later he decided to enter the medical profession, and went to France to prosecute his studies. While assisting in the hospitals he was impressed by the devotion and charity of the sisters, and this led him to investigate the claims of the Catholic Church. The result was his conversion, and he then, deciding to become a priest, joined the Dominican Order—Catholic Union and Times.

The McKinley homestead at Canton, O., a place of pilgrimage for people in all parts of the country during the presidency and since the tragic death of Mr. McKinley, is about to be transformed into a Catholic hospital.

It was purchased a few weeks ago by Mrs. Rosa Klorer for \$20,000, and speculation has been rife in Canton ever since as to the purpose to which it would be devoted. This week Mrs. Klorer formally deeded the property to Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann for a hospital. It will be known as Mercy hospital and will be in charge of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine's convent, Lakewood.

The hospital will be opened as soon as it can be arranged and furnished. The house is a roomy structure with an ample lawn and can be admirably adapted to its new purpose.

The McKinley homestead at Canton, O., a place of pilgrimage for people in all parts of the country during the presidency and since the tragic death of Mr. McKinley, is about to be transformed into a Catholic hospital.

It was purchased a few weeks ago by Mrs. Rosa Klorer for \$20,000, and speculation has been rife in Canton ever since as to the purpose to which it would be devoted. This week Mrs. Klorer formally deeded the property to Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann for a hospital. It will be known as Mercy hospital and will be in charge of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine's convent, Lakewood.

The hospital will be opened as soon as it can be arranged and furnished. The house is a roomy structure with an ample lawn and can be admirably adapted to its new purpose.

The McKinley homestead at Canton, O., a place of pilgrimage for people in all parts of the country during the presidency and since the tragic death of Mr. McKinley, is about to be transformed into a Catholic hospital.

It was purchased a few weeks ago by Mrs. Rosa Klorer for \$20,000, and speculation has been rife in Canton ever since as to the purpose to which it would be devoted. This week Mrs. Klorer formally deeded the property to Rt. Rev. Bishop Horstmann for a hospital. It will be known as Mercy hospital and will be in charge of the Sisters of Charity of St. Augustine's convent, Lakewood.

The hospital will be opened as soon as it can be arranged and furnished. The house is a roomy structure with an ample lawn and can be admirably adapted to its new purpose.

### How Is Your Cold?

Every place you go you hear the same question asked. Do you know that there is nothing so dangerous as a neglected cold? Do you know that a neglected cold will turn into Chronic Bronchitis, Pneumonia, Asthma, Catarrh and the most deadly of all, the "White Plague," Consumption. Many a life history would read different if, on the first appearance of a cough, it had been remedied with

### Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

This wonderful cough and cold medicine contains all those very pine principles which make the pine so valuable in the treatment of lung affections.

Combined with this are Wild Cherry Bark and the soothing, healing and expectorant properties of other potent herbs and berries.

For Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Pain in the Chest, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Hoarseness or any affection of the Throat or Lungs. You will find a sure cure in Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

Mrs. G. N. Loomer, Berwick, N.S., writes: "I have used Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup for coughs and colds, and I have always found it to give instant relief. I also recommended it to one of my neighbors and she was more than pleased with the results."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup 25 cts per bottle at all dealers. Put up in yellow wrapper, and three pine trees the trademark. Refuse substitutes. There is only one Norway Pine Syrup and that one is Dr. Wood's.

### DYSPEPSIA AND STOMACH DISORDERS

MAY BE QUICKLY AND PERMANENTLY CURED BY BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Mr. P. A. Labelle, Maniwaki, Que., writes as follows: "I desire to thank you for your wonderful cure, Burdock Blood Bitters. Three years ago I had a very severe attack of Dyspepsia. I tried five of the best doctors I could find but they could do me no good. I was advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and to my great surprise, after taking two bottles, I was so perfectly cured that I have not had a sign of Dyspepsia since. I cannot praise it too highly to all sufferers. In my experience it is the best I ever used. Nothing for me like B.B.B."

Don't accept a substitute for Burdock Blood Bitters. There is nothing "just as good."

Y 7, 1908.

THURSDAY, MAY 7, 1908.

THE TRUE WITNESS AND CATHOLIC CHRONICLE.

7

J. Bechtelt & HATCHETT, Solicitors, 125 Temple Chambers, MES STREET.

L. LAJOIE & CO., SOLICITORS, ETC., 101 D'ARMEES, J. LAUS MATHIEU, LL.B., 115 LA SALLE ST., MONTREAL.

WHELAN, B. C. L., Notary Public, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

MATHIEU, Notary Public, 180 St. James St., Montreal.

DESSAULLES, Notary Public, 180 St. James St., Montreal.

Baker & Baker, Notary Public, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

Duclos, Notary Public, 160 St. James St., Montreal.

MURPHY, Notary Public, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

Blonde & Tansey, Notary Public, 160 St. James St., Montreal.

BROS., Gas and Steamfitters, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

BRIEN, Decorative Painter, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

ESJARDINS, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

ING FLOUR, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.

and the Best, 101 D'ARMEES, MONTREAL.