THE RED ASCENT

BY ESTHER W. NEILL

CHAPTER XIV-CONTINUED

"Oh! hear that," cried Betty tarting from her seat. "Women are screaming—something dreadful must have happened. Go on, Mr. Wilcox. Let us go and see."

"We're on the wrong road. I'll have to go around. Machine will never get across that stubble field;

there's a ditch in the way."
"Oh! look—look!" cried Betty.

dress was soiled with coal dust; her heavy hair, shedding all hair pins in her mad flight, now hung about her shoulders.

Dick—Dick is down there," she cried breathlessly, pointing to the mine. "What can we do? Oh, God! 'low can we save him?" Jefferson held out his arm to sup-

port her. She was trembling with as he asked the question, he had guessed at most of the truth.

"He—went—to—save—a boy!"
he sobbed. "The mine is on fire Dick — is down there. Don't let them seal the mine—don't let them them seal the mine—don't let them bury him alive. Oh, come—come their youthful mouths showed quickly, they say there is no hope—that he is dead!"

in that hole

grass, and covered her face with her with me. "You're dreaming, Jessica.

ands. "You're dreaming, Jessica.)h, tell us it is not true."
"Come—come," she said wildly, ulling Jefferson by the hand.
'You must not let them shut the mine—they will not listen to me.

Jefferson moved mechanically. He could not speak. His throat was choked; his feet were leaden weights. Jessica leaned upon him for support, sobbing pitifully, her explanation growing more and more incoherent. They had nearly reached the shaft when they heard a glad shout break from the wailing crowd, and they saw Richard rise, as if by a miracle, from the earth itself. He staggered from the escape shaft, which was about two hundred yards distant, with Peter, the mule boy, strapped on

With a wild cry of exultation, Jefferson rushed forward. The crowd surged around him. For a moment Richard stood like one bewildered, blinded by the sudden glare of the sunlight, then, falling down upon the ground, he mur-

mured weakly: Unstrap the boy. I-cannot-

The ropes were cut by eager the mine doctor hurried to his aid, glad of an opportunity to show his skill after his ineffectual efforts to revive life in those stricken bodies on the hillside. Peter's mother was pushed to her son's side. She knelt beside him inarticulate in her joy. After the suspense, the dread, the certainty

ministered his feed and the will live, thank God," he said triumphantly. He is a hero, and he will live." Then as he turned to nurse reluctantly.

foot. It got twisted somehow and Heard the cage goin' up and I hollered. He came back; he roped me on his back; said 'twan't no other way of gettin' up them

The crowd pressed closer to hear. Here was some one at last who could tell them how the tragedy had occurred -some one who could reveal his resurrection. The boy wanted to talk. After the black-ness, the isolation of the mine, he found relief in the sound of his own

"I went to sleep—must have fallen asleep—forgot about the That thar torch must have dripped kerosene on to the hay car. First thing I knew it was afre-tried to push the car to the pump near the mule stable to get water, but the car was too heavy; then I saw the timbers were afire. I was a-runnin' for the escape shaft to hike up them steps when my foot Reckon it's broke, Doc. Reckon I'd been burned same as a wisp of straw if that man hadn't heard me when I nollered.'

He went on talking all the time the doctor was bandaging the foot, crying out once or twice with the pain, and he watched anxiously as some of the men improvised a litter to carry. Richard to the automoto carry Richard to the automo-

bile.

Jessica suggested that they bring Richard to her gouse, but the Colonel, once assued that his son was alive took command of the situation. He did not propose to situation. He did not propose to accept the Fielding hospitality if he

"We will take him home," he said. "I will ride Spangles, Mr. Wilcox, drive the car as slowly as you can. Doctor, will you go with us?"

"Me will take him home," he your great-grandfather, and the Lord knows who! This is a great part of the country—nothing seems worth while unless it's inherited."

"And the Colonel?"

The doctor acceded willingly Patients of such apparent distintion were a rarity in his professional experience. The dead men lay in a rigid line beyond his help; Richard was the only one left in need of his

service. Jessica watched the automobile as it disappeared in the black dust of the beaten roadway. She felt weak the beaten roadway. She felt weak and faint, but, in Richard's greater

need, no one had given a thought to her. She seemed to stand alone and desolate in the midst of the crowd. Had she the strength to mount her horse and go home, away "There's a woman running to meet us. It's Jess Fielding. I wonder where is Dick?"

Industrier norse and go nome, away from this scene of horror, far away, where she could not hear the convulsive sobbing of the three women us. It's Jess Fielding. I wonder where is Dick?"

Jefferson was heedless of herquestion. He was out of the car hastening to meet the girl who came flying toward them. Her blue dress was soiled with coal dust; her heavy hair, shedding all hair pins. midst of the excitement, that the Italians had no one here to mourn them: they were Somewhere perhaps in the purpling vineyards of their native land mothers and sisters waited hopefully for glad tidings that would

never come. Some compelling force drove Jessica back to the group that surif I tell you that the Texas claim is
rounded the dead men. The bodies,
he asked the question, he had
so strong and full of health half an
half a million out of court?" hour ago, now lay impotent in their stillness, their blackened faces upturned to the smiling summer he sobbed. The mine is on life

the other men—are out—and they
are dead, burned alive, and Dick—
Dick—is down there. Don't let
Life for them had held little else power to suffer and endure.

Tenderly Jessica lifted the baby "Dead," repeated the Colonel, and he seemed to shrivel suddenly into a feeble old man, "Dick dead in the table 2".

Tenderly Jessica lifted the baby from the aching arms of the mother. "Come home with me," she said to the weeping women. that hole?"
Betty sank down in the coarse and the little children come home

CHAPTER XV

ON THE SUMMIT But Richard did not recover with the promptness that the mine doctor had prophesied. He was so ill that Jefferson daringly took his place in the household. He hired labor without stint; he telegraphed to the nearest hospital for two trained nurses, and he brought a famous specialist a thousand miles to consult with the little mine doctor, who was plainly puzzled by Richard's condition.

It is not only the result of the disaster of which you speak," said the great man. "It is fever. He must have been sick a long time; the fact that he refused to acknowledge his illness has but augmented the seriousness of the case.

For weeks Richard lingered, unconscious. One night when his fever was at its height, thought that he was dying, for he started from his bed, in his delirium "Sister is very busy," she replied, crying out those wonderful words

'The Spirit of the Lord is upon because the Lord hath anointed me; He hath sent me to preach to the meek, to heal the contrite of heart, and to preach a release to and deliverance to the captives,

"He doesn't know," said the nurse with calm practicability. "I

will live." Then as he turned to Peter, the boy sat up.
"I'm all right," he said in his shrill, quavering voice, "'twas my foot. What yer cryin' about mother?—'tain't nothin' but my foot. It was the next morning that Richard woke to a dim realization of his surroundings. Jefferson was seated by the window, and caught the first normal glimpse of his the first normal glimpse of his tion

"Been sick a long time?" he questioned, holding up a white hand that seemed almost transparent in the sunlight. Well, I guess!" said Jeff joy-

fully, coming close to the bedside

time?"
"Didn't expect me to leave you in this fix? I've been running the

Richard smiled faintly. "Universal genius, eh?' Jefferson grinned. "You've guessed it. Now don't talk, or that nurse will blame me for a relapse."
"Then you do the talking," said Richard. "Tell me what has hap-

pened all this time. Is that mule boy all right?" Jefferson took a chair beside the hands. bed, and began to smooth Richard's bed, and began to smooth kichard's bare arm soothingly. "Couldn't kill him with an axe," he answered. "Been here every day since you've been sick; brought all kinds of messy dishes that his mother cooked." in the midst of a county delegation your heroism isn't your fault. It's inherited from your father, and your great-grandfather, and the Lord knows who! This is a great

to tell a few of the Senators what he thinks of them. I think I'll spend the winter in Washington, and engage a permanent seat in the

and was silent for a long time. Then he said: "If the Colonel is

I'm not relapsing." "Well, just settle down there and keep calm. Think you'll get a fever "To m

Richard's fingers tightened on asse of his friend. "Oh, Jeff, you those of his friend. "Oh, Jeff, you didn't—not when I was—like this? I don't think it was fair.'

TO BE CONTINUED

THE TENOR'S CHRISTMAS

for admission to the Home for Aged Poor. He was a handsome man.
That alone made him admired, but nobility of bearing joined to a ston had sent him to study abroad magnificent voice had elevated him She had objected, but the boy was to those half-mythical regions where the public makes its great call of religion, and she created the

her French accent predominant. She is getting ready for Christ-

s. Is it important?"
Yes; tell her that Mr. Norman -he drew out his cardhand this to her, please.

The Sister took the card, showed the visitor into the reception room, and silently slipped away, delighted them that are shut up."

"What is he saying?" said the Colonel. "Is he trying to pray?"

and silently slipped away, delighted at being freed from this regal personage in his fine cloth and furs.

The tenor shrugged his shoulders as he took in at a glance the sim-plicity of the room, its plain furniinarticulate in her joy. After the suspense, the dread, the certainty of death, she was emotionally exhausted.

The little foreign doctor bent over Richard solicitously, and administered his restoratives. "He will live, thank God," he said triumphantly. He is a hero, and he will live "Then as he turned to "He is very ill," admitted the will live "Then as he turned to "nurse with calm practicability. "I must reduce his temperature somehow. We must have more ice. I'll give him another alcohol bath. His fever should break tonight or—" "Or," the Colonel repeated the small word with paternal solicitude. "I see, madam. You mean—or he will die?"

"I see, madam. You mean—or he will die?"

"He is very ill," admitted the best hotels, who was continually besieged by society to accept of its hospitality, and who had as his companions artists of world-wide celebrity. Little wonder if after five years of such continued adorahe was rather bored at being compelled to wait in a narrow cell which was dignified by the name of reception room. A feeling of relief came to him as he heard footsteps in the corridor without. One would fancy that the handsome face took on a smile, if the singer could I'm glad you've waked up at smile in such environments. arose to his feet and waited for the Have you been here all the Sister to appear. His scenes of simulated passion.

A tall beautiful woman in garb of a Little Sister of the Poor

stood in the doorway.
"John!" They clasp each other's hands. Tears were in the eyes of the great tenor. He was not sneering now, nor was he acting. The face of the Sister did not change, beyond an increase in its wonted pallor, as she relaxed her clasp of the strong the relaxed her clasp of the proof reproached the relaxed her class of the poor reproached the relaxed her class of the relaxed her cla 'Why, Johnny, what a surprise!"

"Johnny. Great Cæsar! If any-body heard you call me Johnny I'd

enate gallery."

Richard closed his eyes wearily, think I've mistaken my vocation." "I hope not. Yours is to be a good representative layman. How

"Drop it!" Jefferson ran his fingers through his yellow hair until it bristled. "I'd like to tell you a thing or two, if I wasn't afraid you would have a relapse."

"Use our churches?"

Valenta laughed.
"Well, done, Sister. Which means 'Did you go to Mass?"
Candidly, no. Traveled long, tired, slept all last Sunday." slept all last Sunday."
"Do you ever go, John?" Sister
Hildegarde's voice trembled with

emotion.

"To make an open confession—something I have not done in any shape for a long time—no. Oh, it's a long way off, my piety. Art has taken all my time. Feted and flattered I have been obliged to put off all my duties. I'm a bad pill. Sister, so people say, but I never denied my Faith,"

"I hope it isn't that bad, John, but you are near to it."

but you are near to it." She was pained at the indifference of one who to her was not the The idol worshippers who had fallen prostrate before Norman Valenta when, on the opening night best? When he had been a clerk at the box whom a dying mother had confided whom a dying mother had confided best? When he had been a clerk at the box whom a dying mother had she done her best? next day had they seen him ringing as a boy he had had a phenomenal voice, and the after years brought artists seem quite divine.

He stamped his feet impatiently. The biting December air made every moment of delay almost unbearable. Besides, the great Valenta was accustomed to being obeyed promptly, owing to his reputation of being a czar even with his superiors.

At last the door was opened, and a little old Sister stepped aside to let in the visitor.

second sensation by leaving all. and entering the humble quarters of the Little Sisters. From time to the total and without a word, followed Sister Hildegarde to the refectory.

"Here is the check I promised, Sister. Your Christmas box."

"God bless you for this treat total policeman who was jutting something down in his note-book.

"Can you give me that boy's sister. Your Christmas box."

"God bless you for this treat total policeman who was jutting something down in his note-book.

"Can you give me that boy's name?" he asked.

The officer looked up.

"See how it happened?" he asked in turn.

"No," said Hildreth turned to a policeman who was jutting something down in his note-book.

"Can you give me that boy's name?" he asked total promised, Sister. Your Christmas box."

"The officer looked up.

"See how it happened?" he away, and Hildreth turned to a policeman who was jutting something down in his note-book.

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a little old Sister stepped ...

let in the visitor.

"Good morning, Sister. Will you be kind enough to tell Sister Hildegarde I would like to see her?"

It was the tone of a dictator to which the little Sister did not take which the

can talk as we go."
She conducted him through the Institution, made him kneel in the chapel longer than he would have done had he been the guide, and finally brought him back to the reception room. The tenor's joking od had disappeared. He had

been impressed. 'It is a great work, Sister. I do think you are happy, happier than the frivolous women whose sole ambition is to be beautiful and

captivating. I must send you a check for a Christmas present."

"Why not bring it, John? Will you come to sing for the old folks? It will make them—and me—so happy. We haven't been together

bered his invitation for the morrow to society's first family. There flashed before him the vision of handsome women, distinguished men, and he would be the lion of

That decided him. "God bless you, John. It will you feel that you are not entirely bring you a blessing."

He knew the blessing she craved for him, and he was tempted to say "I hope not." Life was sweet. Young and handsome, he was afraid to be too good; time enough when old age came. Till then? He said goodbye, and was soon in his car-riage driving back to the hotel. He was disturbed. He tried to think of the new role in which he was to shine in the evening, but the voice of his Sister dominated all, and made him sorry that he had promto her, begging to be excused. But the voices of the poor reproached him, and he wrote instead to the queen of society a note of regret which greatly disappointed that "All right," he said; "you're lucky, that's all. Run along home and let me alone. I'm poor com-

lose my reputation. Norman Valenta at your pleasure."

"Oh, yes, I forgot. But how did you ever turn John Smith into Norman Valenta?"

"By force of circumstances."

"By force of circumstances."

"By force of circumstances."

"By force of circumstances."

"The Colonel's blooming under all this publicity, You've been a great political asset to the Colonel. You know old Senator Wurth is dead, and be durned if they haven't asked the Colonel to go to Washington and fill out his unexpired term."

Dick turned weakly on his pillow. "Is he going?" he asked. "Going! of course he's going. The Colonel may not agree to what his party demands, but he's got very definite views that the country is going to the bowwows, and he wants to tell a few of the Senators what he thinks of them. I think I'll spend the special parts of the special numble dwelling receives His own will He not also come and make it a New Bethlehem?"

"What a preacher you are, Kitty. If it runs in the family that was I divine, with the stars gleaming, angel voice-singing, angel faces shining, the night of the dear Saviour's birth. He felt it all as he felt everything he sang. It was the reason of his great success, this power to feel, and make others feel, what he expressed. He felt with his audience. felt the poverty of it, all the simplicity of the holy night and the lowiness of Him who came to save. To such as these had

Once he glanced at Sister Hilde-You of the opera, he had been declared home one of the world's greatest tenors, in making him attend to his duties would have been astounded the but then that fatal voice! Even but then that fatal voice! Even certed him, and he nearly stopped cinging in his efforts to keep back. singing, in his efforts to keep back the tears. He sang for an hour, all the old hymns, the old melodies. He had never been happier. The joy of his audience communicated itself to him. Surely Norman

there was a tremor in his voice, "you have given me everything. You have made me realize what faith and life are. He came to me in those little hymns, and I must receive Him. It is not a Christmas

like the old ones?"
Sister Hildegarde bowed her head, not trusting herself to speak. Her heart was filled with the peace which is not of earth, for Christ had come again and in the soul of

HILDRETH'S XMAS DEBT

Hildreth climbed the steps of the club wearily, gave his overcoat and hat to an attendant and walked into

and talk to me.

wife and the kids and all that, but There if there is one day in the year which Dugan had been assigned a private loathe more than another it is Christmas Day. That's when you realize what alone in New York face with its look of evident suffer-

all. The alternative was a great all the great all th on hastily. "I did not mean to say that. Come around tomorrow and 'I will come tomorrow," he said. dine with us and we'll try to make

alone."
"Much obliged, but I can't do it,"
said Hildreth. "It's the day which two or three of us take for hating ourselves and each other, so we dine here together aud usually end up in a row.

"Pretty poor plan, I should think," said Graham; "but suit yourself. Alice and I will be glad to see you if you change your mind. Well, I must be going. Stockings and things to be fixed for the children you know. Confound it ald dren, you know. Confound it, old man!" he broke in as he saw a quick change come over his friend's face, I did not mean to rub it in again.

I did not mean to lus ... Hildreth put out his hand. Hildreth put out his hand. "you're pany tonight.

Left to himself Hildreth looked over the papers, dined, and refusing to take a hand at bridge, called for his coat and hat and went out into "By force of circumstances, Kitty. I'll let you call me Johnny on condition that you let me call you Kitty. That's what knew you by before you took that fairy tale of a name you have now. Imagine a plain John Smith as one of the world's great tenors! Prepostera plain John Smith as one of the world's great tenors! Preposterous! But to you I'm the same little brother you used to cuff so often when he persisted in waking up his poor, sick mother! She's dead eighteen years this Christdead eighteen years the mas."
"You don't forget, John. Yet you were young, then, and you've been away from home so:long."
"Merry Christmas! Sister, ne said joyously.
"I wish you many, John, I'm so glad you came. The old folks are so glad you came. The old folks are said long."
"Merry Christmas! Sister, ne of society and the attentions of other men were naturally pleasing to her. He had demanded too much and he had demanded it at unreason-to breaking over his face, "that's the breaking over his face, "that's the long."

came to save. To such as these had Christ come, not to the frivolous, proud, the worshippers of the world.

The old faces beamed as the overpowering voice greeted them. It seemed like the heavenly voices of the first Christmas. It thrilled the old bodies now nearing dissolution, the first Christmas. It thrifted the old bodies now nearing dissolution, and brought the soul beaming to their eyes. "God bless you!" was the murmur that came to Valenta as he finished his song. Was it not better than the smiles, the buzzas, the thundering shedilt of those who would despise the same to a quick stop, and as Hildreth reached the curb he saw beneath the wheels a small crumpled form, while a white-faced chauffeur was protesting that it was not his fault. Ready hands plaudits of those who would despise the ability of his present audience to appreciate music? His heart beat more kindly than it ever did before. He sang again, one of the old Christmas hymns of his boyhood. Once he glanced at Sister Hilds pushed his way through the

What followed seemed to Hildreth very business-like and strangely lacking in feeling, yet, as he watched, he had to admit that these men knew what to do better than he did. In a short time the boy was in an ambulance on the way to the hospital, and the driver of the car Valenta was on the way to lose his under arrest on the way to the station-house. The crowd melted station-house. reputation as a czar.

He finished, arose from his seat, and without a word, followed Sister and without a word, followed Sister

Christmas Eve, you know, and besides I owe him a quarter."

"His name's Johnny Dugan and he says he hasn't any folks," said the officer, glancing at Hildreth.
"There's a lot like him. You'll find him at the hospital tomorrow if you want to. His leg's broke."

Hildreth thanked him and passed on. It was nonsense, he knew, but he could not help feeling that he had come again and in the soul of the great tenor had found a new Bethlehem.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt.

Bethlehem.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt.

Bethlehem.—Rev. Hugh F. Blunt. felt that he was entitled to his

quarter. When Hildreth awoke the next morning it was with the feeling that he had something of importance on hand. Then he smiled bitterly as he realized that all he had before him for the day was the the reading room.
"Merry Christmas!" called his friend Graham. "Come over here and talk to me."

had before min for the day was b Hildreth dropped into a vacant breakfast he walked over to the happy. We haven't been together on Christmas for ten years. It ay be the last.

Valenta hesitated. He remember together on Christmas for ten years. It ay be the last.

Valenta hesitated. He remember together on Christmas for ten years. It ay be the last.

Valenta hesitated. He remember together on Christmas for ten years and picked up a newspaper. 'Merry nothing!' he said. 'It's but, as it happened, the children's last here was not an hour when hospital. It was not an hour when hospital. It was not an hour when hospital. It was not an hour when hospital i but, as it happened, the children's ward was overcrowded, and Johnny

room, where he lay in solitary state ing, a great wave of pity surged over him. The boy was so young and so little—he could not have been more than ten—and he was so alone on this Christmas Day.

"Well, old man," he said kindly. 'how are you feeling this morn-

Pretty bum," answered the boy, glancing at Hildreth shrewdly Who you from-the insurance won't sign nothin' till I see me awyer. He run me down and broke me leg, an' some one'll have to pay

Hildreth smiled at this evidence

of worldly wisdom. I'm not from the insurance," he and; "I'm a lawyer, but I didn't come to talk that sort of business with you today. Don't you remember wishing me a Merry Christmas last night just before you were hurt'

The boy shook his head. "You ain't one of my reg'lars," he answered, "an' I wished a lot of folks Merry Christmas yesterday."
"Well," said Hildreth, "you did, and I had turned back to give you

something, but it was too late, and I felt sorry and made up my mind to look you up today.' "What was yer goin' to give me?" said the boy eagerly, alert

for any material gain. "Why, what do you usually get under the circumstances?" asked

Hildreth. 'Sometimes they buy a paper an give me a nickel and sometimes it's dime," said the boy. feller give me a quarter, but he was crazy. Wish't there was more like him," he added regretfully. like him," he added regretfully.

As Hildreth did not care to be class

catalogued in the "quarter" cli-he produced a new silver dollar. "How about that?" he asked.

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