## A HAUNTING MELODY



"We haven't a brass farthing nor who wor'h of one in the whole wide world," said han, revelling in the picture she was drawing with such exaggerated emphasis of her own and her father's destitution.

She settled herself more confortably on the stile, drawing her fur-edged clock closely around her, and the man to whom the spoke thought that this

to whom the spoke thought that this was certainly the very prottiest as well as the most candid young woman it had ever been his lot to meet.

The crisp November air, with its bot of frost, had brought a glow of wor to the fair paleness of her checks.

"But how in earth do you manage," he stammered, vaguely sympathetic and distarbed.

"Oh, we get along somehow," replied Nan airily, "and up to the present we have not been reduced to beg, borrow or steal. That will come later, I expect. You can't langing how easy it is to live on nothing a year, Lord (Ventamount."

is to live on nothing a year, not Wentramount."

"I don't quite understand," he contined. "Has your father lost money dately, or—"

"No; ave have always been poor, said Nan, "as long as I can remember, and each year father makes a dittle dess. He is a writer, you know, and an authority on some scientific matters that he dabbles in. So each year we descend a little lower in the scale. He saw the advertisement for this house of yours, and it was the cheapest thing the could hear of, and so he took it. I had never been to Ireland Sectore, but I like it—yes, I dike it very well," she added graciously.

"I am kelad you like it," said Lord Vergamount gravely, "I am sorry to say I don't care for it at a l, and I only live here six mouths out of the twelve because I think it is my duty."

"Ell me," baid Nan, "why do you."

"Tell me," said Nan, "why do you sty this delightful old house to us for such a mere song t There must be some reason."

"There is," the assented, "but I would the well fell it to you."

"There is," the assented, "but I would rather not tell it to you."

She insisted, so he went on;—

"The house belonged to an eccentric cousin of my father. He lived a long life, a sort of hermit dife; and the country people declared he had sold himself to the devil; that is all. There is a kind of an idea that the place is uneany, and, as it had been standing empty a long time, I thought it best to let it go at a nominal rental."

She wars gezing anto the distance, a

Sho was gazing into the distance, a

minal retical.

She was gazing anto the distance, a rapt, dreamy look in her eyes.

"How strange," she said musingly.

"A lonely old men. Living and the sing of the little turker room." She broke off suddenly, a flash of excitement soming into her face. "Was he a musician, Lord Verramount 1 Did he love music as 1 do?"

"I believe he was," Verramound answered slowly, studying the varied expression of her face. "I never knew him empself, but I have heard the was a violin player of no mean tability. Do you dove music, then, Miss Kilmexpace, the light was goulove music, then, Miss Kilmexpace, the light was goulove music, then, Miss Kilmexpace, the light was a moment.

you dove music, then, bies kinneyact She did not answer for a momant, but w rose flush deeponed on her face, and her lips parted in a kind of ecs-

and her lips parted in a kind of cestasy.

"Love it? I adore it!" she said softly. "I could play all day and all right. My great est ambtion is to play some day to thousands of peoble"—she waved ber hands as though ndicating a crowded assembly—"on genuine Stradivarl. To carry them iway with me, to make them forget themselves, forget time, place—everything but the music. It would be heavenly."

"May it come and hear you play onciday i" de asked quietly."

"May & come and hear yet yet a stay !" the asked quietly. " "Of course, if you care to," said Nan, descending to earth. "I must be going now. Dad will be waiting for his tea. Goodsbye."

And with a careless word she had

ttea. Good bye."
And with a careless word she had jumped lightly down from the stile

and was gone.
"A singular girl," thought Verramount 'as he watched her cross the
field that intervened between him and

mount as he watered her of the state field that intervened between him and Ballylough. "A very interesting & will plucky, too, I should think."

I And so thinking of her he went homeward to Mount Regal, where his mother had imposed on him the duties of host to a houseful of relations for the ishooting season. For some days he was too busy to tall on his temants at Ballylough, but at last one offternoon in the deepning twilight he found himself riding up the avenue, Half way hip is ensuntered old Mi. Kilmayne, who istopled at sight of him, saying:

Half may the the condition of this, saying:

"I must ask you to excuse my not thing, saying:

"I must ask you to excuse my not thriving back with you, but I have an Emportant letter to post, and our only servant is out for the afternoon. My daughter will be pleased to welcome you, and I shall hope to get back before your visit is over, You will find her in the little turrer room."

The house beemed strangely gloomy and despated as Lord Verramount made his way through the wide old hall and up the dark stains to the little octagonal room midway in the further and tapped at the door for permission to enter.

"What a donely life for her," he thought removeduly, comparing the warmth and lightness of Mount Relyal, with its many guests, to this silent, cold home.

There was no answer to his repeated, throcks, and on opening the door and Booking in the thought st first the

There was no answer to his repeated anseeks, and on opening the door and hooking in the thought at first the from was empty, until the tirelight glow revealed to him Nam's sleeping figure in an armedair. She had fallen saleep while she was playing her wholin apparently, and even his entrance had not roused her, nor tild she stir when he softly spoke her name, and at last he gently touched the hand that held the violin. Then she sighed and ovoke.

wind wolke.
"Your father told me I might come
"Your father told me I might come
in and kind you," he said apologeticaliy. "I am so corry to disturb you,

Miss Kilmolyne. will will for a moment, as She soft bill for a mone other sound

"It was a dream, then," she said at light; "the most beautiful dream I

there ever had. Do you know, d.ord Verramount, if thought that an old man, so old and bunt and withered— I can see him now—stood where you bein see han now-stood write you are, and that he was playing the most exquisite tune I have ever imagined, something so perfect, so ideal, so entranoing, that I despaired of ever harming it. Oh, if I could only remained the What was it!"

She stood up and played a few bars, then stopped, tried again and finally ladd uside her violin with an impatient

"I shall mover get it," she said. "I don't believe flumean hands ever played such a symphony as that. It is only in draams one finds perfection."

in dreams one finds perfection."
Then, daughing at her own rhapsodaes, she dit the lamp and, tremembering the rules of hospitality, insisted on making some tea for her guest. Nan herself, the dream all dispelled, was laughing at his enthusiasm, and when her father returned from has walk and joined them a fellow feeling was established between Vergamount and his death of the resulting that the same than th

reamount and his tenants that would have taken months of more conven-donal intimacy to dovelop.

Indeed, it seemed to Verramount what he left them that he had never Seen so well entertained, and he found himself hankering constantly during the klays that followed for the informal gayety of the little turret informal gayety of the little turret froom tea party, instead of the gathering at Mount Regal, where his mother, proud of a long line of ancestry, kept up an amount of state that bored him to extinction.

"Why don't you go and call on the Kilmaynes?" he ventured to say one day. "You might ask them over there sometimes, if they would come."

"My dear loy," said the dowager with her usual decision, "those impossible people."

sible people."
"What is there against them!" demanded her son, with some warmth.
"The father is a gentleman and a
scholar; the daughter is—"
"I am indifferent to what they are

"I am indifferent to what they are or are not," interrupted Lady Verramount ruthlessly. "Their circumstances do not permit them to entertain or go into society; therefore it would be quite useless my adding them to an overcrowded visiting list." And Lord Verramount Lnew has mother too well to argue the apatter further. The facts of Nan's beauty and ineligibility combined had been quite sufficient to prejudice Lady Verramount's worldly nature against her. But her opposition rather increased than dampened her own molinations to go to Ballylough, and soon his appearance at iteatime grew to be almost pearance at iteatime grew to be almost a daily event, to which Nan found herself looking forward as the one ray of brightness in an otherwise very shall life.

Presents of going and fruit and flowers found their way, too, from Mount Regal; new songs and magazines for Nan, new books for Mr. Kilmayne, In this of distractions, Nan seemed to droop and fade as the winter progressed. The pretty color no longer flashed into her cheek, and the animation in voice and manner failed day by day, while there come at times a singularly strained look into her face as though she were listening to some far-off sound.

dar-olf sound.

Her father, absorbed in study and working against time for money that was spent before it came, failed it notice these signs in her, but Verramount saw them very plainly and wondered what the reason could be. One day the learned it. He had run in on his way home from shooting and guided by the sound of Nag's violin, had gone straight up to the turret zoom to find her. She was playing a few notes over and over tagain with

guided by the sound of Najis riolin, had gone straight up to the turret, 200m to find her. She was playing a few notes over and over tagain with wearisone iteration, and when he entered and she laid her violin down to greet him he saw that her lips were quivering and her eyes full, of tears.

"What is it, Nan;" he said involuntarily and calling her by her Christian name in his distress.

"It is mothing," she faltered. "It is only"—She broke off and then hurst into passionate tears. "I shall never find it out!" she sobbed. "Never! it, hunds me always, by hight and by day. Sometimes in my dreams I can even play bome of it, but twhen I wake it is gone—gone. When I am away from this from I am restless to come back to it. I feel that the tune is here, within these walls, and that nowhere else will it come to me. Yet when I am here it still evades me. And now we are going away, and I shall lose the chance of it forever."

"Going away," he echoed blankly. "When—and why?"

"Father must go to London," she shid. "Some literary business of his

"Going away," he echoed blankly.
"When-and why?"
"Father must go to London," she said. "Some literary business of his has gone wrong, and he must be there to look after it, and I have made up my mind to try to earn some money. It is not fair he should did all the work. I shai try to get into a ladies' string hard as first violin. Father is going to ask you to release him from' the remainder of our tenancy."

"Of course, I shall be delighted," said Verram-unt, with patent insincerity, while he was rapidly revolving in his mired the various excuses he might offer to his mother for a visit to town. He would have liked to sternly refuse Mr. Kilmayne's request about Hallylough. Nevertheless, when the latter, coming in to tea, approached the subject, he found himself reluctantly acceding, compelled by courtery, to disguise his real feelings.

That sight a strange thing happened. Nan, pursued in her sleep down to the turret room, and, wafeing there all alone in the dark, fainted with terror. In the morning, when she was found lying there, cold and insensible, they thought she was dead, but with remewed animation came fever, and for days she was very itl and went, near to dying, while in her elicium whe containtly raved of the mēlody that had come to her only te mook her with its beauty and pathos and then

constantly raved of the melody that had come to her only to mook her with its beauty and pathos and then to leave her memory a blank. At last the critical moment passed when the fever left her, though the resulting weakness threatened to take the little life that remained to her. "Father," she said, faintly, "I want

to be carried down to the turret room. I must hear the tune again before I die."

In van he reasoned with her, entreated her to res, for extrong, to mut the thought of this dream out of her head.

her head.

She would not be appeased until she gamed her own way and had been dressed and outried down to the sofa in the little room she had learned to love so well. She lay there contentedly for some time; then prosently rising, she brossed the room, with feeble, faltering sheps to the armehair. "It was here that the dream first came to me," she said. "I wonder if Lord Verramount would give me this chair if I asked him?"

"You need not wonder." said a voice

"You need not wonder," said a voice at the stoor. "The chark is yours from this moment.

"I am so glad to see you down again," he continued. "I have missed you ". thorribly."

thorribly."
"Have you? And will you really give me it is chair? I have always liked it so much. There is something so restful about it. I have often wondered why it had this quaint old tapesty at the back, and whether some fair lady worked it for her own true inv."

As she spoke she noticed that the edge of the oval panel projected on one side more than on the other, and pressed it lightly into place. To her satiprise, it fell forward, and behind it, in the hollow of the chair, lay something wrapped in a ted silk handkerchief.

"Why, what is this?' she said wonderingly. "The chair is a casket,

deringly. "The chair is a casket, Lord Verramount, and contains a

deringly. "The clair is a casket, Lord Verramount, and contains a treasure."

And then she gave a little bry of amazed delight, for as she drew the wrapper away there lay in her hands a violin of exquisite shape and work-workmanship, with the magic name of Stradivari inscribed on it, and the date 1727. She stared at it, breathless, fascinated; then, lifting it, drew the bow softly across the strings, tuned them and began to play.

Slowly, then gradually with more confidence and swaftness, she played antill the room was filled with strains so enchanting that it seemed as though the very essence of all harmory dad been imprisoned within the hidden violin and was exulting in its new liberty.

Lord Verramount watched her spell-bound, scarcely able to believe his senses at this extraordinary change. Not till the last sweet note thad trempted into silence did Nan's rapt Ex-

senses at this extraordinary changes. Not aill the last sweet note dual trembled into silence did Nan's rapt Expression change or her nervous fingers relax their hold of the bow. Then stretching out her hand to him, she

"It is found; it has come back! I gemember frow every note of it. It must have been played on this violin the a master hand, I am sure of it. Parhaps by Str-divari himself. Ah, but"—her look changed suddenly—"the violin is yours, Lord Verramount. It must have belonged to the old anan, your cousin. Perhaps, he, too, spent his life trying to rememben the tune, and that was why the people called him mad. You must take it."
"The violin is yours," said Verramount quickly. "I gave you the chair, with no reservations. I ask of you only one favor in return—that you may be surong enough to fulfit your ambition and play as you have played to-oright to hundreds of people."
The effect he had counted on rewarded him; the life and light flowed back into Nan's pale face as she murmured; "To play on this exquisite violinit would be splendid. I must live for that."

And she tid. Non had she to wait "It is found; it has come back!

It would be splendid. I must live for that."
And she did. Non had she to wait very long, for the success which had been her, heart's desire.
The commance of the Ballylough violin and of the wonderful melody which had come to Miss Kilmayne with it as an inapiration was talked about all sven the country, and an enterprising concert manager at Dublin invitedher to perform there as a new "star."

Then came Nan's hour of triumph. (There was a hush of momentary silty sence when she finished her "Spirit Song," and then the whole audience mose to applaud her. When, flushed and spankling, she returned at last to the artists' room, Lord Verramount was the first to clasp her hand.
"Nan," he said, his voice vibrating with the love he had so long repressed. "I want you to iet me bring my snother here and introduce her to you. She is among your audience, and she wiched to make up for the time she

She is among your audience, and she wished to make up for the time she has lost in making your acquaint-

Man did not answer. Her heart was too full for words. But as sheirais-ed her, glad eyes to his, he whispered under his breath;—

under this breath;—
"She is going to ask you to visit us,
Nan; say, yes, for my rake. I, want
you at Mount Regal—always."
And Nan, whispering sof by said, "I'll
exme."—Penny Flotorial Magazine.

"DOOLEY'S' VI'SIT TO THE POPE.

Icondon, April 19.—Afr. F. P. Dunne, of Chicago (Mr. Dooley) will sail for America on Arivil 27. He said that when the saw the Pope, on Palm Sunday, the Pontiff looked remarkably well. "He's just beautiful," said Mr. Dunne: "It was a small, special nudience. flis Holiness falked to me for perhaps ten minutes. His conversation was full of humor and sympathy. He expressed his deep love for lamerica and its people, and evinced the keenest thereest in and cognizance of the fatest developments in our country. When the audience came to an end, and the Pope pronounced the kenedistion, this voice rang out clear had strong, like that of a man of twenty. After seeing this marvellous head of the Church, one could easily afford to the colurers and ill-health."

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A TWISTER.

The highly curious poetico: quotation which Dr. Johnson affixed to the word Twister in his large English Dictionary is well-known, but its origin probably few are acquainted with—at feast it has, no doubt, been long since forgotten. The following is said to be the origin of it. A French author wrote the following four lines as a specimen of the fluerey and co-pousaies of expression in his native language, which, being produced as such to an English gentleman accussioned to authorship, he translated them finto English, and further added eight more lines on the same subject, shwoing thereby that the English was nothing inferior to the French language, bur rather afforded greater wariety of expression;—

Quand un cordeur, cordant, yeut cor-

Quand un cordeur, cordant, veut corder una corde, Pour by corde corder, trols cordons il

accorde: Mais, bi un des cordons de la corde de-

code Le cordon decordant fait decorder la

Translation.

When a twister, a twisting, will twist him a twist.

For twisting his twist, he three twines doth tutwist;

Bud & one of the twines of thetw ist Translation.

does untwist. The twine that untwisteth untwisteth

Addition, Untwisting the twine that untwisteth

between, He thwirls with his twister the two in a twain;
Then then twice having twisted the twists of the twine,
He atwisteth the twine he had twist-

ed in twain. The thwain that in twining before in

the twine,
As twines were intwisted, he now doth un(twine ;

Twixt the twin intertwisting a twine more between, twirling the twister, makes a twist of the twine.

DEVASTATION RULES SOUTH AFRICA.

In a dong despatch to Mr Chamber-lain, on the eve of his weturn try England for three months' rest, Sir Mired Milner declares; "It is no use demying that the last half-year has been one of retrogression. Seven anouths ago this colony was perfetly quiet, at least as far as the Orange River Colony was rapidly se ting down, and even a considerable pertion of the Transvaal, notably the south-western districts seemed to have definitely accepted British authority and to rejoice at the opportunity to accurate to orderly gove, sunet and the apartsults of peace. To-day the scene as completely altered. It would be superfluous to dwell on the increase of Cosses to the country caused by the form which it has recently assumed. The fact that the enemy are now broken up into a great number of small parties, riding in every direction, and that our troops are similarly broken up into a great number of small parties, riding in every direction, and that our troops are similarly broken up in their pursuit, makes the area of actual fighting and consequently of destruption thuch wider than would be the case in a conflict between equal numbers operating in large masses. Moreover, the fight is now mainly over supplies. The Boors live entirely on the country through which they pass, not only taking all the food they can lay their hands on In a dong despatch to Mr Chambernow mainly over supplies. The Boers live entirely on the country through which they pass, not only taking all the food they can lay their hands on but footing the small village stores of clothes, boots, coffee and sugar, of which they are in great need. Our dorces are compelled to denude the country of everything movable, in order to frustrate these tactics of the country. The floss of cnops and stock is more serious to the Boers," continues Sir talfred Milner, "than farm burning, of which so much has been heard. I say this not at all as an advocate of each destruction. I am glad to thick the measure is now seldom, if ever, tesorted to." Sir Alfred Milner considers that, the inexpensive character of the farm buildings is a comparatively small item in the total damage caused.

Sir 'alfred points out that the damage to the mines is not great relative-lay to the darne amount of vapital sunk

Sir 'Alfred points out that the damage to the mines is not great relative-dy to the darge amount of capital sunk in them, one mine having been damaged to the extent of £200,000. "South Africans are sick anto death of the war." the says, "but are prepared to suffer in order to make South africa indisputably one country, index one indisputably one country, under one diag." He believes that the young country will recuperate in a few years when the war is over.

HODGE'S BRIBE.

HODGE'S BRIBE.

The London Outlook jells an election petition story which, if nut true, is at least "ben trovato." A peti, son was being tried, and a witness was called to prove bribery. "Oar of the gentlemen says to me, says he, 'Hodge, you must vote for the Tories.'" "And what did you answer to that?" "Well, says I, 'how much?" "And what did the ugent say?" "He didn't say nothin.' Then tother gentleman comes to me and says, 'You must rote for the Liberals, Hodge,'" "And what did you answer?" "I said, 'How much?" "So he arst me what t'other gent offered, and I told him five shillings." "And what did the Liberal agent do?" "Ho give me iten." Counstants the other side. "Did you vote for the Liberals?" "No." "Did you vote for the Tories?" "No." I hain't got w vote."

The shadows of the nond are like those of the body. In the morning of flife they all lie behind us; at noon we trample them under foot; and in the evening they stretch long, broad and deepening before us.

Man's own youth is the world's youth; at least be feels as it it were, and fanagine's that the earth's grante substance is something not yet hardened, and which he can mould into whatever shape he likes.

Real struggling is itself real living.

ever blance he likes.

Real atruggling is itself real living, and an ennobling thing of this earth is ever to be had by man on anyother terms; he seaching him that any Divine and is to be reached but, through Divine means, that a great work requires a great preparation.

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