

The Tangle of Fate

A cloudy mist was rising from the water. She could not see very clearly, but with palpitating heart and straining gaze, she continued to look down, murmuring the while:

"Are you coming to greet me, my own true love?"

"My darling!" murmured a voice in reply.

And out of the silvery mist suddenly rose a smiling and handsome face.

"Miles Westland!" cried Bonnie, in a voice of acute disappointment and despair, and so great was the shock of seeing his face that she fell backward from the window, fainting, and lay in a little white heap upon the rickety mill floor.

When her eyes opened a few minutes later that face was bending over her with passionate love in its great dark eyes.

"Bonnie, Bonnie, I am your fate," murmured a low, triumphant voice, but she shrank from him, moaning, faintly:

"No, oh, no! I do not love you."

Miles Westland put his arm around Bonnie, and lifted her to a sitting position, answering, as he did so:

"Love will come, dearest. You cannot gainsay the fates that sent you here to meet me to-night. You must be my bride."

Never before had Bonnie feared the young schoolmaster. She had laughed at him, derided him every day, but something in his eyes, his stern command and his magnetic eyes frightened her now and she struggled to draw her little white hand from his burning clasp.

"Let me go, Miles Westland! I hate you!" she sobbed, in hysterical distress; but he laughed loud and triumphantly.

"Never shall you go," he answered, determinedly. "The witches and fairies that rule the destinies of lovers on Hel-love have given you to me, my sweet, and I will never give you up again. To-night you shall be my bride."

"Let me go home to papa. He—will punish you for trying to frighten me," she sobbed again, shivering under the influence of some indefinable fear.

"Poor little one, she is frightened," said another voice.

Bonnie looked up quickly, and saw a stranger by her side, a mysterious bearded stranger, with a dark slouch hat drawn down over his brow.

"Who are you?" she exclaimed.

"I am the minister who sent the fairies to wed you to your lover, my dear," was the answer in a soothing tone.

She shrieked aloud, but Miles Westland put a firm hand over her mouth, and the stranger continued:

"There is no use fighting against your destiny, child. You dated your fate in coming to this lonely spot at this hour when witches and fairies throng the earth on their missions of good or evil to men. Be a good child, and accept the husband I have provided you. I am here to join your fate to his, and to wish you a happy future."

She gazed at him with dazed eyes full of unutterable horror, but Miles Westland said, sternly, authoritatively:

"Come, Bonnie, stand up by my side. The ring is all ready. Give me your hand."

Frantically she tried to wrest it from his iron grasp.

"I cannot marry you. Papa would not like it. I must go home and ask him first."

"You will never see your home nor your father again unless you become my bride to-night, sweet Bonnie," cried Miles Westland, and the girl felt the cold ring of a revolver pressed against her temple. He was mad for love of her, this Miles Westland, whom she had thought so calm and indifferent, and unless she married him he would kill her. Then he would throw her dead body into the deep, dark pool, and no one would ever know what had become of her, of pretty Bonnie whom everybody loved so well.

"Hamilton would tell how he had left her pretty and smiling at the farm house door, and no one would ever guess that she had been tempted to go to the haunted mill to try her fortune, and that here she had been murdered by a lover who had gone mad for love of her smiling face. All this rushed over Bonnie as the cold steel pressed her white temple, and she muttered fearfully to the mysterious minister:

"You will not let him murder me, will you?"

"He is stronger than I am, and I can not help it if you provoke him to it," was the cool reply. "But come, this is all nonsense, and if you are going to marry him, say so, or else I am going away from here and leave you to your fate."

"Your fate! What a terrible sound those words had in Bonnie's ears. She looked around at her implacable lover. He looked dogged and determined; he still held the little revolver grasped in his hand. At her wistful look, he said, imploringly:

"Bonnie, for heaven's sake, don't look at me so. I'm determined to have you for my wife, but if you'll go through the marriage ceremony with me now I swear to you I won't claim you yet. I won't ask you to live with me until I have taught you to love me!"

"That will never be," she answered, with a shudder of loathing.

The mysterious minister shrugged his shoulders.

"I'm going," he said. "I'm tired of all this nonsense. Young man, if you do kill her, I advise you to throw the body into the pool so you will never be found out."

"Don't go," cried Miles Westland, imploringly. He shook Bonnie, impatiently. "You've got to marry me or die, my girl," he said, roughly. "Take your choice, quick."

He held the deadly little weapon straight in front of her agonized white face. She shrank back, terrified and would have fallen but for the arm he threw about her nervous form.

"Will you marry me?" Say quick!" cried this mad lover.

"Yes," she said despairingly.

"All right. Go on, person," and Bonnie, hanging on his arm more dead than alive, heard some mumbled words that sounded to her like the tramp of doom. A great lump rose into her throat, half-choking her as she tried to repeat the words she exacted of her, the solemn, terrible, "I will."

Miles Westland slipped a golden circlet on her limp finger, and the minister said, in deep tones:

"I pronounce you man and wife!"

Then Bonnie seemed to come to herself all alone for a moment in the old mill, with the strange shadows of the

moonlight lying here and there in the bed's corners.

"Thank heaven, I dreamed it all," she murmured, as she struggled to her feet, and passed her little hand dizzily across her brow.

But a step sounded close to her side, and Miles Westland clasped her hand in one that was hot and burning.

"No, you did not dream, Bonnie; it is all true, but you fainted when I put the ring on your hand, and I laid you down a moment so that I might settle with the minister. He is gone and we are alone, Bonnie, my darling wife!"

A shudder of cruel despair shook the poor girl, and she wrenched the little gold circlet from her hand and threw it from her far out into the river.

"I am not your wife! Do not dare to call me that! I—I—shall tell papa, and he will make me free of you, you had wretched!" she sobbed, vehemently, and suddenly Miles Westland threw himself beseechingly before her on his knees.

"Oh, Bonnie, don't, don't tell your father yet," he pleaded. "I know I've done a terrible thing, but it was all for the love of you! I worshipped the ground you trod on, and now were so fearful that I loved and hated you by turns—and in one of my maddest moods I planned this thing. I knew, I guessed, that you would come here to try your future as you said your aunt did, so I got ready in secret. I secured a little room, I hired a country clerk, and I bribed a minister—a rough fellow, but yet a minister—and you are truly mine, my wife! Bonnie, my darling, go home to your father, but keep my secret, and let me come to see you and try to win your love! Bonnie, I would die for your sweet love!"

She ran away from him without one word, and he followed, just as she gained the bank, throwing himself in front of her, heedless that his feet crunched on the shelving, crumbling brink. He cried out to her, imploringly:

"Come! Come! do not go without one word of forgiveness! Oh, Bonnie, I did not intend to kill you, I only meant to frighten you into marrying me! Is my sin so great that you never can forgive me? Very well, then, I will leave you—leave you forever! But, Bonnie, my cruel love, I must kiss you once—once long kisses of despair and farewell!"

Horrified, the girl pushed him from her with loathing hands. He staggered, and with a shriek of despair fell backward over the bank.

CHAPTER III.

Bonnie Dale heard Miles Westland's look strike the deep water of the dangerous pool, and shrieked aloud in her remorse and despair:

"Help! Help! Help!"

But no voice answered to her wild cries for assistance. She was utterly alone in that eerie place at that midnight hour; and as the realization of that fact came upon her mind, she ceased shrieking, and throwing herself down on the bank, peered over into the deep water.

"Miles, Miles!" she called, but the murmur of the falls above quite drowned her voice, and she shrieked again, and there was no sign of the man who had knelt to her a moment ago praying for her love, save some widening circles on the glassy pool where his body had gone down.

"Surely he would rise to the surface again. No doubt he could swim. Almost any young man who knew could swim."

She waited in trembling suspense for his reappearance. She did not want him dead, wicked and cruel as he was, for she remembered that it was his touch of her little white hand on his breast as she pushed him from her that had caused him to lose his balance and fall.

"Miles, Miles, I did not mean to push you down, I—I—!" she called out, wildly, but no white face came back to the surface of the pool, no voice replied. He was drowned, he must be drowned.

And following on the horror of that thought came another just as agonizing. People would believe she had pushed Miles Westland over the bank on purpose, if they knew all.

The blood-guiltiness of Miles Westland's murder.

Perhaps—and her heart stood still with horror—they would arrest her, throw her into prison, convict her of murder, and hang her, just because, in her frenzy of terror at his hated kiss, she had pushed him back with her weak white hands.

The instinct of self-preservation sprang into life in the young girl's breast, and she staggered to her feet with a pitiful sob:

"He is dead, but I am not to blame. I will go home, and I will never, never tell."

With a shuddering glance backward at the still pool, beautiful Bonnie Dale fled wildly from the accursed spot, and from that hollow eve, that she had associated with all a young girl's eager hopes, dated all the cruel sorrow that darkened her life's fair morning.

It was growing keenly cold, and the full light of the moon and stars glistened on a world all spangled with glittering hoar frost, but Bonnie heeded nothing as she hurried on except that she was mad with terror lest the dark secret of to-night should ever be found out.

Softly as a spirit she entered the house and was gliding into her room in the dark—the room that she shared with her elder sister.

"I must not wake Imogen. She would ask me about the party, and I cannot talk to-night," she murmured, nervously, as she advanced to the old-fashioned bureau and softly turned up the dim flame of the lowered lamp.

Then, with the instinctive vanity of woman, Bonnie gazed into the mirror, almost expecting to see her face grown old and her hair white after the agony she had experienced.

But, no, the face was as young and lovely, the hair as golden as ever, only the rich rose-blush had faded into deathly palor, and the great velvet dark eyes were dimmed with awe.

"He looks as if I had seen a ghost!" whispered the girl, fearfully, yet gazing on as if fascinated at the exquisite reflection of her own charming face.

But suddenly the expression of her eyes changed to surprise, wonder, and a keen delight, for looking over her shoulder in the mirror Bonnie saw a face.

The face!

Dark blue eyes, smiling lips, curved by the moustache of a Cupid (if Cupid ever wore a moustache), broad white

TIMES PATTERNS.



LADIES' TUCKED SHIRTWAIST.
No. 8323.—A simple tucked shirtwaist is always well liked. The one here illustrated is made with two tucks over the shoulders. The model is easily made and always smart for wear with a coat, suit or separate skirt. It requires no trimming, but may be made in a combination of materials. Chiffon cloth, voile, cashmere, soft silk or light-weight satin may be used for its development. The pattern is cut in 6 sizes, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40 and 42 inches bust measure and requires 3 1/2 yards of 27-inch material or the 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration will be mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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A great many young men and women are suddenly seized with weakness. Their appetite fails them; they tire on the least exertion, and become pale and thin. They do not feel and specific pain—just weakness. But that weakness is dangerous. It is a sign that the blood is thin and watery; that it needs building up. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will restore lost strength because they actually make new, rich blood—they will help you.

Concerning them Mr. Alfred LePage, of St. Joseph, Mo., says: "For several years I have been employed in a grocery and up to the age of seventeen I had always enjoyed the best of health. But suddenly my strength began to leave me. I grew pale, thin and extremely weak. Our family doctor ordered a complete rest and advised me to remain out of doors as much as possible, so I went to spend several weeks with an uncle who lived in the Laurentides. I was in the hope that the bracing mountain air would help me, but it didn't, and I returned home in a deplorable state. I was subject to dizziness, indigestion and general weakness. One day I read of a case very similar to my own cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to give them a trial. After taking four boxes of the pills I felt greatly improved, so continued their use for some time longer and they fully cured me. I am now able to go about my work as well as ever I did and have nothing but the greatest praise for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The blood—good blood—is the secret of health. If the blood is not pure the body becomes diseased or the nerves shattered. Keep the blood pure and disease cannot exist. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make rich, red blood—that is why they cure anemia, rheumatism, indigestion, headache, backache, kidney trouble and the secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by all medicine dealers or by mail from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

KIERAN ARRESTED.

Head of Fidelity Funding Co. Accused of Larceny.

New York, Jan. 26.—Patrick J. Kieran, the promoter and head of the Fidelity Funding Company, 47 Broadway, who on January 18th gave himself up to the police at Pittsburgh, where he was wanted to answer a charge of larceny, was arrested to-day. He was locked up at police headquarters. A few hours later he was released under instructions from Pittsburgh. Kieran was arrested in his apartments in the Devonshire Hotel.

The police said after the release of Kieran that they acted in accordance with a request made to them by Chief of Police McQuade, of Pittsburgh, on December 8 and that, though Kieran has surrendered in that city, no official termination of the request to arrest had been received here.

When Kieran left police headquarters he was served with an order by Justice Erlanger, commanding him to appear on January 29, to be examined in the matter of the Fidelity Funding Company.

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Suddenly stricken while walking up Yonge street Toronto, last evening Matthew Thurston, aged 24, of 57 Devon street, fell and expired a few minutes later. Thurston, who was a cutter in the T. Eaton Company's employ, had been bowling during the afternoon, and it is thought that his heart became overtaxed.

PUBLICATION OF TREATIES.

Mr. Borden Raises an Interesting Question in the House.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier Agrees With Opposition Leader.

Intercolonial Railway—No Patronage List Now.

Ottawa, Jan. 26.—Why should the people of Canada be kept in ignorance of the treaties made with the United States, because of a diplomatic tradition which demands that they should be first ratified by his Majesty the King?

This in effect was the plain question addressed by Mr. Borden to the Prime Minister in the House of Commons this afternoon. The leader of the Opposition had already asked for information regarding the waterways and fisheries treaties, recently concluded, and apparently was not satisfied that the delay in making their terms public was altogether justifiable. He pointed out that in the United States a treaty became public property as soon as it came before the Senate, and when it affected Canada he did not see why it should not at the same time be placed before the Dominion Parliament.

THE PREMIER'S STATEMENT.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier said his impression was that when a treaty was communicated to the United States Senate it was not communicated to the House of Representatives. On that point, however, he was subject to correction. According to British traditions the treaty-making power lay with the King, and a treaty was not communicated to Parliament until it had been ratified by the King. That was the etiquette of the British system, and that was the only reason, so far as he knew, for the inconvenience to which the leader of the Opposition had referred. In Canada, of course, they followed the traditions of the British diplomacy, and until a treaty had been ratified by the King it could not be laid before Parliament.

Mr. Borden said he was quite familiar with the custom, "but," he proceeded, "where we are dealing with the United States, and where treaties are not binding upon them until ratified by their Senate, I think it might be worth while considering whether or not our treaties dealing with important subjects should not have a similar clause, to the effect that they should not become binding upon his Majesty until they have been ratified by the Parliament of Canada."

Sir Wilfrid Laurier—I have no objection to take to the suggestion of my hon. friend. I am disposed to agree with him in everything he says. I would go further, however. I see no reason why the moment a treaty is signed by the parties at the conference it should not be given to the public, even before it is ratified by his Majesty the King. In the present case the treaty has been signed but we have not yet got an official copy of it.

THE REMAINDER of a session which lasted only fifty minutes was occupied by questions and motions.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier informed Mr. Foster that the cost of the Casels commission was \$14,987, which included payments of \$4,000 each to counsel Messrs. Watson and Perron. The Prime Minister also stated that supplies for the Marine and Fisheries Department were now purchased through purchasing agents without regard to the patronage list.

Mr. Borden asked whether the Government had received any offer or proposal, informal or otherwise, for the sale or leasing of the Intercolonial Railway.

"An offer was received," replied Hon. Mr. Graham, "but it was marked private, and was not considered by the Government."

Also replying to Mr. Borden, the Minister of Railways stated that the engineers who had been engaged to inspect the Quebec bridge had not yet completed their plans, and that the estimates for rebuilding the structure could not be prepared until these were ready, which, he thought, would not be until some time before the end of the year.

INTERCOLONIAL EARNINGS.

Answering Mr. Foster, Hon. Mr. Graham stated that earnings on the Intercolonial Railway from April to December, 1907, were \$6,439,174, and from April to December, 1908, \$5,976,433. Expenditure for the same periods was, in 1907, \$6,063,007, and in 1908, \$6,313,732. On the Prince Edward Island Railway the earnings were from April to December, 1907, \$245,104, and from April to December, 1908, \$253,829. Expenditures for the same periods were \$306,210 and \$308,588.

Hon. Mr. Pugsley informed Mr. Lennox that the Government had taken no action to recover \$39,943 from George McAvity and C. S. Mays, in connection with a dredging contract. "Tenders were called for in the ordinary way," said the Minister, "and the contract was awarded to the lowest tenderer in the usual course."

Hon. Mr. Pugsley announced that his Excellency the Governor-General had approved of a regulation stipulating that tenders for Government works and supplies should, when received by the department concerned, be stamped by the official to whom they were addressed, and placed under lock and key until the specified time for their being opened in the presence of the Minister and one of the principal officials of the department, or, in the absence of the Minister, in the presence of the chief of the department designated by the Minister. When opened each tender shall be examined by both of the officials opening it.

Mr. Claude Macdonell introduced a bill, which he submitted last session, to amend the Dominion elections act, by abolishing the \$200 deposit and declaring that election day should be a public holiday.

Arthur Fletcher, an employee of the Winnipeg C. P. R. shops, received word to-day that through the death of an uncle who was an extensive rancher in New South Wales, he had inherited a fortune of half a million pounds sterling.

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On sale to-morrow, 10 only Lace Jumpers, of guipure and filet lace, in white and cream only, yours to-morrow for one-half regular; take advantage of this sale; limited quantity; come early.

A Great Stock-Taking Special from the Black Dress Goods Section
Regular \$1.25 Venetian Black Suiting for 79c Yard
One of our regular lines in perfect black Venetian Cloth Suiting on sale at a tremendous reduction; careful buyers can save very greatly to-morrow by taking advantage of this big special, worth regular \$1.25; yard price 79c

Stock-Taking Sale of Silks
At 29c and 39c
Do not miss this Silk sale. Over two thousand yards of pretty Silks to be cleared to-morrow at the above prices. Mostly all are good lengths and sound qualities, worth up to \$1.00 yard, clearing sale price to-morrow 29 and 39c

Inventory Sale of White Waists and Silk Underskirts
\$2.00 Waists for \$1.19
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Dainty New American Mull Waists, made with Swiss embroidery front, long tucked Directoire sleeves, pointed cuffs, edged with lace, baby lace, worth regularly \$2.00, Thursday's sale price \$1.19
Black Chiffon Taffeta Silk Underskirts, made with deep circular flounce, peraline tint, full skirt, worth regularly \$5.50, Saturday's sale price \$3.98

Whitewear Bargains
\$1.50 Skirts for 98c \$2.00 Gowns for \$1.35
Ladies' Fine Cambric Skirts, with deep, full flounce, trimmed with lace and protected by dust frill, good value at \$1.50, to clear at 98c
Ladies' Fine Nainsook Slip-over Gowns, with Torchen yoke and leaves, special value at \$2.00, to clear at \$1.35

Ladies' Nightdresses 75c, Worth \$1.25
A few only Ladies' Flannelette Gowns, kimono style, heavy quality flannelette, to clear at 75c

Great Opportunities for Men

Thursday will offer on sale 300 Pure Silk Ties. These are worth regular 50c, only four to one customer; while they last 25c each
600 Fancy Vests, sizes from 34 to 42. We consider this the best bargain ever offered, they are worth up to \$5, Thursday a special for \$1.49
Boys' old Underwear, just a few. These are worth up to 75c, Thursday will clear at 29c
Men's Heavy Ribbed Heather Socks, all sizes, we invite you to come and inspect them, the regular price is 35 and 40c, Thursday will sell for 19c; four pairs to a customer.
Just a few white Toques left, and will sell at a special bargain. These are worth 50c each, Thursday clear up 10c

Inventory Values From Our Staple Section

Table Cloths \$2.75
75 pure Linen Cloths, bordered all around with satin damask, slightly imperfect, 2, 2 1/2 and 3 yard sizes, worth up to \$4.50, sale price \$2.75
Bath Towels 20c
Heavy Striped Bath Towels, firm absorbent weave, worth 25c, sale price 20c
Crash 8 1/2c
Bordered Crash, firm close weave, 17 inches wide, value at 10c, sale price 8 1/2c
Flannelette 12 1/2c
Wide width, soft finish Flannelette, neat stripes, worth 15c, sale price 12 1/2c

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*Canada Feb. 17
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No passengers carried.
Steamers sail from Portland at 2 p. m.
Second-class, \$12.50 and \$15.00, according to steamer.
As no first-class passengers are carried until the 26th February, sailing second-class passengers will have use of all promenade decks.
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For full information apply to local agent or DOMINION LINE, 17 St. Sarraient street, Montreal.

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