THE MAN FROM AMERICA and all like Parliament.

(Alice L. Milligan in Donahoe's.)

a days there. People wondered why as an advertisement.' he had come as they sat in silent ran so much faster: life was blither: business brisker; and prospects opened in every direction for the man who knew how to take advantage of them. For a month or two after his return his native town he did nothing laugh and ejaculate in surprise disgust at the amazing slowness with which things were done in the Michael Gormley well enough. Old Country.

ed little field of oats, and in a burst

like waves before the prow of a ship. Old Ned wiped the sweat from his sun-burnt brow and reaching for the left, and then answered sulkily, "A of it at all, at all?'

"I came," said Michael, "just to things go brisker in Meenagortin behe proceeded on his way with a jaunty swagger, gazed on with envy by all who met him, commented on after his passing in terms like these:

"There's Michael Gormley, old Patrick Gormley's Michael, home out of gate-posts on the roads leading Amerikay. He has sacks of gold they say, and doesn't know what to do with it.

"Yet he's openin' up a shop, to take the bread from them that has more need.'

"Shure the shop's only for an occupation and divarsion, to keep him erto despised and neglected farm. from rustin' with idleness. He needn't' do a hand's turn from this on, except he wants to."

"Faith, he's a smart man Michael, but 'tis a wonder to me that he can stand the air of Ireland, after what he was used to in Amerikay."

So spoke the critical neighbors. Nor did any one dream, or dare to suggest, that it was a sentiment, a sort of homesick longing for boglands and stone walls, and the ways he was used to that had led the wanderer home, a desire to make sure that his dust would mingle with that of old Patrick and his kindred in the weedy grave under the ruined Abbey wall n the Meenagortin chapel-yard. That seemed to his Celtic heart a better place than the vast necropolis bristling with marble monuments to which had followed many an exile's fun-

Returning from such ceremonies he was wont to grow contemplative. Pictures of Ireland and of the grey mists rose before his inward eye, and he felt that there was no bliss for his heart, no hope for gase, in his later days, except he should return to the hills of his boyhood, and look to

lie there after death. So his delicate wife and his grown son, Peter, and the boy Patrick, and Mary and Josephine, two girls, were rooted up from the bustling town of their birth and transplanted to the quiet Ulster village, to astonish the natives, and as Michael Gormley himself put it, "to make thing hum," and generally "to show folks how to do it.

The motive of the return of the exile, the sentiment and homesickness, were artfully concealed under that expressed desire to show off and astonish the slow-going Irish. And so it is often in life; men, even worldlings, are better than they seem.

The humming in Meenagortin was at the outset caused by Gormley's astonishing experiments in the new Yankee dodges of advertisement. His shop in the main street bore the pretentious title of "The Kansas stores," and the fame of this establishment was soon spread over half the County of Tyrone, aye, and berond the border of it.

Billy, the bell-man, whose ringing and shouting on the Market-House hill and up the high street on fair and market days was the sole medium of advertisement, was transformed on the May hiring day into nothing less than a sandwich-man with board on back and breast. He was, moreover, only the herald of a processional line of others who followed in his wake, for every tramp had been pressed in-Kansas Stores was to the service. emblazoned in enormous letters on glaring red and yellow bills, and beneath was this query and answer: "What do they sell there?" "I won't tell. You must just go and see."

So in those first opening days the premises were thronged by crowds of the inquisitive. What Michael sold was at one counter, seeds, agriculed by his wife and the girls.

walls, gate-posts, and even slabs of rains. found rest for his tered on the new role with enthusi- down with the rain, and sodden. was actually the subject of correspondence in the county newspapers, and also in the journal of a learned society in Dublin, and the Rev. Wil-liam Potter, the Protestant curate, gained much applause by removing the objectionable defacement and then

and all like him,

"Protected faith!" said Michael, Very many had gone away from old stone has looked after itself this of his curacy by perpetual compariMeenagortin, but in the memory of thousand years and more, and is fitson with his predecessor, the Rev. You're welcome to it, welcome, for living people Michael Gormley was ter to protect itself than he is. My Tom O'Kane, who had died young and the askin', or without the askin' the first to come back after he had bit of a bill will wash off with the deeply lamented, with a halo of glory Come, I'll help you to fill a creel of made his pile with a view to spend- rain. All the same, this newspaper for learning and piety illumining his it. 63 it in the old country and ending talk will do no harm. It will serve memory.

Sometimes his son Peter felt it neawe listening to his account of "the cessary to remonstrate and say that cratur, and he does his best-but he voice that he knew, but had not heard And how much better too much was going in paper and can't hold a candle to poor Father for months back. everything was over there; the trains print, but he laughed such remon- O'Kane." But when the famine days might have known if I had had money strances away and said: "Enterprise, came it was found that the shy cur- to give that night ye would have had my boy, is everything in this world. ate who lacked self-confidence in the it. I didn't come home here out of the pulpit was the very man for an emer-States to rust and must, and there's gency. It was he who took counsels vertisement.

The people of the town and county mere fact that he had come home to who were on starvation's verge. By times like this is the blackest shame. "It makes me tired to look at you them out of prosperity and splendor his wise precautions a fever outbreak He rushed forward and raised the said, as he stood at the gap in in America was sufficient reason to was averted. He provided for the due shrinking figure. A wan, hungerthe hedge watching Ned Curran at make him popular. His shop was isolation and careful nursing of stricken face was turned to his. work with a reaping hook in his ragg never empty; purchasers were always those first striken. In short he emerg- was indeed the man from America. coming and going, or rather coming, of eloquence he described reaping and not going for a long time. They machines crossing mile after mile of liked to linger and hear the cheery cornland, with golden grain falling talk of the smart, bustling man be-

But if purchasers were many, alas their purchases were small. If it was Gormley's to ask him to put his name Peter had been away since in Glaswhetstone to sharpen the edge of his a matter of nails, or tin tacks, or hook spat contemptuously right and pig-rings, or maybe a needle or reap- the relief subscription list. What ex- a little money, which was all the rest ing hook or any small inexpensive arpity but you stayed there, Michael ticle, custom was given to Michael, Gormley! What brought you home out of it at all at all?"

but if anyone had to lay out a conter the fulfilment of their errand, ensiderable sum, he felt that it would treated his companion to exercise be a sin and a shame to let the show you how. I guess I'll make money go the way of a man who had madehis fortune twice over, and who fore I'm many months older." And could afford to indulge in vagaries, and spend his time in keeping shop, not from necessity, but just as were for fun.

The end of it was that before second year was out, the walls and Meenagortin were adorned with bills announcing "a great clearance sale." Michael Gormley, formerly of Kansas City, was selling out and retiring from business, intending, as the people said, just to live like a gentleman on his money, out on old Peter's hith-

It was at this period that young Peter Gormley began to keep com pany with Alec McCrossan's Rosie. He was growing up into a fine, hand some young man by now. His slight veneer of American speech and manner had worn almost away. Enough only remained to keep him a little different from the other country boys, and therefore more interesting in the eyes of the girls, who looked admiringly on him among the crowd lingering to gossip at the cross-roads after

Mass. Michael Gormley's Peter was handsome as the best of them, and besides, was he not the eldest and heir, if all went well, to the most and best of his father's fabled wealth.

"Sacks of gold he has banked somewhere, or put into railways out in America. Our Rosie will travel far own Rosie across the hearth. does better." said Alec before she McCrossan to his wife. And so the young people were marked out for one another. It had not come to any

definite matchmaking yet. The Irish way of courting in those days and in quiet country places even makes the subject of many finely-painted romances. There were no stolen interviews, no twilight walks, no thought of kisses or even handclasps, in short, no love-making whatever. But if they were at reaping or hay-making, Peter took his place next to Rosie, helped to bind her sheaves when his own were done, and at noonday took his share of soda cake and his draught of milk from her hands. Then in the quiet evenings when the work was done, and the evening meal was over, Peter would rise and look out of the door and say to his father or sisters, "'Tis a fine night. I think I'll go for a bit of a stroll." the bit of a stroll inevitably ended on the narrow path through the whin-

bushes up to the stile, over which it was but three steps into Alec Mc-Crossan's haggard, and then across to where the firelight shone welcoming through an open door. Around the fire, the family circle was widened to make room for him,

as a matter of course. Maybe he took a draw at the pipe, and maybe he didn't. Anyhow, he would sit there quiet and contented for long enough, talking all the time to McCrossan or the neibhbor men, but with quiet, happy eyes, watching Rosie, the loved and chosen one, as she sat in the flickering light or moved about the room. And there was a gleam in her eyes and a smile on her lips, which told him he was welcome, and bade him stay long and come again soon, and in his heart was a firm resolve, as soon as ever he saw his way to marrying, that he would have Rosie and no other.

This in spite of all that is written in story books and silly romances, or shown on the stage, is the recognized and seemly Irish way of courting.

CHAPTER II.

dry, dusty weather and drought when it's all slid down." The red and yellow bills were to be rain was wanted for growth. Then met with for miles along the roads, to culminate the disaster, harveston every side of Meenagortin, on time brought continuous chilly, heavy priest. There was no weather for natural rock. Billy the hell-man now gathering in the scanty crops. The it to market and deals in it at a high tion, because there were few so giftthroat and was haycocks in the lowlands stood employed as a bill-sticker, and he en- flooded fields, the oats were beaten dog, one of these nights, and then we reived and she is now in a fair way astic zest. His master achievement hard winter followed, but the brave, think, but just bark and growl and salary which that position means. was the spreading of a bill like a poor people battled on, lived thriftily waken the house, and then we'll see the salary which that position means. great banner on one of the standing and looked hopefully into the coming who's right." stones of the Mullaghmore Cromlech, year for better times, Alas! God's a famous pre-historic relic of pagan ways are hard sometimes to be Christmas, Alec leaped from his bed think it is more respectable than an-Ireland, which antiquaries from as understood. Perhaps it is that in and called his sons to follow him. far away as Dublin had made pilgrim- prosperity men are prone to forget Grip was heard barking and baying ages to see. This act of vandalism their dependence on Him, and on one with incessant ferocity from the dianother. So sometimes a bad year rection of the turf-shed. Hastily comes, and in it those who suffer least dressing, the farmer and his boys turn in charity and pity to their poorer neighbors. Out of evil comes good, the young and thoughtless learn, with softened hearts the wholesome lessons of adversity. So was it in "the black winter," as it was called for long after in Meenagortin.

laughing and rubbing his hands. "The ity. He had suffered at the outset and hidden face.

The most people could say for Fath- turf and bog for gathering. er Duffy was "He means well, the "Alec, man," said a husky, broken And father says to read them,

than richer districts. Father John, as they went away af- oftener out of it, and then the out- But Johnny Jones he tells me (and ter the fulfilment of their errand, en- look was dark indeed. charity and keep silence. The returned come, had handed out no more than heart? Her husband he will be when five shillings.

want from you, though well able ye and they'll make a fair start. The are by all accounts to make it fifty." American ways were too big for the Irish; the senseless rascals that had used to laugh at." not laid by for the rainy day, but "My laughin' days are over," said had spent and squandered, and then Michael Gormley solemnly, but there came whining to the hard-working, was something like a smile round his My hair it stood straight up on end back on his visitors. Alec McCrossan was scarlet in the

face with rage and surprise. Hard words were on his lips, but the young priest's restraining hand was on his "No use pleading here. May God

gether out into the night. But there was no restraining influence at hand when Alec came at last and alone to his own threshold, and pent-up rage burst suddenly

group in trembling dismay. "Go!" he shouted. "Begone out of the door-stone. And hear this Rosienever pass word with him this side to the present day, was, and is, very the grave, but thank God to be rid different to that style of thing which of one of his black, miserly breed. eyes have been opened this

night.' Surprised and shame-faced poor Peter heard the story of his father's miserliness, and hanging his head went away with just one backward, pathetic look towards the girl of his love, but her face was hidden in her apron and she was crying as if to break her heart.

The long frost came on then and the question of fuel was as much of a problem as that of food. Little turf had been saved; bog-wood was scanty, coal out of the question. For economy's sake Father John recommended that fires should not be lit in every being free to come and go and bring their pots and kettles to sit at the heat by night. There was a good piled to the top of his cartshed. Part its of the company. But Rosie, who had been the sweetest singer in the verse of a song now, and when danctom to slip away on some excuse.

he was wading in gold to the elhows. The winter deepened and Alec's observant eves took note of the fact crumb to give her strength in the

"More likely some rogue that brings I will loose Grip, the bullprice.

So one night, not long before ran across the yard and approached the shed, flinging in a ray from the stable lantern to show the face of

Father John Duffy was the first to gain in the estimation of the country- a glance that this was some one in side during the progress of the calam-need. A sob broke from the bowed (Charles Noel Douglas in the Septem-

He commenced to pitch down the

Alec stopped as if thunderstruck. "Michael-Michael Gormley, is this no enterprise where there's no ad- as to the measures of relief, who rode the way of it? Was it in need ye were There's not a sign of Indians, and no night and day over the parish am- all the time-but putting the bold ongst those who had suffered least, face on you? Why did you ever-sure when they got used to his ways liked urging them for God's sake and for ye should have known; poverty's no Father's told me quite a lot about The the common weal to stand by those disgrace in Ireland, and miserliness in

> ed out of the trying time a popular who had been counted so rich. The hero, and Meenagortin suffered less sorrowful story of his struggles. The five shillings he had offered to the It was in Father John's company priest and which had been so scornthat Alec McCrossan went one Oc- fully refused was more than he could tober night up the length of Michael afford, for he was even then in need. down for something substantial on gow, sometimes in work and sending actly happened was only rumored, for of the family had to depend on, but

"And all the time," said Alec. "your pride kept you away from us. American, after some tall talk, as if And why need it, when your boy was he was about to lose half of his in- as a son to me, being Rosie's sweetwe pull through this black winter and "Five pounds, you mean," said can take time to arrange the wed-Alec. "Sure Father John here is din'. 'Tis frettin' her heart out the down for twenty, and has spent as child is any way. And as for a much again and no note made of it. share for Peter-give him a bit of the Five pounds, Michael, is what we land and I'll stock it for her fortune, Then it was that Michael has burst little farm at home, but it'll prosper forth into a furious denunciation of yet if ye take my advice and farm it the thriftless, lazy, home-staying on the old-fashioned plan that you

industrious men like him to pull lips and a light in his eye as he spoke them through. Let them go to the and that was because he had had a States and learn to slave and save as peep at Rosie, who was listening lings in his pocket and turned his heard sobbing for joy on her mother's breast.

Counsel for Young Women

The wealthiest girl in the world can afford to learn some special branch of soften his heart. Come, Alec, we have trade. How much more important is He didn't hide behind some rocks and far to travel," and they went to- it for those who are not so well off? Take the case of many girls with an But got right down into the fight ordinary school training. Unless she - and there, sir, he would stay. takes up some field like stenography, And while a tiny hole is made by bookkeeping, or the like, the chances pausing to shake the rain off his coat are she stays home and does nothing. This Richard sliced saw young Peter Gormley facing his Her over-careful parents would not His think of risking their innocent charge He didn't kill as many, p'raps, as if a in the whirl of the world. They canthunder-clap, scattering the fireside not think of sending her to work in But he hit 'em twice as hard a whack factories for fear they will lose that virtue and innocence that is their my house this minute and never cross chief characteristic. Years pass on in I this way, and suddenly the father, the

health. Probably he dies. into the world with no special training, with nothing that will make her Pa said my eyes looked just as if more valuable to an employer than a thousand other girls. She is like an I undressed child out in the cold, damp winter air, buffeted by storm, until, battered by her experiences on every side, she is ready to give up. The sewing that she prided herself upon she finds others can do. The cooking which she thought a wonderful achievement while at home, she sees It's strange, but pa he seems to know equalled upon all sides. Only when she has been turned down wherever she The very part I've got to in readin' sought aid is she convinced she ought to have learned how to do one special thing, and do it well.

Or take the case of the woman who For pa he winked at aunt and says house. On the separate selfish sys- marries. Her marriage was a happy tem each would only have a spark of one; her life most pleasant. Sudden a fire on the hearth. The stock of her husband is rendered incapable of fuel was made common, and cooking further duty. What is more pitiable fires were lit in central houses, all than the mother being forced to go out into a world that will have no reception planned for her, to find some means of earning enough to support store of turf at Alec McCrossan's herself and her children? Rejected on every side, she can plead no special of it was his own saving, part pur- skill. Unable to do one thing better chased by the relief money gathered than any one else, she finds that evin by Father John. There was great ery one can do everything that she cooking at nights in his big, roomy can do. Her misery is beyond realikitchen, and singing and dancing and zation to those who have not felt it. story-telling went on more gaily than How different her lot would have been usual, to keep up the hearts and spir- were she prepared for such a contingency? Some few years ago a bright young woman in one of the Eastern townland never gave as much as the States, a principal in a grammar school, was married to a prominent ing was set afoot she made it a cus- Western man. After a life of complete happiness the husband was sud-"She's fretting her eyes out," said denly taken ill, lingered a while and the watchful mother. And "let her then passed away. After his death Pains in the Small of the Back fret," said Alec gruffly, "she's well the widow was informed by the man's brokers that shortly before his death he had sunk a fortune in a speculation that did not pan out. The poor ren, started for her former home in need, but ashamed to tell," said the work again. Her training as a teacher stood her in need. Her services were sought. She met no opposied as she. An appointment was re-A will see, He won't tear anyone, I to a second principalship with the

Do not choose a profession that you will not respect, and above all, do are now doing. not choose a profession because other, in which you know you canyour trade as something upon which you depend. Look at it as a means of defence against privation. Act mind carefully while at home and take time in making a choice, and there is reason why you ought to regret hav-ing learned how to be self-supporting. There is never a rush to get a girl out of her home. There she can hide her time and choose her profession.

Willie on Classic Fiction

ber St. Nicholas.)

suppose that Aunt Clarissa thought she's done a powerful lot When she brought me this old by that feller Walter Scott, And another one by Dickens or some funny name like that;

has laid the law down flat, "Alec man-ye And that all my dear old story-books forever I must quit. So here I'm tackling "Ivanhoe," and

don't like it a bit; For though I'm at the thirteenth page, to my intense regret, one's killed as yet.

this "Ivanhoe, And says the whole thing's simply grand-but oh, it's dreadful slow. He said that Richard "Cur:' de Lion was handy in a fight,

But with Pawnee Jim and Buckskin Bill he wouldn't be a bite; And as for Mr. Robin Hood and that old six-foot bow, Why, with Buckskin William's Winchester he wouldn't have a show. So, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if Willie's

heart you'd win, Just rewrite all your stories and put lots of Indians in.

he's read an awful lot) That in some of those old stories by Dickens and by Scott says they make one murder do to last clean through the book and when young Johnny told me,

oh! I laughed until I shook). So I've started to investigate; not an Indian have I met, For here I am at Chapter Two and no one's killed as yet.

Well, I don't know how it happened but I've read through "Ivanhoe, And first the thing seemed dull old stuff, but in an hour or so My eyes were glued close to the book -I didn't skip a page, And my! I had the greatest treat I've had for quite an age.

I must have looked a fright When father walked right in and said "Not going to bed to-night? he had done. "He put his five shil- from behind a door and could be You cut your dinner short, but now don't rob yourself of sleep.' I tell you, it was hard to stop. I was cross enough to weep,

> Well, I never would have thought at, but that Richard Lion-Heart Beats Buckskin Bill all hollow and can give 'em all a start. shoot a mile away,

modern rifle-ball, halves, head, body, legs and all. he'd had a gun

and had a heap more fun. tell you, this old fellow Scott can hold a chap in thrall. support of the family, fails in And the way that Mr. Dickens does health. Probably he dies. jest makes the rest look small.

The girl is helpless. She is forced And when of Fagin, Nancy and that

villain Sikes I'd read they'd jump right out of my head. found that Dickens simply steals the heart right out of you, And he doesn't need to murder folks

to thrill a fellow through. Ah! he makes them Indian-fighters an' tomahawks look tame; don't know how he does it, but he does it just the same. by just the way I look

through the book. guess my eyes at supper-time was lookin' awful red, "I see that Nancy's dead."

Now, Mr. Scott and Dickens, if you ever pass this way, You're invited round to Willie's house and right there you can stay, And tell me stories by the year, and never stop for breath-Cept when I have to boo awhile about poor Nancy's death.

And when a boy forgets his lunch for stories, you can state That Scott and Dickens beat the world, and - my, but ain't they great!

BACKACHE IS KIDNEY ACHE

Warn You of Kidney Disease

woman was penniless, left without a twisting the body, exposure to cold and dampness or drafts are among that his stack of fuel was being inter- battle before her, the support of her the causes of kidney derangements tural implements, corn and meal of covery sort. He was assisted by his sons, Peter and Patrick. At the other counter groceries were dispensed of the counter groceries were dispensed of the sold tural implements, corn and meal of the causes of kidney derangements and the before her, the support of her children. But instead of crying over the causes of kidney derangements fered with. He consulted with Father or the best of the best of the causes of kidney derangements and the most pronounced symptom is backache. The first touch of backache. The first touch of backache, weak or lame back, should be of the shed this fortnight, and see, little she had left, and with her child-sufficient to lead you to immediately begin the use of Dr. Chase's Kidney-"Maybe some one comes who is in New York State. There she went to Liver Pills. There is no treatment so prompt to relieve and none which is so far-reaching and thorough in action. One pill a dose, 25 cents a box.

The life and light of a nation are inseparable History is but the enrolled scroll of prophecy

Be fit for more than the thing you If you are not too large for the place you are too small for it. Liberties can be safe only accomplish more. Alove all, regard suffrage is illuminated by education. What the arts are to the world of matter, literature is to the world of

> Great ideas travel slowly and for no time noiselessly, as the gods whose feet were shod with wool.
>
> It matters little what may be forms of national institution if life, freedom, and growth of society. and growth of society

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