

The Interference of Maloney.

Sarah Ann Bidwell was pruning her rose tree. It was early spring and her small garden was just awakening to new life. She worked busily, clipping off a twig here and there with a precision which indicated a thorough knowledge of the art of growing roses.

If you had stolen into that quiet garden on that early spring afternoon you would have seen a woman in the prime of life. Sarah Ann was thirty-five. She was not beautiful, but if you came across her in a crowd of women you would pick her out as being altogether worth while.

The poise of her body indicated strength. She was long, limber and graceful, broad shouldered and full bodied. A woman destined to be the mother of men, you would have said.

Certainly she was not of the type that makes old maids. Yet to be an old maid was Sarah Ann's chief purpose in life.

You would have seen that she was serious minded the minute she looked at you. Her black hair was coiled tightly, but no attempt at plainness could make it unbecoming. Her eyes and mouth told the story.

The eyes were grey and lacked tenderness; the mouth was set in a firm, and about it lines were forming that came not of smiles but of efforts to repress them. You got the idea that Sarah Ann was drawing herself deliberately away from true womanliness.

Now, most old maids get to that pass by circumstances and get through deliberation. So when a woman is encountered whose age and appearance are distinctly not old maidish and yet who was determined to be one it is worth while asking why.

Many are the women who declare that they never will marry; few there are who maintain that attitude for any length of time. With most of them the next man achieves a conversion. Sarah Ann, however, had stuck to the live alone, die alone idea for fifteen years.

This was the way of it. She had lived most of her life in a small college town. Her father had been a professor in the college. Her mother she never knew. She had come to know that her father's life, but he effectively prevented all attempts on her part to have him explain.

A few childhood had been cheerless. A year at a girls' school had developed within her the liking for knowledge and the power to acquire it.

At nineteen she had returned to the college town and to her father's home. She took her part in the social life of the place and got to know some of the college men.

The inevitable happened. She fell in love or thought she did, which has the same effect, with a young man about to be graduated. The courtship, frowned on by her father, was fast and furious. So was the awakening. For the young man never came back to that college town and Sarah Ann at twenty became a college widow.

She might have gone on through successive widowhoods of the same nature, but she was not of that type. She found solace in the companionship of her father, absorbed more and more the idea of solitary living, which had become an obsession with him, and when he died a few years after the ending of her little romance she was firm in her resolve to live her own life apart, in its closest intimacies, from all the world.

She had not been idle through these years. Her father had left her the small house and the garden in which we found her, and a small income as well. She developed a talent for writing and what is more, for selling what she wrote.

She liked her garden, and spent many hours putting among the shrubs and plants. Some persons said she had missed half her life, she found it satisfying.

Returning, then, to the spring day on which Sarah Ann was pruning her rose trees, we can understand better why the grey eyes lacked tenderness and the mouth was firm set. And yet Sarah Ann was good to behold as she worked.

Her dress, of some tan colored soft material, fitted well. A man might be pardoned for looking at her and then looking again. And so it was with Mr. Buck Maloney.

Sarah Ann was reaching up to trim the topmost branch of a large rose tree and couldn't quite do it. She frowned and then stood on tip-toe. Again she failed. Then a voice startled her:

"Want some help?" Sarah Ann looked around and saw a man who was a stranger to her. She was familiar with the appearance of the residents of the town; she knew by sight the professors and students in the college. This man was none of these.

Sarah Ann noted quickly the general details of his appearance. He was tall and loosely built and had big hands, a countenance often described as wide open and honest, but not intellectual, and red curly hair. He wore a suit of blue serge which looked as if it had been a hasty acquisition at a clothes'.

Sarah Ann was annoyed and showed it. "You are trespassing, sir," she said. "I don't need your help."

No offense, miss or missus," said the red-haired one. "I was sitting in my room next door and saw you were having trouble, so I came. Far be it from Buck Maloney to sit idle when there's a female in distress."

Sarah Ann was startled even more by the intruder's manner of speech. "Maybe he doesn't know any better," she thought, and spoke to him mildly.

"Thank you for offering," she said, "but I prefer to be alone."

Buck Maloney blushed and stood

uncertainly on one foot and then on the other. He knew it was up to him to go but didn't know how. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came. Then he fled.

Sarah Ann went on with her work. She seemed greatly disturbed. Her cheeks flushed red, maybe she was angry. Anyway, her afternoon's work was spoiled and she soon abandoned it and went into the house.

As she sat alone at supper she asked a few questions of her cook and maid of all work, who early in life had acquired the name of Josephine. Sarah Ann was not accustomed to questioning Josephine, and wondered at herself for doing it now.

"Josephine," she asked, "who is that rude, red-haired man next door?"

"That's the man who's come to coach the baseball team, Miss Sairy," said Josephine.

But why did Miss Johnson take him in?" continued Sarah Ann. "He isn't a gentleman, and she's very particular."

"She did it to oblige the student who rooms there," said Josephine. "He's the manager or something of the ball team. My brother says this man Maloney is a great man. Pitched for the pennant winners last year."

"Oh! a professional ball player!" said Sarah Ann partly to herself. "Well, I hope he doesn't bother me again."

But he did. Buck Maloney found time hanging heavy on his hands in the quiet town. He regarded the college boys with indifference beyond the work of training the team. Books had no fascination for him.

He did think he knew something about women and he rather liked the looks of his neighbor. He recovered rapidly from the rebuff of the first encounter and made up his mind he would enjoy a flirtation.

Buck Maloney was simple in his mental processes. If any one had told him that Miss Bidwell—she got her name from one of the students—was a person who wouldn't associate with him he would have laughed. He believed firmly in the equality of mankind, and education and culture were terms which meant little to him.

The very next time he saw Miss Bidwell at work in her garden he stroled over.

"I hope you'll pardon me," he began with a rush of words, "but we are neighbors and it's dull here and we ought to be company for each other. I'm a ball tosser, I suppose you know, and you're something in the writing line, they tell me; but a man's a man and a woman's a woman. It's spring time. We're neither of us chickens and you're good to look at, so let's be friends."

Having delivered himself of this inconsequential outburst, Mr. Buck Maloney appropriated a garden seat and crossed his legs as if he had come to stay.

Now Sarah Ann Bidwell should have departed scornfully and immediately. Instead she went on with her work, which was setting out dahlias.

She said nothing. She would scoop up a trowelful of the rich, warm earth, put the bulb in place, and scoop the dirt carefully over it. A friendly pat or two concluded the performance. She did not look up.

Mr. Buck Maloney took out a cigar and lit it. He was preparing for a siege. After a pause which would have been uncomfortable to almost any other man he spoke again:

"I've been told you don't like men. Well, you've got the wrong idea. Just because you have met up with some who aren't the goods you mustn't turn down the whole lot of us. Give mankind another chance."

Sarah Ann looked up. Her face was flushed. She was angry.

"You have no right," she said, "to invade my privacy. I do not hate men. They simply do not interest me. You are confirming my opinion."

PEOPLE SAID SHE HAD CONSUMPTION

Read how Mrs. T. G. Buck, Bracebridge, Ont., was cured (and also her little boy) by the use of

DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP

She writes: "I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of your Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. A few years ago I was so badly troubled with my lungs I said I had Consumption and that I would not live through the fall. I had two doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about me. I was in bed three months and when I got up I could not walk, so had to go on my hands and knees for three weeks, and my limbs seemed of no use to me. I gave up all hopes of ever getting better when I happened to see in B.B. Almanac that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs. I thought I would try a bottle and by the time I had used it I was a lot better, so got more and it made a complete cure. My little boy was also troubled with weak lungs and it cured him. I keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything."

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Ask for it and insist on getting the original. Put in a yellow wrapper and three line trees the trade mark.

of them by your behavior. Will you go or must I be driven out of my own garden?"

"Why, I'll go if you look at it that way," said Mr. Buck Maloney, "but you let what I've said soak in a bit. Maybe you'll get a new idea some day."

So Mr. Maloney departed. Sarah Ann went on putting dahlias into the earth. Her anger disappeared slowly and an unwonted restlessness took its place. What the man said did take root in her mind, and more than that, the man himself had made an impression.

That night at supper she questioned Josephine again.

"Do you know anything about Mr. Maloney?" she asked. "Where does he come from and what does he do besides playing baseball?"

"Well, Miss Sairy," said Josephine, "I'm sure I dunno. But Mrs. Johnson says he's a real nice gentleman, even if his manners ain't as smooth as some. He's been awfully good to her little girl that's crippled."

Sarah Ann took council with herself that evening. She couldn't understand why a man so obviously beneath her could interest her. But of a sudden it came upon her that she was very lonely.

Somehow she had missed something out of her life. She heard children playing in the street. She had looked upon children heretofore as she did trees and flowers and other live things in nature. They had not impressed her except impersonally. Now their voices seemed to have a message for her.

Next day town and college were startled by the sight of Miss Sarah Ann Bidwell in gay attire at a baseball game. It was unheard of, Buck Maloney, giving the home team a brief lecture before the game, got the idea that something unusual was to happen.

He heard that Miss Bidwell had caused all the excitement he smiled to himself and made an engagement with himself for the next afternoon, which was Sunday.

A week later Mrs. Professor Williams were taking tea and gossiping together.

"Sarah Ann's making a fool of herself," said Mrs. Hamilton. "Did you ever see such goings on? That baseball person is at her house morning, noon and night, and she seems to enjoy it." As a matter of fact, Buck Maloney had been at Miss Bidwell's five times.

"There's no fool like an old fool," said Mrs. Williams. "A woman of her age—Mrs. Williams was forty—ought to behave herself. Here she's been talking against the men all her life and now has picked out a honorary, red-haired professional ball player for steady company."

"She could have married well many times," Mrs. Hamilton went on. "There was young Professor Sydney and Mr. Richards, the bank cashier, both wanted to marry her, but she wouldn't look at either of them."

"Well, if that isn't the limit!" broke in Mrs. Williams, who was looking out of the window. "If they haven't gone driving together!" Mrs. Hamilton rushed to the window and looked, too. They saw Buck Maloney driving proudly a lively horse while beside him sat Sarah Ann Bidwell. She looked somewhat ill at ease.

By what effort of persuasion Buck Maloney had brought this to pass only Sarah Ann could tell. He had been persistent. The day after she had attended the ball game he had appeared in the garden and found her willing to talk.

A garden in the spring of the year encourages conversation, and one of the few of formality and narrow ideas in which she had enveloped herself began to thaw it went rapidly under the influence of Buck Maloney's unflinching good humor and frank way of looking at life.

Now they were driving together through the open country. Sarah Ann had not spoken since they started, and Buck was unfamiliar enough with the ways of horses to make it necessary to give close attention to the job at hand. But a long hill pulled the horse to a walk, and Buck Maloney turned to his companion.

"I haven't taken a girl driving in more years than I care to tell," he said. "Hope you're enjoying it."

Sarah Ann laughed, and the laugh was good to hear.

"It's almost a new experience to me," she said, "and I am enjoying it."

"I knew you had the right stuff in you when I first laid eyes on you," said Buck, "and I said to myself I'd do a little missionary work. You were too good a woman to go moping through life."

"You have been very good, Mr. Maloney," said Sarah Ann, "and I have to thank you for an enlarged view of life."

"That's all right, Miss Bidwell," said Buck. "Now, there's something I'd like to say to you of a serious nature, as my old school teacher used to say."

The woman stirred uneasily. She seemed to fear what was coming.

"I don't want you to get a false idea of me," Buck went on. "When a man shies up to a woman as I have to you the general idea is that he means business. I want to put you right."

"Maybe I had some such idea at first—I don't know. But knowing you as I do now, I can see we ain't suited to each other. Our ideas don't hitch."

"The quality game doesn't go when it gets beyond friendship with a man and woman. Didn't use to think so. Thought I was good enough for any woman, but it's a cinch I'm not good enough for you."

The horse interrupted him by standing on its hind legs to investigate the interior of a passing automobile. He quieted it with a firm hand and was about to go on, when Miss Bidwell interrupted him.

"You are modest, Mr. Maloney," she said. "You're far too good for a woman as blind to life as I have been. But I understand you. Though

I find your way of looking at life very refreshing, there's a difference between us which it would take more than mutual respect to bridge. You have interested me very much and I am very glad to have you for a friend."

"You're on," said Buck Maloney. "We have had a very nice time together I didn't mean to be rude at first, but you got my dander up by being so sort of stuck up. I am going away to-morrow and I want us to part good friends."

After Buck Maloney left, Mrs. Professor Williams and Mrs. Professor Hamilton and the rest of the college town expected to see Sarah Ann reappear in her former way of life. But she disappointed them.

She seemed to find much pleasure in the society of men. The hard look disappeared from her eyes and mouth. She was quite human.

Particularly she took a great interest in children. They got the habit of coming to her garden, and she had many a delightful party of them among the rose bushes.

"Sarah Ann has certainly improved," said Mrs. Williams, meeting Mrs. Hamilton one day at the home of a mutual friend. "That baseball person seems to have woke her up. I wonder if he's coming back to marry her."

Mrs. Williams was mistaken. Buck Maloney never came back. But some one else did.

Sarah Ann Bidwell was in her garden one afternoon in June, when the rose trees were just beginning to bloom. A stranger passing by stopped at the gate, saw her there and entered. He went up to where she was standing and regarded her thoughtfully.

"You don't know me," he said. "Well, I'm Jimmie Horton—come back?"

Sarah Ann was startled. Jimmie Horton was the man who had gone away fifteen years ago.

He was a boy then. The man before her was in prime of life. He had changed very much but she recognized him after a little. But she found no words to speak.

"I did you a great wrong fifteen years ago," the man went on. "I was a thoughtless boy then, and when I got out in life ambition got hold of me and I let it take me away even from you."

"But why do you come back now?" asked Sarah Ann.

"Not to make amends," said Mr. Horton. "Nothing I could say or do would accomplish that. But I came back to look at the old place and saw you among your roses. Some impulse led me to you. I want you to know that I am sorry."

"I bear you no ill will," said Sarah Ann. "I was foolish in those days, and more foolish still to let that experience influence my life as it has. You have probably heard that I became more or less of a recluse."

"Yes, I heard," said Mr. Horton. "And hoped that I had not been the cause. For I realize now I have missed much of life and did not want to think that anything I had done had led you to spoil yours, too. Here am I, thirty-eight years old, prosperous in the eyes of the world. Yet with something lacking."

"You never married?" queried Sarah Ann.

"Never," he said, and looked at her with a new light in his eyes.

"I was glad I hadn't," Sarah Ann went on thoughtfully, "until about a month ago. I found life alone very satisfying. Then I met Buck Maloney."

Mr. Horton started.

"I see," he said. "You've found true happiness at last."

"Not a bit of it," said Sarah Ann. "Buck isn't that—you'd understand if you knew him. He opened my eyes, that's all."

There was silence for a full minute. Sarah Ann's grey eyes were very tender and her lips were parted amiably. Then she laughed.

"Come on in, Jimmie," she said, "and talk things over."

When Mr. and Mrs. James Horton sent out their wedding announcement the first one was addressed to Mr. Buck Maloney.—New York Sun.

SLEEPLESS BABIES ARE SICKLY BABIES.

When babies are restless and sleepless it is the surest possible sign of illness. Well babies sleep soundly and wake up brightly. Sleeplessness is generally due to some derangement of the stomach or bowels or to teething troubles. A few doses of Baby's Own Tablets will put the little one right, and make it sleep naturally and soundly. Mothers need not be afraid of this medicine, as it is guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiate or narcotic. Mrs. Louis Reville, Gawas, Ont., says: "I am never without Baby's Own Tablets in the house. I have used this medicine for my children as occasion required, for the last five years, and have found it superior to all other medicines in curing the ills of childhood." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The Late Father Ignatius: A Stormy Career.

Even in an institution such as the Church of England, which is comprehensive enough to embrace almost all sorts of beliefs, Father Ignatius was continually engaged in warfare. He was setting the world right and he would not leave the Anglicans who differed from him, whether bishops or ordinary clergymen, alone. So they felt bound to defend themselves.

First, he had a quarrel with Bishop Eden, the Scottish Episcopal Father. Subsequently, the Ritualistic Father Lowder, Anglican vicar of St. Peter's London Docks, felt that the line should be drawn at

the Benedictine habit and parted with him. At Norwich, where he acquired premises formerly occupied by the Dominicans, he was at loggerheads with the Anglican bishop, and in 1868 Dr. Tait, Anglican bishop of London, suspended him from preaching in that diocese. At Llanthony Abbey, which took its name from a ruined Norman priory a few miles distant, he had troubles with his community, and as a further variety in his experiences, rioting occurred now and again at places which he visited for the purpose of preaching. In his views of Biblical interpretation he was strictly conservative, and he thanked Pope Leo XIII. for his encyclical on the subject as cordially as he denounced Jowett, Stanley, and the author of "Lux Mundi." Amidst all his controversial battles Father Ignatius acquired the reputation of sanctity by his asceticism, and some of his disciples have attributed to him—on evidence that has been disputed—the power of working miracles.—Catholic Times.

RHEUMATISM IN THE BLOOD

Liniments and Rubbing Will Not Cure It The Disease Must Be Treated Through the Blood.

The trouble with men and women who have rheumatism is that they waste valuable time in trying to rub the complaint away. If they rub hard enough the friction causes warmth in the affected part, which temporarily relieves the pain, but in a short time the aches and pains are as bad as ever. All the rubbing, and all the liniments and outward applications in the world won't cure rheumatism, because it is rooted in the blood. Rubbing won't remove the poisonous acid in the blood that causes the pain. But Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will, because they are a blood medicine acting on the blood. That is why the aches and pains and stiff swollen joints of rheumatism disappear when these pills are used. That's why sensible people waste no time in rubbing but take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills when the first twinges of rheumatism come on, and these speedily drive the trouble out of their system. Mr. John Evans, 12 Kempton Road, Halifax, N.S., says: "About three years ago I had an attack of rheumatism which settled in my right leg and ankle, which became very much swollen and was exceedingly painful. I wasted a good deal of time trying to get rid of the trouble by rubbing with liniments, but it did not do me a bit of good. My daughter was using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the time and finally persuaded me to try them. Inside of a week the pills began to help me, and after taking them a few weeks longer the trouble had completely disappeared and has not bothered me since. My daughter was also taking the pills at the time for weakness and anaemia, was also cured by them, and I am now a firm friend of this medicine."

Most of the troubles that afflict mankind are due to poor, watery blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new red blood. That is why they cure anaemia, with its headaches and backaches, and dizziness and fainting spells, the pangs of rheumatism, and the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia; also indigestion, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of young girls and women of mature age. Good blood is the secret of health and the secret of good blood is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

As to Good Reading.

The novelist, Rene Bazin, in a lately published essay on "Les Lectures," shows an inclination to be contemptuous on the supposed difference between those who read and those who do not. He says that the valuable thing is, not to have read much, but to have thought much over what one has read.

"Above all," says the Pall Mall Gazette, "he is anxious that his readers should not confound the knowledge of the alphabet with morality, and runs full tilt at Victor Hugo's apophthegm that to open a school is to close a prison. On the contrary, he declares that the majority of criminals are nowadays educated to the extent of being able to read and write, thereby forgetting, perhaps, that the same thing may be said of any other class of the community. He especially warns his readers, also, against the notion that the book which is artistically written, which is beautifully expressed, and which therefore contains no expressions or descriptions which would not be tolerated in the speech of polite society, is necessarily inoffensive, and can be read with impunity by all alike."

"The test of decency he would apply is that of a mother reading aloud to her unmarried daughters which he declares to be one of the most instructive sights in the world and he tells us that he has often been struck in such a case by the keenness of the reader's judgment and the consummate and natural art with which she manages to skate over the thin ice. Finally, he implores the fair sex to whom the essay is particularly addressed, to read books of many styles and by authors of many nations—French, English, Italian and Spanish—such literatures being, as he says, so many windows open upon the world. By so doing, he tells them, they will be able to detect at once what is and is not bad taste, and to suppress this last as certainly as 'a hatpin can deflate a balloon.'"

TO LOVERS OF ST. ANTHONY OF Padua.

Dear Reader.—Be patient with me for telling you again how much I need your help. How can I help it? or what else can I do?

For without that help this Mission must cease to exist, and the poor Catholics already here remain without a Church.

I am still obliged to say Mass and give Benediction in a Mean Upper Room.

Yet such as it is, this is the sole outpost of Catholicism in a division of the county of Norfolk measuring 35 by 20 miles.

And to add to my many anxieties, I have no Diocesan Grant, No Endowment, except Hope!

We must have outside help for the present, or haul down the flag.

The generosity of the Catholic Public has enabled us to secure a valuable site for Church and Presbytery. We have money in hand towards the cost of building, but the Bishop will not allow us to go into debt.

I am most grateful to those who have helped us and trust they will continue their charity.

To those who have not helped I would say:—For the sake of the Cause give something, if only a "little." It is easier and more pleasant to give than to beg. Speed the glad hour when I need no longer plead for a permanent Home for the Blessed Sacrament.

Address—**Father Gray, Catholic Mission, Fakenham, Norfolk, England.**

P.S.—I will gratefully and promptly acknowledge the smallest donation and send with my acknowledgments a beautiful picture of the Sacred Heart and St. Anthony.

Letter from Our New Bishop.

Dear Father Gray.—You have duly accounted for the aim which you have rectified, and you have placed them securely in the names of Diocesan Trustees. Your efforts have gone far towards providing what is necessary for the establishment of a permanent Mission at Fakenham. I authorize you to continue to solicit for this object until, in my judgment, it has been fully attained.

Yours faithfully in Christ,
F. W. KEATING,
Bishop of Northampton.

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