I. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets, And simple faith than Norman Blood.

CHAPTER XVI-Continued.

"What a wicked man I have been, how ungrateful, how-"You shall not blame yourself," she returned. "I have defended, you

of the odorous breeze lifted the fair hair from Mildred's temples; there was a drowsy buzz about them and around them. The rippling waters seemed to wait to catch the burden die! the fact that Laurence Lindsay had come home again. Therefore, for the time being, the knowledge that Eric Lindsay had been stricken after an inof the girl's troubled mind, the sow-row of the man's. At last she stirred. Her hand, lying idly in his clasp, withdrew slowly, and she

sighed. "Tell me more," she said. "Go on, Laurence. What about Leigh

"I really liked her, Mildred-her beauty appealed to me as all beautiful things do. But more than everything else, her likeness to you was so striking that it startled me, attracted my lonely, homesick soul. Something might have come to pass between us then, for she, in return, seemed to care for me. But the wisdom of her elders, and her own natural sagacity showed her how poor a match I would be for her-who had such a brilliant future before her. There was no chance for Allan Fraser, the harum-scarum, reckless vio-

He spoke bitterly. The girl beside him sat as if carved of stone. "Her uncle, the ex-Senator, and I "We met often, and in the most out of the way places, or per-haps I did not avoid him, since he, could talk to me of the home that I | The door opened and closed behind niece's engagement to Hugh Lindsay- ed his head restlessly.

mine, Mildred?" "An honest and an honorable man,"

she said, with white lips. Well, I am glad of that. After Hilliard left I felt that I glassy fixedness. could not contain myself-it was impossible to resign myself to the thought of never seeing Lindsay again. In my restlessness I struck His breath failed him, he grew purout for Paris immediately. Your let- ple, his eyes rolled. Then he colter reached me there. Oh, Hildred, lapsed weakly. that letter, that letter! It was like a call from the past-and though I resisted my own longings, that letter carried me away—I could not bear it after that. I wrote you, as you "Aye know. Then as soon as I could manage it, for I did not want to return here penniless, and my funds were pretty low, I came to Matthew. too, believed me dead, poor, days, I have had free range of my

own domain. "And now?" half fearfully. "And now?" "Now I am going to see Uncle Eric."

"To Uncle Eric! Laurence!" "I am going to Uncle Eric," went on, determinedly. "I don't want a penny of his money-not a sou. But I want Lindsay. Every drop of blood in my body tells me it is mine, mine! No other men shall ever call himself the master of

"Are you mad, are you mad?" cried ildred. "What will Uncle Eric think, or say, or do, if you go to him in such a fashion?"

too, knows what it is to have the Lindsay fever in his veins. He will understand, I hope, I hope. I shall not be passionate, I shall not be angry—I shall be as I have never been towards him. Mildred, he loved me in the past-there must be some of the old love left in him still. Until I heard of Harold's death-which was at the time the news of Miss Fenton's engagement reached me-I never knew that another branch of the Lindsays had been transplanted here. Hugh Lindsay! The name struck me

like death." Mildred shook her head.

"Would to God I could give you ope," she said. "Would to God I hope," she said. "Would to don't could but I cannot. The old hatred is but slumbering in Uncle Eric's breast—it is there, my poor Laureh from his lips, unstirred, unmovence, fierce and bitter still, made
ed save by the fiercest anger, gripworse by the very intensity of his old affection. Only last night when he heard the violin-'Nevertheless, I must see him-now

-at once."
"But he is ill, Laurence."

"Not in bed?"
"No; but—"

Then an interview with me cannot help him. Rise or fall, I go to him

"Like that, without your disguise, your grey beard—"
"Even as I am—I am not ashamed. Ah, Mildred, breathe one prayer

for my welfare. He took her hand in his-it was cold as ice-and kissed it. "Will you come with me, or shall I

he asked. "I had rather you went alone, Laurence. I feel fatigued and tired-He rose and left her. She watched him as he disappeared among the trees, along the path down which she had come so short a time ago with beating pulses. She was conscious of no pain—only all life seemed empty and valuless. She had brought him aluless. She had brought him-home that he might tell her he and valuless. She had brought him home—home that he might tell her he cared for another. She had brought him home that she might hold the joy of seeing him: to her breast for one brief moment—and then have that brief moment—and then have that joy dashed from her for ever. She had brought him home that he might seek his old place in his uncle's heart seek his old place in his uncle seek his old place in his uncle again, one last, long how—then he turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside and the hand dropped. Laurence went to the door. He turned his head aside his head aside hand head aside hand dropped his head aside hand head aside hand head his hea brief moment—and then have that joy dashed from her for ever. She had brought him home that he might seek his old place in his uncle's heart in

Copyrighted 1903, by Benziger Bros. Fenton. And with that thought she prayed for him indeed—that he might lose instead of winning. He had ever been reckless, risking all on a mad impulse, and the impulse that had sent him now to face his un-

Instead long. A new fear was trembling in Mildred's breast. Love is quick to take alarm. His hesitation, the change in his voice when he spoke of Leigh Fenton, filled her with foreboding. To Laurence, that silence was bitter as gall, for his own ence was bitter as gall, for his own and the solution of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estion of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination, the control of the brain, and on Aunt Estination of the brain, and on Aunt Estin neglect, brought home to him vividly by those few words, rose in all
its blackness before him. The birds
above them flew over their heads
in the golden light, the soft breath
in the golden light, the soft breath ence, her idol, her only love. head drooped, her eyes closed.

> When Uncle Eric retired to the library he would not permit even Gertrude to accompany him, desperately as she pleaded. He told her that he desired to be alone, and he sat now with his head bowed upon his hands, trying to think, to collect his wandering thoughts. And so he sat, idle, as the moments crept by.

> When, then, there came a hesitating tap at the door, he bade whoever it might be to enter. He did not turn in his chair when the old butler stood behind him-therefore he did not notice the trembling of the old man's lips when he said a gentleman desired to see him on business.

"Let him come," said Uncle Eric, wearly. "And if you can find Miss Gertrude send her here."! "Gertrude would remember,"

thought, listlessly. His brain was tired, his body was tired. Gertrude knew all about things, and he could not stand being bothered. Old Matwere very good friends, as friendship thew-no, he was sick, too-Gertrude goes with such a man," he went could tell Hugh, and Hugh must begin to arrange matters now, he would be master in a little while-a little while--"

loved. I was with him when he was him. He waited for his visitor to called to Kentboro by reason of his approach, and when he did not, turn-

Hugh Lindsay, my cousin! What "You desire to see me?" he asked, sort of a fellow is this cousin of in a querulous tone.

"Yes; I do," answered a strange voice. Uncle Eric sat up straight and his eyes stared in front of him with a

'Come over here. Yes, I- My God!' He knew who his visitor was now.

"You know who I am, uncle?" asked the young man, in a trembling "Uncle Eric, you do know

"Aye. I have cause to know you!" said Uncle Eric. "Ingrate, spendthrift, snake!" he hissed out the last "I have cause to know you, word. vagabond.

"Uncle Eric, by the old love I plead good-natured old chap. But for three days, three royal, gracious all the old ties, by Lindsay itself, "You will find my cheque-book at your elbow," said Uncle Eric. "Hand it to me. How much money do you

want?" "I do not want your money, Uncle Eric. "No?" in a slow, thick, insulting

voice. "You do not want my money? Then are the heavens about to fall." "Oh, Uncle Eric, won't you let me speak to you? See, I will be humble

-I am not the man who left you in anger now. As for money, I have enough to live on. But the curse of the Lindsays has fallen on me, and have not been able to resist it. have been drawn here, almost against my will, I tell you, by my love for "He will understand-I hope, for he, the old home. Ah, believe me," he pleaded passionately, seeing the ga-

thering blackness on Uncle Eric's face. "You loved me once—let me prove to you that I may yet deserve your trust, your affection. A scapegrace have I been-a miserable ingrate! But do we not all do things we are sorry for? Give me but the freedom of this dear old place, the shelter of a cottage on its grounds, aod I shall be content."

It was a pathetic appeal-he had not meant, with all his unswerving purpose, to be so humble. But the sight of the manor, the sight of that aged and worn face-that face that had smiled on him so often in his careless youth-impressed him with a sense of his own rash daring. Uncle Eric listened to the words that pourping the arms of his chair. He spoke, and every syllable came out sharp, distinct, incisive.

"And I repeat to you the words I said to you the day you left here-that, dead or living, in Lindsay Manor you shall never rest your head. So you have come back, have you?" contemptuously. "You have come back to the doting old man who took you and your brother to his heart and conferred benefit after benefit upon you! You have come back to the

one you scorned and sneered at?
Well, you shall not stay. Go!"
"Uncle, I can only acknowledge that your words are true ones—I bow to them. I was mad to fancy that you could ever grant me par-But since I cannot quench the don. flame my past wrong-doing has rous-ed in you—" He choked desperateed in youly and dashed his hair back from his eyes. "Will you shake hands with me, Uncle Eric?"

The old man's eves travelled from face to outstretched hand with a smile upon his lips—a smile worse than a blow—then he turned his head aside

ed before his eyes. His hand sought the electric button, lelt it, pressed it. He kept his finger on it. His ser-vants ran up at the continued peal, his wife meeting them in their affright into his face.

"Hugh!" he said thickly and uncer-tainly. "Hugh is master of Lindsay -Hugh, Hugh, Hugh!"
And the lights and faces and sparks went out in a great, impenetrable darkness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Bunch of Keys.

The doctors were summoned hastly, two from Kentboro, and Hugh against all the world—I shall defend you even against yourself."

The silence that fell between them law to lace his unlow to lace his unl Matthew and Mildred was aware of This the fact that Laurence Lindsay had Lindsay had been stricken after an interview with his nephew was a se-

The whole house was in confusion. Aunt Estelle scarcely left her hus-band's bedside. When Hugh suggested trained nurses-forgetting her oldfashioned ways-she turned on him angrily. The old man lay in a stupor, and the woman who had been so long wrapped up in the pomp of the world and its vanity gave place to a faithful wife, whose every thought was centred on his recum-

bent form. Day after day passed. Hugh's time of absence expired, but he could not leave Lindsay when his aunt depended so much upon him. He and Gertrude worked together with her faithfully. At first Aunt Estelle seemed to resent the girl's presence, but when she read the real concern on her face, and saw how dear she was to the sick man, who, in half-conscious moments, called her name tenderly, she seemed to soothe him, but the moment Mildred entered the room he showed restlessness. Soon she just made inquiries concerning him at the door and passed on. In the brief by day, since his honest love was glimpses she had of him, she felt guil- not the passion that men usually mister of the manor would, in all proba- found it a distorted, shapeless interview that had precipitated this rebelled against his future—against seizure?

in her own luxurious room, reading romances and eating bonbons. She had offered, indeed, to return to Kenthoro, despite Leigh's pleading to upon the floor, and springing to her kindly that she was neither bother Lindsay saw but little of her now, daughter's delight. The other guests -and I am jealous, Hugh." had left the afternoon that Uncle trude would have none of him, and he

could not see her without pain. Mrs. Fenton was waiting patiently for Uncle Eric's death. If, as they say, the old man could live but a short time, she thought it useless to go away, since she would only have to come back for the funeral. She wished, in her secret heart, that he would recover consciousness, and desire to have the marriage take place did his mother's warning words reat once. Even to her careless eyes cur to him just then? But he put it appeared that Hugh was less lov- them from him hurriedly. He dared er-like and more formal, and she dreaded a breaking off of the match. Leigh's affection for him, half-hearted at best, seemed to have utterly Once married to him and away from flown. Would she, could she, dare she change her mind now, when ev- had made her false world, he would erything was turning out so splendid- teach her to look differently on life. ly, when kind Providence was remov- The old love, the first love, the sweet ing old Eric to make way for young true, simple love, must come back to Hugh? And she confessed, with tears, that Leigh could and would and dared do anything she pleased.

one's children," sighed the stout lady; and dug deeper into her box of chocqlates for solace.

Certainly Leigh's manner strange enough to cause her mother She was not worrying over Eric Lindsay-that thought was impossible, for she never entered his room, saving that the sight of people suffering upset her. Mildred, watching her with cold, blue eyes, seeing below the surface now since Laurence Lindsay told her his story, felt her heart ache with jealousy of the girl's beauty, of her birth, of her grace, of everything that had made Laurence care for her. Leigh was too careless of those with whom she associated to read the hostility in her eyes or seek its cause. And especially was she too deeply wrapped up in herself now to pay attention to others. Since the day she had seen that portrait in the gallery many thoughts had taken hold of her. She guarded what she imagined was her exclusive secret very carefully. exclusive secret very carefully. She knew that Fraser and Laurence were one person, and she had taken, at last, the mighty resolve of cutting herself loose from Hugh. Yes; it must come to that—it must finally come to that. She meant to write to Fraser, to tell him that she could to Fraser, to tell him that she could not forget that she loved him, to on the rug. She, stooping to pick on the rug. She, stooping to pick on the rug. risk all, to give all, and not to men-tion the fact that she knew his real name or station. Her mother's op-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-position—a wall of steel against the learn her quiet and subdued weep-learn her q shattered at the prospect of having on her shoulder. She raised her face Laurence Lindsay for a son-in-law. She did not want Eric Lindsay to die. He must live, and she must try to win over his heart to the famust vor of his oldest nephew-his phew whom he thought dead. Leigh Fenton, who had so often test-ed the power of her beauty, the wit-ehery of her grace, upon susceptible masculine hearts, was supremely satisfied that her charm could not be resisted once she chose to exercise it -even on Uncle Eric.

seek his old place in his uncle's heart parate from him, and his head twirt own loss of strength. Hugh would perhaps win it, and with it Leigh ed around on top of it. Sparks danc- not again advise nurses or servants

as caretakers, for he felt that such a suggestion would but annoy her in her present nervous state. Ger-trude's hours of watching became longer and more tedious, and this alarm, and all entered the room togemther. Aunt Estelle ran to his
side and lifted the stiff hand still
anything to help her. If he tried to
take her place he was sure to be interrupted or called away, since all the business details connected with the manor devolved upon him.

Entering one morning, the pleasant little room which had been the family's favorite resort when Uncle Eric was well, but which was now seldom occupied, he found Leigh seated in luxurious idleness, her fingers between the closed book lying in her lap, her chin resting in her palm.

"Do you wish to please me very much?" he asked, going over to her with his kind smile.

"What is it?" she said, guardedly "The doctors have just compelled Aunt Estelle to retire to her room, with orders to Julie that she shall stay in bed for the day. They told her plainly she must save her strength—she would need it all later Poor Aunt Estelle!" "Well?" asked Leigh, in a question-

ing tone.
"Gertrude has been up since midnight and old Matthew has come to see me on business that cannot be de-layed. I shall only be engaged with him about an hour—will you take the girl's place until I can return, dear? There will be nothing to do but give uncle one dose of medicine—there is no change imminent."

"Oh, Hugh, I am really afraid," be said. "I can't even bear to look she said. at him-you know that.' "Very well."

"Very well." He seemed much hurt, and would have withdrawn at once. Her brows met in a frown. "I think your Aunt is crazy not to hire a good nurse! Such nonsense I never heard of."

"You know how she feels about it -she takes pleasure in wearing herself out for him. It may be the last service she can ever reader him-and such service is sweet to those who love, Leigh."

"Oh, service!" she shrugged her shoulders "I can't see it in that light. And as for Gertrude Waring -Well, perhaps there is a reason for

her being so attentive." Hugh started as if she had struck him. His eyes scorched her; under their lightning glance she felt ashamed. She counted too much on the affection she had inspired in this willingly consented to allow her to manis breast. Love had come to him remain with him. Her presence quickly indeed; perfect happiness for one brief space of time had found him. But day by day she was teaching him the sad lesson of a shattered ideal-his idel had feet of clay. Day She saw the pain on Aunt Es- call love, he looked below the beautelle's face, and knew that the mas- tiful eyes for the soul of her-and bility, never rise from his sick bed. thing. Happily for him, his uncle's Was she not partly responsible? Had illness had distracted him from these it not been her letter that brought bitter thoughts. But they came up-Laurence Lindsay home to seek the on him now, fierce and strong. He her. She, looking at him, saw the change in him, felt that gaze burn deep, and she did not wait for the scornful retort she knew trembled upon his lips. She threw her book Aunt Estelle told her very feet, put both arms about his neck.

"Forgive me, Hugh, I did not mean not trouble, which was true, for Mrs. that. But she seems such a paragon of goodness. And you all seem to be and she stayed on, much to her holding her up to me as an example

These words two months ago would Eric was stricken, and one, Bayard have filled him with delight, as indi-Cameron, was glad to go, for Ger-cative of her affection—but now he re-

ceived them coldly.
"No need to be," he answered, putting his arm about her. He none of the joy of earlier days as he stood there, his sweetheart in his embrace. A great fear filled him. Supposing all their wedded life, the years and years of it that stretched before them, were to be like this? He expecting; she disappointing. Why not think. Everything must turn out well in the end, everything must, he said to himself, almost savagely. the surroundings and the people who He spoke to her tenderly now. him. and left her. Giving a message to the butler for old Matthew, saying "One has nothing but trouble with he could not be seen that day, he went to his uncle.

On tiptoes he approached the door of the sick-room through the dressingroom, and stood on the threshold Gertrude sat beside the bed. He could not see her hands, which were hidden in her lap, but he heard the click of her rosary beads, and he knew that she was praying. She seemed such a lonely little figure that she brought back to him vividly the child he had chidden, advised and comforted in what now seemed so long ago. How he had pitied her in his heart, and now how he respected her-how far even during these last, few weeks she had grown above him! What a heart she had, this simple little girl! What an honest, unspoiled soul! With bowed head he leaned against the door, still watching her.

Uncle Eric moved, and spoke word of two. Gertrude rose and bent over him, putting her hand on his forehead, and smoothing the rillow under his head. Then, looking at the index hand of the chart, she saw that it was time to administer them up, remained upon her knees, her face buried in the counterpane. enniless Allan Fraser-would fall longer. Approaching, he put his hand ing, and he could stand the sight no to his, with heavy eyes and parted

lins. "Run away, dear, for a while," he whispered. "Just for an hour or two, and forget the gloom and trou-

ble here, if you can. "Oh, Hugh, I'd rather stav," she murmured. "He just said, 'My good child.' He really did—I heard him, Hugh. He does not like it if I go. And Hugh-

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