JUNE 19, 1909.

em more," said John "and that's what I'm

em higher than a kite," nd, " so I'm with you, w do you intend to go ntinued, settling himchair, and lighting a

atively, "I thought of ansport and \$100 to r twenty. How do at?"

resident made a rapid restent made a rapid ost you about \$5,000,000 sounting fares. That's at to get even with the union and I guess this'll u'll send me a cheque, you'll get that more you'll get that money ut the rest of it ?" he

to," rejoined Hammond, ently; "I reckoned to anyway. Barker will ngh," he added, " and gh for me."

it isn't," returned the got to get it all back. 'll soon show you how. er with forming a com-nd two or three others, rs to this new Grand rain roads in fact? If three hundred th started for Can million before Canada million before That means a 't you forget it, and of a lot of freight. Canadian Governr roads a pretty g pecially if we incorr and give some of their ok-in, eh?" John Hamappreciatively. even he had ever looked beat his adversaries at , but to make a profit out . "Then there's flour eaker resumed, est of it. Oh ! we'll , don't you worry. T od business proposit tock in the company to rour cheque, and I'll back dollar, and mý last pas

about that John Ham-ie returned to Middle-able to tell Father Gagget h's "little excursio is soon as he liked, and n, who had seen the Bisis people who, as he had would, responded gladly to an invitation which in r only hope of future em-the last Sunday in Sepore, there were pontifica int Joseph's church, Mid-he last which most if not regation and Father Gagho was to go with his peong there.

op's wish, the vespers were unday, and the last psalm, el de Egypto, had a new Il who heard it; one they forget. And, for a motet on, the choir sang yet priate psalm: "When the he captivity of Sion." The d them solemnly and specid them solemnly and speci-all, the man who had made ance possible. For, his notwithstanding, he nn Hammond, his acquaintyears standing, had done al philanthropy. And on Pierre Martin's dream was he Great Exodus, the he Land of Promise, had

history. The fifteen thous-Canadians in Middle the first to go. But John offer, published gratis in per, French or English in de known, by the Bishop's from every Catholic publit, ffect. From every factory ndreds and then thousands askatchewan and Alberta. Company, fully realizing all xodus involved, did their ek it, but in vain. There o prevent a man's paying for a million people, if he so and could afford it. ond sent the railway com-

really wish to be a priest? Monseigneur was saying, as he had said "Yes, Monseigneur," returned Pierre modestly, wholly unchanged as the elder saw and thanked God for it, "if you think I am fit for it." Monseigneur smiled kindly, "I think

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mond.

pany a cheque in full for the amount, there could, therefore, be no question of passes or of any infringement of the law governing such matters. Moreover, the president of the railway company in-formed a deputation from the StateLegis-lature—sent by the Cotton Company— that he was prepared to state, on oath, that the cheque in question had been duly honored at the bank. He did not say, nor did any one suspect antil long afterwards, what arrangement had been come to between him and John Hamin New Orleans not having had as yet xperience in the work of organized harities. The venerable Sister Regis, whose name is inseparably connected with the Charity Hospital of this city, was the first superioress. Along with Mary Allen seven little

girls were placed in the institution. In-deed, there were many more, but with these seven the life of Mary Allen was incompatible concerted. "These many life descendents of sturdy Irish Catholic parentage. After the death of Mr. Poy-dras, who so munificently endowed the come to between him and John Ham-

The Canadian Government, thanks to institution, the asylum passed under the control of a board of directors, all of whom were Protestants. It was not long before the management of the household affairs was placed in other hands than those of the Sisters of Charity. Mary Senator Bilodeau and others, were as generous to the new railways as they had been to the Saskatchewan Land and Improvement Company, so that John Hammond's investment in philan-thropy—and in checkmating his assail-Allen, who was now about ten years old, and the other seven little girls above thropy—and in enceknating ins assari-ants—profitable one. On the part of the Government, indeed, such a repatria-tion often spoken of but never regarded hitherto as possible, was as had been said mentioned were anxious to follow the Sisters, especially as the chapel had been closed, and they had no alternative tion often spoken of but never regarded hitherto as possible, was as had been said in Parliament by all means to be encour-aged. Old Quebec it need hardly be said was wildly enthusiastic over such an event. Township after township, parish after parish, sprang into existence in New Quebec; members were sent to Ottawa to redress a balance which at one time seemed about to turn inevitably and too decisively against their race. And Alphonse Bilodeau, when on the first important question affecting French in-terests, he was able to assure the Gov-ernment of the support of thirty vote ernment of the support of thirty votes, felt that at last the hour he had waited for had come; that he had but to ak in order to obtain. Felt also that in counting or Perce Martin's enthusiasm on the utitiona and religious aspira-tions of his exited countrymen, for the accomplishment of the work begun, as he would have said, at St. Joseph de had not counted in vain or been mis-taken. And Biorne binseoff 2. What of the

And Pierre himself? What of the boy-for he was little more, the vision-ary, to whom, by Senator Bilodeau's own admission, more than to any one, all this was due? His faith had been justfied, this share in this great work was eveded. The prophecy of the Honorable Angus Macfarluon made with se much could and wore taken in hy her. A few days Macfarlane, made with so much conde-scension at St. Joseph de l'Acadie, had been more than fulfilled. He had gone far, indeed. Even now, he might go yet farther, if he chose to do so. No honor,

sor, lead and. Mother Desert told n and were description of the second the 'children to her heart, and heard the good Mary Allen had been to her ; had been inseparable, and when '' Blind Mary '' heard that the good Protestant cook had arranged with MotherDesert to take Mary Allen, too, her little heart though she wanted practice the the second though she wanted practice the second though she wanted though almost scious of failure, and of advancing years, had almost envied the calm faith and quiet contentment of his old friend and classmate, Monseigneur Demers. There was something, then, which to such souls as these appealed more strongly, more deeply, than political ambition. Strange! and yet, as he again reflected, half-un-

and yet, as he again reflected, marchi-willingly, not by any means an unenvi-able disposition. For a priest Pierre still hoped to be, and the hope he felt was nearer to its realization now than it had seemed when he first gave expression to it, before the call of duty intervened, not as he now saw, to turn him away from the goal of his desires, but rather to lead him to it by a higher and better way, the way of God's choosing, not of So it came to pass that not long after

their love for their holy faith.

his return to Canada, he stood in the familiar study at Saint Joseph de l'Acadie, talking to Monseigneur Demers taking up their conversation at the point where it had been broken

THE CATHOLIC RECORD

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"Miss Mary," as she was always calle , became a leading teacher in the order, and she might as well have been con and she might as well have been con-sidered a Sister, so beautiful and pure and holy was her life, so unselfish, so loyally and so earnestly did $s^{\flat}e$ labor in all things for the welfare of the com-munity to which she and her orphan friends were so deeply indebted. She became particularly noted as a primary teacher, understanding the nature of the little children as few women can, and knowing how to obtain the best results in action, study and practice. Forty years ago there were only two Public schools in the Third District for girls; the Marianites of Holy Cross had charge of all the large parochial schools, be-sides the convent schools of their order. " Miss Mary " was the leading primary teacher, and went from school to school teacher, and went home school school school teaching the little ones as they first en-tered. She was always called "Miss Mary," nothing more, and it was com-monly said of her that for upwards of thirty years she had taught nearly all the little girls of the Third District, and many of the little boys, too, their alpha-bet, and how to read. The little ones invariably loved her, and a smile from Miss Mary" was sufficient to make hem work a whole day. She continued er work up to ten years or so ago, when her health began to fail ; heart trouble had set in ; and one Sunday morning when the Sisters came from the funeral of the lamented Sister Ambrose, they little thought that ere another sun would

set "Miss Mary," who was so dear to all, would have passed into the world be-yond the skies.

" Miss Mary " had a little sister whom she had brought with her from the Poydras Asylum the day that she and Blind Mary appeared at the convent gate asktold their story to the Venerable Mother Mary of the Desert, who still survives, and were taken in by her. A few days after two more of the girls followed, and ing for admission. Several years af.er-wards this little girl died, and when Pope Luila, the famous old swordsman of New Orleans, heard the story of these orphan girls, he was so deeply touched at the thought of Mary Allen and the then came two again, and then one dark night, and with her little sister, Mary Allen knocked at the door, leading "Little Blind Mary," as she was called, by the hand. Mother Desert told me how doorly touched she was as the tred little blind girl that when Mary Allen's sister died he went to the Marianites and offered a tomb in St. Vincent de Paul's Cemeteries, so that she and her sister and "Blind Mary" might mingle their ashes in death. That was many years before, and on the morning when Miss Mary was laid out in state in the olden chapel, a Solemn Mass of Requiem was chanted over her remains, almost the entire Third District turned out to honor the mory of this true and noble woman, as she was faid to rest in this tomb.

" Blind Mary " still lives on ; Mother Desert says she is the saint of the convent, and the source of many blessings that have come to it, for her beautiful life of patience, resignation and prayer have borne fruit. She was brought into the chapel to sit beside the coffin of her and her blind companion to go and down the river bank they went, Mary Allen dearest friend, and there I saw her once leading "Blind Mary," who was much younger than herself, and often, when again, as she passed her faded hands over her face and quietly kissed it, and the latter was footsore, lifting her in said : "It is well ; soon I will join her in the heart of Jesus."

her arms and carrying her, in order that they might reach the asylum by dark. For there were no downtown street cars And she sat quietly praying while the remains of her friend, so truly loved and in New Orleans then, and the streets were whose life had been a sacrifice for her, because she was so poor, so humble and so afflicted, were being taken to its not lit. What a touching picture, that of these two little Catholic girls, undertaking such a journey, and all because of eternal reward.

For the first time Miss Mary's life Mother Desert cried as she heard the history then became known. Hundreds of students who have known her during story. The little blind girl was taken to Dr. Stone, the most eminent author-ity of those days, but he declared that she must remain blind for life. Then Mary Allen's devotion increased. She all these years and noting the honor and reverence paid to her in the com-munity of Holy Cross, were under the impression that she was a wealthy, but eccentric lady, but chose to make her indexections in a convert and that at would read to "Blind Mary," sing to her, and cheer her, and all the time winning the love of the new home into which she residence in a convent, and that at death the institution would materially benefit by her bequests.

The little orphans were all educated ; several became members of the order of Marianites and rose to the position of eminence in it. Mary Allen might have While all knew her devotion to poor Mary Mitchell, that too, was set down only as one of Miss Mary's peculiariand he was soon forgotten. done the same, for she was considered ties. Few knew too, that she had been the brightest of the group, and developed into a most cultured and lovable woman, helpless orphan child; that together, two little ones had sobbed themselves but she never entered the religious life she declared always that she never in to sleep when first bereft of parents and thrown upon the charity of an asylum; that together they wept their childish tended to leave the convent walls, but also added that she was not going to woes, and together took a step which few children would have done. Miss Mary never owned a cent in her life, take the veil, either; and those who knew her best knew, too, that it was her devetion to this poor, blind girl that kept her back. All her spare moments she would spend with Mary Mitchell, and the magnificent education she had acquired was the offering that the Marwho soon became paralyzed as well as blind, and who, for thirty-five years kept ianites of Holy Cross make to every poor orphan child who is taken under

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TRUE STORY WRITTEN FOR THE MISSIONARY. MISSIONARY, By Rev. Richard W. Alexar

surprise ner. She does not know that I have always been a half Catholie or that I intend to be instructed, but I have come to you for it all." "Have you ever been baptized Jack?" I said. "What shall I do with the fellow?" Thus I said to myself as I returned to be Parish House. I had been in the shool where I had laid down the law "Never, Father; I will have a clear title, I know what that means." I saw he was in solid earnest, and to a certain Jack West once before on verge of expulsion for his misevous tricks, but begged off by a der-hearted nun, who had a thousd excuses for him.

I saw he was in solid earnest, and to nder-hearted nun, who had a thous-id excuses for him. The mischief was not done in school ints but was a series of complain's id by neighbors—in substance, that ieir front door bell was rung adly at night, their dogs tied to tele-raph poles and discarded store signs The mischief was not done in school heir front door bell was rung budly at night, their dogs tied to tele-raph poles and discarded store signs he listened to the Sister in the old iled to their porches. All had been aced to Jack and he had not denied classroom served him well. In due time he was baptized and made his first the he was baptized and made his first the he was baptized and made his first the he was baptized and made his first help communion and became a most itholic and as I said to him, had no i fervent convert. fervent convert. isiness in our parochial school, but he ing his head and said he would do One evening he brought me on a friendly visit the young lady whom he wished to make his wife; he had told etter, a promise I knew he would forget e next time the demon of mischief me that religion had been tacitly avoided between them after she had told him that her constant prayers were offered ook hold of him.

I hated to expel him for there was ood in the lad, and the fact of his comfor his conversion. stonished girl heard that her ng to our school in spite of his Protestant home and connections, showed at least had been answered, and when I assured an unusual leaning to the faith. He never her that I had baptized him and he expressed any desire to be instructed or baptized and after being in the church she burst into tears. I was deeply once, at some devotions, asked to go home on similar occasions. affected, and thought how much yo The had no small amount of twitting is the teachings of the Church in the

and slurs to stand on account of his leaning to Catholics, but he paid no matter of mixed marriages. She belonged to a distant parish and of course knew nothing of what happened attention until on one occasion he promptly knocked down his tormenter and punished him severely. After that he was respectfully lef; to do as he in mine. It is needless to say that a short time after Jack called and joyously told me of his approaching marriage. I did not see him often after his wedding, but it pleased. His easy-going parents never bothered

about him, in fact they were glad he persevered at any school, for he had was always a source of extreme satis-faction for me to remember the little romance of Jack West. lived on the streets until he took a fancy to the Sisters' school. His name had been a terror to the

neighborhood for aggravating tricks, and the trouble was, no threats nor pun-ishment availed for any length of time. sore with grief. She left him a baby girl, and he wanted to advise with me as to the propriety of allowing a dis-tant cousin of his wife, a non-Catholic, to take the heads. He came to our school until he was four-teen and then he disappeared. I inquired for Jack at the Sister's request, but to take the babe. learned that the Wests had moved away This young we

From my lips the

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"Quite a wonderful baby," I said. "Well, Father," said he, roused by the aint touch of amusement in my "Emma says, in looking up the 'Hail Mary,' which I said the baby must learn soon she found a great many things in the Catholic religion that she never knew and she wants to be a Catholic; and Father, I am very glad, indeed, for

and Father, I am very grad, intervery I want to marry her." "Ahi" I said, "so that's it. Well, Jack, you have had an apostolate of your own certainly. I will be glad to help the lady in her search for truth; bring er to see me

"It is all the work you began in your Catholic school, Father," said Jack, humbly.

Ze brought the lady, and I found her Re brought the lady, and I found her an intelligent young person of about twenty-eight, able to hold her own in the matter of religion, but before whom a new vista opened when she began to search for the 'Hail' Mary in obedience to Jack's wish about the little girl. There were many things to be ex-plained to her, and she plodded along with great caution; but all the more was she earnest and sincere, and once convinced, she was of the stuff that makes martyrs.

makes martyrs.

I need hardly say that she was finally baptized, conditionally, made her first Holy Communica and in the end became

Mrs. Jack West-and I married ber. Of course, Jack was soberly happy, and the Protestant parents of the bride were present at the ceremony, which was at Mass where both received Holy Communion.

They were greatly impressed at the dignity of the Sacrament so lightly considered in these days of easy divorce, and expressed themselves so. Ere many days the mother called and

begged to be placed under instruction, with her husband who was somewhat of an invalid. And so the whole family became Catholics in time and fervent con-

verts they were. "Whence came this grace ?" I said to Jack one day when we talked it over. "Father," he said earnestly, "I think it began in your Catholic school."

And I think so, too. How can a child's plastic mind be etter directed to anoble and God-fearing life than by blending religion, day by day with secular learning ? And what is to be expected of youth

who never hear religion not even the ten commandments explained as they go through the years of their student life ?

Verily a godless course of study, no matter how elaborate or extended, is Two years passed by, when I received letter from him. His wife was dead and his heart was only apt in its natural results to fill our penal institutions with educated ogues whose cleverness would never ead there had the love and fear of God been planted in their young her the starting point of their lives. hearts at

r Jack at the Sister's request, but to take the babe. earned that the Wests had moved away m he was soon forgotten. That was ten years ago, and many The garents and the poor infant would have The had no relatives who The had no relatives who The sister's request. This young woman lived with her parents and the poor infant would have the had no relatives who The sister's request. The sister's request. This young woman lived with her the poor infant would have the had no relatives who the sister's request. T

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Not Fill our Body NEW ENERGY

ne weakness and tired feelpring—You can do this sing DR. CHASE'S NERVE FOOD.

not be a victim of circum-suffer all the weakening and ffects of spring. ings, headaches, indigestion, troubles all fly away when is flooded with rich, red

d vigor only come after all y wants of the system are Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is so successful as a blood builde on begin to feel strong and

s of this great restorative rou can rebuild the body been wasted by worry, over-ing colds or the depressing ting effects of spring. no reaction after the use o Nerve Food because it is ant. On the contrary it is a and, system-building medicine working hand in hand with res of lasting benefit to the thoroughly drives out weakthoroughly arives out weak sease by filling the system nergy and vigor. . Loynes, nurse, Philipsburg, : "I was all run down and Encouthing

o my own work. Everything me sick. In nursing others ne good results of Dr. Chase's and resolved to try it. As his treatment, I have gained do my own work alone and entirely different person." 2's Nerve Food, 50 cts. a box, rs, or Edmanson, Bates & Oo., you have proved it," he said, and Pierre knew that his heart's dearest wish was

to be granted him. He hopes, too, that before very long he shall be vicaire, under his old friend Abbé Gagnon, of a new parish in the far Northwest already known as "Slint Joseph de Middlehampton," seeing that there all whom he loves best, including De Tearry emit his combined Dr. Terry, await his coming. THE END.

" MISS MARY."

A TRUE STORY OF HOW EIGHT LITTLE ORPHAN GIRLS KEPT THE FAITH.

love, as bound these two orphan girls from the early age of two and three through all the changing years is rare, and it was often said among the Sisters and pupils that long years ago "Miss Mary" would have taken the veil if it were not for the fact that she would have to take the yow of obedience. "Go here, go there," at the voice of her super-iors, and this would have separated her from her "Blind Mary." the friend and confidence of her early childhood years. Hidden from the world in the seclu sion of the cloister are many beautiful life histories whose tender grace, like the fragrance of the violet, filling the corners of some wooded dell, steals in-sconsibly upon the heart, speaking a silent language in pleading undertone, whose subtle meaning no other flower has known. Such a life history was that of Mary Allen, who for upwards of forty years made her home with the Sisters Marianites, of Holy Cross, in that beautiful old Convent, way down in the lower part of the city, from whose graci-

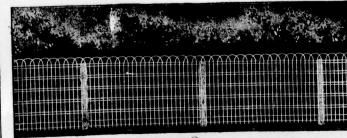
ous influence have gone forth many of the noblest women of Louisiana. Mary Allen, or "Miss Mary," as she was known to the whole Third District, had

been left with her little sister an orphan in one of those terrible yellow fever visitations which used to devastate New Orleans before science discovered how to control the disease so efficiently. It was the epidemic of 1838, and among the many little orphaned cnes was Mary Allen, scarcely two years old, who was placed in the Poydras Asylum, then the only orphan asylum for girls in New Orleans. Though established under Protestant auspices, the household man-agement of the asylum was at first placed agement of the asylum was at first placed under the direction of the Sisters of Charity from Emmittsburg, Protestants

her room in the ancient asylum of the institution adjoining the great mother-house of the Order of New Orleans. their care. Her story was told by Mother Desert at the open grave, and came as answer to the query: "But Miss Mary was a Twice a week she was brought down to the services in the chapel, viz., on Sunrich lady, was she not, and chose to re the services in the enapel, viz., on Suf-days and Thursdays, and also on holy days of obligation, and during all these years it was Mary Allen who helped to carry her down. Such devotion, such love, as bound these two orphan girls side with the Sisters because she did not have a religious vocation; yet she

was very near it?" And Mother Desert replied: "Miss Mary was a simple orphan **g**irl, just like Mary Mitchell, and she sacrificed even this beautiful religious vocation so that she might always be near her poor afflicted friend to comfort her and to care for her. The Bible says: 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay

love than this hata no man, that he lay down his life for his friend." Miss Mary's life was given for her blind and helpless friend."—By Marie Louise Points, in New Orleans Morning Star.



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changes had taken place. One day I was seated in my study when a card was brought to me. I read the name "John B. West." The name had no meaning to me, nor did I recog-I read nize in the handsome young man of twenty-four or twenty-five any former

acquaintance. acquaintance. He smiled as I gave him a seat and asked him his business. "It is evid-en', Father Alexander, that you don't know me!" "No," I replied, "I don't think I have ever seen you before." paid me a visit. One evening about three years later, I saw he had something on his mind. "Out with it Jack!" I said for I had my own surmises on the matter. "Well, Father, you've always teen my

"Don't you remember a young scamp amed Jack West who forced himself into your Parish school and nearly broke the gentle Sister's heart by his

pranks, about ten years ago?" "Why yes I do," I said in amaze-ment. "Surely you are not Jack." And I mentally admired the wellgroomed intelligent-looking young

fellow before me. "I am Jack West, Father, and I have been in a good many places since Isaw you but I have never forgotten the forbearatice you showed me or the patient kindness of Sister A-----who held on to me in spite of my infernal wick edness.

I smiled, for the man was in deep earnest and he told the truth. "Tell me something about yourself

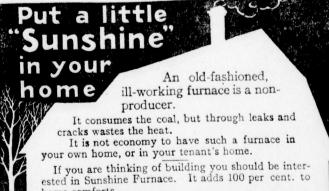
"Well, Father, I have been in college since and I graduated, and my father set me up in business. He is dead now poor man. I never joined any church, youth in that old school-house of yours. I always had ihidden in my breast the seed that was sowed there, the seed of faith | lanted by the words of that go d nun. I only needed some awak-ening influence to bring it to life"-He stopped and seemed embarrased. "Well, I said."

"Well, he echoed, I have found that influence in a good Catholic woman, whom I want to make my wife. Know-ing I was not of her faith she gives me to understand that no matter how her heart went, she would never give her hand outside the Catholic Church. I tested her for I wanted to know if a Catholic girl had mettle enough to

parents and use parents and or relatives who a good sense and would come to his aid, and he was at is loss to know what to do. I advised him to accept the offer and if the little wore spared it would be time to its is because they resist rather than cohim to accept the oner and it will be time one were spared it would be time rebeland will not adjust themselves. It is because they resist rather than co-operate with the laws of the universe, operate with the laws of the universe, was baptized. Time passed on. Jack occasionally which distribute joys and sorrows according to rule.



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