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Queer Cases of Heredity.

OCTORS disagree as to the in-OCTORS disagree as to the influence of heredity Some hold that a great deal hinges upon it, others believe the contrary. Some of the authentic stories told to exemplify this mysterious bond between ancestors and descendants are very curious.

There was a loan collection of old races was a loan collection of old portraits exhibited in London lately and a young girl was among the visitors. She was an orphan and wealthy, but without near relatives, and was often heard to complain of the loneliness of her position. As she passed through the gallery one particular portrait attracted her attention and she went. tracted her attention and she went tracted her attention and she went back to it more than once. Her companion saw in it nothing but the commonplace painting of a middle-aged man in the costume of the latter part of the last contury. "It is such a nice sind face," said the girl, rather wister cully. "I imagine my father might have looked like that had he lived." As most of the picture were ticketed the most of the pictures were ticketed the visitors had purchased no catalogue visitors and purchased no catalogue but, before going away, Miss B. bought one at the entrance and made a last visit to the portrait for which she had felt so strong an attraction. To her astonishment she found her own name opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of

opposite to its number and learned on inquiry that the original was one of her direct ancestors.

Another occult coincidence or psychological phenomenon happened a few years ago to a Southern statesman and financier whose family has always been of rank in his native State. This gentleman was overhauling old documents and leiters which had been stered in a musty chest for years and intended to publish whatever might be of historic value and interest. To his surprise he unfolded a letter yellow and time-stained, which was written in his own peculiar hand-writing, or seemel to have been written by him, although the date was two generations before his birth. The signature of the surname, which was the same as his swn, was so markedly characteristic that he and a service was two generations. ewn, was so markedly characteristic that he could scarcely believe his own tand did not pen the letters.

A Leguacious Cockston. The most loquacious cockatoo in the

The most loquacious cockatoo in the world used to be owned by a civil servant in a Riverina township, Australia, and as this is, perhaps, the only bird that ever shut up a political 'windjammer' the Melbourne "Punch" deems its escapade worthy to be put on record. A general election was on, and one of the candidates for the district had engaged a hall wherein to address the electors. There was a great attendance, and the candidate went from scratch with a rush, but at the end of five minutes was interrupted by a thin, croaking voice, like that of a little devil suffering from whooping-cough, which called from one of the rafters: "Oh, I'm full of this!" The crowd, suddenly discovering the cockatoo ou which called from one of the rafters:
"Oh, I'm full of this!" The crowd,
suddenly discovering the cockatoo on
his perch aloft, laughed uproariously.
A long string of insults at the crowd
came from the rafters. The candidate
tried to get going again. "The man's
an ass F" was the cockatoo's comment,
and he jerked it in after every solemn
expression of the candidate's opinion.
At last the candidate's patience gave
way, and, seizing the water-bottle, he expression of the candidate's patience gave way, and, seizing the water-bottle, he hurled it furiously at the intemperate bird. It broke a window, and excited the bird to further efforts. Picking out the candidate, he heaped reproaches and insuits upon him. The bird won; finding nothing left to throw, and unable to make any impression on the roaring audience, the politician flung himself from the hall, and the evil bird gave the last touch by calling pleasantly: "So long, so long!" The meeting for the the cockatoo was a fit and prepare party to represent that digthe effect that the cockatoo was a fit and proper party to represent that dis-trict in Parliament.

Palmistry Triumphant.

(Fragment from a Town Romance.) The enquirer was a little anxious as he placed his open hand before the earnest gave of the soothsayer.
"You are a man of the utmost abili-

The enquirer seemed satisfied, "You have the organizing power of Kitchener and the dash of a Baden-

Poweii."
Again the enquirer smiled.
"You have the tact of a Talleyrand, the courage of a Buonaparte, the poetry of a Shakespeare, and the sense of color of a Rubens, a Vandyke and a Gainsborough."
"Quite true," murmured the enquirer.

"You could, had you wished it, have

taken a Double First at Oxford or be-come a Senior Wrangler at Cam-bridge." bridge."

The enquirer bowed acquiescence.

"I can see from your garb you are not the Archbishop of Canterbury, and from my knowledge of the lineaments of the distinguished personages I am about to mention I am sure you are neither the Fremier, the Lord Chancellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."

cellor, nor the Commander-in-Chief."
"You are right," replied the enquirer.
"You occupy a position of greater importance, if I am not mistaken, than either of the situations I have specified."
"Again you are correct," returned the enquirer, "I have the honor to fill the post of Senior Superintendent of the Imperial Universal General Dry Goods and Provision Stores, Limited."
And with mutual expressions of respect and admiration, the soothsayer and enquirer separated.—"Punch."

Midsummer Maxims.

Old married folks never sit in the hammock together. A drug store in the neighborhood is always productive of thirst. It usually gets too cold for mamma and papa about 9 o'clock. The young lady who is always objecting to her brother's smoking fells her young young lady who is always objecting to her brother's smoking tells her young man that she likes the odor of a good cigar—with the accent on the good—and the young man smiles complacently. The neighbor's plane ought reality to be tuned. The man who can restrain Lis natural impulse to sprinkle the lawn with the hose always joilies his next door neighbor, who can't. A woman can sit with nothing in her hands and rock, but a mar has to have a paper or a cigar or both. When the Old Man and his neighbor get their feet on the railing side by side the young man who is calling on the Old Man's daughter usually proposes a strol, for he knows they are planted until bedtime.—Ex.

French and German Duels

Tis announced from Berlin that on the invitation of Prince Loewen-stein one hundred and forty re-presentatives of the German nobility, for the most part the heads of oid Roman Catholic families, have old Roman Catholic families, have signed a declaration against ducling. The declaration sets forth that the usage, although it receives a passive encouragement, purely as a means of maintaining the military appirit, from the heads of the army, is clearly contrary to intelligence, religion, culture, and law, and to social and state order. The signatories bind themselves to work for its abolition, stating that it The signatories bind themselves to work for its abolition, stating that it is false and unjust to qualify a man as a cowerd who refuses to fight, and they regard any man as worthy of all respect who, by conscientious acruples, ignores a challenge. In consideration of the present state of affairs, they reserve the right to demand astisfaction. st the present state of anairs, they reserve the right to demand satisfaction
according to the old usage if honor is
at stake, but at the same time ask that
tribunals of honor be ereated, which
would give a much more real satisfaction than that obtained on the so-called
field of honor. Two recent French
duels, by the way, over which Paris
has been laughing, concern two promising young sons of noble fathers.
Leon Daudet was slightly wounded the
other day in a duel with swords with
M. Gerauit Richard, a writer en the
"Petite Republique," as a result of a
newspaper article which he wrots. This
is not young Daudet's first duel. One
of his most famous encounters was
with M. Jean Charcot, son of the great'
physician of the Salpetriers That
arose out of M. Daudet's "Les Mortiserve the right to demand satisfaction with M. Jean Charcot, son of the great physician of the Saipetriere That arose out of M. Daudet's "Les Morti-coles," a novel intended to satirize the medical profession in much the same way that his brilliant father, Alphones, had made game of the Academy. In the other recent duel, M. Saroey file and Laurent Tailhade, a noted literary-critid and book reviewer, were the critic and book reviewer, were the ac-tors. M. Tailhada delivered himself of tors. M. Tailade delivered himself of some very severe remarks on the influence of the late M. Sarcey on the contemporary stage. Young Sarcey, to avenge his father's memory, called out the critic, and the gray-headed writer and the hot-headed young man faced each other's pistols en one of the lawns of the Bois de Boulogne. M. Sarcey fired first and missed his adversary. M. Tailhade fired up in the trees thereous M. Tailhade fired up in the trees, then taking his hat in his hand he went up to his young opponent. "I could not refuse you the patients." m. Tainade fired up in the trees, then taking his hat in his hand he went up to his young opponent. "I could not refuse you the satisfaction you demanded," he said, "for I esteemed teo highly the sentiments which made you act as you did. But a duel with me is no duel; I am one-eyed, one-armed. Now that I have stood your fire let me say how greatly I regret having wounded your filial feelings." And with this graceful speech M. Talihade extended his hand and the quarrel was

Holiday Reading.

Froude, in his "Sea Studies," had a word to say on the subject of books fer holiday reading. While freely granting that the solitary side of our nature demands leisure for reflection upon subjects on which the dash and whiri subjects on which the dash and while of daily business forbid the intellect to or daily business forbid the intellect to fasten itself, he yet insisted that the mind cannot steady itself by its sin-gle strength. So: "We require com-panions—but companions which in-trude upon us only when we invite them; we require books, and the choice is a serious one. . . As we grow old, the class of novels which we can old, the class of novels which we can read with interest rapidly diminishes. The love agonies of the Fredericks and Dorotheas cease to be absorbing. . . The taste for romance is the first to disappear. The taste for caricature lasts longer, but eventually follows. Truth alone permanently pleases." Therefore, maintained Froude, "the best company at sea can the importal best company at sea are the immortals those on whom the endurance of their works has set the seal of excellence; which are read from age to age, from ora to era, and prove, by the tenacity of their hold, their correspondence with the humanity under which all changes remain the same."

A Child's Logic.

He was very young. To be precise, he was five years and seven months. As long as he could remember he had had to set aside a part of the moneys he received to educate the little children of China. He didn't love them as with he should on he would not much as he should, or he would not

much as he should, or he would not have asked:

"Mother, they're killing all the Chinese children, aren't they?"

"Yes, isn't it dreadful? Are you not glad you are not a little Chinese boy?"

"Yes. But when they get them all killed, I won't have to send them any more of my money, will I?"

A Man Who Knew It All.

The late Flavius Josephus Cook was long on faith and short on love That is to say, he lacked sweetnes, generosity, sincerity—the qualities that win men's lasting confidence in a preacher. men's lasting confidence in a preacher. He carried an audience of non-thinkers by storm, but the scholars distrusted him, and when the people began to see through his "gallery plays," his hold upon the public loosened. For ten years he was the successful Boanerges of the "Monday Pop" lecture platform. The thundering champion of orthodoxy, he rode down science and discussed dogmatically, in "preludes," all things in heaven and earth, once a week, with advantage to his pocket and fame. As Barrett Wendell put it: "He sald things with a bang." That was a lifelong characteristic. Walking through the college yard with the present writer one day, Cook suddenly stopped, seized his astonished companion by the arm, glared at him and cried: "To you see that bledge of mence." He carried an audience of non-thinkers

Do you see that blade of grass? It is a miracle.

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E G #EARTED ACTOR

An Inchient of Joseph Jefferson's Lore for Children.

The life of very, young actors and actresses is generally a far from pleas. ant one, but from all appearances the experience of little Miss Virgie Glydop and Master Harold Welsh, the two clever children in Mr. Joseph Jefferson's company, are notable exceptions. Mr. Jefferson is generally known as a great lover of children but some of his many kindnesses to the little folk around him are beautiful characteristics of a great man.

It is said that during the long re-beareass when these two little folks were learning the parts which they have to play in "Rip .Van Winkle,". Mr. Jefferson would never allow the stage manager to be cross with them, when he saw that they were getting tired he would suggest a game of tag or hide and seek. Can you imagine anything nicer to a tired little actor than a big romp behind the flies and around great piles of stage property?
It is said that at such times Mr.

Jefferson is quite as interested a play-er as the children and that he can run plenty fast enough to make it a hard matter to catch 1.m. When he is hiding among the big piles of stage property he is able to use his voice in such a way that it is sure to feel the person "blinding," and in this way

he often gets in free.

After they have played until every one is out of breath they sit down to rest and talk it all over, and the children point out the mistakes made in the game by Mr. Jefferson, and he tells them that if they had done so and so they never would have been able too eatch him. And then they go back to catch him. And then they go been to their real work, and so, perhaps, Mr. Jefferson is responsible for at least a part of the cleverness with which these children play their parts for he always keeps them so much interested in their work.

A fiwinging Red.

Here is a swinging bed which a ven-tursome boy has constructed and ar-ranged to swing out of his window so as to sleep in the open air with no canopy except that of heaven above



him. It is a risky thing for one to de unless he is perfectly certain that he will not roll out or attempt to walk in the night. But its location on the breezy side of a house gives one all the air there is.

Sunday in the Italian Quarter,

Every, Sunday all the little strolling Italians - monkey-boys, concerting players, organ grinders, and plasterftallan: image sellers—stay at home in their little houses of the Italian quarter. On this day they put, on their best clothes, and it is a pretty sight to see them going to church with their fathers and mothers. The little girls are spotlessly clean; their white blouses have been freshly washed, and the pink kerchiefs on their heads have seen carefully folded and ironed. The small boys are not so carefully washed. because their parents evidently think that they are not required to be so clean as girls, but they generally wear good corduroy suits and well-polished boots. The church where they go to a very large building in Hatton Gar-ten, called the Italian Church. Once or taice during the year, a very pretty ceremony takes place in the church. Hundreds of little Italian girls, in white dresses, white stockings and shoes, and long white muslin veils, walk slowly round the large church, carry lighted candles. Behind them comes a procession of small Italian boys dressed in dark suits and white gloves. They also carry lighted candies, and some of them bear great panners of silk. As they march round solemnly, the organ peaks out and fills the great church with a mighty sound of music while the children sing a pratty hymn with a great number of verses.—Cassell's Little Folks.

Dewoy's Thurks to a 9 Year-Old Admire Rita Cosgrove is one of the proudest little girls in Philadelphia.. She has received an autograph letter from Ad-miral Dewey in which that here thanks her for a little remembrance which she sent him after are had read which one sent nim after are had read of his great victory at Manila. Rita is time years old and is expert with her acedle. She was much excited during war time and Admiral Dewey became her idol. She worked hard over a table spread, embroidered in national colors. When it was finished she surcolors. When it was finished she sur-prised her parents by saying that she was going to sand it to Dewey. It was wrapped with great care and in-trusted to the mails. Bits scarcely hoped to hear of it again, but Admir-al Dewey was pleased with the child's gift and a short time ago the postman handed to hear a leater the anyeless handed to her a letter, the envelope of which was covered with postmarks. The letter was as follows:

"My Dear Miss Cosgrove: My sincere tuanks for your present, which I appreciate very much. Also, for your kind wishes and sympathy. Very incerely — George Dawey."—Philaselphis Bulletin. delphia Bulletin.

THE MANTLE OF CHARITY. All day long at the loom of love, A beautiful angel sat and wove.

The woof was of silver threads of light The wrap was of gossamer dainty

white, Beaded with dew from the tender skies, That lay in the depths of the an-

gel's eyes. Back and forth the shuttle flew,

Weaving a web of texture new. Nothing like it in heaven was known, From the veil that hung before the

throne To the mist-like robes, so strangely fair.

That the star-eyed infant angels wear. Nothing like it in earth was seen, From the summer morning of gold-

en sheen

To the drapery draped of a winter night, er the window pane of crystal O'er

white; Naught in earth or heaven so fair That with this web it could compare.

As the pattern grew, a sweet sur-Came more and more in the angel's eyes, And the Rose of Sharon upon her

cheek Blushed faintly, and, as if to speak, Her lips were open, as one by one The threads flashed through, till the work was done.

Alone, in silence the angel wrought The secret of her holy thought; Something was needed down there

below In the sin-cursed world of death and woe, To hide from the sight of earth and

heaven The stains of sin by Christ forgiven. Something to hide the faults of men

From the vulture's eyes, whose greedy ken Hunted them out, by night and day, That human souls might be its prey; To meet this want, the augel wove That wonderful web in the loom of

love. And she fashioned a mantle, with sweeping train, That nothing of earth could ever

A mantle for Christian hands to

take, d backward bear for Christ's And And cast, wherever a soul doth lie In shame, a sport for the passerby.

Mrs. S. M. Henry, in Liverpool Catholic Times.

TO WEAK WOMEN

Mrs. Maxwell Tells How Much Pain and Suffering May Be Remedied

A Very Interesting statement by an Elora Lady—She Has Found a Pa-nacea for all Female Weakness and Wants Every Woman in Canada to Knew of it.

Elora, Ont., Jan. 13.—(Special.) Mrs. Maxwell of this place has written for publication a very strong letter in which she claims that Dodd's Kidney Pills have cur-ed her of Female Weakness after she had tried almost everything

clse.
This good lady, according to her statement, suffered for a long time with kidney trouble, enduring the greatest pain with a dizziness and headaches that made her very ill. She was passing through what is always a critical period in a wo-man's life and her troubles were considerably increased by this. In-deed her life was for a time in great

danger.

She says she used Dodd's Kidney
Pills with the most remarkable results, being almost instantly relieved and in a very short time com-pletely cured and restored to good health.

She is very grateful and in her letter she says. "I cannot find words to express my gratitude to God for my marvellous cure. Dodd's Kidney Pills are the great-

Dodd's Kidney Pills are the greatest medicine in the world especially for those of my age.

"I could scarcely move hand or foot I was so dizzy, and violent pains would shoot through my whole system, but now thanks to Dodd's Kidney Pills I feel well and smart." smart."
This case and its cure has creat-

ed quite a sensation and Mrs. Max-well's full and frank statement of

well's full and frank statement of the matter has been the subject of a great deal of comment. Do'd's Kidney Pills seem to be an infallible cure for Diseases of Women, as well as for Rheu-matism, Diabetes, Bright's Dis-ease and all Kidney disorders.

"A man who will not fice will make his foes fice," but what it his foes be made of the same metal? "Let a child have its will and it will not cry," but its parents will,

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fails.

The Rev. C. F. WELLS, of Vitta Ridge, III., says: "Your true bott on Asthmalene received in good a mutton. I cannot tell you how thanking I feel for the good derived from it ("was a slave, chained with puriod streethroat and Asthma for ten years. I despaired of ever being cured. I saw your advertisement for the cure of this dreadful and tormenting disease, Asthma, and thought you had overspoken yourselves, but received to give it a trial. To my astonishment, the trial acted like a charm. Send me a full size bottle."

Rev. Dr. Morris Wechsler,

Rabbi of the Cong Bnai Israel Dr. Taft Bros.' Medicine Co.,
Gentlemen: Your Asthmalene is an excellent remedy for Asthma and
Hay Fever, and its composition alleviates all troubles which combine with
Asthma. Its success is astonishing and wonderful.
After having carefully analyzed, we can state that Asthmalene contains
no opium, morphine, chloroform or ether. Very truly yours,
REV. DR. MORRIS WECHSLER.

Dr. Taft Bros. Medicine Co., Avon Springs, N. Y. Feb. 1, 1901.

Gentlemen: I write this testimonial from a sense of duty, having tested the wonderful effect of your Asthmalene, for the cure of Asthma. My wife-hausted my own skill as well as many ethers, I chanced to see your sign upon your windows on 130th street, New York, I at once old unred a bottle of Asthmalene. My wife commenced taking it about the first of November. I very soon noticed a radical improvement. After using one bottle her Asthma has disappeared and she is entirely free from all surpromon. I feel that I can consistently recommend the medicine to all who are afflicted with this distressing disease.

Yours respectfully,

O. D. PHIELPS, M.D.

Dr. Tait Bros. Medicine Co.,

Gentlemen: I was troubled with Asthma for 22 years. I have tried numerous remedies, but they have all failed. I ran across your advertisement and started with a trial bottle. I found relief at once. I have since purchased your full-size bottle, and I am ever grateful. I have a family of four children, and for six years was unable to work I am now in the best of health and am doing business every day. This testimony you cam make use of as you see fit.

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to twenty joints.

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