er

30

of it. Her face bore no sign of enjoyment, as she passed along the shore, leading her son gently by the arm. She was a widow and her son was blind. "You are a wonderful child, Made-line. But tell me, where does this blind musician live? I really find my-

unfortuante mother that the blow fell education. with almost fatal results. God had given her a double cross, but He had lound every day. And you tell me, interest in both places. Profes also given her the necessary grace to Madame, he has never received any Verdier remained no longer deaf bear it, and she, good Christian that musical instruction?" she was, corresponded with the grace. that elapsed since her child was born, good to me and I thank Him.

Alfred was now fourteen years old, and a boy of rare beauty. From his asked. mother's knee he had learned that fancy he had shown a wonderful love love Him and priase Him. debted for the compositions he so extions of his own soul.

peared to her that he was conversing eventually have led him astray.

Come and sing to me, mother."

window a glimpse could be had of the sea and strand. Echoes they were rapt in one another to heed God work a miracle for you?"
the laughing world without. She sang "God has His own reasons for evfor him in her low, sweet voice, old erything He does," she answered firm-His beautiful sightless eyes were fix- good, He will yet hear my prayer. If ed on her. His soul drank in her not, then His holy will be done." every word- When at length she fin- "I once was taught to pray."

'Oh, if I could but see your face, sweetest mother," he sobbed, "what would I not give? But then I have seen it in my dreams. It is the face of a Madonna, pure and beautiful, with eyes so full of tender love and last night we met in dreamland, you poor boy.

from you. with no kind hand to guide my steps. My helplessness distressed me. Blessed Mother.

She led me then to a humble knew no bounds. chapel where you, sweet mother, "I shall be of some assistance to were kneeling in prayer. She gave me you after all," he said to his moth Sudden came an inspiration and the to you with a heavenly smile and er; "my life shall not now be entire-then disappeared. I saw you, mother, I saw you! But, oh! it was only a dream.

His open contempt the Catholic religion had found way into the French press, and name was used indiscriminately non-Catholic papers.

It was always a puzzle to his friends why Verdier tolerated his granddaughter's being educated at a Catholic convent. He did not tell the curiould be entrusted to the Sacred low later.

Hearts Sisters. In all justice to Professor Verdier, allowed to remain at the convent as from his sightless eyes.

ments in l'Hotel de France. One evening as they sat together on the beach Madelihe informed the old man that 'Take this, Alfred,' she said. 'It is the twilight of Kildare' the twilight of Kildare' she had a great secret to impart to the secret I told you of.' Open

Is it some new story about the naughty little boy next door?"

"No, indeed, I don't play with him any more. He is not kind to other lieve her eyes when she picked them children and I don't like him." "Well, what is your secret, Mig-

"It is about a poor little blind boy that I want you to come and see. He lives in the last house in Osborne

street urchin, I dare say, that you nished you with two return tickets." THE BLIND MUSICIAN have picked up. It is not befitting a young lady of your rank, Madeline, to be associating with street waifs and that my dream is about to be realiz-

Tears gathered in the child's eyes,

on the pier, regardless of the scorching rays of the sun.

Sometimes he makes it cry, and often tells me whole stories on his violin. Yet there was one who moved among that worldly crowd who was not deed I can!" she said, stroking his the church on its way to the grotto, of it. Her face bore no sign of enjoyhis eyes.

Madame Ducroix, such was her name, self taking an interest in him. If he passed unnoticed among the fashion- has talent it must not be allowed to he gently waved her aside. thle visitors at Trouville. She joined lie dormant. The world requires men no merry house-parties in the evening of genius. Come, take me to the looking straight at the tabernacle

After two short years of happy a pleasant surprise for both parties, lead him in the paths of right. Then married life, her husband, Captain Du. It proved to be the beginning of a turning to his mother, his strength friendship which ripened as time went failed him and he fell fainting upon tle, about three weeks before the on. The professor was enraptured her breast. birth of his child. Heaven had spared with Alfred's playing, and offered to him the affliction of finding that his superintend the boy's playing, and of-son was born blind. It was on the fered to superintend the boy's future through the country. Paris and Trou-

"No, sir, never. It did not please fore the return of the pilgrims

Prayer was her only consolation, and Providence to place me in such a po- Paris, he had made public apology for faith in the power and mercy of God, sition that I could afford him an edu- his disgraceful mockeries of the Cathsustained her through the weary years cation. But God has always been olic faith, and received Alfred with "You believe, then, in God?"

the wisdom of heaven. From his in- wide world. Yes, I believe in Him; I home with her presence.

To no master was he in- it thus your God shows His love?" quisitely rendered, but to the inspira- ful," she answered, "and not for men be alone in the world. She would to question. It was His will. Had my have a faithful friend in good Ma-One evening as he and his mother son been given his sight, together dame Ducroix, from whom he had resat by the window of their humble with the wonderful talent for music ceived many a silent lesson. And as apartment, it seemed to the poor which he possesses, he might have for Alfred, he knew he was part widow that a change was coming over drifted away from his God. The glory her life. With his blessing and her boy. He was getting thoughtful and brilliancy of the world would prayer or their welfare, Professor and over-serious, and at times it ap- doubtless have blinded his soul and Verdier breathed his last.

spoke to him he smiled and seemed as though talking to himself. Then in the Rosary at Lourdes, at the same due her anxiety. It was impossible: a more interesting tone, he contin- altar where ehe former, as a humble ued: "I have sometimes heard of mir- pilgrim, had so miraculously ecceived and walked about restlessly. he said. "I want to hear your voice," acles being wrought where all earthly the light of day.-Mary J. Lupton, in and he drew her chair close to his skill was useless. Madeline is a great The Rosary. believer in such things. Her head is turned with silly stories of wonderful cures worked by prayer. You tell me of merry voices reached them, but that you pray. Then why does not Still they tell it in the twilight

ished her song, he threw his arms said, "but that was many years ago. Gentle Dara? Abbess Brigid! about her neck, and wept for very I considered it a great waste of valcontinued the practice. It requires

have tinue it a lifetime." "Yes," she answered, "without my faith I would long since have succumbed to my misery. But my life lips that part in smiles. Yes, I has been a prayer for the realization Pleaded of the tender Abbess for the have seen you in my dreams, sweetest of my hopes. I trust in the intercesmother, over and over again. Only sion of the Mother of God for my

After this first visit, Madeline had "I thought I had been separated no difficulty in again bringing her I wander about alone, grandfather to her friend's house. He went unasked almost every day. pelled him to leave nothing undone gentle hand raised me up and led me vanced rapidly under the professor's same hand bathed my weeping eyes, fect of the master-hand, together with and lo! I could see. A mist seemed to the child's naturally extraordinary In the beauty He had fashioned; bave fallen from my eyes. The dark- talent, began to show itself When God's creation and on the face of His engagement with salary in his or-

He told the good news to Madeline, who was overjoyed. She had always Lo! hated the idea of returning to Paris, Professor Verdier and his little as it meant a separation from her granddaughter were among the dis- new-found friends, but now that Altinguished visitors at Trouville. Ver- fred was to get an engagement with dier was a well known director of one her grandfather, they would surely of the leading orchestras of Paris. meet sometimes. Alfred shared her But not for his music alone was he delight and together they builded for bright hopes for the future.

The gay season at Trouville was by fast drawing to a close. The south- To the silvered heavens above thembound trains were daily filled with fashionable crowds returning once more to their busy capital ready for another year of care and toil. Pro- "Now I pray thee, loving Mother, fessor Verdier and his little charge ous world that it was his daughter's bade an affectionate farewell to the dying wish that her little Madeline widow and her son, who would fol-

They were gone. As Madame Du-croix turned to her son, she noticed we must say he respected his daughthat he held something very close to ter's last request, and Madeline was his heart and that large tears fell

a boarder.
When the season was opened at Trouville, and Madeline had vacation.

"Do not weep, my son," she said sadly, "we shall meet them again." It is not of that, mother, that I mother, and tell me what it is

As Madame Ducroix opened the en up, and found them to be two return tickets for the pilgrimage to Lourdes, which was to leave Rouen the follow-

Drawing her son close to her, she mprinted a kiss an his handsome face

ed.

The formal opening of the Casino, in June, had declared to prospective visitors that the golden sands and dancing waves of Trouville awaited them.

The formal opening of the Casino, in June, had declared to prospective visitors that the golden sands and dancing waves of Trouville awaited them.

The formal opening of the Casino, in June, had declared to prospective visit with the following the sands who flowed to early makes who flowed to early makes who flowed to early makes to with the thousands who flowed to early makes to with the child's eyes, but she winked them away.

It was the last day of the pilgrimage at Lourdes. The beautiful church of the pilgrimage at Lourdes at ing waves of Trouville awaited them.

Already the beach and promenades swarmed with gay Parisians, escaped the summer from the heat and sic."

ery day. He knows all the children's mames who play with me. He calls me his little 'Sunshine' and makes me sing for him while he plays his muther faith, were there. They had managed to obtain a place hustle of their noisy capitat. Crowds this music, did you say? What mu- in one of the side chapels where they sic?" knelt in prayer. Mass was over, but "Why, daddy, he plays the violin, still they knelt on. Their souls were Alfred moved not, He still knelt on bowed down in prayer. Suddenly he started up and was making his way to the sanctuary, when his mother,

Kneeling at the foot of the altar, pation, but in the silence of her own All trace of tears disappeared from prayer as startled his mother's heart, the child's face and were replaced by the serenest of smiles.

The wint to afflict to afflict to afflict the contract to the child's face and were replaced by the serenest of smiles. The visit to the widow's house was and begging that his eyes would ever

News of the miracle soon spread ville were full of it, for of late, the "Such a pupil," he said, "is not blind musician had excited no small Professor the cries of his own conscience. Beopen arms. Their joy was now comhe plete.

A new life began for each one of "Do I believe in Him, sir? He who them. Madeline finished her educa-God afflicts those whom He loves best has ever been my consolation and tion with the Sacred Heart Sisters and never once did he murmur against hope. My only Friend in this great and then brightened her grandlather's

She did not keep house for him music, and developed extraordin- "But did not he afflict you, Ma- very long, however, for death claimary talent in his very earliest years. dame? Is not you son's misfortune an ed him when she was but seventeen. His father's violin was his constant everlasting cross for you to bear? It The parting was not so hard for the old man as it otherwise might have "Yes; the ways of God are wonder- been, for he knew that she would not

Alfred and Madeline were married with invisible beings. Yet when she "Like it has done to me," he said the following year in the church of

the side of old Kildare-Tell you of another twilight - when young Dara wandered there! melodies which she knew he liked. ly. "If He sees that it for my boy's Sweet, blind Dara! She was fairest of the maidens come to bide, Where the Abbess Brigid tarried, far from courtly pomp and pride.

> all that virgin band, uable time and have long since dis- Loved her best, who bore the impress of the Master's chastening hand; faith such as yours, Madame, to con- Sinless Dara! not in anger had He dealed to her the stroke! Never whiter soul found shelter in the cells beneath the oak!

lifting of the cross-Heart of her was sorely burdened with the sense of Dara's loss-Never once to see the setting of th

golden glowing sun! Never once to see their coming-white A stars filing one by one! Weary, I fell on the wayside and pray- desire to make Alfred famous com- Not to know the purpled beauty of the stately Irish hills!

Suddenly sweet voices approached. A in his musical education. The boy ad- Nor the green of Irish pastures or the sheen of Irish rills! to a neighboring brook, where that careful instruction, and soon the ef- Loving God as Dara loved Him, how her spirit should rejoice

were tears in Brigid's voice, ness was dispelled and I could look on the professor offered him a season's As beside her signtless sister, 'neath the oak of old Kildare, chetra at Paris, Alfred's gratitude She awaited in the twilight, can to evening prayer,

Abbess raised her hand-Touched the downdropt lids of Daraspake a word of soft command! the waxer, curtains lifted and the eyes of Irish blue

Showed, as show the April violets thro' a mist of morning dew-'God be praised! His earth is beaute- and came back to the same spot. ous-Dara's voice the stillness broke;

Never word of gratulation the expect- my head. But, of course, I know it's ant Abbess spoke-Only watched the blue eyes roaming that. from the green oak and sod "O, my Mother, great is God!

have looked upon His wonders and I thank Him for the sight;" customed give me back my night,

'For this world of yours distracts me! ah! when earthly eyes close "Fainter far-I feel it Mother! spiritual vision grows!"

Brigid's hand again uplifted touched the clear unshrinking eyes-Closed the veiling lids above them never more on earth to rise! she and her grandfather took apart- am thinking. It is that I cannot see Once again, 'twas sweet, blind Dara

-Margaret M. Halvery in The Holy Family Magazine of June. Free and easy expectoration imme-

diately relieves and frees the throat and lungs from viscid phlegm, and a medicine that promotes this is the hest medicine to use for coughs, inflammation of the lungs and colds all affections of the throat and chest. This is precisely what Bickle's Anti-Terrace. Won't you come, daddy?"
The old man's countenance fell, and he continued in a sterner tone: "Some charity you want me to practice! A blind boy, eh? Some unfortunate! This is precisely what Bickle's Antiimprinted a kiss an his handsome face and told him that the Mother of God had sent for him.

"She wants you to visit her at Lourdes, Alfred, and we shall leave to bounded satisfaction. Children like it because it relieves and cures the disease.

THE FIFTIETH CHANCE

gether in that room.

Constance Quay was fuming inward-ly. "I could wear eyeglasses, but spectacles—never! He may talk and quite firmly and straight, but her face And to wear them also-never to take when she saw it. heard him tell daddy. No! no! no!"

her beautiful hat to the soles of her pretty boots. Every deatil of her costume was perfect, every feature of her lovely face. She looked straight when you're going to be blind, six wonths ain't long to be left to you, Robert Beaty, Esq. indignant gray eyes. She tapped is 16? He was very kind I-1. might nervously on her fingers on the win- have known what he'd say." dow-sill. The faint, indefinable pertume that enveloped her stole across the room on the breeze to the other I think he said six months," she re girl.

Dr. Bell and Aunt Pamale? snight as well be deformed and done the housekeeper's when she didn't know-I looked at myself in the glass.

The climax of her thought wrung a little groan from her lips. Constance Quay had never known a trial before, and the taste of this one was bitter on her tongue like gall. She was sure she could not bear it. She was sure no one else had ever had so terrible a possibility looming before her. "He told daddy I'd have to wear

the housekeeper's spectacles. He told what the girl had told her appalled daddy so," her thoughts wailed on. Her eyes turned toward the beautiful, sumptuous room, and roved about its luxurious appointments, coming to rest on the other waiter across She wore spectacles. room. Constance shivered unconsciously. "He is so long! It is terrible to

go in first, that other girl, and is the hardest part to wait.'

she could not sit still. She got up tell her so. of her like a blind person. It

of the nurse's hand. By and by the incongruity of her being there at all occurred to Constance. Dr. Bell's prices were notoriously high, and this girl in her shabby reefer and sailor hat did not sugwrong place, probably. There was another-why, yes, another Dr. Bell around the corner, who performed miracles of healing in general. The papers all teemed with his advertisements. Daddy had joked this Dr. Bell-this patrician, blue-blooded Dr.

membered it very distinctly. strained and high.

"I beg your pardon."

"Yes, it is Wednesday. cool, low voice. It seemed to the conversation definitely. But other voice went on;

"I made sure it was; of course, knew it was. feelin' that I'd made a mistake, may-And then I got to bein' afraid. A faint color deepened in her sallow, lean cheecks.

"Wednesdays are the days it's mean?

It seemed difficult for her to go on

Wednesday. I couldn't have mistook fair face of Constance Quay in warmer tide. Impulsive, son think she would be here-

hunt out the right day to do her the light she saw? "consultin" for nothing? But the words tarried on Constance stance. I see the tears in your eyes, Quay's sweet, fresh lips. A sudden but you ain't crying! Oh, how beautipity for this poor, excited creature ful it is! It's the end of six months, held them in leash there. Afterwards and I ain't blind. I can see!"

days here. The inner door opened noiselessly curled

isn't it, mamma?" piped the little one. "We'll have a reg'lar play, same as that nice doctor man said to-" "Yes, sweetheart, a reg'lar play. The mother met the pitying ones of Constance, but they smiled back hap-

"Let's play you told me what the color o' the sky was, mamma, and the grass and everything. That's the way they do-blind folks."

In the handsome waiting-room of the other door. the great occulist there were, on that "Your turn, Miss Quay," he dismal day of rain and fog, but few she came back instantly, and motionwaiters. There were but two. They ed to the other girl who was waiting. sat the width of the room apart, and "No, you go first. I can wait," gazed absently out of the opposite she said. "I did not think at first window. There was not one appar- about you being here longest.' ent trace of similarity between them stumbled across the floor blindly. At the door, she turned a white face to-

"Spectacles? I won't do it!" talk. It's too dreadful to be borne! them off-that was what he said. I

The girl was sweet and dainty from

"The idea! Oh, why can't they see what it would mean to me-daddy and with it as to go through life spectacled like an old woman! I tried on It was awful, but I had to do it. And -I-saw!"

spectacles-spectacles, like

wait!" Judith Reese mused. "She will shall sit here and wait-and wait! It "As the minutes lengthened to half

The "other girl" watched her in idle misery of her own. She saw her take off her glasses and grope ahead remind ed her of when she was a little tot and "played blind" with a tight hold!

Bell-about him. Now Constance re-

Judith Reese's aimless circlings around the room eddied near Constance. Suddenly Judith halted. She began to speak hurriedly, her voice

"It's Wednesday, ain't it?" Constance drew her slight figure up frigidly, and her skirts rustled softly "It's Wednesday, ain't it-to-day?"

There was a tone of finality in the the

Constance's face with near sighted

it's free, ain't they? The consultin', I afraid, I will be calm." Of course, I know it is;

She circled about the room once more was full of courage. Why not? Things "Only I've been sittin' here dreadin' it so. An' I got all confused in ly now.

The indignant color had flushed the scornful words rose to her lips. Did this-per- again: "It is light! I can see! Constance Quay-if it was a "free" and gazed raptly into the joyous face, day? Did she look like one who would as if she must see that first. Was it

had never known there were no "free'

bandaged eyes. They were both laugh-ing garly "I can see, too," she laughed. ing gayly. "It's only fun making b'lieve blind,

"It's all right," she whispered, as she passed. "She's only got to wear this bandage a little while, and then she will be cured. I was so afraid to go in there with her-but it's all right now. I could jump up and down-for joy, right here in this room?"

The cheerful little voice trailed back to them faintly through the half-

closed door. Then Dr. Bell appeared at And the other girl went in.

"Good-by," she said, wistfully. It was nearly half an hour before was terrible with its dumb despair. Constance uttered a cry of horror when she saw it.

The girl crossed the room to Con-stance slowly. "It's over," she said, quietly. "I'n

ing to be blind."
"No, no!" Constance cried She gasped a little as if she were

under water. peated, dully. "I forgot to ask him if it was free Wednesdays, but of course I know so. I don't suppose Phone: Residence Main 2075. doctors ask much, anyway, to tell you you're goin' to be blind. Constance caught the little working

fingers entreatingly. Don't! please don't!" "I am so sorry-you don't know how sorry I am for you! No, you must not try, to get away yet-you are not strong enough. See, I want you to wait here in this easy chair while am gone; then we will go away to gether. You will be better then. She was talking in steady, cheer- Assets over \$13,000,000 ful tones and gently forcing the trembling little figure into one of the softest chairs. In all her care-free life Constance Quay had never been so

her. And she thought nothing could be worse than wearing glasses! "Dr. Bell," she began abruptly the inner room, "are you sure? Can't anything be done for her? Wait, please don't answer yet. If it were I instead of that girl out there, if I was the one who was going blind-

Constance shuddered violently. "Would there be no hope for me at all, Dr. Bell, not one ray of light?" "There would be one chance in nifty an hour of waiting, she could not sub- I am afraid. There might be under different circumstances, but I did not

The great man paced the floor ner- Plans suitable for those desiring to vously. poor souls their fate within those four walls, but his kind heart ached for this last sufferer.

"I told her the truth. her!" he said, as if to himself. "One chance in fifty-for me. What does that mean, doctor?" "It means, if she-if you

spend six months in absolute darkness and quiet, if you could be surgest a fat purse. She had come to the rounded with cheerful influences and every luxury under heaven except the blessed light of day, if you could have costly treatment daily, that only money could provide-well, it means that then you would have one chance in fifty. You see, it would be a very little 'ray of light,' Miss Quay?" "Yes-I see," murmured Constance, thoughtfully "But it would be some-

thing to hope for, it wouldn't be counting the days you had left for six terrible months. "God pity her!" murmured the kind, great man in his beard. "And I thought it was all one could

suffer to wear glasses!" laughed Constance, tremulously. Six months afterwards three people came together again in that inside room. It was Constance Quay's face that was white with dread. The face of little Judith Reese was flushed with eager hope. There seemed a bond it was; of course, I but I had a sudden made a mistake, may the two girls; and Judith's bandaged Are You Worried eyes were turned away towards the sounds of Constance's voice. But

She peered into Judith did not hear the low, strained whisper. "Let me take them off, doctor, when you say 'Now.' You need not be

Dr. Bell was drawing some of the shades and darkening the room. moved about briskly. His good face had worked along so well, there had been every chance in the world. Sure-

'Now," the doctor said quietly. The bandages slipped away from Judith's patient eyes. An instant's breathless waiting-then a clear cry

a of joy. "I can see! It isn't dark!" Judith caught Constance's hands

she was glad. She was glad the girl Constance took off her glasses and wiped them hard; then set them astride her pert little nose again; and their slender bolden bows and a lady led out a little child with around her ears. She looked at the

"I can see everything, Miss Con-

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