

soldiers of the king—are we not?—and we can do just as we please," he continued, looking stupidly at his friends, who did not appear so anxious as he was to outrage a memorial to the Mother of God.

No matter how anti-religious the Italian revolutionist may be there is still a sentiment of respect for the Virgin looking somewhere in one of the nooks or corners of his bleak and desolate heart.

The men turned pale on hearing the abominable suggestion of their comrade. Their fear was, however, only momentary. The few score bottles of white wine which they had emptied at a neighboring trattoria some short time previously had mounted to their heads, inflaming their worst passions, and letting loose that insane and bigoted hatred of everything that reminded them of Christ and His Church.

Moreover, their chief, in the shape of the tempter, was still shouting in their ears:

"Are you cowards— you others? You who have driven Pio Nono's battalions from the walls of Rome—you who scattered the Papal Zouaves before you as the tempestuous Tramontane scatters the chaff from the meadows—are you—are you, I say, going to let all your courage ooze out through the pores of your cattiff heels at sighting a mere statue of clay? Ah, if Garibaldi could only see you now, how he would curse you for potroons!"

Well, if you will not do the job, contadini, my faith! I must only do it myself!"

His investiture lashed them with all the stinging force of a knotted whip. Their eyes glared like those of wild animals in quest of their prey, their hands were clenched in anger, and their voices rang uproariously through the winding laneway.

"We are with you, Ricardo!"

"With you to death, Ricardo!"

"Long live the king and down with the Pope and His Church!"

Staggering up to the wall from which the statue, lit by an oil lamp and bedecked with flowers, overlooked the street, they indulged in a peal of brutal laughter prior to making an assault on the memorial.

The man called Ricardo, a tall, rough, herculean monster, drew the sword from its scabbard, exclaiming in mock-heroic accent:

"With this blade shall I slay her! Word of honor, I shall!"

"You shall not!" cried a shrill voice, that of a girl, whose presence had, owing to the darkness of the evening, escaped the attention of Ricardo and his friends. In the yellow, flickering light of the oil lamp that lay at the Madonna's feet they saw the little, slender form, the resolute face, the gleaming, dark eyes of the "Child of the Basilica." She stood with folded arms before him, proud and dignified as a daughter of the Vikings.

At the sight of the determined girl they awoke from their semi-drunken stupor. Her audacity took their breath away.

Ricardo, however, was the first to speak.

"Who are you, woman?" he asked.

"What right have you to interfere with the king's troops in their destruction of yonder statue? If you do not answer me at once this blade shall pierce your bosom."

He held the point of the sword to her breast as she spoke. Not a nerve moved in the girl's face. She looked at the big, burly soldier with the contempt of a noble woman who defies and despises any or every punishment she might suffer for the principles which she cherishes.

"Lower that sword, and then I will answer you!" she exclaimed; "otherwise you must carry out your threat, if you are cowardly enough to do so."

There was such a strange ringing significance in the accents of her voice that he removed the blade and put it back in the scabbard.

"My name," she said, "is Paola Rudini, the daughter of your deceased wife, Ricardo Rienza—the wife whom you drove to her grave by your brutalities!"

Ricardo fell back as if he had been dealt a blow straight from the shoulder.

"As for my right to interfere in your ghastly work to-night," she continued, with flashing eyes, "I am a child of the Madonna, and sooner than see her statue profaned, I would die a thousand deaths! So, come now, and strike. By doing so you will prove at least that the soldiers of the King are the cohorts that Ricardo represented them to be."

"She is a brave girl, my faith!" exclaimed one: "I think you had better let her alone. What say you, Ricardo? It would not look well for soldiers such as we are to kill a defenseless woman."

"You are right, Leone," whispered Ricardo. "We had better let the mix alone. I used to be able to manage her mother, years ago, but the daughter is a Tartar. Let us be off, contadini; I know a wine shop hard by where we can quench our thirst!"

They filed back to the Square of St. Peter's, shouting still for the gallant King Victor Emmanuel.

All that night Paola stood guarding the statue of the Madonna, telling her beads and repeating her thanks for having been able to save the holy figure in clay from the desecration of vandal hands.

When the news of the attempted profanation of the statue got bruited around next day, it excited almost general indignation, and Paola, the "Child of the Basilica," who had bravely faced the group of drunken soldiers in defense of the Mother of God, became the heroine of the hour. She accepted the ovation tendered her with the best of grace and with a

modesty truly edifying. Many, even those who had taken sides with Victor Emmanuel against the Pope, condemned the conduct of Ricardo and his confederates; for the Madonna was still Queen of the Roman populace, their refuge in moments of affliction, their joy and their comfort in days of prosperity.

Once the excitement was over, Paola's thoughts reverted to her lover. She knew of course, that the brave band of men who defended the Holy Father had been defeated by the army of the Piedmontese.

"What has become of Giovanni?" she asked herself. "I should so much like to know. Perhaps he is a prisoner in the hands of the King's brigands, or perhaps he is—"

A sudden tremor shook her frame at the bare possibility of his death. She decided on searching for him that very night.

"I must find him, whether he is dead or alive," she murmured.

III.

She searched hospital after hospital for Giovanni. His face was not among those of the sick or wounded; nor did his name figure on the books of these institutions. An almost overwhelming sense of fear took possession of her. She trembled with grief at the thought that her lover might be found among the slain; yet with a curious inconsistency she smiled a moment afterward when the idea occurred to her that, dead in the service of the Church, Giovanni Cavalotti would have sealed his faith with the blood-red signet of martyrdom. In that case she would become a Little Sister of the Poor; she would devote her whole life to works of charity, and pray for the soul of Giovanni.

Still the woman's nature in her yearned for the presence of the man to whom she had pledged the troth of her young, generous heart. And she walked along the Corso—it was now the gray dawn of the autumn morning, and the Roman peasants from the Campagna, riding on horse back to the market were already arriving in the city—she uttered a silent prayer to the Madonna, asking her to help in the search that she, poor little Paola, was making after her soldier lover.

Just as she was approaching that portion of the Corso off which the present Chamber of Deputies is situated, she was suddenly confronted by one of Giovanni's brothers-in-arms, whom she recognized immediately.

"What, might I ask, has lured the dainty Signorina out of doors so early in the morning?" he cried, grasping both of her hands in his, and looking inquiringly into her anxious eyes.

"Just a morning promenade and nothing more, Signor Vettuccio," she replied, compelled by an innate modesty to conceal the truth.

"It is not exactly the time for a young woman like myself to be about, but Paola, as you know yourself, is a little eccentric now and then. I suppose I might ask you, too, why you are such an early bird?"

"You might, indeed, Signorina Paola," she exclaimed; "one of my friends is ill, and I am going to the nearest apothecary to get him some medicine."

Her heart throbbed violently beneath her coat. "Is it Giovanni Cavalotti who is ill?" she asked in trembling accents.

"Word of honor!" he observed, "you must be a witch to have guessed the truth. Yes, it is Giovanni. He fought bravely against the Piedmontese on the fortifications the other day, but in doing so received a severe wound on the right arm."

The brown, ruddy cheeks of Paola grew white as snow. A look of consternation overspread her features.

"Be reassured, Signorina," he exclaimed, noticing her agitation; "the wound is not so dangerous, but the patient is still a little weak, and requires some quinine to pull him together."

Her large, round eyes were raised upwards in gratitude that her lover was neither dead nor dying.

When Vettuccio had provided himself with the quinine, he said:

"Will the Signorina accompany me to see Giovanni? Giovanni is the Signorina's friend. He often speaks of her. Instead of his being taken to a hospital, I had him transported to my home, where my mother is nursing him. The very sight of you, Signorina, will, I am certain, insure his speedy recovery."—Catholic Review.

The Next Pope.

Speculation on his successor by the Pope himself is humorous and interesting. Leo XIII. smilingly told some Cardinals the other day that Cardinal di Ronda, Archbishop of Benevento, would be the next wearer of the tiara.

On being asked why he thought so, Joachim Pecci looked round slyly at the Cardinals present and said, "Because he is the youngest. The mortality among aged members of the Sacred College is so great."

Cardinal di Rende is one of the Pope's favorites. He speaks English perfectly, and was for some time attached to a church in the Marylebone road, London, and a professor at the Westminster Diocesan Seminary of St. Edmund's, Ware. He was afterward Nuncio in Paris. He belongs to the Oniscalchi family. The mention of his name by Leo XIII. makes him topical.

The fact is, however, that although the three Cardinals—Vannutelli, Monaco La Valle and Parecchi—are mentioned, there is of course no clue to the result of the next conclave.

The most remarkable cures on record have been accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, being unequalled for all blood diseases.

THE CARDINAL'S DAY.
Twenty-four Hours with His Eminence of Baltimore.

Before many weeks Cardinal Gibbons will most likely be sojourning in the Eternal City and Baltimore will be deprived of one of its most distinguished, most cherished and, at the same time, most unpretentious residents, remarks a writer in a Baltimore paper.

To both Protestant and Catholic the Cardinal's absence will be felt. Although one of the highest dignitaries of a Church which has millions of adherents throughout the world, the Cardinal, above all, is a citizen of Baltimore. While many may differ from him in religious belief, if all men were like him the millennium would have arrived.

The Cardinal and James Gibbons are not a whit different. As both he is a man free from guile, full of simplicity and noted for his generosity. There is hardly a resident of Baltimore whose opinion has weight in the least but is proud of the fact that the Cardinal claims this city as his home. It is not alone the fact that he is Cardinal. It is his own personality, combined with the high office which he holds, by which he is able to exert a strong influence for good, that makes his residence in Baltimore seem a mark of esteem conferred on the rest of the Baltimoreans.

A GENEROUS GIVER.

When a visitor is shown the points of interest of the city it is rare indeed if the Cardinal's residence is not pointed out with some degree of pride. The Washington Monument, Druid Hill Park, the various institutions of learning are shown, but the archiepiscopal residence is as great an attraction.

Perhaps the visitor may say, on the spur of the moment, "That does not strike me as being such a fine home for a prince of the Church. It is hardly any better than the houses about it, and can by no means compare with some of the private residences."

But a person who makes such remark does not understand the traits and character of the man. Perhaps he could do so if he had heard a remark uttered this winter by the Cardinal to a friend with whom he was taking a "constitutional" at the time. It was:

"Whenever I see the poor creatures with whom the streets are filled day and night I marvel at the beneficence of the Lord. He has put a roof over my head and given me wherewithal to eat and be clothed, and I marvel at His kindness to me. My heart bleeds for those who have not been so fortunate."

And the Cardinal's deeds prove his words. So well known is his generosity and his inability to leave the suffering unaided for that frequently it is taken advantage of. During his walks about the city scarce a day passes that he is not accosted for alms. The request is never refused. The beneficiary often receives a dollar or half a dollar, or whatever amount the Cardinal has at the time.

"I have no doubt that he is many times imposed upon," said a gentleman, speaking of the fact the other day. "He does not seem to mind that, though. If he thought he had neglected an unworthy case it would grieve him terribly."

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

Cardinal Gibbons is essentially a man of the people. He is democratic in the extreme. His tastes and habits are frugal and his home-life is simplicity itself.

Like most men who have weighty affairs on their shoulders, the Cardinal is methodical. Like other men who have risen by their own efforts and worth to high positions, he is regular in his habits.

When the Cathedral clock strikes 6 in the early morning the Cardinal rises from his couch. As the clock strikes 7 the slim, tall figure of the Cardinal swiftly descends the steps and a back door is opened. This door leads direct from the Cardinal's residence into the sacristy of the Cathedral. From there the Cardinal steps into the chapel of the Blessed Virgin. At a private altar he says Mass from 7 to 8 or spends part of the time in adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

The breakfast hour of the Cardinal's household is set for 8 o'clock. His Eminence is a frugal eater in the extreme, and at this meal he scarcely more than breaks his fast. The members of his household are gathered about the board, and the first salutations of the day are given and exchanged.

These intimates of His Eminence are Father Thomas, rector of the Cathedral; Father Whelan, his private secretary; Father Reardon, chancellor, and Father Russell.

The morning meal is soon over, and the Cardinal and the other members of his household separate for their different duties.

From 9 to 10 His Eminence writes or dictates letters in his study, diagonally opposite from his sleeping apartments.

The study, like most of the other apartments in the residence, is plainly, almost bare, furnished. It is a sacrum, and as such is characteristic of the man. There are a few books, two or three easy chairs, several pictures of saintly subjects and a crucifix.

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Yet it is esteemed an honor, a privilege, to be admitted into this rather forbidding chamber, for it is here that His Eminence receives his friends and acquaintances. Better still, those who are asked into it may know that the formalities of an audience may be dispensed with. And it may be said that

it is no uncommon thing for the newspaper men to be granted audience there. If His Eminence feels so inclined he may possibly smoke a cigar during the interview. He is not an immoderate smoker, but he enjoys a fragrant perfecto as much as a brother of less renown and sanctity.

The Cardinal's sleeping room is in the south west corner of the house. It is a room with scarce enough furniture to fill the third-story hall room of an ordinary boarding house. There is a bed, wardrobe, bureau—no easy chairs nor lounges—only the bare necessities.

EASY ACCESS.

At 10 o'clock His Eminence grants audiences, and there are but few who fail of admittance to the kindly-faced old gentleman with the weak but melodious voice, who receives all visitors with a pleasant smile and a warm handclasp.

There is hardly as much formality about this reception as there is when a stranger seeks admittance to the office of a man of business. A simple walk up the flight of stone steps on Charles street, a ring at the bell and the expressed wish to see the Cardinal is all that is necessary.

There may be just now a trifle more discrimination in regard to visitors than formerly. There may be—possibly not. However that may be, an amusing incident grew out of the attempt on the part of a High Church dignitary to pay His Eminence a visit on one occasion. The Cardinal expected the visit. It was to be paid by an Archbishop who was in town, of whose presence His Eminence had been notified. But the Archbishop appeared not, but left the city without putting in an appearance at the Cardinal's residence. Thinking it strange, he investigated the affair. What was his surprise, mingled with dismay and no little amusement, to learn that the Archbishop had been "turned down" at the door by an ignorant servant girl. He had called in good faith and at the time expected. Not being impressed with the good man's appearance and thinking, as she explained afterward, he was some countryman who had no particular business to transact, she had told him the Cardinal was not at home. The caller presented a card, which she kept, and it was by means of this that the visit was found to have been made. It is needless to state that the duty of admitting visitors after the evening regarding this was all in devolved upon some one else.

Ordinarily His Eminence eats dinner at 1:30. On fast days the hour is changed to 12 a. m. as this is the first meal of the day, and abstinence any longer is not deemed best for such a delicate man as Cardinal Gibbons. After the meal is over His Eminence retires until 3:30. It is his pleasure either to work or rest at this time. Always active, however, he generally employs the time reading, writing or at some sort of mental labor.

TAKES LONG WALKS.

At 3:30 the duty of receiving visitors again arises, and generally at this time there are more than in the morning, and he is kept busy acknowledging their congratulations. The visits are generally prolonged until 5 o'clock. This is the hour at which His Eminence takes his daily constitutional. Rain or shine, in hot weather or cold, if the time is not too stormy, the Cardinal emerges from his residence and starts out, generally up Charles street.

And those walks!

The younger members of the clergy laugh and say that when they take those walks they do penance. In reality they are intellectual treats, for His Eminence is as good a talker as he is a walker. While his companion is more than glad to have him do the talking, likewise he would be glad to have him do the walking also. He thinks nothing of trudging several miles, and only the other afternoon walked to Calverton and return. While his fellow pedestrian was almost dead from fatigue, the Cardinal seemed as fresh as at the start.

His favorite route is through the north and northwestern sections of the city. There is one man from many who can keep pace with him and not be tired out by the long swinging stride with which he glides along the streets. This is his physician, who sometimes accompanies him.

Speaking of these walks, which, by the way, are the Cardinal's only recreation, a gentleman who is an intimate of His Eminence and who has walked with him told the following:

"One day last winter the weather was so bad, walking especially being most disagreeable, I thought I would forestall His Eminence. I drove round to his residence in my buggy, and noting the inclemency of the day, suggested that he take a drive with me. He consented. We drove out as far as North avenue, when he proposed that we do the horse to a post and walk out the avenue. I think there was a smile or a ghost of one on his face as he proposed it. There was nothing to do but accede to his wishes. I shall remember the walk for some time."

The Cardinal generally on such occasions wears simply a long black coat closely buttoned. A high black hat usually adorns his head.

Those who have taken these long walks with him say that it was an intellectual treat. The Cardinal is a fine conversationalist and discusses warmly every subject in a manner which shows he is a deep thinker and an analyst of no small ability. His interest in affairs of the day is well known, and he not only reads the newspapers, but keeps well posted on all current topics.

SELDOM USES HORSES.

Though His Eminence has at his command a fine span of horses and a carriage, it is seldom they are called

into requisition. Perhaps the only times are when he leaves town or is met at a station on his return from a trip. Then another occasion when the carriages and horses are called for is when there is a guest—who will not walk. Who be the unfortunate one who thinks he is something of a pedestrian and is willing to venture forth with the Cardinal. Before the walk is ended, in his eyes, His Eminence is transformed from a pale, delicate figure into an athlete of tireless energy and unlimited endurance.

Near the end of his walk, coming down Charles street, near the Washington monument, his step is fresh and springy, his face is a little ruddier than an hour or so before, but he shows no sign of being tired. On the contrary, he appears to be sorry that his outing is nearly over, and he checks his steps as if loath to go indoors.

Franklin street is passed and the steps of the gray, substantial looking mansion, near Mulberry, are reached. Slowly His Eminence ascends them, pausing a little and most likely breathing a sigh of regret, as does a child after recess, when the school-room has to be re-entered. The Cardinal is childlike in his simplicity.

The butler at the door receives a pleasant nod of greeting as the head of the house enters. His Eminence repairs to his room for a few minutes. The last meal of the day is eaten at 6:30, and the members of the household, if they have been absent during the other meals, make it a point to be present at this. Like the others, it is a frugal one, and His Eminence eats but sparingly. Devotions in the Cathedral sometimes next demand the attention and the Cardinal attends these.

After the return from the Cathedral His Eminence retires to his sanctum on the second floor—his study—in which he seems to feel most the relaxation from his labors.

If he has friends he chats with them unreservedly. He is fond of an anecdote, and is well supplied with the sense of humor. He has a hearty laugh, though from his physique it is not a strong one. Nine o'clock strikes and His Eminence probably is a little quieter than before. When the hour strikes again—the cathedral clock strikes the half hours the same as the hours—the visitors retire; that is, if they are well acquainted with the Cardinal's habits they do. Otherwise he dismisses them with the gentle admonition that he must preserve regular hours.

The Cardinal's day with the public is over. He retires to his room and spends a half hour in devotion. None even of his intimates know what fervent prayers for his people—for mankind and the world in general—ascend in that unpretentious sanctuary. But those who know Cardinal Gibbons well can understand. They know his sanctity, his mood of charity to all. The cathedral clock strikes 10, the glimmer of light in the Cardinal's chamber disappears and the worries and troubles of the day, with which ever a Cardinal has to bear, are over.

A Magician's Trick.

A well-known magician being in Washington one morning went down to the market. One of its most picturesque features is the row of comfortable negro mamies, sitting outside the building, laughing, chatting, and smoking. The slight of hand expert, who had a friend with him, sauntered up to one inky-black old market woman, with a pipe in her mouth and a beautiful array of fresh eggs before her. He looked at them, and asked the price. "Twenty-three cents, honey," answered mammy, "an' dese heah is fust rate aigs—de ken sin' hardly done cluckin' ober 'em yit." "I should think so," said he, and as he picked up one and cracked it, out came a quarter. Mammy's jaw dropped, and the pipe with it. "And this one—and this one seems pretty good," carelessly remarked the man, cracking two more, out of which fifty-cent pieces tumbled. He cracked half a dozen in all, and mammy's store of silver was increased every time. As he walked off, followed by a dozen pairs of beady black eyes, with nothing but the whites showing, somebody came up and asked the awe-stricken old market woman the price of her eggs. "Dese aigs nif for sale," she answered, and she gathered them up in her apron and waddled off in the direction of home.

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