

## EVA BOOTH, ANGEL OF THE SLUMS

**SKETCH OF THE DAUNTLESS GIRL WHO LEADS THE SALVATION ARMY IN THE UNITED STATES—THE BOOTH ENERGY THROWS IN HER VEINS.**

A price was on her head when Captain Eva Booth of the Salvation Army invaded the aristocratic English watering-places.

"Fifty dollars to the man who will quiet her!" shouted the irate hotel proprietors.

A shower of stones and bricks from the crowd descended on the little band of Army workers, and clubs struck out viciously. Two of the young woman's companions were brought down with ugly wounds. When the melee ended, her body showed sullen bruises, but her voice still rang out stubbornly.

Emphatically the reward had not been earned!

A few weeks later, when Eva Booth left the locality, a crowd that cheered itself hoarse, saw her depart. In a month's span her personality had swept to her support the very men who would have paid to have her knocked senseless.

Today, still on the sunny side of 30, she occupies one of the most remarkable positions ever accorded to her sex. A commander of the American Salvation Army, she has over 40,000 strong is swayed at her beck.

When you know her, you discover that she seldom dons the Army bonnet, and the wounds of service give you a suggestive reason and a thrilling story. In a dying condition she was taken from the battlefield, the London slums, where a four months' bitter contest had been waged with the forces of the underworld. When she tottered from the hospital ward, recovered from the long wrestle with brain fever, the Army bonnet was the sacrifice she paid to the cause.

Throbbing head she could not endure. An army of strange soldiers, who

## A GREAT TRIUMPH

**GAINED BY DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS FOR PALE PEOPLE.**

The Doctors of Mount Clemens Institute Prove the Value of These Pills in the Case of Mr. S. Harris, Government Inspector of Elevators at Hamilton, Ont.

From the Star, Dundas, Ont.

We were much pleased to see Mr. S. Harris, the well-known Government Inspector of elevators of Hamilton, in Dundas, the other day, greatly improved in health and appearance since the last time we met him. As is known to many of the Star readers, Mr. Harris recovered from a long and severe illness, and is now quite able to attend his usual duties. From his long illness many predicted Mr. Harris would never recover, and the fact that he is once more able to go about very nearly as spry as he did before he was attacked, is little less than marvelous to them.

In reply to our reporter, Mr. Harris related the early stages of the attack and the subsequent sufferings which he experienced, and while he did not court publicity, decided that in the public interest he would relate the circumstances of this wonderful cure. About fourteen months ago Mr. Harris woke up one morning with a stiff neck; try as he could, and after applying all the remedies externally that he could hear of or think of, he was unable to get rid of it. The stiffness moved to the spine and shoulders, then to his hips, until he made almost a cripple of him, and it was with extreme difficulty that he could get out of bed at all. As for walking it was out of the question with him. The attack became so bad that he was unable to put on either his vest, coat or hat. From time to time he called in various medical men, none of them were able to give him much relief. It was almost impossible for him to raise his feet from the floor, and all pronounced him a severe case of muscular rheumatism, giving him little encouragement as to his ultimate recovery. However, one medical gentleman finally recommended that he should try a last resort Mr. Harris decided to follow his advice, and went to Mount Clemens, Mich. As is customary with all patients, Mr. Harris had to undergo a thorough examination in order to determine if the system could stand this rigorous treatment. After several examinations had been made as to Mr. Harris' condition, the physicians there finally decided that he was not suffering from muscular rheumatism at all, but that his ailment was of the nerves, and told him that the baths would do him little or no good; that he required altogether different treatment. Mr. Harris placed himself in the hands of one of the physicians there, and what seemed quite strange to him, they did nothing to him but administer medicine in the shape of pills. Shortly after he commenced this treatment he began to improve perceptibly, and his appetite greatly improved. He began to walk around slowly at first, but soon was able to get around more than he could for a year previous. He was able to put on his vest and coat, and began to feel like his former self. His improvement was so rapid and perceptible not only to himself, but to others, that he was pilled with all sorts of questions as to his wonderful recovery. The medical attendant was questioned as to the nature of the medicine which was administered. Much to the surprise of Mr. Harris and other patients there, he was told that it was a well-known Canadian remedy, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and was advised to continue their use for a time on his return home. Mr. Harris is loud in his praise of the wonderful curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and consented to make his case public in the hope that he might benefit others similarly afflicted. Mr. Harris has long been a resident of Hamilton, being a well-known builder of elevators, as well as Government Inspector of the same, so that his prominence and well known integrity is evidence that he is sincere in the statements he made.

light strange battles in strange places, is this organization with the girl commander. Half round the world have her campaigns circled. From the London slums to the Canadian wilds, northward to the snows of the Klondike, southward to the Mexican border, from the Atlantic to the Pacific has she dotted her forces. The value of its band instruments alone amounts to the staggering total of \$400,000. It has won, and is winning great victories with great labor but with little publicity.

The recent American visit of its founder, the venerable old man of England, General Booth, brought the world upright with a blinking stare, before the plans he calmly checked off on his fingers. With a smiling disregard of his 78 years and the snow of age in his hair and beard, the man who for more than a third of a century has fought the battles of war in times of peace enumerated a list of projects he hoped to accomplish, which have given even the American public a new sensation. And it is the same fire that is also burning in his fourth daughter, Evangeline, who is so occupied that she seldom finds time to use the last two syllables of her name!

Last year she handled the details of an organization which outlives the scope of many of the greatest of modern industries. More than one thousand homes and refugees at the four points of the compass are maintained under her supervision. Her energy provides beds for over eleven thousand homeless nightly! Last Christmas she gave a dinner to more than three hundred thousand destitute in various parts of the country!

Her latest project has been the establishment of a "suicide bureau," following the scope of the plan carried out by her father in England, which has already saved the lives of over three hundred persons planning self-destruction.

And yet without the Booth energy throbbing through her veins, the young woman who directs an army larger than that which George Washington commanded, would have been a poet, a dreamer. She is a musician of more than ordinary talent and can lose herself in the compositions of the old masters. As though the do-and-dare element which has made the name of the Booths famous, however, would be denied even in her recreations, her favorite pastime is a blood-stirring gallop, and her horse is the kind that—well, if it couldn't show substantial speed it wouldn't belong to Eva Booth! She is far from the "athletic girl" in the suggestive facts. With her dashing career as a background, you are picturing a young woman of sturdy muscles and a quick, decisive voice.

You find a girl with light, fluffy hair, a pensively shaded, girlish face, white, blue-veined hands, slender, fragile of figure. Yet Eva Booth has lived a life that has swept clean every grain of sensation in her path.

"You are under arrest! You are disturbing the peace!" snarled a policeman, breaking off her first public prayer in the streets of London. She was still in her teens, a slight slip of a girl with no means of resistance, and as the bullying officer tightened his grip on her arm, she was dragged shiveringly with him.

But the action aroused the sympathies of the rough crowd as a lighted match, and a lot of gunpowder. In an instant the policeman and his prisoner were surrounded, and before the officer could raise his voice he was beaten to the pavement under a shower of fists.

It was the girl prisoner who, forgetting his rough grip and the cell to which he would have dragged her, appealed to the throng in his defense. When the crowd finally retreated, the policeman was groaning with two broken legs and a mass of bruises from head to foot.

For weeks the little girl in the big Army bonnet paid faithful visits to the helpless man in the hospital, and when he was released a warmer friend, Eva Booth and her cause could not have found in all England. To this day she receives letters in a rough, sprawling hand, signed simply, "Your Policeman."

"Out of my house, or I will have the servants eject you!" thundered a member of Parliament, when the Salvation Army girl sought an audience on behalf of certain legislation at a crisis in the history of the organization. But she did not leave.

"I have come to stay until my business is finished!" she said quietly and stayed. Before the eminent M. P. recovered from his amazement, she began to state her cause, and to such good effect that in the end he invited her to luncheon, argued publicly for her measures, and the turning point in Salvation Army legislation was reached.

Mounted on a drygoods box, so that she could reach the level of her audience, Eva Booth made her first speech to men and women of the gutter, with red, bloated faces and sneering eyes.

"It is worth your life to venture into that neighborhood!" the police argued when she planned an excursion into the worst section of London.

She said nothing, but the next day a ragged young woman selling matches made her way into the deepest of those scowling haunts of vice. Barred from the neighborhood in her real character, she hid her identity under the rags of the slums and mingled with the people of the underworld as one of themselves.

For months she lived the life of the alleys and the attics, selling packets of matches and crumpled flowers to maintain her disguise—the white minister's exhausted fingers, giving a helping hand to the fallen, averting angry blows of drunken husbands and fathers. When she announced her real character, so great was the impression she had made that the Salvation Army meeting in the heart of the most notorious district of London was packed.

Her reward came in the title that followed her back to her home, "the angel of the slums," and a siege of brain fever that brought her nearly to death's door.

A resolute young woman one day appeared at the superintendent's office of one of the most dangerous of the Cornish mines with a request that

brought him to his feet in amazement.

"I would like to go down into the shaft to talk to the men," she said quietly. The speaker was Eva Booth.

"Why, even a strong man would hesitate to make the descent," the superintendent cried. "My dear young lady, no!"

"I know the risk, and am willing to take it," interrupted his visitor, with a smile. "You will not actually forbid me, surely?"

The superintendent stared—and surrendered.

At the mouth of the mine he made arrangements to accompany her. During the descent a hitch was experienced in the lowering of the basket. The two occupants were hung, swaying in pitch darkness between the top of the shaft and the firm ground, hundreds of feet below. For a moment a frightful death hovered before them.

Of a sudden the girl's voice came clear and sweet in the words of the old, old hymn, "Nearer, My God, to Thee, Nearer to Thee!"

When the rope reached the bottom, the superintendent was—her first convert. And in the shadowy mine corridors, deep in the bowels of the earth, she

## What Shall It Profit a Man If He Gain the Whole World?

By Newell Dwight Hillis.

Text—"What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In Russia there was a youth who fell heir to his dead father's house and some land. The farm was not large, but held acres enough for his sheep and cows, and the house was a good one, in the midst of goodly fruit trees.

But scarcely was the youth in possession than he began to look with hungry eyes beyond his own fences. Night after night he lay awake planning which he would do if he could get his pasture, and how he could use that meadow.

One morning he found himself in the garden, and a stranger whom he had never seen greeted him. Plainly he was the lord of the district, the rich baron from St. Petersburg. He said to the youth that the owner of the district had taken a liking to him, and that he was here to say that he could have as a free gift all the land he could cover in one day.

At the moment they were standing in the corner of the old homestead. As the stranger stooped he said: "You may start now and walk all day, but at sundown you must be back at this very place." Pointing to the youth's father's grave he said: "Let this be the point to which you must return."

In that moment the youth looked across the field with the big, black, rich earth, and could have shouted for joy. Not a moment must be wasted, so, without waiting for even a goodbye to his young wife and children, or a thank you to his new friend, he flung off his coat and started across the field.

At first he planned to cover a tract six miles square; then he decided, as he strode on, to make it a square of nine miles. At length he reasoned out that he might cover twelve miles, and finally he decided to go on three miles further, giving him sixty miles to walk before sundown. When the sun was in the middle of the sky he had covered his two sides of the square, thirty miles, but he was so afraid that he would not reach the point that the stranger drew that he decided not to stop for food. At 1 o'clock he passed an old peasant stooping at a spring. But in his fierce land hunger and thirst he waved aside the gourd dripping with cool water and rushed on. In the heat of the afternoon he flung aside his waistcoat and even his shirt. The last two or three miles saw him spent, with bloodshot eyes and feeble heart. He

## The Power of Piano Music.

A piano ceases to be an instrument and becomes a thing of life under the hands of a master. It breathes every human emotion under his fingers and no other instrument so perfectly lends itself to the many phases of musical expression. Of course the instrument itself must be good, such as the New Scale Williams Piano, foremost in Canada to-day.

The Williams Piano Company, Limited, 183 Dundas street, London, Ont. H. Finchamp, manager.

## The Failures of Wedded Life

HOW THEY COME ABOUT AND HOW THEY CAN BE AVOIDED.

"Half the failures of wedded life are due to man's inability to temper justice with mercy. The other half are due to woman's inability to temper outlay with income." So said one of the world's greatest men. Is this true? We are disposed to answer, "No."

Many of the failures are due from incompatibility of temperament, and, so many from disordered stomach, lungs or liver, or other condition of physical infirmity. No home can attain the highest degree of happiness without health. Psychology has brought happiness and health to thousands of homes in Canada. If you are in poor health, run down, weak, poor appetite, or have throat, lung or stomach trouble, write to Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto, or better still, go to your nearest druggist and procure a bottle of Psychology. Read what happiness it brings to homes, and how one of the greatest calamities that can come to wedded life can be avoided.

"The use of your celebrated remedies Psychology and Oxomulsion in my family has been so beneficial that I feel it would be an injustice to both you and the general public were I to withhold my testimony as to their excellence. Two years ago, my wife was treated by an eminent Toronto throat specialist for a diseased throat and lungs, and receiving no relief she tried Psychology, and after having used three bottles was fully restored."

"REV. J. J. RICE," "51 Walker avenue, Toronto."

gained a score of others.

Although the daughter of the founder and commander of the Salvation Army, Eva Booth has related in working her way upward through her own efforts. She has filled every position, in succession, from that of sergeant to commander. Before she was 20 years of age, she was given charge of the London Province and the International Training School of the Army, with an organization of 30,000 members under her control. From the shadows of the city to the shadows of the wilderness was the transition which succeeded.

As thrilling a chapter of experiences as those of the London slums followed Eva Booth to Canada. Until she assumed command of the American Salvation Army three years ago she wrestled with the problems of the wilderness, founding missions at far exposed points, establishing refuges for the fugitive, and the Armenian massacres, creating a system of schools through Newfoundland, and at the opening of the Yukon making her way northward to carry on the Army work among the gold-seekers of the Klondike.

And so her career veers to the command of the American operations of the Army, a position which woman's genius has equaled in but few instances.

## A FIERY ADDRESS BY WINSTON CHURCHILL

THE YOUTHFUL PRODIGY STIRS UP AN EDINBURGH AUDIENCE.

London Times: Mr. Churchill, M. P., addressed a meeting of 3,000 Liberals in Edinburgh on Saturday, May 25. After saying that the reform of the finances of the country under the Government had been rapid and effective, and that there was much to encourage the hope of old-age pensions being dealt with in the near future, he went on to speak of the demand for preference for colonial produce, for the putting on of taxes against the foreigner on foreign bread and meat and dairy produce, and also, he made no doubt—although it was always denied—upon wool and leather and amber, and other raw materials in order to be able to give an advantage to the colonial supplies which reach this country. He said nothing about some of the speeches which our colonial guests had been delivering at various places, except that they were the guests of the Government, and were among the most ancient and sacred, imposed obligations, not only on the host, but also on the guests. (Prolonged cheers.) He referred to the demand for preference which had been made at the Colonial Conference, and which was repeated day by day with strident clamor by the Tory party and the "pothouse" press which supported them. (Laughter and cheers.) They were told the Government had banged the door. Well, upon what had they banged the door? They had banged the door upon Imperial taxation of food. (Cheers.) Yes, they banged it, barred it, and bolted it. (Cheers.) It was a good stout door of British oak, and the largest Liberal, Radical, and Labor majority ever seen in the House of Commons had their backs firmly against it. (Cheers.) That door would never be opened, not a crack would ever be opened, so long as a chink would ever be opened, as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was the national "hall porter." (Loud cheers.) The Liberal party stood like a rock between the hardworking masses and all who would exploit their food supply and squeeze some shameful little profit out of the scanty pittance of the wage and the poor. (Loud cheers.) Popular or unpopular, in office or in opposition, that was the line on which they fought, they would not concede one inch, they would not give one farthing preference on a single peppercorn. (Laughter and cheers.) He was disposed to agree with some of his Tory friends that perhaps after all there would be another battle fought on the same question. There had been undoubtedly a recrudescence of the protectionist sentiment in the Tory party. Mr. Chaplin had been returned by the intelligent electors of Warrington. Mr. Balfour had put his unsettled convictions once again in to the melting-pot (laughter), and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, having donned an orchid regardless of expense (laughter), and screwed an eyeglass into his eye regardless of personal discomfort (laughter and cheers), was prepared to put himself at the head—if they could call it a head (laughter)—of the tariff reform movement. All he had got to say to all that was, "Come on!" (Loud cheers.) The conference was over. The mischief-making press, savagely misrepresenting, dealing in word pictures and dissolving views (laughter), talebearers not shrinking from wilful and persistent falsehood, had done their best to make ill-feeling between the colonial representatives and ministers of the crown, and, to do them justice, they had not altogether in so many respects been successful. Luckily the forces of unity which were at work within the British Empire were strong enough to make the exertions of such mischief-makers and mischief-mongers vain. (Cheers.) But there was one feature of this conference of which no amount of machine-made lingo or calumny (laughter) had been able to affect. What more remarkable spectacle could have been presented to the world than the arrival of General Botha? (Cheers.) What more dramatic or impressive application of the old high traditions of British liberty and of British institutions could have been made than that which had called the formidable general of hostile armies to the position of prime minister of a British colony and privy councillor of the King. (Cheers.) Nowhere had Liberal principles been more drastically applied, than in South Africa, nowhere had success been more apparent. What they had tried to do in South African affairs had been so direct the course of events that the sacrifices made should not go for nothing. They had found room in the British Empire for the French-Canadian, they were finding room for the South African Dutch, and he thought the day was inscribed in the book of fate when Ireland would be brought into the circle of Empire in spirit as well as in name. (Cheers.) Mr. Churchill's concluding reference was to the House of Lords, which, he said, was a foolish waiting for a dark night to stab the Liberal Government in the back. When the next election came they would appeal to the electors to join in defending the empire against the land of Belfair from the Lords. (Loud cheers.) A resolution of thanks to Mr. Churchill and of confidence in the Government was carried by acclamation.

"DRUNK" IN FRENCH.

The French have some interesting similes of their own corresponding to our "drunk as a lord," or "drunk as a wheelbarrow." The most generally recognized one is the case of "ivre," the less extreme and less vulgar word for "drunk" is "ivre comme une soupe"—"sope" meaning the piece of bread eaten with soup as well as the soup itself, and a "bouillon" soaked piece of meat, or a natural simile for saturation. When the less delicate "sope" is used instead of "ivre," the Frenchman may speak of being as drunk as an ass, a cow, a Swiss or a thrush. The allusion in the last case is to the fondness of thrushes for grapes, which are said at vintage time to make them unsteady in their flight.—London Chronicle.

This Russian story tells in the little the story of man's life in the large. It explains his fierce hunger and thirst for gold and office and position. The youth looks longingly towards financial power. Lincoln once said that he had at last saved twenty thousand dollars, and that no man ought to wait any more; but when this youth has twenty thousand dollars, he wants a hundred, when he has a hundred he says that he now has a little golden heaven that ought to raise a large loaf. When he has a million he wants ten millions. The more he has, the more he wants.

When the fire is kindled you cannot put it out by pouring on coal. The avarice is a flame that grows upon the gold which it is fed. At last the man becomes a mere machine for getting. Little by little his power to unclasp his fingers, to let a coin go is lost. He is already a slave to the servant. "I always keep my pledge," so they buried the man with the land hunger.

The world is full of men who are consumed with the fierce passion to get money in which to buy pictures, but they never burn with the desire to appreciate the pictures, so that they never buy them. They have money for books that they never read; money for travel, and they never go abroad; money for libraries, and church, and gallery, but they never build their culture. And when they fall dead they receive what the devil promised them—six feet of ground in the graveyard.

The story of nine men out of ten is the story of the man with the land hunger.

This Russian tale also explains the disappointed politicians. In the autocracy but few positions are open to the common people, but in the republic every door to office swings both ways.

The highway of opportunity is clear for all to travel, but the son of the washerwoman and the son of the banker alike, in his obscurity the youth determines to climb to position.

He looks round about his poor people and plans a thousand benefactions for them. But as soon as he has reached his political honor he discovers that he wants another higher honor. He therefore determines to convert all the good things of the position he has into obligations to men who can help lift him to a higher position. What he ought to use as bread and meat for his poor constituents he turns over as bribes to men who can lift him higher.

Our best students of politics tell us that this is the curse of our political system. Nothing tends more to discourage the man of opportunity than the betrayals of opportunity by men who have achieved place. It is the old, old story of the man with the land hunger, slain by the very thing that, if controlled, should have given him years of peace and rest.

The tale is full of warning and reproof. It smites greed and avarice. It rebukes selfishness and deceit. To the youth who thinks of betraying his fellow to the old man growing more and more miserly, holding out words of alarm and reproof.

To the rich man who closes his eyes and ears to the wants of the poor, and builds greater for himself, "Thou fool! This night thy soul shall be required of thee. Then whose shall these riches be that thou hast garnered?"

For it profiteth nothing that a man gains all the fields in losing his soul.

## A PURE AND EFFICIENT REMEDY

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## The Natural Cure For Rheumatism

"Fruit-a-lives" remove from the blood the poison which causes Rheumatism.

Rheumatism means poisoned blood. The kidneys, bowels and skin should rid the system of waste matter. If either of these vital organs become weakened or diseased, the body cannot throw off this waste fast enough.

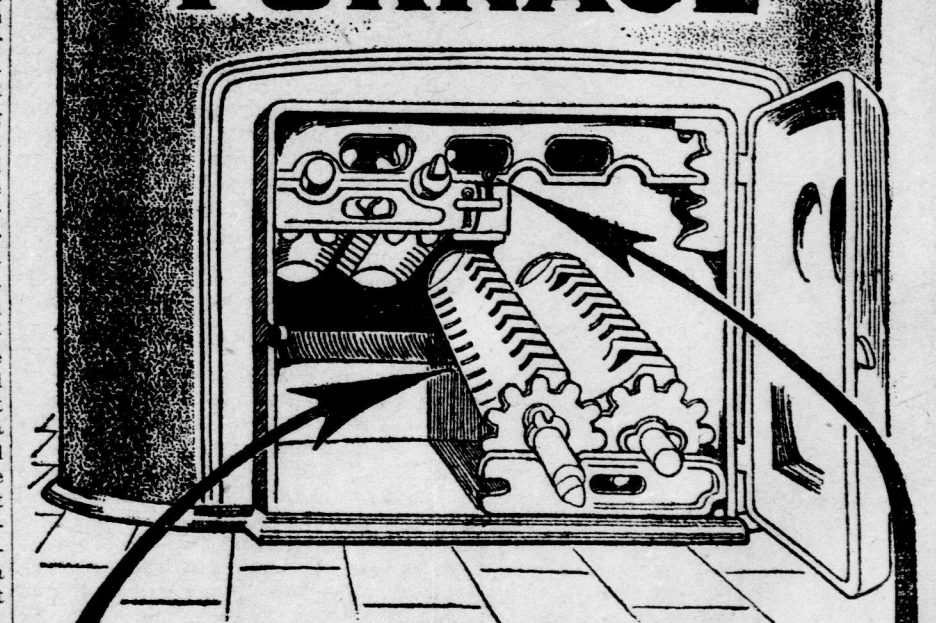
One of these body poisons is UREA, which is eliminated both by the kidneys and skin. If the skin action is poor—if the kidneys are inflamed—urea stays in the system—is changed into uric acid—carried by the blood to the nerves and joints—and causes Rheumatism.

"Fruit-a-lives" cure Rheumatism because they eliminate urea, by increasing the action of bowels, kidneys and skin. This is the only possible way in which Rheumatism can be cured to stay. And "Fruit-a-lives" is the only remedy in the world that completely eradicates the disease from the system.

"Fruit-a-lives" are fruit juices in which the natural medicinal action of fruit is many times increased by the process of combining them.

Then tonics and antiseptics are added and the whole made into tablets, see a box—6 for \$2.50. At all dealers or from Fruit-a-lives Limited, Ottawa.

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If necessity requires, it is an easy matter to remove the grates from the Sunshine.

Just loosen the cotter pin (see the top arrow pointing at it) and the grates on the right can be lifted out. Repeat the operation on the left, and you can do the same with the remaining grates.

Could any operation be easier or simpler?

These four grates are made of heavy cast-iron with the strongest kind of bull dog teeth. Heavy and strong enough to grind up the biggest clinker into particles small enough to sift through the narrow openings between the teeth.

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## DOGS ARE BAGGAGE.

Eastern railroad officials have recently declared that a dog is not a dog, but excess baggage. Pittsburghers have for years known such is the case, and have been paying down the coin for the excess baggage, not the dog.

In the east a schedule for carrying dogs as excess baggage has been established. All dogs are excess baggage, and all weigh 50 pounds or more, at least according to the schedule. The tiny Skye terrier of a few pounds demands as heavy toll as a bull terrier weighing 50 pounds. Above 50 pounds the scale of prices is increased.

But in Pittsburgh all dogs are excess baggage. A big St. Bernard can travel from Pittsburgh to Philadelphia at the same fare as the small poodle, half a cent a mile, but both travel in the baggage car. A minimum rate of 15 cents is charged on suburban travel, and the scale is ranged at the rate of half a cent a mile. This rate has been in vogue for some time, and the take-off goes into the pocket of the baggage master.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

DO NOT DELAY in getting relief for the little folks. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is a pleasant and sure cure. If you love your child why do you let it suffer when a remedy is so near at hand.

## Nurses' & Mothers' Treasure

—most reliable medicine for baby. Used over 50 years. First compounded by Dr. F. E. Pisch in 1855.

## Makes Baby Strong

Restores the little ones to perfect health. Gives sound sleep, without resort to opium or other injurious drugs. At druggists, 25c. 6 bottles \$1.25. National Drug & Chemical Co. Ltd., Montreal.

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Made to order any size or shape, from \$2 up. Colored sketches submitted.

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Loyalty is too often a sort of homage that ability pays to bluff. might as well move out.