

Makes Child's Play of Wash Day

Read the Directions on the Wrapper

SURPRISE SOAP

A PURE HARD SOAP

DENTAL.
DR. LUKE SMITH, DENTIST—Crown and Bridge Work specially solicited. Cor. Thames Street and Victoria Avenue.

ARCHITECT.
EDWARD WRIGHT, Architect, 510, Box 272, of London, Eng. Building and Quantity Surveyor. I have pleasure in announcing to the inhabitants of Chatham and surrounding country that I am opening an office in above building, and trust by doing the highest class work, and strict attention to business, to obtain a share of the public patronage. I shall be pleased to submit sketch plans and estimates for any class of building whether of a private or public character free of cost to clients.

LODGES.
PARTRIDGE LODGE, NO. 267, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets first Wednesday of every month in Masonic Temple, King Street. Visiting brethren always welcome.
J. M. PIKE, W. M.
J. W. FLEWES, Sec'y

WELLINGTON LODGE, NO. 46, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., meets on the first Monday of every month in the Masonic Hall, Scene Block, King St., at 7:30 p.m. Visiting brethren heartily welcomed.
W. A. HADLEY, W. M.
ALEX. GREGORY, Sec'y

LEGAL.

ARNOLD—Barrister, etc., Chatham, Ont. Money to loan at lowest rates on easy terms.

HOUSTON & STONE—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Notaries Public, etc. Private funds to loan at lowest current rates. Office in Sheldrick Block, opposite H. Malcolm's store. M. Houston, Fred Stone.

SMITH, HERBERT D.—County Crown Attorney, Barrister, Solicitor, etc., Harrison Hall, Chatham.

THOMAS SCULLARD—Barrister and Solicitor, Victoria Block Chatham, Ont.

WILSON, PIKE & GUNDY—Barristers, Solicitors of the Supreme Court, Notaries Public, etc. Money to loan at lowest rates, at lowest rates. Office, Fifth Street. Matthew Wilson, K. C., J. M. Pike, W. E. Gundy.

MONEY TO LOAN.

MONEY TO LOAN—Company and Private Funds. Farm and City Property for Sale. W. F. Smith, Barrister.

Money to Lend
ON LAND MORTGAGE AT 4% TO 5% PER CENT ON CHATTEL MORTGAGE AND NOTE AT 12% PER CENT.
PAY OFF WHEN DESIRED.
S. W. WHITE, Barrister,
Opposite Grand Opera House, Chatham, Ont.

MONEY TO LOAN
ON MORTGAGES
Lowest Rate of Interest
Liberal Terms and privileges to suit borrowers. Apply to
Lewis & Richards
CHATHAM

BANKS.

BANK OF MONTREAL
Established 1817
Capital (all paid up), \$14,000,000.00
Reserve, 10,000,000.00
Undivided Profits, 801,354.41

GEO. MASSEY,
Manager.

VETERINARY SURGEON.

DR. DECOW is prepared, as usual, to furnish first-class orchestra for concert and other entertainments at reasonable rates, any number of pieces furnished, any violin and cornet soloists, fugles taken on violin, and all orchestral and band instruments. Studio, Centre St.

Dr. John N. Pringle, M. R. C. V. S., etc., H. F. E. V. M., A. Veterinary Surgeon; "Castration of Organs," a specialty. All domestic animals skillfully treated. Experienced in diseases of dogs. Business solicited. Best of attention given. Moderate charges. Office King St., Opp. Power House, Chatham. Phone 330.

MUSICAL.

SAMUEL I. SLADE—Basso, of Detroit, has resumed his class here, and will be pleased to receive pupils for vocal training, every Monday, at his studio, McCall Block. Slade will come to Chatham every Monday during the winter months.

MUSIC
Misses Louise and Florence Hillman, Teachers of Piano and Theory, including Harmony and Counterpoint; students prepared for University or college examinations. Studio over McCall's Drug Store.

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

A false prophet always wants a full profit.

TIMBER PRESERVATION.

The Most Perfect Method is Also the Most Expensive.

Telephone poles nearly always decay at or just below the ground line. The upper portion of the pole, permanently in the air, rapidly drying after rain, is practically always dry and is rarely deeply decayed. The butt of the pole, deeply buried in the ground, is in a permanently damp condition, but oxygen being excluded it is seldom badly decayed. Close to the ground line the soil retains the moisture and keeps the wood constantly damp where it is exposed to the air and to the heat of the sun, which is just what its little vegetable enemies like, but if the albumen in the wood can be rendered unfit for food the wood tissues offer practically no support to fungi. Timber preservation amounts, then, to poisoning the food supply of the destructive agencies. Preservation of timber is attempted in three ways—by seasoning, either natural or artificial; by outward mechanical means, such as charring in fire or the applications of antiseptics on the surface of the stick; and by impregnating the wood with antiseptics. Of these the last is by far the most important. The most perfect method—which is also the most expensive—is the injection of dead oil of coal tar in to the whole fiber of the pole.

Piles quickly and positively cured with Dr. Shoop's Magic Ointment. It's made for Piles alone—and it does the work surely and with satisfaction. Itching, painful, protruding or blind piles disappear like magic by its use. Large, Nickel Capped glass jars, 50 cents. Sold and recommended by C. H. Guan & Co., Chatham.

They Love Dante.

A magnificent upper chamber of the municipal palace (the Palazzo Vecchio) in Florence is set apart in memory of the great poet Dante. To it each of the sixty-nine provinces and all of the larger cities and towns of united Italy have contributed a banner in his honor. There are over 300 of these banners in all, and the donors, in eager emulation, have tried to make each offering more beautiful than the others. The banners are of the differing colors of the provinces and bear their arms in exquisite embroidery or in paintings by the first living artists. The fervor of the homage paid here to the immortal Italian poet stirs the heart of even the passing stranger. Whatever the jealousies or estrangements of these people, beside his tomb they are united.

IT ACTUALLY DESTROYS THE CAUSE.

That's why catarrh is invariably cured by inhaling Catarrhozone. The healing vapor spreads to every part of the breathing organs. Gums, throat and lungs are killed. Nothing is left to cause inflammation. Spots that are sore are healed. Discharge is cleared away and catarrh becomes something of the past. Use Catarrhozone and your recovery is guaranteed. Two sizes, 25c and \$1 at all dealers.

Six Hundred Years Without a Doctor.

According to Pliny, Rome flourished for 600 years without a doctor. It is maintained by some, however, that when making this statement Pliny was not aware that certain Greek physicians resided in Rome at least during a part of the period named. But there is certainly no question that in the early days of its history physicians were very scarce in Rome and doubtless because there was little occasion for their services. With the advance of civilization maladies have multiplied, and with the increase of disease there has been a proportionate increase of physicians.

Clean, dry crystals—that are absolutely pure—that will not cake—that is **WINDSOR TABLE SALT.** The best for table use.

Spine Injured In Fall.

Guelph, Oct. 13.—Duncan Graham was seriously injured and two other workmen, Howard Clark and Maurice Wylie, were painfully bruised as the result of a scaffolding giving way at a new house on Green street Thursday evening.

CALLING Cards, Invitations, Wedding Announcements and Envelopes to match, Programs, Pencils Etc., can always be obtained at The Planet Office.

An Angel In Disguise

By Virginia Lella Wentz

Copyright, 1906, by Ruby Douglas

At Twenty-third street Kennard turned dismally from Broadway into Fifth avenue. Saturday afternoon and nothing to do! Thanks to that confounded cotton broker, who couldn't be seen till Monday, he was obliged to remain in town over Sunday. Well, he might as well walk up to his hotel—a constitutional of thirty odd blocks would do him good.

It was the first week in May, and in local sweldon wooden boardings were already beginning to go up and hideous green shades were appearing down the entire length of drawing room windows. Outside the florists' shops tissue papered pots of blossoms still remained, savoring of Easter and April, but the doors stood open revealing a rich vista of bloom against backgrounds of palms. Once Kennard noticed some fashionably frocked women standing within, choosing the last of the season's violets.

"Bah!" he said, deliberately turning his head away and looking at the spires of St. Patrick's cathedral instead. "Why do women all love those foolish flowers?"

Now, once there was a girl, a neighbor of his, down on an old Mississippi plantation, whose eyes in certain lights matched the velvety heart of violets, and often enough down by the bawling little brook where the colony of violets grew he had told her so. But always it had been her way to shake her head with a tantalizing little smile and say: "That's because you write books and are inclined to be poetic!"

Pretty much the same answer she had given, too, that night when the moonlight and he had laid his love— "Hello, you!" cried some one in the brightest of voices, suddenly coming abreast of Kennard. "Well, if this isn't luck! Instead of catching the 1 o'clock train today, as usual, I ran up town on an errand for my wife!"

"Oh, so you have, haven't you?" drawled Kennard, with apparent irrelevance. "Let's see, sent you a wedding gift from London, didn't I, old man?" "A beauty, too!" ejaculated Dan Archer. "My wife wrote and thanked



A GIRL'S FIGURE WAS LEANING OVER THE RAILING.

you, I'm sure. But you've never seen her, and you must. Though she isn't very well at present; nervous, lonely and that sort of thing, you know; has to have a companion. Look here, why not come out with me tonight and spend Sunday? I'll cheer her up, and Sunday's a beastly day in town, you know."

Kennard's protests that it was too short notice for Mrs. Archer, etc., were not accepted, and at 5 o'clock, having spent an hour or so at Archer's club and sent a telegram as precursor, the two men took a train from Jersey City and flew speedily over the country toward a particular little suburban town. A slight drizzle had set in, and the landscape wasn't especially cheerful.

A suburban town on a rainy Sunday! Good heavens, what had he put himself in for? Behind his paper Kennard yawned, recalling gloomily a multitude of jokes at the expense of Sunday suburbanites. Besides, dear old Dan was a Benedict poor. Already he fancied he saw the change, and they wouldn't have much opportunity to pal together. "Fahaw," he broke out mentally, dropping his paper and looking out at the whirling telegraph poles, "another good man spoiled! Why do men want to marry, anyhow?" (Gradually, since that night down on the old Mississippi plantation, when the mocking birds were singing in the moonlight, Kennard had grown to disparage matrimonial blessings and had ceased to write epithalamium verses.)

He found Mrs. Archer a gay, vivacious little creature, pretty with the prettiness of a Dresden shepherdess; but, as Dan had intimated, inclined to "nerves" and dependence. They dined alone that night, the three of them. Her companion, it appeared, was suffering from something very unusual for her, a violet headache, and had kept to her room.

"We don't breakfast till 9 on Sundays," announced Dan as they finished their last game, "so you can lie abed as late as you've a mind to, old man. For a commuter it's a relief, I can tell you, from our ordinary 7 o'clock rush-ed affairs."

The next morning, however, Kennard was up betimes. The rain of the night before had vanished, save for the last light shimmer of silver on the grass and under the almond bushes adroop with their slender pink branches. And such a morning—all scintillating with olive green and gold sunshine!

Kennard stole on tiptoe from his close apartment, which seemed to breed a fever driven extravagance of an overexerted world into the freshness of the May air. The garden, like the house, was obsequiously awaiting a signal to wake. The flowers seemed still motionless, holding in their perfume that a breath might not disturb the sleepers whom the resplendent rising sun itself could not attract. But beyond the garden, through a hedge of trees where the honeyed trickle of song came from the throats of wild birds, a path led to wide awake fields and meadows.

Fowls were cawing, cackling, gobbling, gabbling, in maternal exuberance; calves were bounding outside the milking pen, hungrily bleating at the sight of the usurpation of their rights within; in the pastures the sheep were grazing industriously.

To Kennard as he walked along there seemed to be a vague, expectant quality in the morning. As if, he said to himself, the very freshness and grace of it all were preparing the way for something splendidly alive and debonaire!

His path suddenly merged into a little bypath, largely screened by thickets. At the end was a dilapidated summer house, fastened between three trees on a bank overhanging a gurgling stream. A girlish figure was leaning over the rickety railing, apparently looking at the pebbly, variegated mosaic of the stream's bottom. She had thrown off her hat, and her chin was resting in the cup of her two hands. He could see nothing of her profile because of the mass of dark hair coiled over the back of her head.

Not wishing to intrude or disturb the girl's evident reverie, Kennard would have retreated, but at that instant, hearing a twig snap under his feet, she turned, and he saw her face.

She felt his immediate recognition and calmly faced him. "I reckon you are a bit surprised," she admitted quietly. "Well, it's the simplest sort of a story. The old estate down there yielded nothing, and for three years now I've been earning my own living. At present I am Mrs. Archer's companion."

"For three years, Gwendolen?" "Yes. You've been in England most of that time, haven't you? And you've written several mighty successful books. Oh, I haven't lost complete track of my old friends, you see."

There was still that inimitable flash of gallantry in the beautiful eyes, Kennard noticed, and still that dear, blessed little smile.

As Gwendolen's glance met the quick flame that spread across the man's opaque pupils all the playfulness went out of her own, and the spirit of thrust and parry went out of her soul. Another spirit, guarded against, often crushed out, leaped in again.

"You—you are still the same old Bob, aren't you?" said she, with adorable incoherence. But Kennard was very grave. He was looking now where the girl had been looking before—at the mosaic bottom of the clear water.

"Yesterday, Gwendolen," he said, "I saw some women buying violets. Ever since I've been haunted by the eyes of a girl I once knew, a girl whom I've tried, oh, so vainly, to forget. Do you remember, dear?"

She made a little impulsive, forward movement as if to stop his words. He, seeing it, held out both his hands. And then they—well, all at once she knew that the question he had put to her down in Mississippi when the mocking birds were singing hadn't been a mere poetic sentiment any more than his thought of her eyes had been, and he, for his part, illuminatingly realized that the answer she had given him that moonlight night hadn't been an ultimatum.

The morning air was giving Gwendolen Moore the repose and refreshment denied by a sleepless night, but withal she looked pale and a little tired.

"We'll have to change all that sort of thing, sweetheart," Kennard was saying an hour later as they sauntered happily toward the house. "And you were not at dinner last night—you were ill. Was that?"

"Your telegram, sir," she broke in with mock severity, while the dimples went rioting. "Look, there are Mr. and Mrs. Archer coming down the garden to meet us."

"Why, Mr. Kennard, you know Miss Moore?" cried Mrs. Archer foolishly. "Well, rather. And, Dan," cried Kennard, turning boyishly upon that astounded individual, "you were a brick to bring me out here to spend Sunday. You were an angel in disguise—that's what you were."

Keeping Him a Lover.
Mrs. Sharpstone—Dye mean to say you've been married ten years and never had a quarrel with yer husband? Fair Stranger—That is true, madam.

"And ye always let him have the last word?" "Yes, madam, I wouldn't for the world do anything to lessen my husband's love for me. He might get careless."

"Careless?" "Yes. We are jugglers by profession, and at two performances every day I stand against a board while he throws knives."—New York Weekly.

TERRORISTS OF RUSSIA

REVOLUTIONISTS OF THE CZAR'S EMPIRE AND THEIR METHODS.

Cause of the Nihilist Movement and the System Now Pursued By the "Fighting Section" of the Socialist Revolutionary Party—An Arrest of Revolutionists At Night—Career of Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky.

War has been started again on the ruling classes of Russia by the "fighting section" of the Socialist Revolutionary party. They are waging it with such persistence that scarcely a day passes without some new record of horror. The Russians who believe in promoting reform by use of the pistol and bomb hope and believe that out of the wreck of an autocratic government will rise one under which liberty and happiness may prevail in their land. Whether this is an illusion or not time alone can tell. In the meantime political assassinations have become so common that the recital of them has grown almost monotonous. There is, however, something particularly fiendish about a method of warfare which involves promiscuous slaughter of women and children along with the



MRS. CATHERINE BRESHKOVSKY.

men held responsible for conditions complained of by the malcontents. The latter do not attempt to justify such a method of war except on the ground of the desperate nature of the case.

One of the most active of the revolutionists is an aged woman, Mrs. Catherine Breshkovsky. Mrs. Breshkovsky was cradled in luxury, but when as a young woman she attempted to work for the ignorant and oppressed people she fell under the austere discipline of the government, was kept a long time in prison and then exiled to Siberia, which she reached after a terrible journey of 5,000 miles and where she labored for years in a gold mine.

On obtaining freedom she swore devotion to the revolutionary cause and is now in Russia in disguise helping to promote the downfall of the present regime.

The revolutionists of Russia are known under different names, and violence and assassination are favored by only the most extreme of the elements now contending for change in the constitution of the Government.

There are several different groups of revolutionists, and their mutual relations shift from time to time according to the developments of the general movement for constitutional government in the empire. The "red series" of assassinations, as it is known, was begun some forty or more years ago, and at first the movement was chiefly composed largely of students or members of the educated classes. In recent years the working classes of the large cities have furnished many recruits to the movement, and strikes and other



AN ARREST OF REVOLUTIONISTS AT NIGHT.

symptoms of social protest have been incidents of the general unrest. Formerly the term "nihilist" was applied to the Russian revolutionist who believed in resorting to the pistol and bomb to secure reforms, and it is still used, though it does not have quite the significance that it once had.

There is a story that the nihilist movement was started in the early sixties by students who were aroused to desperation by the brutal treatment accorded the family of one of their number by agents of the imperial government. They met in secret and were to fight for liberty of speech, the press and religion, using every means to accomplish such reforms, even the weapon of assassination. The movement, at any rate, included many of the wealthy and educated classes, and even women were sometimes chosen to execute sentences of death upon those selected victims for the pistol, the knife or the bomb.

Since 1903 over thirty prominent bureaucrats and military tyrants, including a grand duke and several princes, counts, governors and generals, have fallen victims to the wrath of the revolutionists, and the latter, under the direction of a "grand central committee," have issued proclamations stating that the policy of assassination will be pursued to the utmost, even to the killing of hundreds of persons connected with the government, unless the latter yields to the popular demands.

Woman's Kidney Troubles

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is Especially Successful in Curing This Fatal Disease.



Mrs. J. W. Lang and Mrs. S. Frake

Of all the diseases known, with which women are afflicted, chronic kidney disease is the most fatal. In fact, unless early and correct treatment is applied, the weary patient seldom survives.

Being fully aware of this, Lydia E. Pinkham, early in her career, gave exhaustive study to the subject, and in producing her great remedy for a woman's ills—Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound—was careful to see that it contained the correct combination of herbs which was sure to control that fatal disease, woman's kidney troubles. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the only one especially prepared for women, and thousands have been cured of serious kidney derangements by it. Derangements of the feminine organs quickly affect the kidneys, and when a woman has such symptoms as pain or weight in the loins, backache, bearing-down pains, swelling or burning sensations or deposits in the urine, unusual thirst, swelling of hands and feet, swelling under the eyes or sharp pains in the back running through the groin, she may infer that her kidneys are affected, and should lose no time in combating the disease with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, the woman's remedy for woman's ills.

The following letters show how marvelously successful it is.

Mrs. Samuel Frake, of Prospect Plains, N. J., writes:

Dear Mrs. Pinkham:— "I cannot thank you enough for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I first wrote to you I had suffered for years with what the doctor called kidney trouble and congestion of the female organs. My back ached dreadfully all the time, and I suffered so with that bearing-down feeling I could hardly walk across the room. I did not get any better, so decided to stop doctoring with my physician and take Lydia E. Pinkham's vegetable Compound and I am thankful to say it has entirely cured me. I do all my own work, have no more backache and all bad symptoms have disappeared.

"I cannot praise your medicine enough, and would advise all women suffering with kidney trouble to try it."

Mrs. J. W. Lang, of 626 Third Avenue, New York, writes:

"I have been a great sufferer with kidney trouble. My back ached all the time and I was discouraged. I heard that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure kidney disease, and I began to take it; and it has cured me when everything else had failed. I have recommended it to lots of people and they all praise it very highly."

Mrs. Pinkham's Standing Invitation.

Women suffering from kidney trouble, or any form of female weakness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. The present Mrs. Pinkham is the daughter-in-law of Lydia E. Pinkham, her assistant before her decease, and for twenty-five years since her advice has been freely given to sick women. Out of the great volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than likely she has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; a Woman's Remedy for Woman's Ills.

SPANKED THE SPEAKER.

Dr. Chambers' Odd Part in Making the Nation's Law.

Spanking, over thirty years ago, stunted the growth of Speaker St. John of the Local Legislative Assembly. He says so himself. The spanker was his teacher and the details were dealt out in Parliament street (Toronto) church at a platform meeting following the re-opening services of a recent Sunday.

It appears that J. W. St. John was one of the ubiquitous Canadian youths who boarded in the St. John household in the Township of Brock, and had glorious opportunities for licking the pupils outside school hours and when the senior St. John was too busy to tear off any of those little pugilistic pleasures.

Outside of this episode the meeting was one of unusual interest. A. E. Kemp, M.P., presided, and, by the way, Mr. Kemp passed before Dr. Chambers' rather eye very conspicuously some 20 years ago. He was then a clerk in Montreal courting the estimable lady now Mrs. Kemp. Dr. Chambers was the pastor of the young lady's church and saw no reason for interrupting the courting.

As far as the Methodist church concerned, some light reminiscences of night. The clergyman, Deacon, M. P. P., the narrow path, and he had also pr Peter White for had ministered to of the elder Duni young Edward Dr. only in Ontario an Dr. Chambers dot things properly, for tor of Hon. C. C. C Quebec House. He Speaker, but perh doing so. He help confined to a disas of the great volume of experience which she has to draw from, it is more than likely she has the very knowledge that will help your case. Her advice is free and always helpful.

From the above there was a jolly a form meeting. Sti encouragement we Ryan, Rev. Mr. Hobbs, as well as t and Mr. Kama

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