

GERALD DE LACEY'S DAUGHTER

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE OF COLONIAL DAYS

BY ANNA T. SADLER
BOOK II
CHAPTER IX
A REUNION

Despite her bewilderment, which made her fancy that she was dreaming, and with a sense of rest and security that she had not for long enjoyed, Evelyn was borne through the streets of Salem and out into the cool fragrant air of the autumn night. Presently, she asked in the same breathless whisper:

"My father?"

"He is safe, and you will see him soon."

"And the Indians?"

"We are the Indians, your father, Pieter Schuyler and myself, with about a half a dozen from the encampment, who have returned there quite peacefully."

At a short distance from the town they were met by a figure, holding a horse provided with a lady's saddle. To Evelyn's delight she recognized the familiar smiling face of Jumbo, Madam Van Courtland's foot-boy. Speedily mounting upon the waiting horse, she rode on with Captain Ferrers, while the boy followed on foot to the place at some distance from the town where Mr. de Lacey and Pieter Schuyler were to meet them. That was an idyllic ride which neither of the two ever forgot. In the fragrant stillness of the woods, which were yet vocal with the soft whispering of trees and the twittering of birds, disturbed in their nests, the two rode on, supremely conscious of each other's presence and of the bond that united them.

In the hearts of both was the full knowledge of their mutual love, made stronger and more intense by all that had transpired and the vicissitudes that might still lie before Evelyn. They scarcely spoke lest the wind might catch the sound of their voices and reveal their identity to possible listeners. Besides, that silence was so solemn and sacred, as if it were the very crowning and perfection of their love. Nor would Captain Ferrers have forced upon the girl any declaration that might have seemed incongruous or proved embarrassing under the circumstances. Only once or twice he said half-audibly so that it seemed as if it might be but part of the murmuring sounds around them:

"My love, my dear love!"

His heart was swelling with love and pity for all that she had endured, and with fierce indignation against those who had been the authors of her sufferings. But, as if divining his thoughts, she had responded in the same quiet voice that alone seemed harmonious with those scenes:

"I am so happy here with you, Egbert, and knowing that my dear father is safe."

Sometimes there was a rustle in the leaves that caused Captain Ferrers to peer carefully about him and look to his waist. But the next instant he smiled at his mistake, for it was only some tiny animal, some denizen of the forest busy about his own affairs, or the dead leaves stirred into momentary life by the gentle wind. They arrived at the appointed resting-place all too soon, for the gladness of their hearts and the happiness they had experienced in being once more in each other's company. Even after dismounting, they still lingered a little to prolong that sense of solitude which they had found entrancing.

"It has been pure happiness," said Captain Ferrers, drawing a deep breath, "after the pain of our parting, our separation, the fear and the suspense."

"It will be a dear memory," answered Evelyn simply.

"With a dearer hope," added Captain Ferrers. "Let me hear you plight your troth once more and say you will be mine."

"Always and forever," Evelyn responded, "whether in meeting or in parting. But words are useless, for we know now."

She gave him her hand, and together they passed through the door of that half ruined building where at first there seemed to be no light. But that was simply part of the precaution that had been taken lest pursuers might be upon their track, though the building stood away from the main road and was surrounded by trees. Within there were lights, and a fire blazed upon the hearth, carefully screened from possible observation by cloths hung over the window. Evelyn perceived two figures awaiting their approach, and in another instant she was in her father's arms, and Pieter Schuyler was waiting close at hand for a warm and cordial handshake.

In the joy of that reunion they forgot for a few moments all that they had endured and the peril in which they stood. It was decided that they should take the risk of remaining there till morning, and, at the first hint of dawn, start upon their journey. As if by magic appeared the smiling face of Mistress Evelyn's own maid, Elsa. She provided the savory supper, of which they presently partook, and the couches of moss and leaves, with extempore pillows formed of saddle-bags and articles of clothing. But it was some time before any of the party felt inclined to tear themselves away from the pleasant group about the fire, where each one had to relate his personal experiences.

The three men of the party and Jumbo, who had followed them thither, took turns during the watches of the night to guard against a surprise. They had all calculated with tolerable certainty the course of events in Salem—the fear of the Indians, which would last during the night, since there could be no assurance of safety, until daylight; the confusion, the terror, the excitement, and the impossibility of organizing an efficient search party, while the homes and the very lives of the townsmen were threatened by an unseen and to the imagination at least, a formidable foe. Once the daylight had shown the groundlessness of such alarm, however, they surmised that the search would almost certainly be prosecuted to discover and recapture the prisoner and punish the authors of that sensational rescue. Especially did the group of friends feel assured that the malignant activity of Captain Prosser Williams would be exerted to spur them on. For, though he might in a moment of panic have been deterred by the error of a single Indian raid, he would be the more anxious to find and revenge himself on those who had baffled his efforts. That was a night which none of those present were likely to forget. That bare and dismal room, to which the fire had given an air of homely comfort which was inexpressibly cheering to them all, had been the scene of a joyful reunion. And there was told the story which led the minds of all back to Manhattan, and showed the various threads by which the present situation had been worked out.

The news of Mistress Evelyn de Lacey's arrest had reached the city through Vrow de Vries, whose brother, Goodman Cooke, had written her a detailed letter, dwelling at length on all the circumstances, and with the additional information that, when the constables went next day to take the father also into custody, he was nowhere to be found. Accused of witchcraft, the young lady, he said, had been thrown into the town prison to await a special session of the court which would sit in about ten days.

Now that letter had been read not only by Vrow de Vries, but by her husband. The fat woman, sitting in her chair, had glowed with delight and triumph, and in the exuberance of her joy had shown the letter to her husband, declaring that she had always believed there was something "inhuman and devilish" about the girl and her much vaunted beauty. Myneer, on reading that epistle, had burst into a rage and soundly berated his wife for her un-Christian sentiments, though he was unaware of the active part which she had taken in bringing that misfortune upon their late neighbor. He was much perturbed by the intelligence, for, as far as his narrow nature would allow him, he had liked and admired Mistress Evelyn, and had felt a certain good-will toward her father. Moreover, it had been the fashion in the circles which he most affected to admire the girl, and he knew how unpopular would be any collusion with her enemies. The same selfish motive, too, of the possible revelations that might be made if Mr. de Lacey and his daughter were brought to trial, filled him with a vague alarm, for he was still under the impression that it was because of transactions with Greatbatch or some of his kind that the father had been forced to fly from Manhattan. Of course, he had heard later rumors concerning the girl, but had believed them to be wholly disconnected with Mr. de Lacey's voluntary exile.

Myneer had hastened to Der Hout, where he hoped to encounter Captain Ferrers. For he was anxious to make himself as prominent as possible in a cautious way in efforts to secure Evelyn's release. But that evening Captain Ferrers did not visit the tavern, nor was he to be found at Whitehall. In fact, it transpired that he had crossed to the Breuklyn shore by the ferry on official business for His Excellency. Myneer accordingly took himself to Lady Bellomont, and, on sending in his card was granted an interview. For the astute merchant had noted Her Ladyship's interest in Mistress Evelyn, and was of opinion that he was doing himself as well as the young lady a service by showing his zeal in the matter's behalf.

Her Ladyship received him graciously and thanked him cordially for the information. She declared that she was most deeply interested in the fair Colonial, and would take what steps were possible to assist her. Immediately on the return of Captain Ferrers Lady Bellomont sent for him to impart the terrible news which Myneer de Vries had brought and the truth of which could not be doubted.

"There are tidings which mayhap will have an interest for you," He bowed and waited, for her manner conveyed that it was something of unusual moment.

"There is nothing to be said here," my Lady added, indicating by a slight gesture His Excellency, whom they could perceive through the window walking with arms behind his back on the Bowling Green. She then proceeded to inform him as concisely as possible of what had taken place in Salem.

Captain Ferrers, who had turned from red to pale and from pale to red again as he heard these dreadful tidings, waited in an agony of impatience for what else it might seem good to Her Ladyship to say.

"It is my wish," she cried, "that this lovely maid be rescued from the dreadful position in which she has

been placed. I am ready to do anything in my power, but alas! I fear that my influence, openly exerted at the present moment, might work her further ill. But with you it is different. Whether it be true or no, as some men say, that you love the maid, at least the instinct of humanity will urge you to go to her help."

"I shall ask for leave this instant," Captain Ferrers cried, making a movement towards the door.

But an imperious gesture from Lady Bellomont arrested him.

"In the ordinary way it would be refused," she said, "since Captain Prosser Williams is also absent. I shall endeavor to obtain leave for you and also the recall of Prosser Williams, who, I opine, is expected here soon. But I must ask it upon some frivolous pretext, when His Excellency is in the right humor. Any pretext, in truth, would be better than the true one. It is only in the last extremity, and if all else fails, that I shall make appeal to my husband on behalf of the maid."

Captain Ferrers next took his way to the dwelling of Pieter Schuyler, who had but lately returned from Salem. But as the de Lacey had not seen Prosser Williams, nor been in any way molested, they had come to the conclusion that he was not in the town. During his visit, Pieter had gained some familiarity with the place and its environs, which was later to prove very serviceable. Since all his movements had been undertaken with secrecy and caution, he had escaped observation, and had never come under the notice of Prosser Williams. Pieter immediately consented to start once more for Salem in company with Captain Ferrers, and between them, in the inspiration of that moment, was evolved the plan which seemed so hazardous and upon which so much depended. After a hasty conference with Madam Van Courtland, the further details were added to their original scheme that Jumbo should accompany them to assist with the horses, and Elsa, Evelyn's maid, should proceed by stage to Boston in case her services should be needed.

Captain Ferrers, having obtained leave through the good offices of Lady Bellomont, took horse with Pieter Schuyler for Salem. On reaching their destination, they had debouched from the main road to avoid observation, and had suddenly come upon the deserted house in the woods. They had stopped to examine it, before deciding finally on their future plans. To their amazement, the door had suddenly opened and a man appeared on the threshold, habited like a Puritan and muffled in a cloak, with hat drawn down over his eyes. Involuntarily the hands of the two young men had flown to their side-arms, when to their amazement, the man removed his hat and suddenly revealed himself. It was Mr. de Lacey.

He explained that he had been watching them through a crack in the shutter, and had made sure of their identity before coming forth. He had abandoned his dwelling in Salem on learning of Evelyn's arrest, knowing very well that, as actually happened, the myrmidons of the law would return to seek him there and incarcerate him in the same prison. In his present disguise he had hung about the jail and the streets of Salem in his anxiety to get news of Evelyn. Finally, having learned of her whereabouts, he had taken the opportunity to visit her, before either of the other girls became conscious of the costly mistake.

"We don't dare call her back, because she has seeds of mortar," said Ethel Ward, the older of the girls. "But you've got to tell the manager what you did, Nora. It would be found out anyway, and perhaps he'll be a little easier on you if you own up. Goodness, how'd you ever do such a crazy thing? Anybody ought to know the price of aluminum!"

"Well for the love of goodness, Ethel, what's the use of scolding the poor girl? She'll have to make good out of this week's pay, even if nothing worse happens. Here he comes now. Go on, better get it over," said Lucy North, giving Nora a friendly push in the direction of the cold-eyed individual who was making his way down the crowded aisle in response to the insistent call of a clerk at the adjoining counter.

Nora had waited until the charge slip had been properly signed and the customer was out of hearing, before she ventured from her place. Possibly many things had gone awry in the basement that day, and Nora's mistake may have been the last straw which was needed to completely demolish the manager's patience. For an instant he was speechless, but to Nora's unhappy mind his cold eyes seemed to be darting blue flames into her soul. Then he relieved his mind of many cutting and cruel sentences, most of which he didn't really mean, and at another time would have scorned to utter. Nora listened with one thought uppermost—"would she have to pay and would she lose her place?" "Of course you will make good the difference in the price, and since the sale is about over,—let me see, this is Wednesday,—you need not report for work until Saturday. I will see then if we can make a place for you in another department, though I do not know anything," he concluded, as he turned to answer the query of a broad-shouldered young man in a dark blue uniform.

"What'd he say?" whispered Ethel, stooping under the counter as if in search of a special piece of her stock.

"That I'd have to pay the differ-

ence in the price of the kettles, and oh, dear, I'm afraid my place is gone! He told me not to come to work until Saturday. What shall I do?" whispered Nora.

"If you need some money, I can lend you a little. You'd better keep your room rent paid, what ever else you let go," said Lucy.

"No it isn't the money just now, I've enough to last for a few weeks. You know I had some saved when I came here; but it will be so hard to get in any place now. I was ten days getting here," said Nora.

"Don't you worry, if you've money enough for more than a week! I'd call that riches. And you'll be given another chance on Saturday. He only wants to throw a scare into you," cried Ethel. "I hope that miserable old woman burns every think she puts in that kettle! I call that plain every day stealing! She knew you had made a mistake, bah," exclaimed Lucy.

"Be careful, Lucy, those kettles are supposed to be unburnable!" laughed Ethel. Nora smiled a little too, for the good humor of the girls was infectious. She hoped they were right about Saturday, and with revived courage, finished out her day among the noisy stock.

She did not set her alarm clock, since there was no need of early rising; but she was awakened by her warm-hearted landlady the next morning, who, not hearing the girl stirring in the adjoining room, feared she had overslept. It took quite a little talk to convince her that Nora was not ill and in urgent need of all manner of hot broths, but when she heard that the girl had an enforced holiday, she said: "Well, now if it was me, I'd just stay in bed there, quiet like until I felt like getting up. I'll leave the coffee pot on the back of the stove. And get yourself an egg out of the pantry dear, when you're ready to eat. The rest will do you good. You have looked awful wishy-washy for the last week. Shut your eyes now, and go back to sleep. After the rest of the folks are gone, I'm going down town, but never fear I'll be back by noon."

Nora had shut her eyes, but sleep for more than a few moments at a time was an impossibility. Her room with windows on the court and an alley, was a gatherer of sounds. In the courtyard the children shrieked in wild play, until it was time for school; then a peddler had an argument with an irate tenant two flats below.

The cars on the busy town line clanged and jangled past, and the noise lost nothing on its way to her sixth story room. Across the alley an enormous truck began unloading its burden of coal, but strangely enough, this continued rumbling down the chute into the cellar of the apartment building, acted as a counter irritant and actually soothed her to sleep.

It was the insistent clemor of the gongs on some fire apparatus that aroused her from this respite, and realizing that daylight quiet was not to be had, at least in this neighborhood, Nora gave her long hair a twist and fastened it high on her head, then jumped out of bed. On the farm, one became expert in the matter of quick dressing. A north room with no fire has no pity on the laggard; it would take more than a few weeks in a steam-heated room to lessen the speed which her fingers worked.

As she knelt beside her bed, she could still hear the bells on more than one fire engine. "They're always having fires here in the city," she thought. "Indeed, 'tis a wonder there's a stick or a stone left in it. Isn't it enough to have bells, without the men yelling so as they go by," she said to her image in the glass in the tiny bathroom, where she combed her pretty hair.

"I'll get my breakfast, and then I'll write to Aunt Carrie, though I'll not tell her about yesterday. She'd say, 'Come home, but I won't, not until spring anyhow. Perhaps the walk to the postoffice will cure my headache, I'll try it, instead of just dropping my letter in that box at the corner. There's another lot of engines! How do these people ever live through all this racket?"

She was fastening her collar with the plain gold bar that Uncle Henry had brought her from the last county fair, when the first vague uneasiness crept into her mind. Was the air in the room really blue, and what was that stifling odor? The window was closed, of course that was it. She flung it up, and looked down the six stories to the alley, there stood an engine, the steam pouring out of it as it pumped with great pulsations terrified the girl.

"Mister," she called down to a young fireman who was bending over to examine the coupling of the hose that trailed its sinuous way across the alley and down the sidewalk.

"Mister, where's the fire?"

"There are not many things that can astonish even a raw member of the city fire department, but the sight of Nora Mullane leaning from that high window, at such a moment did bring this fireman to his feet. "Stay where you are, don't jump. I'll come and get you. Don't jump!" he yelled again, as he disappeared down the alley.

"Surely, 'tis not this building? Where are the flames?" She turned from the window, and started toward the door. The air was not so thick now, but she realized that this was because of her open window. Dare she open the door into the outer hall? All the stories she had read to Aunt Carrie in those long winter days when the drifts of snow made visiting of neighbors or going to town out of the question, came into her mind now. If she opened the door, what

horror would she find beyond? Her suitcase was near the window. She threw back the lid and made a bundle of her extra dress. He said he would come for me, but if I must go down a ladder, this is all that I can carry." She cast a heartbroken look at her best hat, to wear it down a ladder was not possible, but maybe the fireman could carry it or let her throw it down. Why didn't he come? She looked down again at the engine, still throbbing, but whoever was in charge it now was around on the other side, so it was useless to call to him.

"Hey there, open up your window, and get out of my way," called a voice from somewhere outside. In the face of unknown peril, Nora obeyed without question; however, as she threw up the window she could not resist a glance in the direction of the voice.

"Here I am, get back," said the young fireman from his precarious position on the window web of hers. The stone sill was only just wide enough to provide a foothold, yet he stood erect, and as Nora, with horror dilated eyes, sank to her knees on Mrs. Raymond's rug, he stepped lightly to her window sill. For a moment he clung to the window frame, and then jumped into the room.

"Are you praying?" he asked, "or are you one of the kind that always faints? There's no such terrible danger at this minute," he added in apology for his mocking tone, as Nora rose and faced him. She looked very young and appealing. "The whole front of the building is burning," he said. "We had no idea there was any one in these flats. The druggist down stairs said the woman who lives here went down town, and he knows she did not come back, for she left a prescription for which she was to call for on her return. He told us all her roomers worked, and so no one thought of coming up."

"Can't we get down the stairs?" asked Nora. "The stairs went first, and of course the elevators went with them. They have kept the fire away from this corner of the building, and I think there's a good chance for us to get out by way of the roof."

"Oh, not the way you came; I could never dare," cried Nora, edging away from the window.

"Who asked you to, Miss," scolded the fireman. "Isn't this the last story? There must be a scuttle-hole to the roof some place."

Yes, there is, in the closet next to Mrs. Raymond's room. And there's a ladder too. Come on," and with a restored hope, Nora led the way to a deep closet.

The fireman struck a match and lit a thick candle, as she flung back the door. Coats of a past season, two trunks and a number of dress boxes made up the contents of the closet. Against the far wall leaned a short ladder, one of the fold-up variety quite tall enough for housecleaning purposes, but not within five feet of the height of the trap door.

Nora turned from it with dismay. "Too short, isn't it?" she asked. "Might be worse," cheerily answered her rescuer. "We'll make out all right. Is there anything you want to bring with you if there is, let us go get it; though I doubt if this corner will go at all. 'Still,' as the girl stood hesitating, "it's no place for you for a while, and if we don't go now, we may be out off."

This was all that was needed to send Nora flying back for her bundle. At the last minute she secured the best hat with four hat pins. While it might be foolish to try to wear a hat down a ladder she could see no good reason for not wearing one up a ladder.

The young fireman looked admiringly at the shy sweet face beneath the blue velvet brim and laughed as he remarked, "It certainly would be a shame to lose that hat." He closed the window, and told Nora to lock her suitcase and also the drawers in the old-fashioned bureau. "You never can tell what kind of fellows making out to be reporters, will come poking around after the fire is out," he said.

"Below them in the alley, the great engine had not insisted in her efforts to give out the fire that was in her. "Why don't we see any smoke from the fire," asked Nora, as they turned toward the closet. "The wind is blowing it the other way, thank goodness, or I never would have seen you," he answered.

"The short ladder was opened out, and placed just beneath the trap door. The wide top, made to hold a screwing nail, called for words of praise from the young fireman. "Tell you how we'd better do it," he said. "I'll open up that door with this broom (he had picked up one standing outside the closet door). There 'tis, now come up here beside me and I'll push you up through the hole."

"Oh, I can't," cried Nora. "Don't be silly, I don't fall off anything. I could go up first and pull you up, but it's such a height, I'd be apt to jerk the arms fairly out of you. This way, you can touch the sides of the hole with your hand, and almost pull yourself up." He illustrated by catching at the hole and swinging from the ladder. "Oh, I can do that. I've done it in the barn and swung myself up to the loft lots of times," exclaimed Nora.

"Of course you can, come on," and he stepped to the farther side of the ladder's broad top. "Give me that bundle. I'll throw it out first." Nora handed it up, and an instant later heard it drop upon the roof. Then she stood beside him on the step.

"Stand on your tip-toes. That's how. Now up you go." Nora gave a faint gasp, drew in a long breath and then grasping the edge of the hole

TO BE CONTINUED

A ROMANCE IN A FLAT

By Alice G. Hayde

"Would the noises never stop? Was there no such thing as quiet in this city made up of horrid sounds and unfriendly people?" Nora Mullane lifted her tousled head from her lumpy pillow and rubbed her tired aching eyes. She had cried herself to sleep the night before, a most unpropitious way of beginning a night supposedly devoted to rest, though in a measure it did bring relief of a sort to the girl who had spent two nerve-racking weeks in a basement sales-room, where low voices were at a premium and the shrill tones of the salespeople were only equalled by the querulous high pitched voices of the bargain hunters.

Nora was in the tinware of all places the last in which to look for peace. She marveled hourly at the composure of the other two girls, who were unmoved either by the impending horrors of a mark-down sale or an unlooked-for shower of cooking utensils from an upper shelf. "I'll maybe get used to it too, after a bit," thought the shy girl from the Iowa farm. She was lost in a guilty vision of her aunt's scold for all these fancy fowl, alone these wintry days, for her uncle was too busy with the stock to "fool with chickens;" when she sold the thin-lipped woman an aluminum kettle for the price of a plebian tin. The price-tag had been torn off, and Nora, to whom a kettle was a kettle, and nothing more, cast a glance at the red ticks on the next neighbor and glibly repeated its price. The woman had seemed surprised, but she hurriedly completed the bargain and was walking away with her prize, before either of the other girls became conscious of the costly mistake.

"We don't dare call her back, because she has seeds of mortar," said Ethel Ward, the older of the girls. "But you've got to tell the manager what you did, Nora. It would be found out anyway, and perhaps he'll be a little easier on you if you own up. Goodness, how'd you ever do such a crazy thing? Anybody ought to know the price of aluminum!"

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"What'd he say?" whispered Ethel, stooping under the counter as if in search of a special piece of her stock.

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