

WHOLE SOME WARNING

TO PREVENT THE MISSING OF
THE GREAT BLESSING.

UNCHARITABLE JUDGMENT

Common Sin Which Takes Much Out
of the Life of Those Who Indulge
in It—Lesson to Be Learned in "En-
tertaining Angels Unawares"—Three
Messengers of God Who Brought
Joy to Abraham's Household.

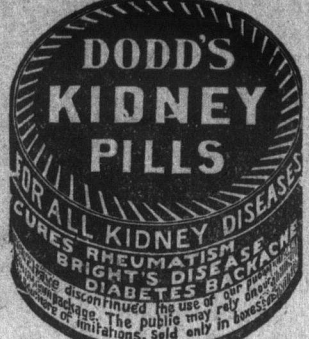
Entered according to Act of Parliament of Can-
ada, in the year 1906, by Frederick Dyer, Tor-
onto, at the Dept. of Agriculture, Ottawa.

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 7.—In this
sermon the preacher uttered a whole-
some warning against the common sin
of uncharitable judgment of others,
lest we, by such means, miss the bless-
ing that comes of "entertaining angels
unawares." The text is Genesis xviii, 2,
"And, lo, three angels came to him."
When a gentleman travels in the far-
east he does not stop at a public inn,
but lodges with the people he meets on
the way. Thus one day Abraham was
sitting at the door of his tent. Off in
the distance he sees three travel-stained
men approaching. At once, accord-
ing to the social customs then practiced
and with the cordial hospitality of the
east, Abraham runs toward these three
travelers and kneels at their feet and
says: "Come and lodge with me. Tarry
and rest yourselves and eat of my
bread. After refreshing yourselves you
can continue on your journey." The
three travelers accepted this kind in-
vitation. Abraham spread before his
guests the best food he had. He killed
a calf. His wife baked for them some
hot bread. After the meal was over
one of the strangers said, "Where is
thy wife?" Abraham went and called
Sarah. Then, as the three men were
about to go, they said practically these
words: "Oh, ye aged and childless ones,
the dearest wish of our hearts is about
to be fulfilled. In your old age you
shall have a son." To make the story
short, Abraham and Sarah found out
that their guests in human form
were not simply three men, but three
angelic messengers of God. What an
inconceivable privilege that was! Let
us think about it this morning, remem-
bering that we, too, can entertain an-
gelic messengers almost every day if
we will. We can entertain them, as
did Abraham, when strange travelers
approach our dwelling and perhaps
knock at the door for admittance. You
may think these strangers are men, as
did Abraham, but they are not. They
are messengers of God. Thus the ques-
tions which now confront us all are:
"Will we let in these angelic visitors?
Will we receive from them the spiritual
blessings which God intends us to get?"

"Shall we, in the first place, receive
the angelic visitors who come from
God dressed in the rough garments of
poor men? These messengers come to
us almost daily, as the three strangers
came to Abraham in olden time. As
we approach the Hebrew patriarch's
tent we see him sitting under the shad-
ow. It is almost noon. Like a wise mas-
ter he has seen that his herdsmen and
shepherds had cared well for his stock.
Then when the hot sun begins to beat
down he goes back to his tent to pre-
pare for dinner and take a rest and
have a quiet chat with his dear wife,
Sarah, for though Abraham, at this
time was over ninety years of age and
Sarah had passed her threescore years
and ten, yet they were still lovers as
when in their youth they had taken a
journey into far-off Egypt, and the
king's messenger wanted to select
Sarah for Pharaoh's bride.

While the busy Sarah is preparing
the midnoon meal Abraham, sitting by
his tent, suddenly puts his hand over
his brow and begins to look. He seems
to be watching something afar off.
"What is it, Abraham?" says his wife.
"Do you see any one coming?" "Yes,"
answers the aged lover. "I think I see
three travelers. They are strangers to
me. They must be poor men. They
are coming afar. In this country
horses are so cheap that all except the
poorest can own one. These men have
not even a donkey with them. They
must truly be very poor. I wonder if
they have enough food along. Poor
fellows! See how tired and hungry
they look. Sarah. We have so much;
let us give them a good meal and start
them on their journey a fresh. No man
ought to be traveling in this awful
heat." "All right, Abraham," I think I
hear Sarah say. "All right. You go
and ask them to tarry. I will hurry up
and prepare some meal, and you send
and kill a calf, and we will give them
a feast fit for a king." Thus Abraham
runs and salutes these strangers who
are traveling afar. He says, "Stran-
gers, will you come and lodge with
me?" Lesson the first. These three
angelic messengers came to Abraham's
tent afar. They came as poor men.
They came as God's messengers often
come to us, when they look up into our
faces and pitiously beg: "Will thou
feed me? Will thou clothe me? I am
God's poor. Will thou care for me?"

"Oh, no," you answer; "that cannot
be. You are only making a pretty fig-
ure of speech. An angelic messenger
never comes clothed in rags. He may
have come to an Abrahamic tent afar,
but he certainly never comes to me as
one of those dirty, filthy beggars who
knock at my back door. He cannot
come as the poor man with that sick
wife and a large brood of children who
live in our back street. Why, that man
and his wife do not believe in God.
They never read the Bible. They never
pray. The angel of God never comes
as a tramp or a pauper." Does
he not, my brother? Does he not? Do
not speak too quickly. What says
Christ in the twenty-fifth chapter of
Matthew? Does he say: "If you would
find my messengers, you should seek
them among the palaces and in the
king's throne rooms? You should seek
them clothed in purple and fine linen?"
Nay, that is not Christ's command. He
says, "If you would seek my messen-
gers, you shall find them clothed in
rags and with the pinched cheeks of
want and wandering around from
street to street as did John Howard
Payne, pitiously looking at the roadside
of happy homes and yet with no homes
of their own." Have you not read the



parable: "When saw we thee an-hun-
gered and fed thee or thirsty and gave
thee drink? When saw we thee a
stranger and took thee in or naked and
clothed thee?" And the King shall
answer and say unto you, "Inasmuch
as ye have done it unto one of the
least of these, my brethren, ye have
done it unto me." Does not Christ
mean by these words that when you
look after the poor you are looking
after his messengers and caring for
him?

But when this noble Hebrew herds-
man runs forward to prostrate him-
self at the feet of the three strangers I
see him sharply scrutinize their faces.
He not only sees that they wear the
travel-stained garments of poor men,
but methinks I hear him mutter: "Poor
fellows! Poor fellows! Perhaps they
are exiles from their own country. Per-
haps on account of a king's hatred they
are fleeing for their lives. Perhaps
they once had sheep and oxen and
horses and manservants, as I have, but
now, on account of bitter persecution,
they have lost all. I must be especially
kind to these poor fellows who are flee-
ing for their lives." Cannot you im-
agine such thought passing through
Abraham's mind as he runs forward to
greet the three strangers? I can. And
I firmly believe that when any man
goes to the help of the persecuted and
the unjustly treated he is welcoming
to his home "angelic visitors," who will
always bring to him a spiritual blessing
from God.

How many people there are who are
being unjustly persecuted! How many
there are who are being lied about and
misrepresented! Like the devils that
were torturing the poor martyr's body,
who was running naked among the
tombs of the Gadara dead, their names
seem to be legion. Many of these poor
fellows who are being unjustly treated
are dying of broken hearts, as did the
late Daniel D. Tompkins, who was one
of the most pathetic characters of
American history. In his prime no
name was more powerful in the politi-
cal world than his. He rose from
office to office. At last he became gov-
ernor of New York State and then
vice-president of the United States.
The White House was almost his. But
suddenly his enemies were able to
head him off. Though his whole life
stood for honesty and purity and truth,
his political foes charged him with mis-
appropriating some of the public funds
when he was chief executive of New
York State. He indignantly denied the
charge, but he could not produce evi-
dence to vindicate himself. His ene-
mies had stolen it. His forehead, like
that of Cain, had a black mark of guilt
placed upon it, and he was shunned by
his fellow men as an embezzler of pub-
lic funds. Thus Daniel D. Tompkins
was compelled to retire from public
life and went down into a dishonored
grave. Hardly had the grave closed
over his body when vouchers were dis-
covered which proved not only that
Daniel D. Tompkins had used the pub-
lic funds aright, but that he had spent

COULD NOT REST
NIGHT OR DAY

With Irritating Skin Humour—
Whole Body Affected—Scalp
Itched All the Time and Hair Began
to Fall Out—Wonderful Result
From

APPLICATION OF
CUTICURA REMEDIES

"I am never without Cuticura Soap
and Cuticura Ointment since I tried
them last summer. About the latter
part of July my whole body began to
itch. I did not take much notice of it
at first, but it began to get worse all
the time, and then I began to get uneasy
and tried all kinds of baths and other
remedies that were recommended for
skin humors, but it became worse all
the time. My hair began to fall out and
my scalp itched all the time. Espe-
cially at night, just as soon as I would
get in bed and get warm, my whole body
would begin to itch and my finger nails
would keep it irritated, and it was not
long before I could not rest night or day.
A friend asked me to try the Cuticura
Remedies, and I did, and the first appli-
cation helped me wonderfully. For
about four weeks I would take a hot
bath every night and then apply the
Cuticura Ointment to my whole body,
and I kept getting better, and by the
time I used four boxes of Cuticura I was
entirely cured, and my hair stopped
falling out, but I continue to use the
Cuticura on my scalp. It keeps all dan-
druft out and scalp is always itchy. I
always use Cuticura Ointment on my
face after shaving, and have found
nothing to equal it. I will never be
without it." D. E. Blankenship,
319 N. Del. St.,
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RECOMMENDED TO ALL MOTHERS

"I have used Cuticura Ointment for
chafing of infants, and as they grew
older all skin diseases were given treat-
ment with that and the Cuticura Soap.
I never found it necessary to call a doc-
tor, as these Remedies are a sure cure,
if used as directed. I am glad to recom-
mend them to all mothers." Sincerely
yours, Mrs. F. A. Kennard,
June 21, 1905, St. Paul, Park, Minn.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout
the world. Cuticura Soap and Pills are sold by
H. L. L. Co., 250 N. Main St., Boston, Mass.

WANTS A

a large part of his own private fortune
for the public good.

Furthermore, if you and I are only
willing to go to the aid of those who
are being persecuted God will not only
personally bless us, but we will save
many men and women who are being
unjustly treated from entering a life of
sin and crime. I was never more im-
pressed with this fact than some time
ago, when I was visiting an old Mis-
souriian. He was telling me the his-
tory of his life. But it was the thieves
and the libertines who pretended they
were regular soldiers that they feared.
We were simply helpless in their
hands."

Then he described how one night a
lot of thieves clothed as soldiers came
to his father's house and literally took
everything away. They drove his
mother out in the winter's cold, and
she died as a result of the exposure.
They put a rope about his father's
neck and dragged him about and
threatened to kill him. With the
butt end of a gun they mashed one of
his feet so that he was a cripple for
life. Then they drove away every
horse and cow and pig and chicken
and burned up all the grain and the
fences and the outhouses and left only
the bare fields. "What did you do?"
I asked. "Well," he said, "I was only
a boy of fourteen. But my brother
and myself joined the bushwhackers.
We each took a gun and vowed that
we would kill every northern man we
met."

"What then happened?" I asked.
"Then the old man looked at me
and answered: 'The most important
part of my life. In St. Charles county
there lived an old minister by the name
of Rev. Mr. Blackwell. He was a
northern man and a Republican. He
heard what we two boys had done, and
he knew that if we continued as bush-
whackers we would end up in a life of
crime, as did the James boys, who
started out as criminals because their
fathers had been treated as my
father had been treated. I used to
know Jesse James and his gang, and
I know that what I say is true. So
the risk of his own life Rev. Mr. Black-
well, a Republican and northerner,
went into the mountains and hunted
out our camp and said: 'Boys, I have
come to save you. Come back and live
with me. Because thieves and scound-
rels have robbed your parents and
killed your mother do not become crim-
inals yourselves and die at the end of
a hangman's noose.' And, sir, as the
result of his plea we went back to
Blackwell's house and went back to
honesty and truth and right."

But, stepping out into the broader in-
terpretation of my text, we assert that
angelic messengers can approach our
homes with the scowling visage of hate
and with the clinched fist of anger, as
well as in the fluttering rags of the
pauper and the distorted, terror-struck
countenances of the persecuted.
"Oh, no," you answer; "that cannot be.
An angel is not a demon. An angel
is one who would lead us to the higher
life. How can the sullen brow of an
enemy do this?" Well, my friend, let
us again read the words of the
most powerful and the most fami-
liar sermon ever delivered—namely, the
sermon on the mount, spoken at a
short distance from Lake Galilee.
What did Christ say? Did he lay down
the doctrine that we should be kind to
others just in proportion as others are
kind to us? Did he say: 'Men, be just
to friends and foes. Now forgive a kin-
dness which a neighbor does you and
never forget the injury of a treacherous
foe?' Did he say, "Build a wall, in
castle. Have the most deep and
wide. Have watch-towers above the
walls, where you can always keep a
lookout to lower the bridges for
your allies, and have spears and swords
and bows and arrows and slings with
which to drive back those who have
betrayed your trust?" No. That is not
Christ's command. Listen how he de-
scribes the way in which you should
welcome some of your angelic visitors.
These are Christ's words, not mine:
"Love your enemies." That means give
them the best places at your table and
your warmest welcome. "Bless them
that curse you." That means go out
of your way to speak a kind word for
those who are denouncing you and seek-
ing to undermine your character. "Do
good to them who hate you and pray
for them which despitefully use you."
Do you hear it? My Lord and my God,
have we read thy words aright? How
few, how very few of us have wel-
comed at our doors those who have re-
viled us and persecuted us and have
said all manner of evil things against
us!

Now, you have read many essays and
heard many sermons upon the theme,
"The Blessings of Having Enemies,"
but I want to tell you that the great-
est blessing of an enemy after all is to
teach us to forgive those people who
have trespassed against us as we ex-
pect God to forgive our trespasses.
Unless we can learn to live as like
Christians we can never learn to be like
Christ. Are you willing to live as that
famous Irishman lived who recently
passed away? Did you read the last
will and testament of Michael Davitt?
He did not have any money to give,
for he spent most of his life in the
struggle of home rule for the Emerald
Island. So he made up his last will
and testament thus—wise. I do wish
I had it verbatim. He said in part:
"This is my last will and testament. I
have not any money to give, but I
leave my blessing to all mankind. My
first act of forgiveness from all those
whom I may have injured in life or to-
ward whom I have acted unjustly.
Then I leave my forgiveness to all
those who have done me any injury.
Then I ask that when my literary ex-
ecutor publishes hereafter any of my
works he will cull from them any bit-
ter words which might wound the
heart of any living man or the hearts
of the loved ones of any of my politi-
cal foes. Did you ever read a senti-
ment more beneficent and Christlike
than that? My brother, you have
greeted many friends in your home.
They have dined with you and you
with them. But have you ever spoken

the words of a Davitt? Alas, if not,
then I fear you have shut out "angelic
visitors," who, if they should enter your
home, would bring to you the greatest
of spiritual blessings. These angelic
messengers may be men who have
pitifully used you. Cannot you give
them a loving welcome for Christ's
sake, as Abraham asked the three
strangers to rest with him under the
shadow of his eastern tent?

But should our hospitality end here?
Oh, no. If you turn to the fourteenth
chapter of Luke you find these words:
"When thou makest a feast or a sup-
per, call not thy friends nor thy breth-
ren, neither thy kinsmen nor thy rich
neighbors, lest they also bid thee again
and a recompense be made thee. But
when thou makest a feast call the
poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind."
Now, who are the maimed and the
lame and the blind? Are they simply
the poor who go around on crutches or
feel their way with a staff? I think
not. Christ would not here say "the
poor and the maimed and the halt and
the blind," that would be the same as
I think the maimed and the halt and the
blind mean the moral cripples. I
think these words to a great extent
mean the spiritual outcasts. I think
they mean those who are like the seven
devils Mary and Zacharias, whom
honest people shun as the healthy
physical man would run from a lepro-
retro or a loathsome plague. Yes, we
are to give a cordial welcome even to
the vilest of sinners, such a welcome
as Abraham gave the three strangers
at his home.

And, my friends, a sinner can never
sink so low but in that sinful degrada-
tion the true Christian may see the in-
finite possibilities of glory that will re-
baptize to Christ if his redemption could
only enter that sinful soul. It is said
that when the great prime minister of
France, Cardinal de Bois, was about
to undergo a serious operation he said
to the noted surgeon, Dr. Boudon,
"Doctor, be careful and don't treat me
as you would one of those poor mis-
erable wretches at your hospital of Hotel
Dieu." With that the famous surgeon
proudly lifted his head as he replied,
"My lord, every one of those miserable
wretches, as your eminence is pleased
to call them, is a prime minister in my
eyes." Oh, cannot we act so in our
Christian work? Even among the low-
est and the vilest cannot we see a pos-
sible king of heaven saved by grace?
If we do this every immoral and sinful
leper with whom we come in contact
will be an angelic visitor, bringing us a
spiritual message from Christ.

"But," you say, "I never have
the poor and the maimed and the halt
and the blind coming to my door. Why,
I live a most secluded life. Once in
awhile the doorbell rings and the maid
brings me a card, but that is all—
now a friend, then another. I do my
fall and winter work. I am very busy
about returning these calls, but I can-
not help my friends much. Most of
them seem to have everything they
want and much more than I do." Is
that so? Well, I am not surprised at
it. Of course you do not have any
angelic visitors coming to
your house, as Abraham did.

Friend, how is it with thy Christian
life? Art thou opening wide thy doors?
Art thou looking for the coming angelic
messengers? Art thou trying to spy
out these visitors from God when they
are in the far distance? Art thou will-
ing to run to them and greet them?
Canst thou not see them? They are
in that dark alley. There they
come down the street. Do you not see
them? Why, they are by your side
now. Will you turn and go after
them in the name of Christ?

Mayor Judd Stops Traffic.
London, Oct. 12.—Mayor Judd a day
or two ago engaged Engineer J. M.
Moyes of Toronto to inspect the street
railway plant and the siting of the
Ontario Railway and Municipal Police
which began yesterday. Mr. Moyes' re-
port stated that the Wellington street
bridge was entirely unsafe for traffic,
nearly half of the ties were rotting or
rotten, as well as numerous guard rail-
ings. The mayor immediately ordered
traffic to cease on the bridge, and the
company agreed. The commission vis-
ited the bridge, and confirmed the re-
port of its unsafe condition.

Major Moodie Returns.
St. John's, Nfld., Oct. 12.—The seal-
ing steamer Adventure, which left
here Aug. 3, conveying Major Moodie,
Canadian Governor of Hudson Bay, 18
Northwest Mounted Police and sup-
plies for the Canadian Government
posts there, returned yesterday a month
overdue, the delay having been caused
by stormy weather. The vessel was
forced to bring back 210 tons of coal,
which she was unable to discharge.

Curfew Whistle in Hintonburg.
Ottawa, Oct. 12.—The Council of the
Village of Hintonburg, a suburb of
Ottawa, Wednesday night passed a by-
law ordering that the waterworks pump
house whistle be blown at 9 o'clock
every night and all children under 18
years of age on the streets later than
that unaccompanied will be subject to
arrest.

"T. P." in Ottawa.
Ottawa, Oct. 12.—T. P. O'Connor ar-
rived here last evening accompanied
by Mrs. O'Connor. Local Irishmen were
out in force to welcome him. To-day
Mr. O'Connor will address a public
meeting. Another speaker will be Hon.
Daniel O'Connor, formerly Postmaster-
General for Australia.

Soldier Acquitted.
Quebec, Oct. 12.—The grand jury re-
turned "no bill" in the case of Corri-
gan of the Royal Canadian Regiment,
held in connection with the fatal row-
ing in the Louise basin on July 23 last.
The trial of Cowan for manslaughter
is proceeding.

Michigan's Wheat Crop.
Detroit, Oct. 12.—The annual crop
report has just been issued by the Sec-
retary of State at Lansing. It esti-
mated the wheat crop of the state at
12,000,000 bushels less than last year.

Mrs. Jeff Davis Ill.
New York, Oct. 12.—The condition of
Mrs. Jefferson Davis, widow of the
president of the confederacy, who has
been ill at the Hotel Majestic for sev-
eral days, is now regarded as serious.

Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.

Present adversity is easier to bear
than past prosperity.

EDITH IS.

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TEA

"IS GOOD TEA"

I wish you could pay a visit to the Red Rose Tea
warehouse—the largest in Canada—and see for yourself
the great skill and care that is given to the blending
and packing of this famous Tea. The testing room
and the packing room (where automatic electric
machines, which seem almost human, are used)
would interest you greatly.

If you ever visit St. John, it will be a pleasure to
show you through; and after you see the care and
cleanliness with which it is prepared, Red Rose Tea
will taste even better than before.

The Blue Label is especially recommended.

Prices, 25c., 30c., 35c., 40c., 50c., and 60c., in lead packets.

Black, Green, and Mixed.

T. H. ESTABROOKS, St. John, N. B. Winnipeg. Toronto,
3 Wellington St. E.



"What would the world
do without tea? How did
it exist? I am glad I
was not born before tea."
—Sydney Smith.

DISTRICT

CON. 13, RALEIGH.

Mr. Edward Harvey is on the sick
list.
Mr. Goldwin Russell is somewhat
better after his illness.

Walter Ronce moved to his new
farm on the 8th Con. Raleigh, on
Friday.

Thomas Walker spent Sunday with
friends in the Maple City.

John Pardo has almost recovered
from his accident.

Lorne English has finished plas-
tering his house.

Roy Jenner attended the Fair at
Merlin last Tuesday.

John O'Phee expects to pay a fly-
ing visit to Detroit soon.

The old rig on the T. B. Harvey
farm is working very fast. The well
is down about 550 feet.

ZONE CENTRE.

Mrs. John Tinney left last Satur-
day for Brown City, Michigan, where
she intends spending a couple of
weeks with her daughters, Miss Belle
and Mrs. John McAllister.

Stanley Elley is spending a few
days with his friend, Ernest Eberlee,
Dresden.

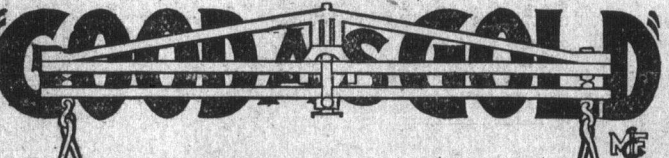
Friday was the last day for chop-
ping at Gilbert's mill. Mr. Gilbert
found that he could not make profit
enough by it. The farmers around
here will be sorry to hear this, for
it was very convenient for them.

Mr. James Outhouse moved into
Mrs. William Lidster's vacant house
on the 6th, this week.

J. W. Vanhorn is spending the lat-
ter part of this week on his farm
near Chatham.

Mr. H. H. Eberlee is the guest of
his son, Charles, of Dresden.

Mr. Mr. M. B. B. of London,
called on friends here last week.



Careful Investments

The London Life Insurance Com-
pany has had only four mortgage sales
since it was incorporated 31 years ago,
and in all four cases the property was
disposed of without loss.

This remarkable record is only one
evidence of the careful management of
this Company—one reason why the
profits to policy-holders are larger than
those paid by most companies.

You should investigate our policies
before taking any other, and be sure of
value as Good as Gold.

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Supremacy in the art of piano making can only be obtained by a
combination of age, experience, capital intelligently applied, ambition
to produce something better than has been made, and that care o-
minute detail, guaranteeing permanent satisfaction to the performer.
More than the allotted span of life has been devoted by The House
of Nordheimer towards developing the Nordheimer Piano to its
present high state of mechanical and artistic perfection.

CANADA'S BEST PIANO
THE NORDHEIMER

Mr. R. Victor Carter, our travelling representative, will visit Chat-
ham regularly in our interests and will be pleased to give intending
piano purchasers the benefit of his musical knowledge by making per-
sonal selection of pianos for all who entrust their order to him. Cor-
respondence addressed to Mr. Carter at the Carner House, will receive
his best attention.

The House of
NORDHEIMER
One-Price System. Easy Terms if Desired.
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Minard's Liniment cures Burns, etc.
Present adversity is easier to bear
than past prosperity.

Every Taste Maybe Satisfied
Every Requirement Met
Every Person Satisfied

When they have selected
one of our

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RINGS

We have a full stock on
hand at the Sign of the
BIG CLOCK.

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LAUNDRY

SEE THOSE
collars, cuffs and shirts? Nicest kind of
laundry work, isn't it? We did and will
do the same for you if you give us your
trade shirts, collars and cuffs well
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