THE PROFESSOR'S SECRET

CHAPTER L.

A few gleams of sunshine stole playfully into the large, cheerful music-

one could not help but admire him - Hortense has gone out of my life, I black as the raven and it somehow nal sunshine and happiness.

were moist and his fingers trembled, as they moved slowly over the cold, ivory keys. He was playing the "Miserere" -the heart-song of Verdi, for her lesson and expressed her de- makes it all the more beautiful. They his fellow-countryman and teacher - light at finding the Signor in better and the sad, plaintive tones seemed to spirits. "Ah, Signor!" she said. "I and an echo in his lonely soul. The am delighted to find you so happy tender air that followed was sweet Do you know, I often wonder why the sand stirring. It also seemed to ap- heart of my old professor should alspeal strongly to the Signor's present ways be so sad. down his cheeks.

have mercy on her soul!" There was a rap at the door and he sings:

suddenly a wall-dir essed young Italian entered. It was Angelico, the pro-Messor's trust office-boy, and his voice had a ring of freshness in it when he sa iselle Laporte!"

The old man read the perfumed weard and exclaimed: "Please show the syoung lady upstairs, Angelico!" The door closed gently, and in a few moments opened again. "I am delighted to see you, Signor," came from the hardsome young woman as he entered the study, gowned in a "But you are mple dress of black, mot well-you look-"

"I am pretty well, Felice." interrepted the professor. "Tis true, I ok somewhat strange-but that is comothing, child. You see I am so atroubled and werried with my lass, and this accounts for it. But, rardon me, how are you, Felice? I Have missed you in my study. You were always so bright and cheerful." The soft, deep eyes - blue as the to side; then staggered and fell to the roll over to mother's. She had not heard my voice in many weeks and I heard my voice in many weeks and I www.man replied somewhat nervously: mi am not well, Signor. There is a wound deep in my heart that Time alone can heal. Since God, in His sdom, took Hortense away from us, our home has been empty. With her went its brightest sunbeam, its purest flower, and its highest and

old mother's heart will never be the not a moment to lose! Run for your same again. To day mother asked me very life!" to open the piano. It was the first Felice, poor girl, was trembling like time for many days. I sang for her a leaf. She tried to arose the poor w d when I turned she was smiling. man, but, alas! it was useless. onths-and, on, it made my heart dying man to the couch. so glad. Then she came over and put shoulder and said: Felice, my child, you must call and see Signor Bottini and arrange with minutes. him for your singing lessons. The house is empt since Hortense sings no more. I miss her in the parlor, in doctor. "He has sustained a paralytic the cathedral, in the concert hall - stroke-hemorrhage into the brain, here, there, everywhere-and I want See! his left arm is paralyzed!" Signor, will you to take her place."

ou then for mother's sake, for Hor-tense's sake, take an interest in me?" Signor-'Certainly, Felice, "For your mother's sake, for Hortense's sake, I will do anything. There are great possibilities in your voice, my child, netrating like a lark's, and He call- fingers!

many precious memories that that saved him.

CHAPTER II.

Mademoiselle Hortense Laporte, though young in years, had been a power in her native city. Everywhere coom and threw their dreamy shad- she was heralded as a musical proows on a white, marble bust of Beet- digy-a board artist-and her sweet, Francesco Bottini has been busy most of the alternoon, and there, at his table, ne still sat, poring over the electrified her audiences with her marmanuscript of a new Requiem Mass which he had just completed. His eves had a satisfied look in them and deep in his hourt he begin in his hourt he begin in his hourt he begin and a satisfied look in them and deep in his hourt he begin in his hourt he begin and a new Requiem Mass vellous soprano voice. She had many sung on that day. Several months yet she never knew, for I never told during its rendition Signor Bottini's strength at the organ gave way. Herr the self-same, unassuming, beautiful knew the Mass perfectly, and one or "Loved Hortense, my sister?" in- Richter begged to replace him, but deep in his heart he knew that he had Christian character, that won its way two rehearsals this week with the terrupted Felice almost wildly. written his masterpiece, something right into the heart of everyone. She full choir will be preparation quite it possible? that would at least ring itself into was loved by all classes of people, sufficient." the ears of the musical critics.

Presently he rose and walked to the window and, brushing back the heavy and damask curtains, his eyes wandered down into the busy throbbing street.

Was loved by all classes of people, suincient.

"But, Bottini, it is impossible!" on. "And listen—to-morrow morning in dear old St. Patrick's for the first song, because she had repeatedly given so the pusy throbbing street.

The last notes of the "Libera" nad and the poor of many cities were yearly listed away when Father O'Brien my new Requiem Mass is to be sung in dear old St. Patrick's for the first song and service of the pusy soprano solo parts. Some of the passible is a people, suincient.

"But, Bottini, it is impossible!" on. "And listen—to-morrow morning in dear old St. Patrick's for the first song." In dear old St. Patrick's for the first song. The last notes of the "Libera" nad and the poor of many cities were pleased to call her their queen of the p down into the busy, throbbing street, vices to lighten their burdens. But in sages are extremely difficult, and they sals with the choir during the week. Patrick's across the street, looked en down with the fever while watch er rendition." radiant in her twilight glory, and ing at the bedside of her widowed over the distant, lone, blue hills the mother, and alas! never recovered fully answered the Signor. "She will hom her attack. Her death was respectably in time arrives."

"Never mind the soloist," thought-fully answered the Signor. "She will hom her attack. Her death was respectably in time arrives."

Signor Bottini rather decision, and, Felice, mother, and alas! never recovered fully answered the Signor. "She will hom her attack. Her death was respectably in time arrives." was bright and cheerful, but within her native city, and none felt her loss more keenly than Signot Bottini. Ofdark and desolate. As he stood there ten he would say to himself, "Since this son of vine-clad, sunny Italy. He feel so lonely. My nights are restless and my days are sunless." Then he and there was a bold sweep of ful. would mutter loving words and ask fessor has just gone to confession and Requiem Mass in honor of Hortense, sponse. There was only a shrill, and dreamed, one day in the past, sharp cry. It was the cry of a

sadness in these dark, fiery, dancing eyes whose sevent no one could underistand, much less fathom.

For a moment Signor Bottini sigh
For a moment Signor Bottini sigh
The sevent was a fatent with the new Requiem mass, and an loved them and his pupils knew it, not go on. Will you go, reflect and sollow, but were diligently preparing their respective parts. Felice, too, was putting her whole soul into her music, and every morning brought a fresh quota of the choicest blossoms from the down-town conservatories. The misty horizon of the past. She little robin outside was soon joined waited an instant and the tears were just then shining. ed heavily, and turning, walked over pleased with his new "l'enfant ador- by his mate, and together they now gathering in her eyes. Then a deterand sat down this piano. His eyes able," for she was, without a doubt, held forth in love's sweet serenade. the most promising of his many pu-

One day she came to his cozy studio

deelings and several large tears rolled . Signor Bottini raised himself in his chair, straight as an arrow, and said, "Hortense!" he whispered tenderly, with much feeling: "Felice, my past peace of a happy heart, and yout song into his eyes. He has been sitting up o'Malley, the Irish Dragoon," were in his easy-chair every afternoon for once numbered amongst the Irish Dragoon, and the teems with the freshness and purity in his easy-chair every afternoon for once numbered amongst the Irish Dragoon, and Dr. McCahe. Classics Today if read at all

Some hour or moment of night or

forgot,

That stands forever and aye the same-A sweet, bright picture in bas-relif Hanging before us in Memory's

frame.

Felice Laporte stood like one transfixed, staring wildly into space, and she did not seem to understand or catch the meaning of those words. When the lesson was over Signor Bottini rose from his piano and complained of being dizzy. He walked a few steps, a strange, wild look crept into his face; he tottered from side tered a wild cry, and Angelico upon hearing the noise, quickly ran up-

"What is is the matter, Mademoiselle?" he gasped. "The Signor has fainted. afraid he is dying," cried Felice, dis-

blest inspiration. Six months have tractedly, "Run for the priest and gone by since that sad day, and dear the doctor! Quick, Angelico! There's

was the first smile I had seen on Father O'Brien and Dr. McCabe arother's face in all these long, weary rived in a few minutes and lifted the "Is there any danger to life, Doctor?" asked the good priest somewhat nervously, after a few

> "Yes. The condition," answered the serious "Left arm paralyzed!"

" answered the wept convulsively. There was some talk later of taking him to the hospital, but Felice in- self-same Ave Maria, their heads bowterposed. "If he must die, Father," she pleaded, "let is be ehere where he the altar-and all this, alas! seemed and I know you will succeed because has lived over forty years of his life but yesterday. work diligently. Only to-day 1 -here, in this very room, surrounded Father O'Brien and he regretted on all sides by his books! Let it be that Hortense's place had not yet here in the light of Beethoven's smile the piano. been filled in the choir. 'The pure, in- here in the presence of his dear faultless rendition, and I compliment He could stand it no longer. nt soul, he said, how we have piano-his life's best friend, whose ed her! But God knows best. He heartstrings even now wait for heard her voice. It was clear and noble, beckoning touch of his artist I'will stay with him until her to sing His praises in that the end. He was a friend to me, not avenly choir whose sweetness sur-sses all understanding.' Felice! the sake of Hortense." And all night long

ay fill your dead sister's place." Felice watched and prayed at the deathbed of her friend and benefactor. when Felice Laporte was gone, Three weeks had passed and, to the gnor Bottini heaved a sigh of resurprise of everyone, Signor Bottini hef. The young girl had not sur- had made great progress towards rein fact, did not know, that the covery. Dr. McCabe was more than O'Brien exchanged smiles, but on the ery mention of Hortense's name was pleased and would say laughingly: painful to him and re- "Felice, it was your good nursing

through the sacred aisles of The Signor's return to conscious past. He walked to the window, ness was gradual, and now that his shadows and hours of peace. Senses were perfectly restored, he concathedral clock had just struct the streets the newsboys were versed freely with his many pupils, hour of eight, when Felice rose that the stirred the fire in the who daily swarmed around his bedwho daily swarmed around his bedside to spend a few minutes with
their dear old professor. Another
month glided by. Signor Bottini was
still very weak, and had not yet left
his bed. Surgeons and neurologists
were called in, everything was tried
to restore movement and sensation to
his paralyzed arm. Rest, massage,
electricity—all had so far proven use
less, and Dame Rumor now had it
that the Signor would never get the
use of his arm—that he would never

closed its doors upon the cold world play the pipe-organ in old St. Pat- Felice drew nearer. Her face was looked strong, and every one in that

CHAPTER III.

Father O'Brien and Signor Bottini were alone in the studio. The proand rosy, and outside of the study "Listen to the robins, Father!" at last broke forth Bottini. "There nor, for your sake and for Hortense" is a simplicity in their song that sake, I will go.

'And hope, like the rainbow of sum-Gives a promise of Lethe at last.'

carol forth the music of hope-

"Sing on, O birds! I love your

and in walked Felice, and with her told Felice that the professor might ance, occasionally varied by a smile sit up in the merning, if he wished. at Lever's ingenious old-fashionedshine. She looked beautiful as she stood in the doorway—the crisp morning air had brought the color to her ing air had brought the color to her window this morning," he said to Fe-That never grows dim and is never cheeks.

Like an unfaded leaf in a dead bouquet.

You are an early caller. What do you think of my patient?" and Felice sexton to open the large window in the eyes of the present day reader smiled sweetly and a ripple of girlish the choir loft so that I will be able are, to a very considerable extent, laughter burst from her bright, ruby-

"Felice, you are a capital nurse, replied the priest, good-naturdly. "In fact, I would not hesitate place ing myself under your care-providing you did the nursing and I all the " Then he laughed a hearty laugh that was contagious, for even Bottini himself could not resist.

dering what had happened me," Felice began, addressing Bottini. "Well, this morning you were fast asleep and I glided out silently with my musicroll over to mother's. She had not was going to give her a concert, all to herself—poor thing! I sang the level Song from Ave Maria, and my solo parts in your of male voices reverently answered new Mass for the dead. Mother was simply delighted with my progress, and you don't know how her face brightened when I sang. But when she spoke of Hortense her voice trembled, and there was a hint of sorrow

"But come, Felice!" suddenly broke in Father O'Brien, "will you not sing a bit for me, this morning? have not heard you for a year past.' The good priest was very sympa thetic, and he was afraid that if the conversation was to go on thus he could not help but give vent to his feelings. "Come," he added, "sing me Gounod's Ave Maria!'

Felice seated herself at the piano and sang the selection beautifully with all becoming dignity and grace. The priest listened eagerly-so did the noble Signor, but, alas! the latter's lets, no fairy-like cadenzas in the se shrieked thoughts were elsewhere. Before him lection. It was nothing but a grand, "Oh, my God! The poor there loomed a picture of Hortense in Signor-the poor Signor!" and she the old choir loft. He himself was at the organ; below several thousand people were listening eagerly to that ed in prayer. Father O'Brien was at

"Well, done, child!" lovingly the priest, as Felice rose and vou.

Signor Bottini raised his There was a distant, far-away look in his heavy cloak about him. "I feel his eyes, and he seemed to have sud- that God is urging me to godenly awakened from a dream. "Signor," asked the priest, "How long before your protege here takes of what he was going to do seemed her place in the choir? Her voice is to bring surplus strength to his body nigh perfect now, methinks.

"Before very long - before very long," answered Bottini, somewhat distractedly. Felice and Father old professor's face was written deep and peculiar mystery.

The afternoon passed quietly, and evening came with its dark, heavy cathedral clock had just struck the the table and approached the pro-fessor's couch and said: "Signor, I will now run over to the church and go to confession before the comes. Mother and I will both receive to-morrow. It is the anniver-sary of poor Hortense's death, and Father O'Brien will sing a solemn

rick's again.

One afternoon the professor sent for suddenly stopped beating. Signor the organist who was relieving him Bottini raised himself slowly on his and pedals of the organ. Now he was at the cathedral, and who, by the couch. A weird look stole into his playing a delicate, distant-sounding way, was an ex-pupil of his, saying blood-shot eyes, and he began ner- aria-it was so sweet, so clear, and that he had something of importance vously: "Felice, the time has come, tender, and it seemed as if the heavto tell him. "You see, Richter," he and I am going to reveal to you a ens had suddenly opened and an angel began, when he arrived, "on Thurs- secret that lies hidden in my heart. was singing a song of peace and jo day of next week Father O'Brien will No ears have heard and none shall to the silent praying multitude

celebrate an anniversary Requiem hear but thine. Would to God that I low. Then came the voice of the offi-for the repose of the soul of Mile. could preside at the organ to-morrow, clating priest, and Bottini sent back hoven that stood on the elegant the corner. Signor Bottini was proud of his talcial music, for she was a faithful and cent, white dove-I see you are sur- the new Mass were beautifully renderstaunch member of the choir. My new prised, and I may tell you now that ed, and then followed the Libera." Requiem Mass has not yet been pro- I loved Hortense—loved her with all This was, without a doubt, the duced and I would like to have it the tenderness of my poor heart, and heaviest part of the composition, and

'Possible? Yes, Felice," he went

pulsating with life. Dear old St. the height of her glory she was strick require a master voice for their prop- I promised that I would supply the soloist for the occasion, and, Felice,

> Felice drew back like a startled memory of Hortense will be so fresh beads of perspiration were shining within my heart? How can I? Why Again the priest chanted: do you ask?"

"I ask, Felice, because I wrote that that it would be sung on the anniver- woman, and several men sprang for-Intensified the golden tint of his comsplexion. On his face were written

The days were getting longer and, window a gay little robin was chirping its blithe and cheerful matin song.

Sary of her death. I cannot go because ward just as the noble Signor's head my arm is paralyzed. Everything is fell on the organ. They lifted him depth of character. It was a face of man. The members of the St. Patmarvellous sweetness and great gentleness, and of there was a latent with the new Requiem Mass, and all loved them and his pupils knew it, not go on. Will you go, Felice?"

Inal. The includes of the signor you say no, Felice, the new Mass cannot go on. Will you go, Felice?"

Inal. The includes of the signor you say no, Felice, the new Mass cannot go on. Will you go, Felice?"

Inal. The includes of the signor you say no, Felice, the new Mass cannot go on. Will you go, Felice?"

mined look crept into her pale, white face and she said: "Yes, noble Sog-

CHAPTER IV.

The pearly gates of . the morning ppened and ushered in a perfect day ignor Bottini turned nervously on voices. You bring me the joy and the his couch and a look of sadness came "Harry Lorrequer" and "Charles the past two weeks, and Dr. McCabe Classics. To-day, if read at all, There was a faint tap at the door reversed matters a little now and they are perused with a bored tolerlice, "so that I will be able to hear er, it may be pointed out that the 1 "Good morning, Father O'Brien! the singing and the music. And, Fe- elements of caricature and extravato hear it all the better.

When Felice was ready to go the professor took her hand in his and heaven is listening.

The church bells had ceased ringing, and now came the sounds of organ, heaving and mighty as Bottini trembled and looked ocean. at his paralyzed arm. Then tears came to him and he bowed his head and remained in this attitude for some time. The Requiem Aeternam and Kyrie had been sung, and Signor Bottini had heard every word. Then Jewel Song from Faust, Gounod's the great organ. Then a noble chorus the chant of Father O'Brien at the altar. Then there was a pause until the clear, diapason noted played the beautiful prelude to the Dies Irae. Signor Bottini raised himself and listened eagerly. Felice was singing and the words floated out upon the wings of the morning, clear and distinct:

'Dies Irae, dies illa Solvet saeclum in favilla, Teste David cum Sibylla Quantus tremor est futurus Quanda Judex est venturus, Cuneta stricte discussurus!'

Low and sweet was the afr at first rising and falling till the might; roaring voluminous voice filled every nook of that imposing edifice. There were no grand opera trills and tripsimple, pleading, touching air - one that came from the heart; one that went directly to the heart. A look of satisfaction crept over the Signor's wearied face when Felice had finished. Then the full choir of sixty voices took up the strain. It was full of power and majesty, and Bottini His face could hardly sit it out. twitched, he became restless, and he "It was a capital and moved around nervously in his chair "I must go! I must!" he

as he rose from his chair and threw he opened the door and made for the stairs. He felt weak, but the thought door he was panting for breath. "I must! I must!" he still gasped, as he entered the church and made for the steps that led to the gallery. The Dies Irae" was still being sung, and able, and they must be more or less potency. The remedies which it carnow came the last low sentences, a faint, trembling voice:

"Pie Jesu Domine,

When the Amen was sung, Signor spread and deepen, that often in a Bottini staggered into the gallery and few weeks a simple cough culminates made for the organ. His breath in tubercular consumption. Give heed came in interruptions. He whisper- to a cough, there is always danger in ed something to Herr Richter, then turned and seed Felice and smiled Consumptive Syrup, and cure your-gently. In a moment Bottini himself self. It is a medicine unsurpassed for

"Is the Signor only shook his head, smiled gently, and then played on.

"Requiem aeternam, dona ei,

Signor Bottini raised his eyes Heaven imploringly, and played as

"Et lux perpetua luceat ei." Felice drew back like a startled His face was of a deathly, ashen dove. "To sing to-morrow, when the hue, and on his forehed several large 'Requiescat in pace!'

But the choir did not sing in' re If on his face there was the expression

An Isish Novelist of Yesterday To people of the older generation

the oblibion into which the works of Phone Main 131 Charles Lever have almost fallen must be a matter for wonderment, considering the estimation in which his novels were once held. No Irish fictionist has, perhaps, ever had wider popularity than Lever in his heyday. due to the quick results of time. The Ireland of Lever's day was a very different country to the Ireland of our "Felice, my child, now do your own, and, during the past half-century, Remember that Hortense in the national character has been passing through a very decided metamor-

> Lever's typical hero was a being endowed (or, rather, cursed) with a gay irresponsibility as to the serious facts of life, and the most devil-maycare aspect towards death. His veins ran quick-silver, his brains were inconsiderable, but his courage was indutiable. As a lover he was inconsistent, but devoted (to his last inconstancy); as a sportsman he was always "in at the death" (which generally threatened to synchronize with his own); as a companion he was singularly boon and comparatively drunken; an endearing spenthrift; as a solabsurdity. While we know that there is at present no type of Irish character approximating to this happy-golucky Irishman, dear to Lever's heart, it must, in fairness to that neglected and almost forgotten author be conceded that the portraiture held fairly cated his now impossible heroes. have said, risen in Ireland, a race evolved in the main from the longdrawn agonies of the Famine years and the stern exigencies of the political and religious struggle. In the process of change there has been some little loss. The buoyant delight of living, the joyous abandon of life for life's sake, has been almost eliminated from the national temperamant. But soldier qualities have been evolved, and beneath the melancholy of the Celt lies the self-reliance of the race. The younger generation of Irishmen thould keep in mind this great anrapid process of change in the. Irish character and temperament when prized by their fathers and grandfathers as the brilliant but ephemeral Lever .- New Ireland.

TO KNOW IS TO PREVENT .- II the miners who work in cold water The thirst shall rustle in my throat most of the day would rub their feet and legs with Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil, they would escape muscular rheu-matism and render their nether limbs proof against the ill effects of exposure to the cold. Those setting out for mining regions would do well to When Bottini reached the church provide themselves with a supply before starting.

> good form are absolute and unchange- What it lacks in size it makes up in in regulated by the standards of the ries are put up in these small doses, people one lives with and the require- because they are so powerful that ments of the plare in which one re-only small doses are required.

So rapidly does lung irritation spread and deepen, that often in



GOLD MEDAL

AWARDED

Labatt's Ale and Porter SURPASSING ALL COMPETITORS



The O'Keefe Brewery Go. Limited TORONTO. ESTABLISHED 1856

FRONT ST. NEAR BATHURST

PRINCESS STREET DOCK

RNS & CO

COAL AND WOOD

Head Office: 38 King St. East

DOMINION BREWERY Co., Limited MANUFACTURERS OF THE



XXX PORTER and HALF-AND-HALF.



cog hid

Pol

but

him

dow

over

him.

the awhi

must with

the

seem leand chuck "Bill So the I loft a below the s Nor ed a who, army every Herb Eve to n the heard we n

event

town

was

tish

in th

ing beamp Hessi town

first-class dealers.

Delia Cassidy

A Kerry Idyll. Oh! darling Delia Cassidy, you've spoiled my equanimity; never till I met you sighed for muslin or for dimity;

But you so roguish looked, an' smiled, I pledge you my veracity, dier he was reckless to the verge of You seemed a goddess in your robes of muslin, Delia Cassidy Ixion when he grasped the cloud

opined he had his goddess, sure; He lovingly embraced the spot he thought ought to be her bodice, sure: true of the era in which Lever lo- But, woe! alas! she melted off an foiled his pertinacity,

A new race of people has, as we As you within your muslin folds, my darling Delia Cassidy. And yet I vow to you, my love, a life-love that's unchangeable; 've totalled my affection up-you nev-

er saw so strange a bill. Demosthenes is but a fool in grandiose loquacity When I proclaim my wealth of love for darling Delia Cassidy.

wander east, I wander west, nervous eccentricity; ask myself amy I myself, or slave to some duplicity; For who would think a Kerry lad would bareter his sagacity, glancing over the pages of a writer so Grow pale an' thin an' laugh no more for love o' Delia Cassidy? I'll climb the cliff an' breast the

flood to show her what I dare for RIDHARD DISSETTE . to tell what I can bear for her Until the very gods at last will wink at my audacity,

And grant I win a weeny smile from darling Delia Cassidy. A SMALL PILL, BUT POWERFUL

-They that judge of the powers of a pill by its size, would consider Parmelee's Vegetable Pills to be lacking. It is a little wonder among pills. full strength of the extracts is se cured in this form and do their work thoroughly.

TO CREATE A HOME

Six things are requisite to create a Integrity must be the architect, and tidiness the upholsterer. It gently. In a moment Bottini himself was at the organ, playing most beautifully—playing as he had never played before. His paralyzed arm hung helpless at his side—his right hand was on the keyboard. Herr Richter had charge of the stops. The Signor lung diseases.

Consumptive Syrup, and cure yourself with cheerfulness, and an honest purchase the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory, noting will suffice except the blessing of God.

MONTH AFTER MONTH a cold with cheerfulness, and an honest purchase the atmosphere, and bringing in fresh salubrity day by day, while over all as a protecting glory, noting will suffice except the blessing of God. must be warmed by love and lighted

If you are

.. Renting

or working for someone else, why not get a farm of your

New Ontario

For particulars write to HON. E. J. DAVIS, Commissioner of Crown Lands,

Toronto, Ont.

Empress Hotel

-Terms : \$1.50 per day.--Electric Care from the Union Station every Three Minutes,

JAS. J. O'HEARN

House and Sign Painting Graining in all its variety. Paper bang

ing etc., etc SOLICITS A TRIAL 161 QUEEN ST. WEST 3 D'ARCY Opposite Osgoode Hall

PER MONTH WILL BUY YOU a home anywhere under our Live in it while paying for it. Write for prospectus. Canadian Home Builders' Association, Manning Chambers, Toronto.

Telephone Main 2677

sam? Cough and worry no longe

Parlies was mastninster was put its abuse of Cathones, o this, no constitute