The same of the sa

CHILDREN'S COPNER

MAX

(By Leigh Sowers (Age 15), in League Department May St Nicholas ! Tive heard lots or poems of beautiful

How fragrant the blussonis, how lovely the day, But all these queer notions I m sure

you would pass If you but belonged to our botany class.

The days are not lovely, the sky is not fair. And the leaves and flowers drive us to despair. So when May comes to us, we sigh

"Ah, alast I wish I was out of this botany class."

So we toll and we labor, we dig and we press, And get our berbariums all in mess.

Till the truthful opinion of each lad and lass Is, they ought to abolish this botany classi

So while others are writing in elegant phrase Of the beauties and pleasures of wonderful Mays,

This common decision our minds does "May's horrid ' Yours truly,

The Botany Class

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.

May and June are the royal months for wild flowers. There are no such showy masses of color as come in July with the daisies, or in August with the goldenrod, but all the wonderful lower world of the woods, which later sobers down to the cool summer greenness, is twinkling with countless delicate flowers, and flowering trees-shad-bush and cherry and hawthorn-are breaking into blossom overhead

Most of these beautiful little wild flowers can be casify distinguished by striking color or shape—the violets, purple or yellow the rose-pink fringed polygala (sometimes given the name "lady's-slipper," to which it has not the smallest resemblance), but there are the or six small white flowers, blossering at about the same time, that are enough alike to be often mistaken for one another, though when you once know and love them you will never confuse them 1.581 spring a little gul-quite a big little girl - asked me to tell her the name of "that little starry white thing that grows in the woods." Going out to look for it. I found she was not quite sure which of four flowers she meant.

The best known of these small white blossoms is the anemone (Anemone nemorosa, crawfoot family), which nearly every child has seen and bicked. The plant which grows for the most part in open pastures, formsing little colonies about old stumps and sunken boulders, is from four to six inches high it has a straight, slender stem, crowned with a whorl of three very smooth, trifoliate (that is, having three separate leaslets), deeply notched leaves, from the middle of which springs the still more slender flower-stem Each plant has one flower The sn all, tightly closed buds vary in color from purple and pink to blue which tades as the flower opens. They harg their heads very low, hiding the mass of stamens in the middle, until they open fully. when they stand erect, pure white, incompleted stars

The star-flower perhaps the most beautiful of these delicate white wood flowers (Trient. | Imericana, heath family), is romer hat like the anomore in growth, tut it has a whorl of many leaves mate, d of only three, and the leaves are uncut, pointed, and of a beautiful worm light green Sometimes you will and three flowers to a plant, one tres only one, but the common rame is two-twin white stars. The way soms, like those of the anemone, pring from the cen ter of the wherl or fraves on stems as slender as a inread, they are white ble and useful veranda-citizens out of as snow, with delicately pointed pet these dashing freebooters, and plans als, and tiny yellow or orange anthers setting of the whiteness

Still another plant grows in much the same way as the anemone, though like the star-flower, it is of an entirely different family. This is the uwarf gingsong or , roundout (Aralia trifolia, ginsone tennily. It has the same whorl of thre leaves, each leaf having three, sometimes five leaflets, but the leaflets are only noticed, not deeply cut, like the of the anemone. and they are of q ite a dark green. The many small is there flewers are clustered together ato a head - an umbel, as it is properly called Most of the ginseng family have space arematic roots. I ne of one sariety are used by the Chinese to mis with oplum, and so they bring a large

The dwarf gine og and the star flower both like the deep woods, though they are also found in open pastures. They do not grow in close groups, but are scattered freely through the forcit, springing up between the dead ic. ses, only, the star flower likes a ratter dry open wood, a young beech-growth for instance. while the ginsens chooses moister places. - Rosaired Richards in St. Nicholas for May.

GET YOUR SHARE.

food supply—every day—three

Every one is entitled to a

If not, take Scott's Emulsion.

It restores the flesh of young

Stad for Free Sampie.

THE CANARY'S SIEGE

(A True Story)

"Danny," the canary, had always

enjoyed the long summers on the

front veranda, where his roomy cage

was hung in early May. Having no

mate, he comforted himself with an

interest in all the other feathered

folk who came about his home near

enough to be seen and heard. He be-

gan to imitate their notes He soon

learned the song of the oriole whose

nest hung in a maple-tree close by,

the whistle of the old green parrot

the little chickens whose mothers

yard

across the street, and the twitter of

One morning in midsummer there

arrived among the honeysuckies a pair

of house-wrens, bent upon finding a

place for a new home. Danny watch-

ed the noisy visitors with interest,

and attempted an imitation of their

notes The wrens, however, flew in-

to a rage instantly, and, alighting on

the tage silenced the astonished can-

ary with a stream of angry chatter

such as he had never heard before

Moreover, their evamination of the

cage put a new notion into their

heads, they decided that on its flat

top they would build a nest, and live

on the roof of a gilded palace, if not

inside one. Away they flew, and in a

jully they were back again, and had

carefully arranged a foundation of

twigs on the top of the cage Danny

looking on in amazed silence But the

invasion of his premises was not to

be permitted, of course, and as soon

as the insolent little squatters flew

off for more building material. Danny

dragged through between the bars all

the sticks they had arranged Back

they came presently with more twigs

and at once discovered what had been

done in their absence Instantly they

dropped their sticks and in a great

passion began an attack on the poor

canary, who curled up, a trembling

little ball of yellow fluff, on the floor

of his cage, just out of reach of the

long beaks they thrust with lightning-

like swiftness through the bars. At

would keep him from further resist-

ance they picked up their twigs, once more laid the foundation of their

nest on the top of the cages and

The canary, however, was not yet

wholly subdued, and no sooner were

the wrens out of sight than he again

pulled their foundation sticks through

the bars, and, when he saw his be-

siegers returning, prudentaly retreat-

ed to the only safe spot beyond the

reach of their beaks. The rage of the

wrens when they found their second

foundation destroyed knew no bounds

Over the bars of the cage they ran,

screaming and scolding, and trying

to seize with their bills the almost

paralyzed canary or a drag through

the bars such of their twigs as they

could reach Finally they again re-

arranged their foundation and Mis-

tress Wren went alone for more ma-

terial, while her mate remained to

guard the foundation The case of

the canary was now hopeless, his

strength was nearly gone, his courage

wholly gone and so his human

friends, seeing the contest had reach

The insolent invasion of the wrens

was not to be borne, of course. Yet

it seemed possible to make respecta-

were laid to that end An old straw-

berry-box was found, & top fastened

over it, a hole was cut in one side

for a door, and it was tacked inside

the cornice of the veranda near the

ceiling Danny's cage was cleared of

the wrens building materials the

twigs being put into the box. When

the wrens seturned the pair took in

the new suggestion instantly. A long.

and noisy discussion lollowed, repeat-

ed investigations of the box inside

and out, were made intermixed with

much scolding of Danny and his res-

cuers. At last, however, the wrens

decided to accept the concession of-

Danny a nervey were shaken, and

his vanits certainly received a great

setback but in time he learned to

isten to the wrens' boasting without

fear while they ceased to resent his

periect imitation of the softer notes

of their song -Mary D Leonard, in

LIMI, OTHER LVILS cramps and

diatrices come suddenly. Promptly

give a dose of Perry Davis Painkiller

and the pains will go immediately. A

bottle at hand will have hours of suf-

May St. Nicholas

fering-be prepared.

fered

ed this stage, came to his rescue

went off for another load

It is a concentrated, predigest-

times a day.

Does it do you good?

the weakest system.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemista,

(B) James Noble) Blackmen, whitemen, red-A little way outside the old "Uity men, yellowmen,-all are busy

of the Violated Treats," a noble ask tice grows, in the centre of the rule eating away at the world's of the Castle of Carrig-o-Guinnel, teneath which, one Summer day, we took our seats upon a mess-grown relie of the olden time, and listened eagerly to the stories of our most pleasant guide Now, however, he had share. Are you getting yours? changed his theme-and although still loath to "dicoorse" of the daring men who, years ago, made the vaults and caves of Carrig-o-tiumned their places of secret meeting, he was ledto allude to them, indirectly, by the referedfood-much nourishment in enco to the fate of a young girl who many years ago gave a name to the small space—and all usable by spot near which we were resting From the information we gleaned from him, added to subsequent inquiries, we are enabled to tell our readers her sad story, in which, however, there is little more than a development of the strength and durability of female affection-proof of

The Whiteboy's Bride.

reckiess daring on one hand, and of pure devotedness on the other Old Jacob Bobenezer, a typical specimen of the "Palatine Planter," had commenced with that rigid discipline towards his daughter Rachel which he imagined would fortify her against all the Irish Whiteboys that ever galloped beneath the moonlight, and, moreover, every Sabbath day, he invited to his table a young man, in whose sober manners, discreet conduct, and great worldly-mindedness he exceedingly rejoiced, Adam Switzer, the only son of his most esteemed friend-upon being told by his father that Rachel would be a fitting bride for him, in every respect—had resolvsometimes led them into the front ed to marry ber, and her father had already contemplated the fast growing crops, the plentiful increase, the well-fed kine of the Switzers, as if they had already been added to his Rachel neither smiled nor stock frowned upon the youth; if she had done either, there might have been

hopes that his suit would prosper, but of all things indifference is the most fatal to love Young Adam did not know this - or, if he did, he did not heed it How Rachel became acquainted with a certain youth named James Hennessey is not upon record. they never frequented the same places of worship or a usement James was known to be a fierce and restless fellow full of wild notions of liberty whith eventually render a man either a hero or a slave, he was of a good but impoverished family, handsome, and better educated than most young men of his time and station. Of all the youths in the neighborhood, he was the most frequently spoken of in terms of strong disapprobation by

the Bobenezers and the Switzers "Any news to-day, Adam?" wife would inquire, "for truly, Jacob grows so deaf that he hears but little, and Rachel and I never visit but among our own people

"Nothing," Adam would answer, "but that James Hennessey grows worse than ever. He told a magistrate of his own people he lied!" "Oh!-that to a burgomaster!" exclaimed the old lady.

"Perhaps it was true," suggested last, having, as they thought, reduced the canary to a state of fear that | the maiden 'And even if it was'-but such a

thing could not be true I wonder you do not see how impossible it must be. Rachel." continued the dame

"It would be a great blessing if he were out of the country," said Adam, "he turns the heads of the men and the hearts of the women "

"I do not see what this is to thee," answered the dame, "as long as thy own head is steady, and this maiden's heart sure "

Rachel looked one way and Adam another, but neither seemed pleased That very night, beneath the waning beams of a harvest moon, the Palatine girl was weeping upon the shoulder of James Hennessey-weeping as if her heart would break weeping, not loudly, for her grief was heavy hearted, so that its demonstration could hardly make way She had met him that night-and too often before-in her own bower, over the trellis of which the aged hands of her father had trained woodbine and roses, that she might sew, and spir and knit, and read her Bible in the free and I agrant air,-there she had frequently met her lover, and listened to the deep and passionate declarations of an affection which, to do him jus-

tice, he really felt. "I daren't come again into the valley, darient of my own heart, my own cushia machree'-it would be as much as my life is worth I darent do it, by night or day," he continued, "the storm may blow over, as storms have done before, or as people say they do, lorgetting what they rive and wr. "k in their passing, and if it does, why Rachel, I'll ask you, boldly, from your father, and if he refuse we must take the leave he will not give If the storm does not pass, why then, mayourcen, I must leave the coun-

try, that's all " 'And I with you-Iwith you,' said Rachel, suddenly changing from a caim cold, patient girl to the wildly enthusiastic and devoted woman will never leave you, James the harder your fate, the more truly will I cleave to you'

James Hennessey was indeed, as the country people express it. "on his keeping," his connection with the "Whiteboys" had been notorious, and he could no longer walk abroad with impunity; he was a marked man among the marked, for he was well known to possess the hardy daring and the rude but powerful eloquence that enters at once into and masters the Irish heart.

Rachel had clung to the hope that

should oppose her union with James, when he was made aware (according

to her belief, that the joith was maligned and persecuted. She had often implored him to tell the truth to the old Palatine, but James knew better than the unsophisticated guil, the horror that such a man as Jacob must feel at the idea of his child being the wife of a powerful outlaw for so in reality he was He therefore trusted to his own influence over the affectionate creature who had so confidingly launched her heart upon a stormy and perilous sea, and well he might have trusted one so pure and so devoted After many vows and little consideration, Rachel agreed to meet her lover urder the ash tree amid the ruins of Carrig-o-Guinel, on the next

Sunday, at midnight, he could know, he said, by that time whether it was likely he should be obliged to leave the country altogether, or, if his former errors were overlooked or forgotten, he swore to the weeping girl that he would enter upon a new life, and become anything, everything she desired With men like James Hennessey such resolutions are easily formed—and broken almost as soon as they are fully expressed. "I wish, Jacob, said Rachel's mo-

ther to her husband, on the following morning-"I wish you would come into our child's room, it is near ten of the clock and she is still sleeping I did not like to awake her, but she is so disturbed that I cannot bear to look on her She is little more than half undressed, her arms tossed over the coveriet, and her beautiful hair clings in heavy wreaths to her damp brow."

The Palatine moved with a lighter step than was his wont to the door, through which his wife had already passed, she pointed to their child, while the old man lingered on the threshold, gazing with a troubled cour tenance upon his fair daughter. Leave her alone, said the corfiding father, "leave her alone, even now her head has fatten from the pillow upon the Bible that was half-placed beneath it-the child tarried too long at her prayers,"

If Rachel could have heard the words, how bitter would have been reproaches of her conscience!

The next Sabbath brought to the house her commonplace Puritan lover, and even he observed that the maid Rachel seemed disturbed." She had received, that morning from the hand of a mountain boy, a feather from a wild bird's wing-"Sich birdcens," said the urchin, "fly far, but remember where they build their

Rachel had not forgotten She did not, however, meditate a far flight, for she took nothing with her save the national cloak of their Irish serving girl, and enfolding herself in its ample screen, she threaded her way across the meadows which lay between her dwelling and the Rock of the Candie She was a fearless girl, and yet many things had contributed that night to make her sudder despite her confiding love, and, as she flew past gloomy spots that tradition had invested with a peculiar or fearful interest, she paused and trembled, every now and then At last, pant ing and breathless, she reached the trysting-tree, and stood with her hands clasped over her panting bosom beneath its shadow, the breeze slightly sighing through the leaves, the rabbit as it cropped the clover, the beating of the bat's wing upon the air, the heavy whirr of the broadfaced owl-even the half-murmured bleat of a kid, as it nestled closely to its mother's side, increased her fears. nor was it until she was clasped in her lover's arms and felt his warm breath on her cheek that she again forgot all the world in him Whatever were his plans, he had no time to develop them, for the rolling first of one stone then of another, down the ravine told James Hennessey that footsteps unaccustomed to the rocky passes were approaching

In as instant, before she had time to remonstrate, or even ask why or how James had lifted her in his arms and passed with her into the depths of one of the caves known only to the disaffected. It was the action of an instant, and the girl, brought up with so much care was clinging to the most darling of the Whiteboys in the midst of twelve or fourteen of his followers, as daring and more desperate than he She heard the sharp, quick click of their pistol-locks, and was nearly suffocated by the smell of the ardent spirits that stimulated them; the light of one bogwood torch, shaded as it was, was sufficient to show her the glitter of pikes, and the expression of the faces

that glared upon her Suddenly, the fight was extinguished, and James Hennessey murmured she "was safe," for she was with him Rude and harsh words were exchanged in whispers which the firm authority of Hennessey suppressed Almost at the same instant, Rachel heard the heavy tramp of a strong man near, it was the tread of but one man - yet what child does not recognize a parent's footstep? A horrible conviction that her father had tracked her flight came upon her, for a moment she could not speak, but at last terror lest any harm might come to him forced a word or two from

her clammy lips "Stand here!" muttered Hennessey, 'If you cling to me I cannot save him if he be he Rachel, his life will answer for this rashness, for be cannot live and we be discovered!"

Still, though fainting, she clung feebly to her lover; the footsteps passed away, but the girl was roused

not comprehend why her father ing her stermy and heavily by name, far above where she lay

"Rachelf-iny child Rachelt" She left that James had unitted her and she struggled in the darkness with those who would have held her back, it was a faint struggle—a, feeble gul against strong-armed men

"Father, I am here," she cried, but her tones were weak. There was a pause—and then came a distant rush. and blows, desperate and determined, "They won't fire if they can help

it." said one of the concealed Whiteboys to another, in the same suppressed tone Rachel heard no more. intterly exhausted, she lost all consciousness, nor did she revive until aroused by the rapid motion of a horse, and again a well-known voice whispered. "Darling avourcen, you are sale with me."

Several months had clapsed after this occurrence. The old Palatine's garden bore a neglected aspect, the shrubs were untrimmed, the path overgrown with weeds, a light gleamed without its walls, for the night was dark and through one or two apertures in the window the glimmer of a candle flickered over the flowerbed that had been Rachel's. Within sat the Palatine and his wife, the old man's hair was now white, his figure lean and dwindled, his eyes were weak and dim, as bent over his Bible, but the eyes of his wife were fixed on him.

"We have heard God's word again and again," he said, "and we must be comforted It was a memorable mercy that on that night no blood was shed, though mine was thirsted for Do not look so sad, wife-God is a wise Judge."

"I do not look sad," she answered for you are with me, Jacob, but when I think that you will not be so long-if-"

There was a slight knocking at the door "WLo's there?" inquired the Pala-

tine The sound was repeated "Friends know it is not safe to open the door to a tongueless man,' he answered, and then came a reply in tones that sent Lim staggering against the wall, while his wife, with a speed that marred her intention, endeavored to undo the fastening At last, the door opened, and Rachel tottered rather than walked, to her father's feet, but he would not look upon her she then took refuge on the bosom of her mother, who parted the hair upon her brow, while large, heavy tears dropped like hail upon the wasted features of her child.

"I have you here forever, now." said the poor woman, "here you will remain-no one will rive a crushed and faded flower-forever now

"For one hour," answered Rachel, 'ior one hour, and then I quit you, my mother, for a long long time Mother, in Heaven's sight, I declare I had no thought of leaving you that night, he saved my father's life, and he will carry to the grave the mark be received in defending it." Her mother declared she should not

leave her. "Let her go to her keeper," said the old man sternly

But Rachel arose and answered. "Father, before the day was done he was my husband; he has worked me (where he had once been deceived), no wrong, for the choice was my own and I am thankful to bear trouble with him if it can lighten his heavy load. Mother, you would have done as much for my father "

"There is a curse, strong as well as deep, that sooner or later will overwhelm the children of disobedience,' said her father bitterly.

"I know it - I believe it- I feel it," cried Rachel,-"but even so, 1 submit "

"The time will come," continued the old man, "sooner or later - the time will come when he in whom you trusted will fail you in your uttermost need, when he will pour into vour heart the poison you give your parents Oh, what fools are those who put faith in their own children! He will spurn you and desert ; "

"He may do so," she replied, weeping, "he may do so, but I will never desert him "

"Jacob," interposed his aged wife, "Jacob, our child - she-given to our prayers after long years of expectation - she says she has but one hour to stay with us, do not let it pass this She is still our child, Jacob, but one hour to stay " repeated the mother, wringing ner hands -

but one hour!" "Not an hour now" said Rachel, "not much more than half. You, mother, will listen to ne. People spoke latschoods of my husband, decoyed away he was, but he is not what they say, they will not hear him, will not pardon him, if he remained in Ireland he must be as he is, outlawed and wretched. Ho has yielded to my prayers, and in a foreign land where we are going, he may still be what the Almighty intended he should begreat and good. He gave me one hour to bid you farewell, to pray for your forgiveness, only one hour, and the minutes are flying while I speak " "Will he come for you?" inquired

her father

"Oh, no, he cannot, he dare not venture here, nor would others let him,' she replied. The old man rose swiftly from his

seat, and, before either mother or daughter was aware of his intention, he had seized Rachel in his iron

"As the Lord liveth," he exclaimed, "you will not go hence I will bind you to the horns of the altar, I will not suffer even a tainted sheep of the ravoning wolf. Here you remain; vain will be your cries for aid; for stiffness, pleurisy, etc. Made by

ever enters shall have the recompense be comes for, who would rob an old man of his child."

Rachel implored, conjured, enticated, nept, even her mother's tears were added to hers, but all in vain. The Palatine shouldered one of the heavy muskets of his own country. and paced backwards and forwards, opposite to where he had bound his child with cords which her mother dare not loosen. His eyes scowled up on the unhappy girl, while ever and anon he muttered between his clenched teeth such texts of Scilpture as seemed to him to bear hardest upon her case - threats against disobedient children and denouncements

against the associates of the ungodly. When the first gleam of morning broke through the crevice of the window Rachel spoke again. "If harm come to my husband his

blood be upon your head." It seemed after that as if a portion of her father's sternness had entered into her gentle nature. She would netther taste food nor drink; but sat, with clasped hands and eyes turned towards the mountains, the sunlit tops of which were seen through the latticed window.

"She will die! she will die!" cried her mother

"Pray God, she may," was her father's harsh reply, "that I may lay her in the grave, and then be gathered to my fathers," She did not die, then, but a long

and dangerous fever came to her relief, for it took away her mind from present thoughts. Weeks and months clapsed ere she was able again to sit at the cottage door. But the lapse of time had wrought changes in many ways, the country was more tranquil and people said that since James Hennessey had disappeared matters were becoming altogether different. The Palatine relaxed but little of his severity, except that, thinking himself secure in Rachel's weakness, he suffered her mo her to move her from place to place in her arms She took no interest in anything Nothing amused, nothing drew from her a word or even a look of intelligence. All the people blessed her as they passed

along the road, and the little children used to heap her lap with wild flowers Her mother reconciled herself to the violence which her husband had practiced, when she found that no letter, no token, arrived from James Hennessey, that he had gone into exile was certain-but had he forgotten Rachel? Months rolled into years; two

years had passed, and Rachel was still the same Usually, the Palatine preserved the most rigid silence towards his daughter, but sometimes he would give vent to bitter feelings, and reproach her in strong language It was all the same, her features remained unmoved, and she seldom shed tears Once, indeed, when they were alone, and her mother wept over her, she desired her to be comforted, as she should be happy yet. People wondered how she lived, how anything so heart-broken could remain so long in a torturing world.

One morning, she told her mother she would lie down, and her father, at noontime, going into the room laid his hand upon her shoulder, as if to assire himself that she was there, n the flesh " Suddenly she opened ier eyes, and raising her head, kissed its check He was so unprepared for the ac., that he had no time for consideration, and, as if by instinct, a blessing fell from his lips When her mother, soon after, came to her with food, she said.

"Father has blessed me, at last, you do so, too, then let me sleep." When the evening meal was prepared, and her mother again sought her, she was gone, and could nowhere be found If the neighbors had seen her, they stoutly denied it, and declared that she must have been spirited away by the "good people" The old Palatine traversed the country like onedemented, bending his way at last to the ruins of Carrig-o-Guinnel, not with any distinct hope of flading her there, but from the natural desire of

seeking in every possible and impossi-

ble place for a thing cherished and

lost

There, under the ash-tree, he saw his child, her head reclining gainst its trunk He called to her in a voice tremulous from an emotion he would fain have suppressed, it was vain; he fell on his knees by her side, he turned her face towards him, the cheek upon which he impressed the kiss of returning affection was cold-her heart had ceased to beat, her eyes to weep for ever! Then, indeed, the strong pent-up current of parental love, that had been so long congealed within the old man's bosom burst forth. He wept as only strong men weep, he lifted up his voice exclaiming like the Royal Prophet of old-"Oh! Rachel, my childt my childt

People say that the spirit of the Palatine girl wanders amid the ruins of the Rock of the Candle to this day, and there are few bold enough to approach the old elm-tree after night-

would that I had died for thee!"

"But sure your honors," said our guide when he had closed the story the teading points of which we have thus preserved, "a spirit so good as here could never harm a living mortal -Hibernian Monthly

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Our Annual Report for 1901 shows as the result of the year's operations the following Substantial Increases in the Important items shown below :

Gross Assats... \$769,918 75

An Increase of Premium Income. .\$139,282 45 \$24,173 4. Interest Income. 19,721 61 5,690 27 Not Assets 477,302 89 76,939 1. Reserve 399,928 53 74,860 94 Insurance in ferce 4,429,756 50 422,734 35

WANTED-General District and Local Agenda. EDWIN MARSHALL, DAVID FAREN, President

THE, York County Loan and Savings Company

Plans suitable for those desiring to own their homes instead of continuing to pay rent. Literature free.

Head Office— Confederation Life Building Toronto JOSEPH PHILLIPS, Pres.

THE TORONTO CENERAL TRUSTS CORPORATION Office and Safe Deposit Vaults

59 YONGE STREET, TORONTO CAPITAL - \$1,000,000

RESERVE . . . President: JOHR HOSEIN, E C., LLD.

Vice-Presidente Hon. S. C. Woos, W. H. BRATTY, Etq. J. W. Langmair, A. D. Langmair, Managing Director, Assist. Ranages James Davey.

Becretary.

Authorised to act as EXECUTOR, ADMINISTRATOR TRUSTES, RESERVER COMMITTEE OF LUNATIC. CUARDIAM LIQUIDATOR.

ASSIONEE, ETG. Deposit Safes to rent. All sizes, and at reasonable prices.
Parcels received for sale rostody.
Lords and other valuables received and fasures against loss,
Solicitors bringing Estates, Administrations, etc.
to the Corporation are continued in the professional

care of the same.

For further information see the Corporation's
Manual

SYMINGTON'S RDINBURGH COFFEE ESSENCE makes delicious coffee in a memont. No troubin

ne waste. In small and large bottles, from all QUARANTERO PURE.

Land Antrepors C. J MURPHY, H. L. ESTEN

UNWIN, MURPHY, & RSTRN,
ONTARIO LAND SURVEYERS, &c.,
Serveys, Flace and Descriptions of Preperties,
Disputed Boundaries Adjusted, Timber Limber and
Mining Claims Located, Office: Cor. Richmend and
Bay Ste, Teronic Telephone Main 1886,

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