J. HARRISON

Kind Hearts are more than Coronets, And simple faith than Norman Blood

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CHAPTER VIII .- Continued.

Hugh went back to the city at the end of that momentous month, and now, though it was so near to autumn, he could not get the chance to run home, he said. He had been and was still extremely busy, and the illness of the senior member of the firm necessitated his strict attention to present duty. Long and loving letters came to his mother every week. He had very little time to himself. Uncle Eric expected a lethimself. Uncle Eric expected a letter every week also, and it took all Sunday afternoon to keep up his correspondence. He would try to get home before the summer closed for a few days' jaunt with Phil.

Towards the end of July Gertrude arrived at Westport. Of what she did there, and of how she fared let the story tell. At any rate it was chiefly because of her that Hugh finally resolved to take "that trip and square up a matter that troubled him very much. So one bright Saturday morning in the middle of September he found himself tramping up the narrow plank road that led to the Lindsay cottage. He turned in at the gate, banged it shut after him, and came quickly up the gravelled path. There was a girl's little figure clad in gingham with a big sun-bonnet on her head, kneeling sun-bonnet on her head, kneeling the porch, a pair of scisthat led to the Lindsay cottage. He in front of the porch, a pair of scissors and a ball of cord beside her. She was tying up the drooping vines. "Wait a minute, Phil, will you?" she called from under her sun-bonnet. "Mother asked me to finish this. I won't be long now-

Hugh laughed. There was nothing to equal Hugh's laugh—it rolled out so deeply and so heartily. sprang to her feet, her face going white and red by turns. Then with a joyous cry she sprang into his arms and kissed him.

"Why, Hugh, Hugh," she cried in rapture. "Oh, Hugh!"
"And oh, Gertrude!" he laughed, still holding her. "Well, of all the country lasses! My dear little girl, what a brownie you are!" She wriggled away from him, breath-

"Oh, I am so surprised, so over. It is so wonderful-

"That I am here? Surely I can visit my mother-"But no one expects you!

"But no one expects you! I did not think you could get away, dear Hugh. How did you manage it?"
"That is it—I just imagined it. We'll talk of that later on—also of why I managed it. Let me look at you. What a witch you are in that sun-bonnet. Dear me, you are only a baby yet, and I felt persuaded you were quite a young lady, judging to the will go, dear boy, and with when you give it a command—don't when you could get away. I'm the pillow.

"No. I'm not crying, I'm just dome—the trial that will make a wo—man out of my little girl. It may be a great love, a quite a young lady, judging from the nice, sensible letters I've been getting. Where did you get And look at those brown hands! Not quite so white and dainty as they were at Lindsay

"But oh, much stronger, dear Hugh, much stronger and much happier and more capable." "I am glad, little girl." He bent

I must scold you."
"Scold me? Oh, no, Hugh, please

long-so very, very long. Please do older on self-knowledge and self-connot scold me. He raised a warning finger.

"I must. And I'm going to do against him? He writes to me -

voice was too real-but he was prepared to steel his heart against this to touch it.

like the child she was. "I can't understand you, Gertrude.

I asked Uncle Eric to lend you to us -lend us his only bit of comfort. You came. Do not let him think that we refuse to return you.

She threw her hands up to her ears. "Preaching again!" she said. "Just preaching, and I won't be preached to-that is all. Hugh, Hugh, do let

"I shall listen gladly," he said in his gravest tones. "But in the end

"You exasperating little thing!" said Hugh, gazing down at her. 'Wouldn't I like to shake you good and hard! What in the world is desolate, for she knew that the outthe matter with you, you silly baby? Think of Lindsay Manor and compare it to this house-

'Which do you prefer?'' she asked. looking up at him with flashing eyes. Why, this-er-is-my home, answered, somewhat hesitatingly. "Well, it's been my home since

They really love me here—they hate me there. There I have nothing here, everything. Hugh, Hugh!" She sprang up with another quick change of tone. "Don't be so hard-hearted Lindsay. "Now, sit down here be--putting all the sweetness out of my life like this."

"Gertrude, Gertrude! Gertrude! he said, "I never thought that you could have so little feeling, so little regard for Uncle Eric. Aunt Estelle is not overkind, I know, but my mother's praises are few and far

"Your mother is my good angel," said Gertrude, half-sobbingly. "She scolds me—she says things to me that Aunt Estelle wouldn't dare to. But while she says them she has her

ways. You can ask her if I-At that moment Mrs. Lindsay, hearing voices, came along the hall, and looked with surprised face at them from behind the screen door. The surprised look gave way to one of the steps, and had her in his arms in

slowly forward and stood near her. "Uncle Eric writes and asks me

to see that she goes home next week," said Hugh. Mrs. Lindsay's face shadowed a lit-

"Is that so? Well, my dear child, Uncle Eric comes first. He has prior claim on you." The sun-bonnetted head dropped

"It won't be long until you come back again," went on the gen-tle voice. "Don't let it grieve you. And think how I shall miss my little

"Oh, you are sweet, you are sweet!" said Gertrude, kissing her.

"Put your scissors and things away," said Mrs. Lindsay. "I will hear what Hugh has to tell me about Uncle Eric, and you'll find me in the parlor in ten minutes. Come there to me—I want to talk to you."

"One has to be very careful with her," said Mrs. Lindsay, after the girl had gone. "She is such a kind-hearted, beautiful child—" "But so headstrong, so wilful, so

passionate---' "That's just it, Hugh. Only one affection. She can be led, but not driven.'

splendid woman-only half her good qualities are asleep. She is as true as steel as honest as the sun. Hugh, I cannot tell you how dear she has grown to me this last few weeks. I am astonished at myself."

when you give it a command-don't order it to do things in the dark. I wish I could have her with me for the next year," sighing. "I know what her nature needs and could supply it."

Gertrude Waring had come to Westport with trepidation in her heart-anxious and yet timorous. sweetness. Agatha and she had not across her future life. much in common. The older girldon't. I haven's seen you for so not much older in years, but vastly tainment-was too much occupied with the making of her trousseau, and with her lover. But she it now-right this minute and get it kind in her own way to the little Look here, do you know Un- stranger-"almost the Lindsav way," cle Eric accuses me of conspiring Gertrude told her frankly, thereby giving her great pleasure. France since he says writing to you is use- was delighted to have met one who less-and insists on me sending you was so enchanting a companion and ome."

so delightful a friend. Phil, too, 'company," he declared, 'Oh, Hugh!"

The despair in her soon discovered welcome traits in her and when they asked him to sing that gave him a much higher opin- with them he shook his head. No: ion of girls in general. She was he had come to be amused, and if little creature who knew so well how lively, like France, without her bois- they didn't amuse him he'd go back terousness. She could talk seriously to the piano. She had a sweet cle Eric does, either!" cried Ger"The very latest at the end of this when so minded. She knew all voice, that showed to best advantage trude. "The very latest at the end of this when so minded. She knew all week—the —very—latest! — You have another seven days of Westport before you."

Southern wood-lore by heart, and it was vast'y interesting to Phil to listen to her, as she walked with him and France to their cabin day after day, describing the differences beat day and southern for tween that he knew that if the southern and Southern for the Northern and Southe he listened to it he would simply ests, in so far as she understood Like It." take her in his arms and comfort her them. She could sing and she could ites, and Hugh almost forgot he was play. She could mimic anyone or "company" when the rollicking verses anything with a face so grave that of "Father O'Flynn" sang out: the very sight of it set them laugh-And soon she fell into the haing.

bit of calling Mrs. Lindsay "mother," and the word was sweet to her lips indeed. She anticipated her est control! slightest wishes. Mrs. Lindsay often had to acknowledge to herself that this stranger girl was more Liftin' the lazy ones on wid a stick!' us forget that there is really such thoughtful of her comfort than her an awful possibility as my having own two. But they had grown up to go back again. Oh! I have the with the blessing of a mother's love most wonderful things to tell you and Gertrude was just realizing what a blessing it was and showing what a blessing it was, and showing her gratitude for it. Seldom, intrude strove hard to model her con-

is desolate, for she knew that the out-aby? come of it all must be her return to Lindsay: A wee, small voice within her whispered it was but right that she should go—but to listen to that wee, small voice, she thought, would overwhelm her. At any rate, she paused now outside the door, trying to banish the unhappiness from her "Well, it's been my home since I to banish the unnappiness from her come into it," she cried out. "I am face, and she entered the room smileven now from under the quick, litcame into it," she cried out. "I am face, and she entered the room smileven now from under the quick, litcame into it," and the company of the cried out. "Combambuli," and ing. Mrs. Lindsay's tender heart the fingers. ached when she saw that brave smile, "My Clement for she knew how real Gertrude's lit- and

tle sorrows seemed to her. side me and let us have a talk. am going to tell you a story—"

"Oh, mother, if I could but stay!"
"Dear little girl, much as I love
you, it is impossible. Next year you will come again-

"Next year!" Gertrude had never realized before how long a year was. "Next year, little girl. Now, listen to me—I want vour common sense and all your gentle heart for a few moments, until you see things in the right light. Uncle Eric loves you very dearly—he has loved you all your life. Don't you think your life. The love with life exhaust almost running in her excitement. Pid Agatha suppose she was in love with Hugh? With Hugh? In love with Hugh? She nut her soir that they had had enough outlet for superabundant animal spirits, the rest of them went back to vacated the love you all your life. Don't you think your life whaust little pipe was unable to make itself heard for very weariness, and she turned on the spiral with Hugh? With Hugh? In love with Hugh? Why was everything so that they had had enough outlet for the love you were weariness. And now came a limost running in her excitement.

ought to return that love? He must be very lonely without you in that great, hig house," She sighed a little, but made no

She sighed a little, but made no answer.

"Long years ago, dear, Uncle Eric cared for your mother very much. They would have been married had not the curse of the Lindsays fallen so bitterly upon him. He married—

So bitterly upon him. He married—

And Sue said that if rin the cook—"

But France and Phil had disappeared, and a moment later the girl came back again with a huge plate of cookies, Phil carrying the pitcher of cold claret. He took so much pains so bitterly upon him. He married—someone else. Years afterwards your mother met Lieutenant Waring. He was a splendid, generous-hearted man and she really cared for him." "Yes, mother." What a meek, submissive little voice it was.

return, and I love her from the bottom of my heart. Why, I am always good now, Cousin Hugh, always. You can ask her if L. "I was liberal generation of the contract of the con

says so.' "Does he? That is kind of him. joyous welcome as Hugh bounded up Mr. Waring lost a good deal of monev. His friends imposed on him. He sank a lot in speculation. Before he could realize that he was almost His friends imposed on him. beggared, an epidemic swept both him and your mother away. Had the debts he owed been paid out of his more joyous week and I have one little for the same of the s beggared, an epidemic swept both him and your mother away. Had the debts he owed been paid out of his little-fortune, his baby girl would have been penniless. But an unknown friend came forward. With generous hand he saved the man's It will look as if I didn't begrudge good pages and settled averything. good name and settled everything.

The little fortune was preserved intact for Gertrude Waring, daughter of the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved intact for Gertrude Waring, daughter of the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved intact for Gertrude Waring, daughter of the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved, and no little fortune was preserved in the woman he had loved in the woman he woman one was ever the wiser, not even his sess to thus conquer such a wilful wife. For that unknown friend was little being. Uncle Eric."

Gertrude sat looking at her with parted lips, tears shining her eyes.
"Th, and I never knew! Did he do

"Honestly, truly, really, dear. know it to be true."

"Oh, I shall be so good to him—" fallen on her, too, for she thought
"That is right—that is the way I what a good thing it would be in want to hear you talk. You must the future if her brother, the master try to repay that kindly act of his. He is old, dear. If he made miswant to hear you talk. You must the future if her brother, the master of the manor, were to marry some wealthy, high-born girl, who would takes he has paid for them. He has been sorely tried. He loved your mother—he loves you. You can make his life a happy one—all rests in your hands. Tenderness and pa-tiones?" Wealthy, high-born girl, who would be an honor and a credit to him and to them all. Her Uncle Eric's sentiments exactly. Once, indeed, during those days, she actually spoke to Hugh, warning him not to be so tience.

"Tenderness and patience!" she repeated. "Oh, if God would only give me those virtues, mother. And immediately. thing in the world can conquer her- what shall I do when-I-am so far -away from you?"

"But she is such a baby," he protested. "One word, and she is crying or laughing, or both together." she has in her the makings of a splendid woman—only helf her and paying a flying visit to Lindsay Manor and Uncle Eric. It wouldn't seem like parting with the splendid woman—only helf her and paying a flying visit to Lindsay Manor and Uncle Eric. It wouldn't seem like parting with the splendid woman—only helf her and paying a flying visit to Lindsay Manor and Uncle Eric. tated a moment, then bending over, them all at once, she said. But she took the beautiful, innocent face when the latal Thursday afternoon between her palms. "I want to say drew near she suddenly lost all her something else to you, dear. Some good spirits. Agatha, missing her, day—I know not how soon or how late—your trial will come to you. But soon or late, that trial must buried in the pillow.

> impressed by the seriousness of the loving face.

"Pay no heed to the black thoughts not be alone," said Agatha that come to you then. Your only redemption lies in fighting them. Pro- anyway," returned Gertrude, with mise me to fight, not to yield one fervour.
inch, and above all to pray."

Agath

"I promise," said the girl, solemn-y. "Mother, I promise." And neithe grave, reproving glance she knew forgot that she was "bad," as she imagined how near that trial was, of old upon her as he spoke. "Yet called it, under the gentle woman's and in what shape it was to stretch

That night Hugh had a chance to observe how much Gertrude was at sary. home here. She was almost indispensable to France and Phil, and even the cold Agatha asked her advice. John Perry came in, teasing her, but she shook her bright head at him, and had such witty answers that Hugh, trying to read, laid aside his paper, finding a great deal more entertainment in this charming 'little Do you how, I imagine Uncle Eric human book spread out before him.

Then came Phil's favor-

"Still, for all, you've so gentle

est control! Checkin' the crazy ones, coaxin' onaisy ones;

And she sung "Rory O'More" John Perry's special request—for he was Irish to the backbone, despite what a blessing it was, and showing her gratitude for it. Seldom, indeed, do we appreciate the gifts of God until we miss them. Poor Gertrude strove hard to model her con-"Oh, now, if you talk like that." trude strove hard to model her conShe took her hands away, and bent over her pruning again. "Thank ther. But she could not conquer evyou for reminding me that my stay here is likely to outwear my welmany corners and angles to be rubing at the top of their voices, rush ing one word on top of the other in

"Was one of the rale-ould-stock!"

Clementine," and "Upidee,"

"You can't have any of my soft, sweet soda-crackers When your soft, sweet soda-crackers are gone!"

"There's some of the very nicest claret-lemonade on the table in the dining-room," said Mrs. Lindsay. And Sue said that if Phil asked her

to see that Gertrude was well supplied with refreshments that Hugh teasingly commented upon it. But his brother did not look the least bit conscious.

"Gert is so good to us," he said serenely. "It's the least we can do

Hugh said good night to his little open house. He was liberal, generous to a fault. His hand was ever in his pocket for those who were in her almost tenderly.

"Talk about missing us!" he said. "I know that. Uncle Eric often "I have never had a more enjoyable

time in my life. What in the world will we do without you?" She nodded her curly head and smil-ed brightly. "It is my duty to go," she said.
"Mother says so—and I knew it was

The next few days passed in a round of pleasure for them all. Agatha watched her brother and Gertrude in silence. She was armiy convinced that—honestly, truly, really, Uncle that the girl loved Hugh, and in her somewhat worldly heart she disapproved of this fact very much. Perhaps part of the Lindsay curse had pa- to Hugh, warning him not to be so attentive to Gertrude, but he looked at her with such a bewildered expression that she changed the subject

Gertrude danced about the house as if she were possessed of wings when "Think of me, I hope—and when Hugh announced his intention of go-

'What is it?' the girl whispered, to teach her heart to submit to the e words over and over, as if trying lesson her lips had learned. "Hugh is going with you-you will

"Yes; I am glad of that

Agatha walked about the room, straightening things here and there in From the very first there was no regret on either side. The wilful girl ther of them knew or could have forgot that she was "bad," as she imagined how near that trial was, mother would have precognized at mother would have recognized at once. It meant that Agatha felt she had a duty to perform-disagreeable, perhaps, but still very neces-

> "Are there any girls at Lindsay whom Uncle Eric likes-I mean rich girls?" she asked, slowly. "Rich girls? That Uncle Eric likes? Why, what a funny question!"

> Gertrude rose on one elbow, and stared at Agatha in surprise. "No, it isn't, when I explain it. wants Hugh to marry some rich Southern girl. I wouldn't be a bit

> surprised to hear that he had already picked her out.' "Uncle Eric? I never dreamt of such a thing, and I don't believe Un-

> "Perhaps not," said Agatha, with pretty roses! Where did you get a mysterious smile. "I only thought you might know of someone- What

"Hugh got them for me," said Ger-trude. She had grown very white all of a sudden, and she let her head droop down on the pillow again. "I'm going to try to sleep for a half hour, Agatha. I don't want to have a headache on the train to-night.

Seemingly very much astonished 'at the curt tone, Agatha left the room. Gertrude did not try to compose herself to sleep. She lay staring at the ceiling. Pretty soon she sat up on the edge of the bed, looking blankly at the vase of roses on the table between the windows. Then, rising, she walked over to them and felt the petals softly, hardly conscious of what she was doing, staring down

at them. What a queer thing to say to her! What an absurd thing! Uncle Eric

wouldn't The blood about her heart seemed turning to ice. Hugh married-her Cousin Hugh-her champion, her ad-Bringing someone here who She came to the parlor now as order to get them all fn, breaking Mrs. Lindsay mother—greater right she had been bidden—and found Mrs. down to laugh, and trailing in at to a daughter's place in her heart and home! Her hands clenched tightly. Why did she care? What was her Cousin Hugh to her?

And now the blackness of desolation sugmerged her. She shuddered. Cousin? He wasn't her cousin, he was nothing to her-a stranger. 'She was an outcast, a pauper, a beggarmaid, subsisting on his uncle's bounto, living on the money that was by right another's. And Uncle Eric wanted him to marry a wealthy girl -Uncle Eric had her picked out -A wathe had said as much

She drew her breath through her teeth with a sharp, hissing sound Why had Agatha said that to ber?

girl, much as I love sible. Next year you is girl, much as I love sible. Next year you is girl, much as I love sible. Next year you is girl, much as I love sible. Next year you is girl, much as I love is girl, much as I lo

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The girl went to the door and closed it softly, fearful of being seen or heard. Then she threw herself on the bed once more. Not to cry-she felt now as if she never cry again-not to burst into The blood flamed hot and high into gotten as the cause of grief. The

What quarrel, what rashness, what unbelief in each other can subsist in the presence of a great calamity, when all the artificial vertical arms about me, and after her lecture your life. Don't you think you very welcome announcement:

| Chairs and soras. And now came a life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone, and we are all one with life is gone. Tegat

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