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LONDON, SATURDAY, JAN. 4.

THE PROPER COURSE.

It is refreshing to hear one of the successful candidates for the Council, Mr. Frank Glass, who was on the so-called electrification slate, say that citizens should have "all the information that it is possible to obtain." Mr. Glass frankly made the same assertion at the East End Hall before the election. He now adds that "Mr. Beck himself is anxious that the new Council should go to the bottom of the problem, if there is any honest doubt remaining in the mind of any alderman." It is to be hoped Mr. Beck has decided to take the position ascribed to him by Mr. Glass. If he had taken it before the election, a great deal of misunderstanding would have been prevented, and there would have been no rival slates, because there would have been nothing to quarrel about.

Seven members of last year's Council voted for further inquiry, because they wanted to "go to the bottom of the problem." Had the electrification by-law been sent to the people on Jan. 1 there would have been no time to go to the bottom of it, or even to look under the unconvincing surface of the Gabey-Storer report. In offering for re-election, Messrs. Richter, Bennett, Ashland, Robinson, Johnston and Blanford made it plain that they had not prejudged the electrification scheme in merely asking that citizens should have the benefit of fuller investigation and information. During the campaign they were dishonestly accused of trying to prevent the people from expressing an opinion. After the election, when five of them triumphed, the newspaper that had been misrepresenting them in this fashion ascribed their victory to the fact that they had not opposed electrification!

Mr. Beck is to be complimented if he has now decided to put no further pressure on the Council to prevent it from "going to the bottom of the problem." There can be no further objection to acting upon the terms of the resolution passed by last year's Council to ascertain the relative cost of the operation of the road by steam and electricity, and to secure a definite understanding as to the maintenance of steam road connections. It will now be easy for the aldermen to act in harmony, if Mr. Beck has withdrawn his veto on an independent examination of all the factors of the situation.

TORONTO'S REBUKE TO SIR JAMES.

Ontario has never felt any need of a second house in her government. Particularly under good Sir James would such an institution be an amusing superfluity. He is a whole reformed House of Lords in himself. As a blocker of progressive measures he stands like a derailed street car, with the lights out, in the way of six o'clock traffic. A Cromwell in administrative methods, he is rather a George III. in administrative vision. While he reigns there is little hope for legislative advance in Ontario.

Wednesday's vote in Torvopolis, however, must be something of a shock even to this rock-ribbed autocrat and Conservative. By 4 to 1, in a very heavy vote, the electors of Toronto declared themselves in favor of applying for legislation to permit the assessment of buildings, business and income in that city on a lower basis than that of land. In other words, the citizens of our Conservative Slough are at least less fossilized than their cherished captain, and want a special permit as a favor to themselves to tax individually created values more lightly than socially created values. Manufacturers and workmen seem to have voted particularly solid for the reform.

The case for an amendment of our assessment law which has been academically agitated for thirty years past, now under the championship of Mr. Rowell receives the strong endorsement of the people of Torvopolis. Thinking to come as a Daniel to judgment Premier Whitney froze up suddenly the more genial current of Mr. Hanna's yielding soul by the amazing revelation that the existing law is adequate, with proper interpretation, to the requirements of tax reform. He always stands for "the existing law"; that is his specialty. But in this matter of tax reform the people of Toronto, his own best beloved sons whom he has adorned with a representation of eight in the assembly, all hitherto subdued to his hand, have decided that the existing law is not so satisfactory as their master thinks and that he is on this occasion rather an honest Bottom than a Daniel come to judgment.

Of course it is quite possible that the big dog is only playing and won't dream of biting the hand that caressed it. The vote on Wednesday may be but a bit of theorizing. A city even more faithful than wise may still be quite willing to trust that in all matters of practical policy Sir James will know what is best for its good. But he need not feel too sure about this.

SIR JOHN WILLISON.

The knighting of Mr. John S. Willison, of the Toronto News, is an honor conferred on journalism in one of its ablest exponents. Sir John began his journalistic career on The Advertiser in 1882 and had a very rapid rise. He is a clever writer, master of a finished and powerful style, undeniably a public force in this country, and wielding a lever in old country politics as the Canadian correspondent of the London Times.

It is perhaps hard for those not in the secret to understand his political course in recent years, but it will be generally admitted that the man who wrote "The Life of Laurier" is entitled to recognition, whether he gets it for that service or not. Personally, Sir John has qualities which make him exceedingly popular, and he has always enjoyed the goodwill of his brethren of the pen.

THE LOCAL OPTION CONTESTS.

There are several local option contests in Middlesex. Bylaws for the abolition of licenses will be voted on in Parkhill, Glencoe, and the townships of London and Delaware. The votes in the town of Strathroy, and in Lobo and Adelaide townships are on repeal by-laws.

The people of London are specially interested in the fight at their doors. Three of the licenses in London township have been extinguished by the annexation of districts to the city. There are nine remaining, and it can scarcely be contended that all these hotels are needed for the accommodation of the public. Any such need in any part of the township will support a hotel there, without the barroom attachment. A public house that can be maintained only by the sale of liquor has more drawbacks than advantages to any community. The township declared strongly three years ago against the barrooms, the majority falling only six votes short of the necessary three-fifths. Since then some of the license-holders have put weapons into the hands of the temperance workers. The latter find aid also in the experience of every other municipality in the riding of East Middlesex. There are no special conditions in London township to warrant the fear that results would be different there.

Delaware's one license was saved by a fractional vote three years ago. If the hotel there serves a genuine need it will survive without the bar. In Lobo and Adelaide townships the movement for repeal is not in the least justified so far as The Advertiser can learn. Glencoe and Parkhill are important towns, and each of them can support a good hotel without the profits from drink. Strathroy, from all accounts, is satisfied with its experience under the local option bylaw, and there is no likelihood of repeal, if our correspondents there are well-informed.

The barroom has few friends, except those who have an economical interest in it. It should be banished from the Province, instead of permitting it to exist in spots, where it tries to counteract the effects of prohibitory laws in neighboring communities.

A city council should take rush orders from nobody.

Mr. Alderman-elect, don't be at any man's Beck and call.

The Ulster Unionists are forming a provisional government. Here is a chance for the Ontario Government to unload the Honorable Jimmie Duff.

The Unionists have been out of power seven years—long enough to get together. But the rest cure seems to have been a total failure.

The Globe says that Mr. Beck kept his electrification report back until a few months ago. It is worse than that. It is dated July 5, and was concealed until November.

Now, why didn't Mr. Beck say before the election that he was willing to allow the Council time to collect further information? He would have saved a lot of trouble, and spared the aldermen who had honest doubts a lot of dishonest abuse.

The coming session of the Ontario Legislature will compete with the session at Ottawa in public interest. Sir James Whitney has flouted the most progressive elements in the Conservative party, and they are not taking his attacks lying down. Mr. Rowell has behind him in his forward policies a fighting force which has found that it has no place in the Whitney camp. He will have the Government on the defensive during the session, and there is every sign that he will soon have it on the run.

NEEDS CANDID FRIENDS.

[Galt Reporter.]
Is not Sir James P. Whitney at present in need of candid friends? Has the Provincial Premier a clear idea of the feeling he is engendering among supporters of Conservative principles by his obduracy on certain questions?

THE SOCIALIST'S USE.

[Rocheester Herald.]
As we see it, Socialism possesses one positive good. It is as excellent as a criticism of our present social order. There is not a defect in the present social order which the lynx-eyed Socialist does not perceive. All of our defects, and there are many, the Socialist lays bare and bids us consider them with becoming seriousness. The man who looks for work, and goes hungry and shelterless because he

work could be found, the Socialist tells us we must not overlook. And so, too, with the millions whose wages never rise much above the rate of subsistence. The Socialist will not let us forget them. True, he usually exaggerates them, and sometimes confuses social ideas with individual errors. But some genuine evils that belong to our scheme of society, he lays his finger on.

CORRECT COMBINATION.

First Doctor—Well, what has he? Second Doctor—It is a beautiful combination. He has appendicitis, nephritis, laryngitis and \$1,000.

THEN SHE WAS MAD.
[Chicago Record-Herald.]
"John, you never listen to half the things I say to you," she complained. "Well," he replied, "I have to work part of the time."

PEACE MILLIONS.

[Toronto Globe.]
Millions for breadstuffs, nothing for poverty; Millions for slavery, nothing for slaves. To princeling exploiters, surrender your property— Millions for nothing, to sink in the waves.

Halt not to reason why, yield up your treasures. Reason would break the spell binding you fast. Jingoists call for blood, offer war's pleasures— Give your life, give your all, give to the last.

Turn from the paths of peace, think of war's glory— Widows and orphans to weep for the slain; Ignorant feuds shall need bayonets gory— Plutocrats urge it—your loss is their gain.

Millions for Dreadnoughts, nothing for poverty; Millions for Moloch, for Christ but a Heed not a praying world, license its robbery; In the whirlwind of nations find time to repent.

MUST COME TO TIME.

[Brookville Recorder.]
Mr. Rowell's work for workmen's compensation alone is very valuable. He gives the review of the new "Life of Disraeli" in the Spectator, with the statement that "no one who has lived much in the east can, in reading Mr. Monypenny's volumes, fail to be struck with the fact that Disraeli was a thoroughly Orientalist." The former ruler of Egypt goes on to file a bill of specifications.

LORD CROMER ON DISRAELI.

[New York Post.]
Here comes Lord Cromer, who certainly ought to know if anyone does, and begins his review of the new "Life of Disraeli" in the Spectator, with the statement that "no one who has lived much in the east can, in reading Mr. Monypenny's volumes, fail to be struck with the fact that Disraeli was a thoroughly Orientalist." The former ruler of Egypt goes on to file a bill of specifications.

"The taste for tawdry finery, the habit of enveloping in mystery matters as to which there was nothing to conceal, the love of intrigue, the activity of purpose—though this is perhaps more Jewish than an invariably Oriental characteristic—the luxuriance of his imaginative faculties, the strong addition to plausible generalities set forth in florid language, the passionate outbursts of grief expressed at times in words so artificial as to leave a doubt in the Anglo-Saxon mind as to whether the sentiments were genuine, the spasmodic eruption of real kindness of heart into a character steeped in cynicism, the excess of flattery accorded at one time to Peel for purely personal objects, contrasted with the excess of vituperation poured forth on O'Connell or purposes of advertisement, and the total absence of any moral principle as a guide of life—all these features in his character, which, perhaps, not quite so complex as is often supposed, hail from the east."

DR. GRENFELL'S NEW BOOK.

[New York Post.]
Dr. Willfred Grenfell, whose simple address is "Labrador," and who is expected home before very long for a lecturing tour on behalf of his extensive schemes for the Canadian deep-sea fisheries, is about to publish a book, Messrs. Nisbet to be called "What Life Means to Me." Few lives have been fuller.

Dr. Grenfell was a rugby "blue" at Oxford, and afterwards assistant to Sir Frederick Treves at the London Hospital. But his real bent was philanthropic, and after one or two minor adventures he went off, like the couple in Mr. Wells' "Marriage," to Labrador, not for purposes of introspection, but in that neglected territory he built hospitals and co-operative stores, and set on foot numbers of industrial schemes, in which he has found time in the intervals of his medical work. He is naturally the idol of the trappers and seamen, to whom he has devoted himself. Dr. Grenfell will publish his reminiscences with Messrs. Nisbet next year or in 1914.

FROM EXILE.

[Eliot Crawshaw-Williams in Westminster Gazette.]
The midday sun smites down upon the scentless Indian plains; The river earth with gaping mouth cries dumbly for the rains; And O for the sands and the lone cliffs of Wales.

With the laughter o' ripples and shimmer o' sails And the tide coming in at Tresillian. The tepid rains are pouring from the sullen, sultry sky. While earth breathes forth in gratitude a softly whispered sigh: But O for the rush o' the wild Welsh weather.

The swish o' the grass and the spring o' the Heather And the wind shrieking shrill o'er Tresillian. The Eastern moon is silvering the world with mystic light; A myriad crickets carol, a myriad fancies gleam white; But O for the hush o' the little Welsh cove.

Where the fragrant night air whisp'ers faintly above And the wee waves caress thee, Tresillian. Saugor, India, 1902.

CHARMING.

[Punch.]
"I've just been introduced to Prof. Smythe, such a charming man to talk to. He doesn't make one feel a fool, in spite of his cleverness." "Ah, my dear, but that's because of his cleverness."

The Writings of Arthur Balfour

[By Special Arrangement With the Winnipeg Telegram.]

The Hon. Arthur Balfour is still a member of the House of Commons and was heard from during the recent storm. But he has now entered the happy hunting grounds of metaphysics and has left the cares of office at the front gate. During those troublous years when he carried up on his shoulders the weight of the British premiership, his friends felt that he was making a great sacrifice by continuing in the hurly burly and the strife, for his interests had always been academic rather than forensic. The study of philosophy in some high, lonely tower would have pleased him better than the study of men and measures in the crowded House of Commons. And when, after these long years of devotion to the public service, he resigned from the leadership of his party, he went back to his books with a great sense of relief. Today he is completely happy, wandering in the platonic shades of studious meditation fancy-free.

But even when Mr. Balfour was in the midst of the storm and stress of public life, when the leadership of a great party, and the affairs of a vast empire, occupied his mind, he was never so busy but that he could prepare a public address at short notice on almost any kind of subject: ethics, science, metaphysics, golf, education, aesthetics, copyright, novels, poetry, eugenics, political economy or music—he was at home in all departments of thought. And during his long term of office he was obliged to make many speeches on important public occasions, in unvelveted statures or opening art galleries, or addressing congresses of one kind and another. These speeches were always carefully reported in the Times, and amazed Englishmen by the keenness of their dialectic and the subtlety of their thought. Now that Mr. Balfour has retired from the public stage an attempt has been made to rescue these addresses from the files of the press and they have been edited by Mr. W. M. Short, who was for years the Premier's private secretary. The volume of over 500 pages is entitled, "Arthur James Balfour, a Collection of Passages in His Non-Political Writings, Speeches, and Addresses, 1874-1912." (Longman's Green & Co.)

It is impossible to indicate the varied contents of this rich medley in a short article. Perhaps my best course would be to quote a couple of paragraphs as examples of Mr. Balfour's lucid thought and close knit style. In the following passage he is speaking on "the immortality we glibly predicate of departed artists": "If they survive at all it is but a shadowy life they live, moving on through the gradations of slow decay to distant but inevitable death. They can no longer as heretofore speak directly to the hearts of their fellow-men, evoking their tears or laughter, and all the pleasures, be they sad or merry, of which imagination holds the secret. Driven from the market-place they become first the companions of the student, then the victims of the specialist. He who would still hold familiar intercourse with them must learn himself to penetrate the veil which in ever-thickening folds conceals them from the ordinary gaze; he must catch the tone of a vanished society, he must move in a circle of alien associations, he must think in a language not his own. Need we wonder, then, that under such conditions the outfit of a critic is as much intellectual as emotional, and that if from off the complex sentiments with which they regard the 'immortal legacies of the past,' we strip all that is due to interests connected with history, with biography, with critical analysis, with scholarship, and with technique, but a small modicum will as a rule remain which can with justice be attributed to pure aesthetic sensibility."

Or let us listen to what he has to say on music and its wonderful development: "Read through the long catena of critical judgments, from Wagner back (if you please) to Plato, which every age has passed on its own performances and you will find that to each of them its music has been as adequate as ours is to us. It moved them not less deeply nor did it move them differently, and compositions which for us have lost their magic, and which we regard as at best but agreeable curiosities, contained for them the secret of all the unpictured beauties which music shows to her worshippers. Surely there is here a great paradox. The history of literature and art is tolerably well known to us for many hundreds of years. During that period poetry and sculpture and painting have been subject to the usual mutations of fashion, there have been seasons of sterility and seasons of plenty; schools have arisen and decayed; new nations and languages have been pressed into the service of art; old nations have fallen out of line. But it is not commonly supposed that at the end of it all we are much better off than the Greeks of the age of Pericles in respect of the technical dexterity of the artist, or of the resources which he has at his command. During the same period and measured by the same ex-

ternal standard, the development of music has been so great that it is not I think, easy to exaggerate it. Yet through all this past revolution the position and importance of the art, as compared with other arts, seem, so far as I can discover, to have suffered no sensible change. . . . How then can we resist the conclusion that this amazing musical development, produced by the expenditure of so much genius, has added little to the felicity of mankind; unless, indeed, it happens that in this particular art a steady level of aesthetic sensation can only be maintained by increasing doses of aesthetic stimulant."



And shall Burleigh Bennett die? His dead twenty thousand workmen shall know the reason why. But, then, you should know, Mr. Bennett is a former lieutenant in the First Hussars. That's why he can make a slashing fight. And his middle name is "Wellington."

We stop the press to announce that Ald. Richter has headed the polls, and that "our reputation as a public man" is shot to pieces.

Mr. Beck ate salt with the G. T. R. officials, then told the aldermen that the officials were not sincere. Mr. Beck reminds one of the doubter who sat on the rail fence, watching the farmer hoeing turnips, while the sweat poured from his brow. "Is he sincere?" asked the sifter.

Another fine day for tobogganing. What makes the czar unhappy? His lands are broad and fair; High-steppers prance about him, And snort and rip and "rare."

But yet he sits lamenting, Crying, "Alas! Alas! I'd give up half my kingdom, Had Richter not come back!"

The czar and his Cossacks seem to be taking a well-needed rest. From all the holiday reports that have been received, it is apparent that Broadway's real name is The Jagway.

Latest reports from the "hide-row" at 931 Wellington street indicate that wet blankets are not appreciated by the noble steeds.

Mr. Beck is now ready to have all necessary information secured. What's the game?

No, gentle reader, Mr. Beck, the cigar box maker, who threw out hydro to use steam, is not the same gentleman that poses as the king of Niagara Falls.

By hissing Jack Johnson from their dances the colored people of the United States are winning real respect.

The paragraph expressing sympathy with the rink and fur men seems to have had the desired effect.

What does Mr. Beck care? He's going to leave us in a little while, anyway.

It is now up to the Free Press to rise and explain the advantage of the home-brewed article of electricity over the imported variety. One of the owners knows more about electricity than Adam himself, and should be able to make known the advantages.

Well, what's the Moving Finger going to write for you over this clean page of 1913?

He marched his min right up the hill, Then marched them down again.

Hearing this ditty hummed by the office boy reminded us of Herr Glauz's scheme to pump the water to the top of the Springbank mountain, and rush it down again to make power. Mr. G. will have his playthings.

Mr. Beck makes boxes to put cigars in. He has recently manufactured a box large enough to put himself in.

Revised Version, How sad! How sad! To see the plight Of Adam, Colonel, And Near-Knight.

BOARD AT THE COUNTY JAIL COSTS ABOUT 8 CENTS A DAY

Governor Carter's Bill of Fare Is "Fillin' If Not Satisfyin'."

Governor James Carter, of the county, has completed his statement for the quarter ending Dec. 31, 1912, during which time 209 prisoners were committed for a total of 2,739 days. The daily cost of rations per prisoner, without medical attention, was 7.38 cents, and with medical attention 7.97 cents.

The supplies consumed during the quarter were: 3,817 pounds of bread at \$2.10 per cwt., 870 pounds of oatmeal at \$2.80 per cwt., 612 pounds of molasses at \$2.50 per cwt., 18 1/2 bushels of potatoes at 92 cents, 378 pounds of meat, shank, at 43 cents per pound, 44 7/8

FLORENCE.

Florence, Jan. 4.—Mr. and Mrs. Amos White and family, of Ogema, Sask., are spending the winter here.

Harry Drew, of Detroit, and Allan Drew, of Toronto, are among the holiday visitors.

A number of local young people enjoyed a pleasant evening at the "Minstrels" at Thamesville recently.

The Rodkin reunion was observed again at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Baker, on Monday. The social part of the evening consisted of cards and dancing. A bountiful supper of oysters and dainties was provided for the guests.

Maclean Bros. have finished taking stock in Croton. Mr. Baker, who has charge for some time, is leaving shortly for the West. The business will pass into the hands of Mr. James Bloom.

Mrs. A. Drake and Miss Annie Ridley, of Toronto, were Yuletide visitors of Mrs. Drew.

Messrs. Frank and Lee Tyler, of Toronto, are spending some time with relatives here.

Fred Budd visited with friends here recently.

Wm. MacRobert is the guest of his cousin, Miss Vera MacRoberts.

Mr. and Mrs. Austin, of Cornwall, are visitors of Mr. and Mrs. James Bloom.

Mrs. Walter Drew entertained on an evening of cards at her home last evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Fletcher, of Toronto, are spending some time with relatives here.

George Hill is home from Port Arthur. The hockey club will give a concert tonight.

Mr. Monkmann, of Toronto, is visiting friends here.

ARVA.
Arva, Jan. 4.—The Arva Methodist Sunday school is giving a concert and treat for the children was a decided success, and was enjoyed by a large audience.

Miss Gwendolyn C. Anthill, of London, visited Miss Lillian Anderson here recently.

The funeral of little Vera Ardie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Ardie, lot 29, concession 8, took place from the family residence on Monday afternoon, and was private. Rev. Mr. Salton conducted the services.

Audley, Man.; Mr. Thos. Anderson, of Meaford, Mich., spent the holidays at the Anderson home here.

Ham for Christmas dinner	3 85
Half-barrel of salt	63
2 1/2 bushels of carrots at 50 cents	1 40
2 1/2 pounds of pepper at 40 cents	1 00
20 pounds of barley at 5 cents per pound	1 00
Flour	25
Total	\$202 31

17 1/2 pounds of tea at 23 cents per pound	4 02
4 pounds of butter at 25 cents per pound	1 00
Sugar	7 00
Milk	1 00
Tobacco	3 00

Total consumption for quarter.....\$218 33
The cost of the provisions was somewhat higher than usual this past quarter on account of the large number of sick and insane prisoners who were given special food upon the order of Dr. MacArthur, the jail physician.

the holiday with Mr. and Mrs. McMurray, Mr. and Mrs. James White, of Dundas, have been visiting at Ebenezer Villa, and waited for the McKay-Wallace wedding.

Mrs. F. G. Restor, who spent a few days at her former home in Tillsonburg, came to her own home for the holiday.

PAISLEY.
Paisley, Jan. 4.—Mr. Jas. Tooke and bride, from near Winnipeg, are here on their wedding tour. Guests of Mr. Tooke's mother, Queen street south.

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