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HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904

THE GREY CLOAK

"To you or to no one," repeated the vicomte. "Do you believe in the holiness and sacredness of your office?"
"As I believe in God," devoutly. Fervor had at once elevated Brother Jacques's priestly mind above earthly cunning.

"You will hear my confession?"
"Yes." The vicomte knelt. From time to time ne made a passionate gesture. It was not a long confession, but it was compact and telling.

"Now, my curious friend," tapping the astonished priest on the breast, "I have buried my secret beneath this black gown; tell it if you dare."

"You have tricked me in the name of God?" horrified.
"Self-preservation: your knowledge.

"Self-preservation; your knowledge forced me to it. And it was a pretty trick, you will admit, casuist that you "And if I should break my vows?"

furiously.

"Break your vows and I promise to kill you out of hand."

"From behind?"

"In whatever manner appears most expedient. That fool of a Brissac; he simply committed suicide. There was no other mode of egress open to me. It was my life or his.

other mode of egress open to me. It was my life or his.

"That cloak! Well, that was to tell tales in case I was seen from a distance. It nearly succeeded. And I will make an additional confession," throwing back his head, his eyes narrowing, his whole attitude speaking a man's passion. "Yes, your keen intuition has put its finger on the spot. I hate the Chevalier, hate him with a strong man's hate, the unending hate of wounded vanity, of envy, of thwarted desires.

"There was a woman, once, whom he

thwarted desires.

"There was a woman, once, whom he lured away from me; he gained the commission in the Guards over my head; he was making love to Madame de Brissac, while I, poor fool, loitered in the antechamber. I should have sought all means to bring about his ruin, had he not taken. aken the labor from my hands. But a Brother Jacques shuddered.

"Bah! What could I do? I could only become a spectator. My word for it, it has been a fine comedy, this bonhomic of mine, this hail-fellow well met. And only to-night he saw the pit at his feet. If that fool of a corporal had not been drunk"

Wretch!" cried the priest, trembling

Duped! The vicomte opened the door, and bowed with his hand upon his heart.
"Till the morning prayers, Father,"
with mock gravity; "till the morning

CHAPTER XXXI.—THE EPIC OF THE HUNTING HUT. So the amiable dog became a lion, bold, impudent, mocking; the mask was gone forever, both from his face and his desires. He wore his empty scabbard with all the effrontery of a man who had fought and won his first duel.

Du Puys had threatened to hang the man who gave the vicente a sword. man who gave the vicomte a sword. As the majority of the colonists were ignor-ant of what lay behind this remarkable

quarrel, they naturally took sides with the man whose laugh was more frequent than his frown.

Thus, the vicomte still shuffled the ebon dominoes of a night and sang out joyially, "Doubles!" Whenever the man he had so basely wronged passed him, he spat contemptuously and cried: "See, Messieurs, what it is to be without a

Messieurs, what it is to be without a sword!"

And as for Brother Jacques, it was: "And how is Monsieur Jacques's health this fine morning?" or "What a handsome rogue of a priest you are!" or "Can you tell me where I may find a sword?"

"Let us so back immediately. Madague." you tell me where I may find a sword?"

He laughed at D'Herouville, and bantered the poet on his silence—the poet whose finer sense and intuition had diswhose finer sense and intuition had distrusted the vicomte from the first.

One day madame came out to feed the mission's chickens. Her hand swung to and fro, and like a stream of yellow gold the shelled corn trailed through the air to the ground. The fowls clustered around her noisily. She was unaware of the vicomte, who leaned against the posts of the palisade.

of the palisade.

There was in his glance which said:
"Madame, I offered to make you my
wife; now I shall make you something

And seeing the Chevaller stirring inside the fort, he mused: "My faith, but that old marquis must have had an eye. The fellow's mother must have been a hand-Once the vicomte came secretly upon

O'her vicome came secretly upon D'Herouville, Fremin, Pauquet, and the woodsman named The Fox because of his flery hair and beard, peaked face and beard eyes.

When the party broke up, the vicomte emerged from his hiding place, wearing a smile which boded no good to whatever plot or plan D'Herouville had con-

And that same night he approached each of D'Herouville's confederates and spoke. What passed only they themselves knew; but when the vicomte left them they were irrevocably his.
"Eye of the bull!" murmured Corporal
Fremin, "but this vicomte is much of a
man. As for the Chevalier, what the
devil! his fingers have been sunken into A mile from the mission, toward the

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When the vicomte presented his countenance to Brother Jacques, it had undergone a change. It was masked with humility; all the haughtiness was gone. He plucked nervously at his chin.

"I will confess to you," he said simply. "To me?" Brother Jacques recoiled. "Let me call Father Chaumonot."

"To you or to no one." "Give me a moment to think." Brother Jacques was secretly pleased to have tamed this spirit.

"To you or to no one," repeated the vicomet. "Do you believe in the holiness."

"To you or to no one," repeated the vicomet. "Do you believe in the holiness."

"To you or to no one," repeated the comedy of these various lives.

"To you or to no one," repeated the comedy of these various lives.

Indian summer. The leaves rustled and sighed upon the damp earth. The cattails waved their brown tassels. Wild ducks passed in dark flocks. A stag sent a challenge across the waters. The lord-like pine looked lordlier than ever among the dismantled oak and maple. The brown nuts pattered softly to the ground, and the chatter of the squirrel was heard.

33

Gatecliffe, r. f....i
Hosie, 2b

Dewan, l. f.
Sippi, lb

W. Wilson, c. f.
W. Arthurs, 3b.
W. Arthurs, 3b.
Mines, c. comedy of these various lives.

and telling.

"Absolvo te," murmured Brother Jacques mechanically, gazing toward heaven.

Immediately the solemnity of the moment was jarred by a laugh. The vicomte was standing, all piety gone from his face; and a rollicking devil shone from his eyes.

"Now, my curious friend," tapping the astonished priest on the breast, "I have astonished priest on the breast, "I have as a standing place?

"Absolvo te," murmured Brother the chevalier stood at the door of the hunting hut, and all the varying glories of the dying year stirred the latent poetry in his soul. In his hand he held a slip of paper which he read and re-read. There was a mixture of joy and puzzlement in his eyes. Diane. It had a pleasant sound; what had she to say that necessitated this odd trysting place? He glanced at the writing again. Evidently she had written it in a hurry. What, indeed, had she to say? They had scarce exchanged a word since the day in the hills when he told her that she was not honest

was not honest. A leaf drifted lazily down from the overhanging oak, and another and still another; and he listened. There was in the air the ghostly perfume of summer; and he breathed. He was still young. Sorrow had aged his thought, not his blood; and he loved this woman with his whole being dishonest though she might

whole being, dishonest though she might He carried the note to his lips. She would be here at four. What she had to tell him must be told here, not at the settlement. There was the woman and the caprice. Strange that she had written when early that morning it had been simple to speak. And the Indian who had given him the note knew nothing. He entered the hut and looked carelessly around. A rude table stood at one side. On the top of it Victor had carved his initials.

The Chevaller's eves filled. Brave poet!

The Chevalier's eyes filled. Brave poet! Always ready with the jest, light of heart and cheery, gentle and tender, brave as a lion, too. Here was a man such as God intended all men to be. A beggar himself, he gave his last crown to the beggar; undismayed, he would borrow from his friend, paying the crown back in golden louis. How he loved the lad. Only that morning he had romped about the mess-room like a boy escaped from the school-room; imitated Mazarin, Uncle Gaston, the few great councillors and the royal actors themselves. Even the austere visage of the Father Superior had relaxed and Du Puys had roared with learners.

with laughter What was this sudden chill? Or was it his fancy. He stepped into the open again, and found it warm.

"She will be here soon. It is after four. What can she have to say?"

Even as he spoke he heard a sound was madame, alone, and she was nurrying along the path. A moment ater and they stood together before the threshold of the hut.

There was mutual embarrassment There was mutual embarrassment which was difficult to analyze. The exertion of the walk had filled her cheeks with a color as brilliant as the bunch of maple leaves which she had fastened at her throat. She was first to sneak.

"Well, Monsieur," not over warmly, "what is it you have to say to me which necessitates my coming so far? I benecessitates my coming so far? I be-lieved we had not much more to say."

There was no distrust in her eyes, only a cold inquiry. "Are you going to apolo-gize for applying to me the term 'dis-The joy vanished from his face, to be replaced by an anxiey which lightened the tan on his cheeks. "Madame, it was your note which brought me here. Read it."

"A clumsy imitation," quickly; "it is

"Let us go back immediately, Madame. We stand in the midst of some secret

But even as he spoke she uttered a sup-pressed cry and dlutched his arm. The Chevalier saw four men advancing with drawn swords. They formed a semiwith drawn swords. They formed a semi-circle around the hut, cutting off all avenues of escape. Quickly he thrust madame into the hut, whipped out his blade, bared his arm, and waited just inside the doorway. Everything was plain to him. Eh! well, some one would take the journey with him; he would not set out alone. And madame. He

was unnerved for a moment.

"Diane," he said, "forgive me as easily as I forgive you." he said gently.

"And pray for us both. I shall be too She fell upon her knees, folding her hands across her heaving bosom. Her lips moved, but without sound. She saw, possibly, farther into this dark design than the Chevaller.

Women love brave men, even as brave women love brave men, even as brave men love woman's beauty; and persistently into her prayers stole the thought that this man who was about to defend her honor with his life was among the bravest. A sob choked her. "D'Herouville, you black scoundre!, why do you come so slowly?" challenged the Chevaller. "The single window is too small for a man to crawl through. Think you to pass this way?"

too small for a man to crawl through. Think you to pass this way?"
"I am going to try!" cried D'Herouville, triumphantly. How well everything had turned out. "Now, men, stand back a little; there will be some sword play."
"I'll engage the four of you in the open, if madame is permitted to go free."
The Chevalier urged this simply to gain time. He knew what the answer would be.

D'Herouville appealed to Corporal Fremin. "Is that not an excellent joke, v Corporal?

"Eye of the bull, yes!"
"Ho! D'Herouville, wait for me!" Madame sprang to her feet screaming: "Vicomte, save us!" She flew to "Back Madame" warned the Cheve der, "or you will have me killed." With "Have patience, sweet bird, whom I shall soon take to an eery nest. To be sure I shall save you!" From behind a clump of hazel the vicomte came forth, sword in his hand.

It was the tone, not the words, which It was the tone, not the words, which enveloped madame's heart in a film of ice. One way or the other, it did not matter, she was lost.
"Guard the Chevalier, men!" cried D'Herouville, wheeling. "We shall wipe "Guard the Chevalier, men!" cried D'Herouville, wheeling. "We shall wipe out all bad debts while we are at it. D'Halluys, look to yourself!" "You fat head!" laughed the vicomte, parrying in a circle. "Did I not tell vou that I should kill you?"

7TH REGIMENT AND ROCKETS FIGHT FOR CELLAR HONORS

Good and Bad Baseball in Collins. Left on bases—Rockets 7, 7th Regiment 6. Time of game, 1.50. 7th Umpire, W. A. Reid. City League Series at Tecumseh Park

was the entertainment provided in the against the "Free Staters." This score City League series at Tecumseh Park was 7 to 0, with the youngsters in the

The morning game, about as poor an exhibition as has been witnessed this season, went to the Rockets after nine innings of torture by a score of 12 to 7.

The less said about it the better. As a general this season is said about it the better.

ROCKETS

Don't Ask Me, 106; Blennenworth, 105; Lady Ellison, 104; John Lyle, 102; Ab-bell, Prince Frederick, 101; Freckman, 98; Amber Jack, Janeta, 96; Flim Nap.

Runs Equality Stake Mile at Sahara, 95; Bundooran, 92; Sir Caruth-Sheepshead Bay Track In 1.39 1-5

New York, July 2.—Hamburg Belle, making her first appearance of the (Bell), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1.51 1-5. Three year, easily won the Equality Stakes ran. at Sheepshead Bay today. J. A. SECOND RACE, 5 furlongs, selling-Bennett today sold Flipflap to Geo. Sweet Kitty, 95 (C. Ross), 2 to 1, 1; Blackag, 102 (Anderson), 6 to 1, 2; Langdon for \$16,000.

Summary FIRST RACE, selling, 61/2 furlongs, main course—Far West, 110 (Knapp), Mirabel and Gulliyer ran. 15 to 1, 1; Rye, 109 (Miller), 2 to 1, 2; Sir Russell, 103 (Sewell), 60 to 1, 3. Time 1.19. Druid Keator, The Clown, Gold Coin, Cassandra, Right

and True, Andria and Elevation also SECOND RACE, 11/2 miles-Oliver Cromwell, 112 (Martin), 4 to 1, 1; Orourke, 102 (Sewell), 8 to 1, Woodsman, 109 (Knapp), 20 to 1, 3. Time 1.54 3-5. Jericho, Maxie Witt, Ticker, Royal Scot, Artery, Park Row, Sir Model and McKittridge also ran.

THIRD RACE, 51/2 furlongs, futurity -Botanist, 115 (Hagan), 10 to Misgivings, 112 (Miller), 4 to Royal Breeze, 115 (J. Hennessey), 8 to 1, 3. Time 1.07 1-5. Fountainbleu, Dominator, Waterfall, First Peep and Penarris also ran.

mile-Hamburg Belle, 106 2 to 7, 1; Halifax, (Shaw), 16 to 5, 2; Fancy Bird, 111 also ran. (L. Williams), 100 to 1, 3. Time Entries .39 1-5. Only three starters. FIFTH RACE, 5 furlongs, futurity

ourse—Jaunty, 110 (Miller), 5 to 2, Miss Strome, 110 (Troxler), 9 to 2; Baringo, 110 (Knapp), 7 to 2, Time 1.02. Estimate, Nancy, Winsome Ways, Census, Sea Water, Economy, Sphinx, Starcat, Winifred Tar-May Pink, Alta Farola, Kingston Girl and Magna Stella also ran. SIXTH RACE, 1½ miles on turf— Lancastrian, 104 (Miller), 3 to 1, 1;

Our Sister, 104 (Knapp), 4 to 1, 2; Samson, 114 (J. Hennessey), 3 to 1, 3. Time 2.34 2-5. Lindale, Leila and Caronal also ran. Entries or Tuesday: First race, 5 furlongs, futurity course, maiden 2-year-olds—Berkeley, James Craword, Bert T., Nigger Mike, Smiling Tom, Frank Gill, Ellisdale, Linne-

pee, Allonby, Boxer, Sandy Creeker, Royal Onyz, Arcite, Hardshot, 112; Lady Pride, Manila, Yorkist, Killaloe, J. C. Core, Anna May, 109. Second race, 3-year-olds and Mandarin, 114; Tiptoe, Brookdale Nymph, 109.

Third race, the Rockaway cup, steeplechase, full course-Pure Pepper, Gamecock, 168; Divider, 153; El Cuchillo, 135; Long Run, 132. Fourth race, 5 furlongs of futurity course, 2-year-olds-Montgomery, Dashaway, 115; Riprap, General Sherman, Don Enrique, 112; Killie Crankie, 109. Fifth race, handicap, 1 1-8 miles, 3year-olds and up-Eugenia Burch, 119; Blandy, Bad News, Crenade, 117; Lo-



exhaustion, palpitation of the heart, appetite, sour stomach and other disorders y bad blood or overwork.

A Fast Game. The "Champs," chock full of hope,

went on with the Stars in the afternoon before one of the biggest crowds of the season. Manager Smith's best went the A game of baseball and a burlesque way of others who have stacked up

STARS. A.B. R. H. P.O. A. Tierney, 1b
O'Rourke, 1. f.....
Beaton, r. f......
B. Jeffries, c..... CHAMPIONS.

Jackson, 2b Jackson, 20
Ball, s. s.
W. Gibson, p.
Costello, 3b
McHugh, 1b
Eccleston, l. f.
Lockridge, c. f.

gistilla, Agile, 116; Samson, 117; Ironsides, 104; Maxnar, 103; Yorkshire Lad, 100; Cederstrome, Tartan, 95; Amusko Sixth race, selling, 1 1-16 miles, 3-year-olds and up, on turf—Lackey, 109; Huntington, Onatas, 108; Angler, 107;

track slow. Summary: FIRST RACE, 1 1-16 miles, selling-Lasell, 104 (C. Ross), 7 to 5, 1; Cadichon, 96 (Alex), even, 2; Saladin, 112

Reina Swift, 102 (Alex), 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1.03 3-5. Excuse Me, Affinity. Moonvine, Round Dance, Eminola

BUFFALO.

Buffalo, July 2.-Weather cloudy;

THIRD RACE, 6 furlongs, selling-Anita Lady, 107 (Koerner), 1 to 2, 1; Richard Jr., 112 (Bell), 5 to 1, 2; Minnie J., 107 (Romanelli), 15 to 1, 3. Time, 1.16 3-5. The Prodigal, Lady Stewart,

Trentolola, Pierpont and Reaction also FOURTH RACE, 1 mile-Silver Skin. 106 (Schade), 2 to 5, 1; Thomond, 131 (W. Davis), 6 to 1, 2; Birmingham, 91 (Knopf), 5 to 1, 3. Time, 1.44. Amelia

Racine also ran. FIFTH RACE, 5 furlongs-Workmaid, 107 (Koerner), 5 to 1, 1; Blondy, 110 (Bell), 2 to 1, 2; Plaud, 107 (Romanelli), 8 to 1, 3. Time, 1.03 1-5. Doilie Dollars also ran. SIXTH RACE, mile and 40 yards-

Hyperion, 110 (Bell), 3 to 1, 1; Embar-FOURTH RACE, the Equality rassment, 109 (C. Ross), even, 2; Monacoder, 106 (Carter), 8 to 1, 3. Time. 118 1.45 2-5. Nonsense and Head Dance

Entries for Tuesday First race, 5 1-2 furlongs, 3-yearolds, selling-*Grace Kimball, Schroder's Midway, 102; Town Topics, 104: *Lucy Marie, 105; *Livius, 104; Clamor, 107; *Eminola, 94; Blondy, 105; Round Dance, 102. Second race, 3-4 mile, 3-year-olds and

over, selling-*Alencon, 105; Rusk, 113; Hannibal Bey, 112; *Kilts, 110; *Anna Smith, 95; *Grace Curtis, 103; *Duke of Kendall, 113; Orfeo, 110; Money Musk, 110; *Toscan, 112; Angelta, 108. Third race, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and over, selling-*Marpessa, 95; Graphite, 109; Head Dance, 112; Pronta, 107; Clara Dee, 102; Peary McAdow, 114;

R'hinock, 105; *Lasell, 104; Bargain, 112; Belmore, 105; Orfeo, 109. Fourth race, 3-4 mile, 3-year-olds and over, selling-*Bertha E., 92; Society Bud, 97; *Away, 97; *Pinta, 92; Akbar, 104; Combosa, 102; Proposer, 112; Anita Lady, 99; Many Thanks, 108; Singing Master, 105; F. E. Shaw, 113; Anne

Davis, 103. Fifth race, 5-8 miles, maiden 2-yearolds-Fleeting Star, 102; Dr. Wentker, 105; Bonivant, 105; Racenette, 102; Benvole, 102; Flip, 102; Lucy Strome, 102; Lanksman, 105; Silver Star, 105; Ta-maceo, 105; Gwene Haddock, 102; Nekabong, 102; Bessie Wynn, 102; Dixie Jane, 102; June Time, 102; Hattie Dod-

son. 102. Sixth race, 1 mile, 3-year-olds and over-Dargin, 110; Dixie Andrews, 105, Satchel, 105; Society Bud, 95; Racine II., 97; Massive, 97; Pronta, 105; Jake, 110; Hera, 95; Midas, 100; Martin Doyle, Cobmosa, 100; Clara Dee, 105; Reservation, 110; Silver Skin, 110. *Apprentice allowance of five pounds

CINCINNATI.

Cincinnati, O., July 2.-Summary: FIRST RACE, 5 furlongs-Margie, 105 (Nicol), 5 to 2, 1; Camp, 105 (Taylor), 15 to 1, 2: John Kaufman, 112 (Hall), 6 to 1, 3. Time, 1.01 4-5. Bitter

1.02 1-5. Artful Dodger, Bonaventure, Dundas street, London, Ont

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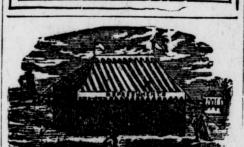
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before each meal.

gar), 12 to 1, 3. Time, 1.41 2-5. Marco, Cygnet, Doctor Dan, St. Paris, Marco, Johnson, Inflammable, Cotillion, Arachue, Mynheer, Morendo and Billy

Wake ran. THIRD RACE, 5 furlongs-Charlie Mitchell, 98 (Robinson), 5 to 2, 1; Selene B., 111 (Allen), 15 to 1, 2; Bitter Sand Catcher and Javanese also ran. FOURTH RACE, mile-Harding, 103

caused by bad blood or overwork.

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(Hall), 6 to 1, 3. Time, 1.01 4-5. Bitter Queen, Jean Baxter, Merry Patriot, Tanglewood, Lady Vimont, Demo, Still Alarm, Webber, Gold Bars and Vesme ran.

SECOND RACE, mile—Reveille, 110 (Nicol), 10 to 1, 1; The Laurel, 105 (Singer Company is permanent and responsible; its representatives are always at hand to care for Singer Machines. Look for the red S., 122 (Mira Tablets and Gintment—a trio for health.)



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