OSITI

DA

ty of the children of God," answered mouth hardened into rigid the priest. told of thought and effort. ke of the first strife of the which a strong nature had There were moments, how-

thought and a smile about Father Harvey addressed a few words to the invalid which were Greek to embling that glacial flow-Alps which blooms in unlaces and brightens amid hear her confession and to bring her ading desolation. was that particular expres- morning. The priest then followed ch John Veridden's face wore his ungracious companion down ther Harvey first encountered stairs and out into the street. At the door stood Mrs. Morris, east end tenement. The ras foul with odors blended crippled girl's stepmother, in con-

side of narrow passages frowsy and untidy as herself. A sil-rmed with human beings, ence fell upon them and there was warmed with human beings, ssed day after day up and creaking stairs, too often words on their lips and stolid countenances. Yet nant. But Father Harvey had a Veridden forever seeking word for every one of the group, thts behind the mask of e dark places of great cities, white it gleamed through

and golden was the heart the stamens of the queenwer. On the top floor of ment, truly a "bad eminthe darkest and most squalapartments, this young girl, Morris, existed. For she lay eyes were blue, and should or cheap groceries, with half rotting cally, mournful blue opinouch crippled. Her delicate, skin was framed in shining gically, mournful blue. They ave been weighed down by ows of humanity, by the des- windows, children in all stages endered of such a life and rage and filth sprawled over the sideroundings, instead of which walks, drunken men reeled past, slos a deep calm in their lumthe and a joyousness, idhood in their smiling. pths and a joyousness as of

ther Harvey entered, John sat beside the invalid's ading from a poet, the poet who has the magic gift of John Veridden. the blue of the cornflower, w of the primrose, the tints ng sky or the glint of sun agreement, I am presently going to pavement into the words ask you a searching question. He had what John Verid- know, you, Mr. Veridden, by name and a message for humanity, reputation."

t certainly the crippled girl's was aglow with pleasure. its light was reflected n that which shone in the the man beside her. .lohn was at his best, and his rug enance was transfigured. Harvey paused and regarded terms, of courtesy, even of friendli-

with astonishment. He knew as a cynic and a scoffer, an your own opinions as I to mine, revealed religion, a trampconventionalities and upon laughed the priest, "and though dications far more sacred, e enjoyed a certain prestige views, an honest foe can be met with fellow-men. And here respect and deference. the bedside of this innocent m it was the pastor's mis-

Hence it was

ntleman's been readin'

of exquisite loveliness."

to my own nature.

and made answer:

or I'm mistaken."

larvey, cherrily.

good deal nonplussed.

hardened sinner had found

not, sir; we priests learn

concede, to be at least ob-

and the beauty of field and

sunset sky and the moon-

have found an echo in your

gesture.

here, nevertheless!

eakness.

'ain'

n of

"Idle to say that I am not foe at all to you as an individual," smiled watch over in these pastures the priest, "and as to my honesty, in green wherein its lot was why, if I be an honest man, in the words of the world poet, God keep me so. However, the subject of our l after regarding the scene discourse was to be lilies, their few moments he advanced treatment and their care." to Belinda's couch and ad-

hood.

When the two men, priest and cynic,

bage barrels in polluting the air.

Grimy human beings swarmed at the

venly, unkempt women gossiped

"Our lily has but a thorney

as we have this common basis

men are held in restraint.

knowing all this, you meet me

You are in one sense as free to

ting," observed the priest.

doorways with loud laughter

coarse speech.

"Well, then;" cried John Veridden her in his ordinary voice courteous salute to the inputting aside metaphor, I say and repeat that the girl yonder has beautiful nature, capable, if taught, my child, how did you find of attaining the highest flights. this morning?" he asked of mean to educate her and place her where she belongs-in the aristociacy

doing splendid, father!" ansof intellect." the girl, and there was no mis-"She has, I agree with you, a beauthe joyous recognition and the tiful nature," observed the priest, e respect and reverence with "in the highest degree spiritual and the joyous recognition and the women e regard the susceptible to the workings of grace. And I mean, Mr. Veridden, as her John Veridden saw and pastor, and so responsible for her, this peculiar shade of manhis was what he called beto place her where she belongsiest-ridden," and he was an-

amongst the chosen of God." t this special favorite of his, The two men stood and regarded Morris, should be guilty of each other under the pitiless glare not of the sun, with the sickening, letid the curt, formal, unsympatheatmosphere of the crowded thorough-Veridden known to busifare about them. There was defiance quaintances who arose rom on the one part, a calm earnestness

air at the priest's approach. on the other. as something of evil, a posi-"She is like," said the priest, breakgnity in the expression of his ing the stillness, "the snow as it grudgingly returned the falls from heaven, unsullied and free He felt, indeed, as near an from sin as human nature may be." to hatred of the priest-"Do not mention sin, sir, in her connection," growled John Veridden. neral as it is possible to class of men, collectively. Father Harvey laughed as he said

quietly: things, father," said the Your poet of nature styles Virgin Mother 'Our tainted nature's essented the priest; "that ind especially," he added, nce at John Veridden, "as solitary boast, j and he is right. But the question I wanted to ask you, Mr Veridden, is simply this: How not indigenous of this do you account for the marvelous pre-

servation of this lily in such roundings?" eridden, indicating the girl He waved his hand and the was aware that this gesture included man soul blooms everyonly the all-pervading squallor not low level of living, but the drun assented the priest, "and can be preserved unsullied it

ken father and the slovenly stepmoth-Yet be answered boldly: er. etaphysics," snarled Verid-'By nature's laws, preserving he come to the point. I have

highest products." "Wrong, Mr. Veridden, wrong," cried the priest; "this exquisite naig poetry to the girl, do-Harvey looked pp at him bright, frank smile which

ture has been preserved 'by the faith and the virtues springing from the faith of her Irish mother, dead a little more than a year ago, and by her own lervent practice of religion."

"You mean that she has been preserved by the iron restraints of your Romish Church, which have kept her in fetters, imposed iron restraint, restricted her already limited life into eridden was surprised, half narrow bonds?" questioned John Ver-

idden. "Which has rather taught her bright "In my soul to soar above bonds into the ad a boyish love for nature; rses at school and wrote eternal regions," corrected the priest, er cover of my desk. Since "has shown her the light beyond the nes have fallen in rougher prison gates."

a countenance, in short, see of the first strife of the the storm and stress thich a strong natare had hich a strong natare had here were moments, how the eyes became, as it triffed by the flashing of a smile about the storm and a ssent, and he stood aside while the storm and a ssent, and he stood aside while the storm and a smile about the storm of the storm and a stress thought and a smile about the storm and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be the flashing of a smile about the storm and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be certain, you would have to answer for at the bar of divine justice."

The path traced out for her by her safeguard. See that traced out for her by her safeguard. See that the path traced out for her by her sufficient was a fine settin'-room to hit whar her always with him, to give her a her always with him, to give her a home and a name and a name and a name and a measure of the patients waited. Hit was plum her only comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be certain, you would have to answer for the patients waited. Hit was plum her only comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her safeguard. Remember the awful responsibility you would incur and for which, be the storm and a name and a name and a name and a measure of the patients waited. Hit was plum her only comfort and solace in all misfortunes, but it is her always with him, to give her a hour didn't was a fine settin'-room to hit whar her always with him, to give her a hour didn't was a fine settin'-room to hit whar her always with him, to give her a hour didn't was a fine settin'-room to hit whar her always with him, to give her a hour didn't was a fine settin'-room to hit what her always wi at the bar of divine justice."

John Veridden glared. He was conscious at first of a furious anger against the priest's impertinence. Then he rather liked his courage and evident earnestness and so stood still he was very humble in the ordeal and over one 'nother gittin' out. One the man of the world. He promised to come in on Saturday afternoon to Holy Communion early on Sunday out his hand with a frank smile.

said, "to see you occasionally, if onthe Veridden did not take the best. John proffered hand, and turned away with ever in the eternal gardens." a curt nod and a slight touching of an intense deference in their manner

towards the priest, an uneasy, dehis hat. precating self-consciousness which made John Veridden secretly indigto time heard many facts about guish of spirit. John Veridden, his conduct, his startling lapses from conventional decorcalling them by name and addressing um, so that the priest looked grave a few pleasant sentences to each up-"the gentleman" was still a frequent on the weather or the children or visitor to the top floor of the east you will some day find your lily." - side tenement. The girl's artless Anna T. Sadlier in the Pilgrim. some local happening in the neighbortalk about nature, the gleam of heaven's blue above the dimness and dinhad passed on they stood a few giness, the flower in the cleft of the moments upon the pavement and looked about them. High tenement rocks, the daisy of the field with its message to humanity would not have houses arose on either side of the been disquieting in itself but for the unbounded admiration for her cynical visitor, which seemed to reassure the priest, even in a measure, was that fore did not try directly to counteract his pantheistic love of nature. He, too, talked poetry to the girl, but he led her mind upward from the perfection of the flower to the infinand ite perfection of the Creator, from the beautiful places of earth to the supreme loveliness of the Christian's "Yes, but it is a lily," snapped abiding place, from the ideal happiness which John Veridden pictured, founded on unreal conditions, to the

"Granted," agreed the priest, "and beatitude of the just made perfect. "Confound it all, sir," cried the the time. cynic, meeting Father Harvey at the door one afternoon, "you have stuffed her head full of cities of pure gold and Brasstown Valley, came to hear of with yo'?"

"Is this all thar is the matter with yo'?" "You know me by name and repu- gates of pearl and walls of jasper, the old man's experience with with foundations of precious tation?" interrupted John Veridden. "Then you know me, sir, as the emeralds and porphyry and sardonyx of a long day's drive. The ridge lay, avowed enemy of all priesteraft, all and hyacinth, and heaven knows behind them, a monstrous flock of what besides. shams, all factitious bonds by which ticism as an ancient solitary. And

humor in his eyes as he spoke.

been the effect on Belinda's mind?" asked the priest, calmly. "The effect of a narcotic!" dissent from almost one of your "She bore pain, she John Veridden. smiled through tears of agony, answered her drunken brute of that foul-tongued stepmother because, as she said: 'What does it

one day?' " "And what does it matter, Veridden?" asked the priest. "Why I say, what do you mean?"

blustered the cynic. "Simply that I ask you, with your experience of life, of its light places and its dark, its so-called pleasures and intellectual enjoyments - what does it all matter compared with something that is stable and permanpiness.'

"Are you trying to entangle and confuse me with your sophistry?' roared John Veridden. The priest shrugged his shoulders

"Go home and think it all over," he said; "take every possible argu ment for and against my theory and tell me if I am doing wrong n striving to bring heaven into the lives ofthe poor and miserable." "If you believed it, sir," it might be

different," sneered John Veridden. A crimson flush arose from Father Harvey's chin to his very forehead,

but he spoke quietly.
"I pass over the insult; the Cathopriesthood take that as their bread, but I ask you as man to man here face to face and eye to eye, do you believe that I am fiving a daily falsehood? Do you suppose that I have sacrificed home, friends, comfort, some measure of wealth, the career that I might have followin order to teach systematically ed what I knew to be false? Have I no shining paradise as my goal, no country of perpetual gladness to solace me for the heartbreaks of this?"

two of intense silence, then he exclaimed in a broken voice:

sincere in your belief."

kneeling at length in supplication. a hasty line to the priest: wrong and you were right. You best in his sins. understand the culture of lilies." In a convent chapel was seen at A solemn, impressive ser-

of life.

brilliant and tplendid carcas, on the other hand, he
himself to be drawn into
ingly low depths, amazing
mirers.

The drawn massive, his eyes
the day was massive, his eyes
the day was massive, his eyes
the day was massive, his eyes
the drawn and tts harrow boundaries,
the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was silent, unconvinced, but perplexed and too honest
to deny what he could not controby the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was wrung
with a fierce human pain which perhaps but one spectator guessed.
John Veridden had given the girl
particularly regret to see you
strive to compress in iron fetters the
head was massive, his eyes
the day with a fierce human pain which perhaps but one spectator guessed.
John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden was wrung
with a fierce human pain which perhaps but one spectator guessed.
John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the Church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the girl
heath. the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the strong
than!"

Uncle Jimmie's eyes were wide now
heath the restored use of her limbs,
the divine poetry of the church?"

John Veridden had given the strong
than a ferce human pain which perheath the restored use of her limbs, for desiring this conversation with guidance of Father Harvey, and per- "His office was in one of them tall "But I see you are about you; that you will not by word or haps in return he had hoped to keep buildin's on the Viaduct, an'

undecided, while Father Harvey held freely acknowledged that he was un-little chaney-doll woman hanged

"But what will become of me? How shall I ever find her there?"

"In our Father's house there are out of my back. He didn't have no many mansions," said the priest, solemnly, "and in one of them, through an' hard as a rock wall. He looked when he heard from Belinda that faith and love and through what you at the empty cheers, an' then his eyes have done for these my little ones, lit on me.

#### UNCLE JIMMIE AND THE \* X-RAY DOCTOR

By profession Uncle Jimmie was weather or equine inclination, for else.

twenty years he had successfully competed with every rival in the business; because no intelligent person acquainted with his adventurous to keep out contagion. Now what are yor experiments of the person acquainted with his adventurous cheer up an's settin' down spirit and powers of narration would cheer up an' settin' down. patronize a less gifted driver, even though he made the distance in half This was how a certain scribe,

X-ray doctor ' It was near the end She's as full of mys- blue peaks herded against the evening sky. The road wound downward like gloves an' medicine breeches. Yet with all John Veridden's sharp-ness there was a whimsical gleam of autumn fields of the valley, and in the distance the village gleamed like "And pray, Mr. Veridden, what has been the effect on Belinda's mind?" ization. The jaded horses suddenly

drew their ears into hopeful points of expectation and quickened their Uncle Jimmie swayed rhythpace. mically to and fro on the driver's seat like an old gray brownie. His father like an angel and bore with shirt was open at the throat, displaying a whiskery breast; his wool hat brim flared back from an angry matter if only we're happy in heaven topknot of grizzled hair, his eyes squinted to narrow blue beams beneath shaggy brows, and his paunch rounded ludicrously above a pair of

thin, short legs braced for speed. "Yo' mout think the worst was over when we git 'long here,'' remarked, spitting dexterously over the wheel and casting a glance at the solitary passenger lolling on the back seat, "bet hit hain't. The hosses is all right, they peerten up fer ent, and that something complete hap- the home stretch, bet the passengers is wore out, an' these las' five miles look to them longer 'an t'other twen-Ef hits a man, he gits perfane an' ef hits a woman she gits so cantankerous 'taint no use to pint the heauties of nater to her. She

wouldn't see the gates of Paradise ef I allers knows what's road. matter. They are jest hongry an' beat out with the long ride. Bet the explanation don't do 'em no good. So hev larnt to save my best tale to tell long here to keep ther stummicks from growlin',"

This was a hint the passenger was not slow to take. "Let's have it, Uncle Jimmie;

am as empty as a drum. "I reckon hit was arfter yo' the X-ray doctor," he began, with tentatively

"Must have been. I didn't know ou had such a man in the valley." "We hain't. We don't need nothin' here bet a midwife an' the old catnip doctor fer the wimmins an' babies. Bet I had ter ketch a disease them two knowed nothin' erbout. 'Twan't It was a strange scene, that squalid much, jest a little white spot up thar and dingy purlieu and those two of on my jaw hone, same as ef I'd begun widely different views standing thus to fade in one place. An' I never confronting each other. John Verid- werried none until one day I was den eyed the priest for an instant or over ter Blue Ridge an' I seen a nigger with them little white spots all glass one mornin' an' the dern thing aimed in a broken voice:
"I spoke hastily; I believe you are sight vou ever laid yore eyes on." "I sent Somebody 'lowed he had the Luker- I didn't want him ter think I skipped From that moment, when his belief dammer (leucoderma). An' then I ter keep from paying my bill. Bet ef dammer (leucoderma). An' then I hit was to save me from bein' an' out albiner. I wouldn't let possible a still more tremendous related here in the valley 'at I had sech out an' out albiner, I wouldn't solution-his ability to believe in a blasphemous soundin' thing on me God. He went home, his whole naas Luker-dammer. Hit 'ould ruin my
ture in chaos, but with its dark places prepared for the great light that
mout git turned outen the church

All that night was approaching. All that night besides. Our preacher is powerful John Veridden wrestled, prostrate on strict. He suspended a man once fer All that night besides. Our preacher is powerful there's Jabe Teasley's dorg settin' his face, upright, pacing restlessly, havin' the eetch; 'lowed he couldn't set with the congregation ontel he

"Bet our doctor couldn't do me no good, an' he 'lowed I had hetter pe length the climax to this simple story up to Atlanta ap' consult the X-reman thar. He had some sort of taking place was the investiture lightenin' merchine fer takin' off can-

TURE OF LILES

The places, looking for the ore in a streak of gray dirt, seeking a flower in barren soil or a skeep in sterile guige that John Veridden se in which all human raplex nature, and this not complex, but in an unusual degree. The man had certies of life high-sounding and high, and a lofty forcefulness and national and a lofty forcefulness sed him above the average of caused friends to prophecy brilliant and telendid car.

Ho paused, and even the cynic befor him was struck with the expression of him was struck with the expression of him was struck with the expression of him was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the postalant was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the sacraments of prayer, of faith and practice this girl (and, mark you, unumberless others) could breath this atmosphere without becoming vitiated. To take lower ground altoge and the priest's ordinary homely words of advice. John Veridden's face softence in his own despite, while he answered almost roughly:

"I abhor your cloth, sii, with its formalism and its narrow boundaries, within which it would imprison all both veridden was silent, unconstitution."

Ho paused, and even the cynic befor him was fair and slender, with the sacrament was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the postalant was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the expression of a novice with the habit of religion. The postalant was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the expression of a novice with the habit of religion. The postalant was fair and slender, with eves of luminous blue, and the sacrament of prayer, of faith and practice this girl (and, fair and practice the sacraments of prayer, of faith and practice this girl (and, fair and practice this girl (and, fair and practice the sacraments of p

ing their transplanting to the eternal the Luker-dammer, an' I don't know easy for John Veridden at first to un- yet whether hit's ketchin' or not,'

worthy of Belinda and that she was coat-tail on my cheer leg as she "I should like, Mr. Veridden," he secure in a sheltered home.
"I's see you occasionally, if on"She is safe now," whispered Fathher git loose, she screamed an' spit ly to discuss the hest methods for the cremony was at me like a wildcat. I was left by culture of lilies."

Left by the service of lilies." Our lily will bloom now for- had must be a terrible disease fum the way the folks skedaddled.

"The doctor got wind of the row an' I seen him open the door of his After that Father Harvey from time groaned the former cynic in deep an-office a little way. Gosh! When he poked his head in the sweat popped

"'What's the matter with you?" he

" 'I got the Luker-dammer, 'bet before I could finish he drawed back. shet the door quick an' yelled through the keyhole, 'What the devil is that?' '1 don't know; 'lowed mebbe yo' could tell me,' sez I .

"'I'll be out in a minit,' he sez. the stage driver between Brasstown an all the time I could hear his infernal merchine a-whizzin' an' a-spitone glimpse he had had of John Ver- and Blue Ridge; two mountain ham- in that whar he was. Presently idden's face transfigured. He there- lets in North Georgia; but by nature the door opened ag'in, an' in stepped he was a dramatist. And although something' that looked like the picers his coach was antiquated, his horses lean and his speed a matter of white night-drawers on everywhar

"'Thar hit is,' sez I, pintin' to the

white spot. He c'reemed his head ing to pay rest. Literature free. for'ards like a terrepin an' looked at

"Hain't hit enough?" sez I.

"'Nor ketchin'?' fer that had pested me mor'n anything. 'No!' sez he, a jerkin' off his "'The pint is, kin yo' take the blame thing off?' sez I. "'Oh, yes! Step this way.'

"We went in thar where the gol dern thing was a-turnin' an' a-spit- Insurance in force \$5,170,816.30 tin', an' he set me down in front a little glass, bilin' full of clear yaller stuff.

"The room was dark, an' I felt creepy like I was bein' cunjered. Bet I gripped my cheer hard so as to be when he turned on the ray. 'lowed hit 'ould come like a Fur I streak of lightenin'. When I had been keyed up that way a right smart while, and nothin' happened, I 'lowed; "'Doctor, I am ready.'

" 'Ready for what?' "'Yo' kin turn on the ray,' sez I. "Don't you know yo've been lookin' at hit ten minits? 'Yo' don't call this little of lemonade the ray, do you?'

"That's hit,' sez he.
"Thar hain't 'nough light ter draw a candle fly " 'I kin see the bones in yore neck, sez he.

"And show' 'nough he was settin' thar in the dark behint me with shade over his eyes. I riz up, an' I sez

"'Look'e here, mister, I hain't nevwas swung right acrost the er seen them bones myself, an' no the man is agwine teh pry arfter my skeleton 'tell I git through with hit,'

fer I was mad. "Yo may see mine,' he sez, handin' me the shade an' steppin' in front of the merchine.

"Well, sir, I be blamed ef I didn't see his naked grinnin skull. I knowed then hit was magic, an' I was that skeert my knees popped together, which was a kind of meracle, me being bowlegged. I made out to snatch here last year 'at I had the rucous the door open an' run. Hit was four hours tell the Blue Ridge accomodation pulled out, bet I found a little closet down thar at the depot an' I

set in hit tell time to go home." There was a moment's silence, during which the passengers wiped the tears from his eyes and made a termined effort to control his laugh-

"But what became of the spot, Uncle Jimmie?" he asked. "That was the quarest part of the whole performance. Mebbe a week arfter I come home I looked in the

"I sent the conjurer a quarter, fer

yonder waitin' ter bark us by. hain't failed durin' the five years Jabe's had him ter threaten every The fruit of that terrible vigil was was kowed. The pore fellow was so man, woman an' child that passes hasty line to the priest: "I" was mortified he backslid an' finally died along this road, an' no more fight in him than thar is in a nanny-goat."-Mrs L. H. Harris in The Independent.

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