

THE HAMILTON TIMES FRIDAY, JULY 23, 1909.

THE TRAP IS BAITED.

It does not require any great powers of divination to discover the game which the Hydro-Electric conspirators are trying to play upon the city of Hamilton, or to explain why certain officials of the power commission and the aldermen who are under the influence in their attempt to betray ratepayers, to their great loss, are so eager to get the city committed to a contract with the commission for even 1,000 horse-power of current.

The willingness of the power gang to give Hamilton "special terms" (how well it sounds!) might well awaken suspicion. The assurance given to objecting members of the municipalities of the power union convinces them that Hamilton is not getting any snip. It is equivalent to the hint to let this city go on thinking that the commission is treating her with special favor; then enjoy the laugh at her expense when she wakes up to the trap into which she has fallen.

The Hydro crowd does not for a moment contend that the 1,000 horse-power to be taken from the commission will furnish us with "competition"; it will of necessity be at least 10 per cent. dearer than the local power. But they profess to think that we should contribute the few thousands of dollars a year, which we will throw away by taking it, as our share in building up Toronto and other rival municipalities at the expense of Hamilton, and hurting the local electric industry. It may not be a very laudable policy, but like some faults of which we have heard they plead that it is "such a very little one."

But there is a joker up the power gambler's sleeve. If Hamilton can be lured into taking 1,000 horse-power, her loss by the folly will not long be limited to the few thousands of dollars a year incurred by taking only that amount of current.

Here is the scheme in brief: Betray Hamilton into taking 1,000 horse-power, and then require her at the end of five years to cancel her more favorable contract and take all the power she may need for thirty years from the Hydro Commission at the higher price.

Watch the game. It is being played for high stakes. Whether somebody is in it for more than his health is the question that naturally strikes the man who studies it. If it can be won by the Hydro schemers Hamilton ratepayers may be stuck for a sum that may run into millions by the end of the term.

What the aldermen must make sure of is that if this city take 1,000, or 10, horse-power from the Hydro Commission, the freedom of the city to buy whatever further power she requires, not only for five years, but at any time in the future, shall be absolute and unimpaired. We must have the right to buy power where we can get it cheapest. Even if we must pay an exorbitant price for the 1,000 horse-power as a bonus or gift to the scheme and the rival municipalities we must insist in freedom as to the rest of our supply.

Do not let the men who are working for other than Hamilton's interests and Hamilton's prosperity trick us in this way into putting ourselves on our wrists. Beware Adam Beck's illusory "concessions"! Remember the fable of "The Fox and the Goat."

RAILWAYS AND LABOR.

The importance of the railway interests to the workingmen is brought home to us by the significant fact that 71 per cent. of the total of the earnings of all the roads in the United States goes to pay wages. The roads employed in 1907 in the neighborhood of 1,675,000 men, whose earnings amounted to \$2,585,913,000 or more than \$7,000,000 for every day of the year. It is difficult to grasp the significance of such stupendous figures. The number of employees on the pay rolls was only 60,000 less than the combined standing armies of Great Britain, Germany, the United States, France and Japan. The gross earnings were nearly three times the amount of the total revenue of the United States; twenty-nine times the gold production of the country, and six times the gold production of the entire world.

A consideration of these figures may help to lead to an appreciation of the vast interests with which the hare-brained public ownership and operation cranks wish to juggle. They also go to indicate the wisdom of the movement, now so general, of adopting just and carefully thought out measures for the regulation and control of these vast utilities to prevent abuses. The man who studies them will, if he be clear-minded, probably reach the conclusion that the State will have enough to do in discharging its own proper duties and seeing justice done, leaving the business of the community to the people of the community in their private capacity.

DEARER BREAD?

Mr. J. J. Hill, whose opinions upon economic subjects apart from those directly affecting railways always attract more or less attention, although his forecasts are not always accurate, is quoted as saying that the time of low prices for grain has passed. If this oracular utterance be interpreted to mean that the price of food derived from grain is to be permanently higher than it has been in the past, there will be many who will decline to accept Mr. Hill's conclusion as well reasoned. Mr. Hill has doubtless arrived at the natural conclusion that so far as the United States are concerned, the production of

grain has not kept pace with the increase of population in recent years and that there is a diminishing surplus for export. But Mr. Hill may have omitted a very important factor in the consideration of that improved methods of cultivation. He has also left out of account the very important fact that the United States do not command the grain price situation. Canada is becoming more and more of a factor, and its production is likely to vastly increase for many years to come. The South American wheat industry is only in its infancy, and cheap labor and vast fertile areas make wonderful development possible. Australia, New Zealand, Russia, Asia and Africa hold out great possibilities of food production. It is too early to become apprehensive of food scarcity, unless it be such local famines as modern commercial transport should be able to deal with. The problem which Malthus discussed is not yet an immediately pressing one, and in spite of prophecies of the Hill type, householders will not yet begin to worry over a scarcity of cereal food stuffs.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Laziness is said by some United States army physicians to be due to a bug or hookworm. Some men appear to have been born infected.

Montreal claims a population of 389,837. Now if some Toronto directory estimator cannot beat that Toronto the Boastful must be dopey.

The knife appears to be in evidence again in too many rows. The man who carries or uses a lethal weapon requires to be dealt with sternly.

Short-term prisoners at Winnipeg have been released on condition that they accept employment with the farmers who are clamoring for help.

"Drinking more beer, also more tobacco," announces the Toronto World. That sufficiently accounts for the editorial vagaries of our contemporary.

License Inspector Sturdy avers that he thinks the law is enforced in Hamilton. And knowing ones whose chronic drouth is never long unmoistened wink the other eye and smile.

Perhaps Ald. Hopkins would like to have a try at the engineer's job. At least the alderman's actions in the mountain water supply matter is a declaration of want of confidence in the engineer's judgment.

A Chicago doctor is suing a girl who jilted him \$500 for "merchandise," including a diamond ring, which she obtained from him during his period of obsession. He proposes to discourage this method of "merchandizing."

Fifteen Canadians are eligible to shoot in the second stage of the King's Prize at Bisley, and all the principal team matches have been won by the Canadians. The boys are maintaining Canada's good name.

M. Briand has been asked to form a Cabinet for France. He was the Minister of Justice and Worship in the old Cabinet, and it is expected that he will have the bitter hostility not only of the Clericals, but of the moneyed classes of the country, should he succeed in forming a Cabinet.

Congratulations to Color-Sergt. Freeborn and Sergt. Mitchell, of Hamilton, who won the Canada Club's gold watch and the Strathcona cup, respectively, at Bisley, yesterday. At the presentation by Lord Strathcona of the prizes, Hon. Messrs. Fielding, Brodeur, Sir F. Borden, and Col. Sherwood were present to congratulate them upon their victory.

A Georgiana Township farmer is charged with horsewhipping his wife, and he proposes to plead justification. Better still, he is to produce to the judge a document signed by the wife admitting that she deserved the chastisement. What can a judge do in such a case but decide that such a marriage is no failure?

The struggle over the United States tariff is still in progress. Indications now are that the duty on lumber will be made \$1.25 a thousand; that the scheme for reciprocity in coal will be dropped, and that print paper will be subject to \$3 a ton duty. The tariff clamorers have abandoned all pretence at serving the people's interests, and openly fight for advantages for the tax-eaters.

Some Tory organs are attempting to make much of the statement that the Ross rifles used at Bisley are not the weapons served out to the militia. That is a mere quibble. They are as truly the militia Ross rifles as are the Lee-Enfield and other rifles used at the competition. As a matter of fact, perhaps not a single gun used in the match are publicly owned service rifles. Nearly all the guns, of whatever make, used in the match are privately owned and probably picked weapons. That has always been the rule.

THE QUEEN'S CROWN.

Harold A. Richardson, who is from London, Ontario, bids fair to win fame and wealth by his discovery of the production of armor plate of a specially resisting quality. A six-inch plate of the metal resisted the impact of a 9.2 armor-piercing shell, the missile making no impression upon the plate, although the shell itself was shattered into minute pieces. Mr. Richardson is a son of Venerable Archbishop Richardson, of London, and sails for Canada to-morrow to pay him a visit.

Speaking of pellagra, the disease which has been so much discussed since the discovery of several cases in the United

States, Dr. Lavender, a surgeon of the United States Marine Corps, says it is very common among the peasants of Italy, where it is referred to as "the poor man's gout." It is usually caused by insufficient nourishment. It is not contagious and if the patient is given plenty of good, wholesome food he soon recovers. There are eight cases in Dunning Hospital for the Insane in Chicago. Professor Colvert says it is not usually dangerous, although it sometimes affects the brain.

In view of certain happenings near home it might be as well to draw attention to the fact that these are bad times for arrogant and autocratic rulers. The Sultan of Turkey, the Shah of Persia, Emperor William of Germany and Clemenceau, of France—all these have found that there is a limit beyond which even the autocrat may not pass with safety.—Hamilton Spectator.

But like Abdul Hamid, the Shah of Persia and their ilk, who puff themselves up with their own importance, Whitney entertains the notion that he is Sir Oracle, and when he opens his mouth no common dog of a citizen dare criticize. And this notion is fostered in him by the course of a lot of pliant newspaper party tools who appear to think that their only duty in life is to applaud political brigandage and praise the braggart as a statesman.

Our Exchanges

A NEW SPECIES. (New York Sun.) Housewife—Why don't you go to work. Tramp—I'm an honest man, mum, an' I can't find any business that isn't full of graft.

DISCRIMINATING. (Washington Star.) "Do you believe in the literal idea of future punishment?" "Not for myself," answered Mr. Serious Barker. "But I favor it for a lot of people I know."

WELL FIXED. (Detroit Free Press.) "Those new neighbors of ours must be well fixed." "What makes you think so?" "They gave a party yesterday, and they didn't have to borrow a thing from us."

THE NATIVES. (Dundas Banner.) Just another word about our Burlesque Circus. One of the chief attractions will be an opportunity of viewing real living natives of Borneo and Hamilton, exhibiting their heathen customs and wearing their peculiar native costumes.

AN OLD GAME. (Illustrated Bits.) Prehistoric Belle—Is this the place where a girl fell into the water last week and a man jumped in and saved her, and then took her to his cave and married her? Prehistoric Man (nervously)—I believe it is, but I can't swim a stroke.

BOTH HAVE DUTIES. (Mr. McAdoo, New York.) "We believe in the public be pleased policy as opposed to the 'public be damned' policy. We believe that that railroad is best that serves the public best; that decent treatment of the public; the recognition by the corporation of the just rights of the people results in recognition by the people of the just rights of the corporation. The latter is as essential as the former and they are not incompatible."

CHICAGO MOTES. (Chicago Tribune.) A Chicago jury has decided that it is not indecent for a woman to appear in public on the stage lightly clad in bronze paint and two girdles. Her costume is not quite so airy as that of the Georgia colonel, which was made up of a shirt collar and a pair of spurs. She wears two girdles, while Venus had only one. Nevertheless, the verdict does not indicate that the jurors were possessed of the "sound judgment" which, according to the law, should be one of their qualifications.

THE PEACOCK THRONE. (N. Y. Sun.) The youth whom the Nationalist party of Persia has raised by force of arms to the Peacock throne may not mind the disillusionment, but it is said upon good authority that the famous chair is not all that stories of Oriental splendor ascribe to it. Revolutions in Mohammedan countries have let in the light upon many cherished traditions, and at the seat of the Great Mogul has not escaped. An iconoclastic French visitor to Persia declares that the throne never came from Delhi, but was made by a humble carpenter of Ispahan, and that most of the precious stones originally set in it have been replaced by others of small value and that the Great Mogul never sat in it at all. However true all this may be, the seat has proved unstable for Ahmed Mirza's immediate predecessors and may be not less fateful for him.

TOO HEAVY A BURDEN. (Vancouver Province.) A Detroit clergyman, the Rev. Reed Stuart, has just resigned, after a pastorate of 23 years, because, as he explained, he does not feel "equal to the work of the institutional church." Will-

out any bitterness, but in the mist of church as the one which "believes in free souls, in boys' clubs, and basketball, and in cadets carrying guns in the name of Christ." Those things, he admits, may be necessary in the modern church, but he intends from now on to leave the management of them to others. His early ideal had been that of a preacher, a spiritual leader; but he had found more and more of his time and strength taken up with the infinite variety of organizations within the church. We fancy that many a weary minister would find all this making a response in his own heart. The institutional church does, no doubt, a world of good; but some of its activities are confessedly only a sort of pious bribe to induce people to occupy pews which otherwise would be empty, and it certainly tends to belittle the prophetic function of the clergyman.

GOLDBRICKING US. (Guelph Herald.) After hearing the tidings that Hamilton will be treated fairly, but not with any degree of partiality, the Gateset power press will take fresh breath in order to show that the Ambitious City is being gold-bricked.

THE WALKING HABIT. (Toronto Star.) There is one excellent form of recreation which finds favor in the old country, but is practically neglected by Canadians. The Englishman finds pleasure in long walks, finds health in them, gets his appetite, knows what it is to sleep like a top afterwards. Incidentally he gets to know his own habitat, and to appreciate the beauty that lies within walking distance of almost everybody. Canadians have a surfeit of scenery to be had at the price of a little healthy recreation, but mostly content themselves with seeing in from car windows.

WHAT THEY TELL THE REPORTER. (Washington Star.) "I've got a scoop for you—our club's going to give a picnic." "You want to go easy on that; I'm a friend of your boss." "Who writes the items for you after you bring them in?" "If I was you I'd be going to some show every night." "I don't see how you can make up so many lies." "Be sure and send back this photo; it's the only one of me I have."

"Put in your paper that I've gone to New York; I ain't going, but I want a certificate to show my friends." "Say, get me a pass to the ball game, will you?" "I'm going to Europe this summer. Would your paper pay expenses if I was to send letters every now and then telling about my trip?" "I wish you'd put a knock in your paper about a fellow I know."

"Don't you have to vote the way your editor does?" "If you print anything about this I'll quit taking your sheet."

WHITNEY WEAK AND ABUSIVE. (Hamilton Spectator.) Anyone at all acquainted with his manner of address will be able to bring to their mind's eye a vivid picture of the mingled scorn and sarcasm that no doubt colored his vocal effort in that final sentence. Good politics, perhaps, but statesmanship—hardly.

Earlier in his address, Sir James assured his audience that there was nothing at all to prevent anyone from testing the constitutionality of the power legislation before the highest court in the land. Perhaps not, provided the applicants for the test are willing to allow themselves to be made the objects of the Premier's fine scorn and ridicule before a political picnic crowd, their motives being impugned and the spirit of the people turned against them.

It is unfortunate for the Premier and for the cause which he champions that he should thus have weakened both himself and his cause. The man who is assured that he is right does not have to descend to the level of abuse in dealing with his opponent; for him to do so is likely to bring more injury to himself and cause than to those whom he attacks.

Fits and starts—the stylish going-away gown.

PRONOUNCED HIS CASE INCURABLE

Whole Body Raw with Eczema—Life was Intolerable—Was Even Incased in Plaster—Discharged from Hospitals as Hopeless.

SUFFERED 14 YEARS CURED BY CUTICURA

"From the age of three months until fifteen years old, my son Owen's life was made intolerable; eczema in its worst form began to spread over his head and shoulders, and it caused him great discomfort. We tried him a dozen other treatments, all with the same result: no improvement at all. The disease gradually spread until nearly every part of his body was quite raw. We had to strap him down in bed, for he used to tear himself dreadfully in his sleep. The agony he went through is quite beyond words. No one thought we would rear him. The regimental doctor, a very clever man, pronounced the case hopeless; at least, he said the only hope was that he might, if he lived long enough, outgrow it to some extent. We hid him in hospitals four times and he was pronounced one of the worst cases, if not the worst, ever admitted. From each he was discharged as incurable. In fact, he got worse under the successive treatments. At one hospital they incised him in places, and this seemed to aggravate the soreness terribly. He looked so badly that no one liked to go near him and his life was a burden to him. We kept trying remedies after remedy, but we had got almost past hoping for a cure. Six months ago we purchased a set of Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent Pills, and began to use them. The result was truly marvelous and to-day he is perfectly cured, his skin being as soft and healthy as ever. Mrs. Lily Hedge, 81 Vaughan Road, Coldharbour Lane, Camblewell Green, Eng., Jan. 12, 1907.

Send to nearest depot for free Cuticura Book on Treatment of Skin Diseases. Cuticura Remedies sold throughout the world. Sole U.S. Mfrs., J.C. Felt & Co., Lowell, Mass. U.S. Mfrs., J.C. Felt & Co., Lowell, Mass. U.S. Mfrs., J.C. Felt & Co., Lowell, Mass.

ARLAND'S FAMILY SHOE STORE

The place where honest values are given to-morrow and Monday, we offer exceptional values for men, women and children. Ladies' White Canvas Oxfords, regular \$1.50, for \$1.00. Ladies' Tennis Shoes, white soles, regular \$1.25, for 75c. Children's White Canvas and Chocolates, regular \$1.25, for 75c. Women's Pat. Leather Oxfords and Bals, reg. \$3.50, for \$2.75. Women's Pat. Leather Bals and Oxfords, reg. \$4.50, for \$3.25. Full assortment old ladies' and gents' for \$1.25 to \$3.00. Easy fitting.

6 Market Square

Phone 2456L. Open evenings until 10 p. m.

Saving News From a July Sale

This great July sale has reached the climax of value-giving Saturday. Summer goods at half price and less. The savings are really wonderful and every wise person should shop here Saturday. Here's why it makes it worth your while.

\$8.50 to \$12 Wash Suits Now \$4.98 Half Price for Summer Skirts Inventory brings to light these high class summer skirts that should have been sold long ago, to-morrow they are going out at half price. They are in fine Voiles, fine cloth worsteds and Oxford Orling Tweeds, in checks and tweeds, in champagne, grey mixtures and fawn. Gored and pleated styles with self and silk trimmings, all sizes.

\$12, July sale at \$6.00 \$10, July sale at \$5.00 \$8.00, July sale at \$4.00 \$7.00, July sale at \$3.50

\$2.50-\$3 Wash Dress Skirts at \$1.98 Clearing the balance of our remaining stock of summer Wash Skirts. They are in India Head, Lawns and navy and black polka duck, embroidery and self-trimmed, assorted sizes, formerly to \$3.00, July sale \$1.98 EXTRA—10 dozen Women's Black Italian and Moive Underskirts, light summer weight, generous sizes, \$1.50, sale \$1.25

35c Short Lisle Gloves at 12 1/2 c Sharp at 8.30 a. m. and for the morning hours these Gloves go on sale below half price. They are in Lisle and Taffeta, in cream or white, two dome wrist length, perfect fitting, good wearing assorted sizes. An extraordinary Saturday morning Glove rush, regular value 35c, to-morrow \$12 1/2 c

Save Much on Long Silk Gloves Women's Pure Silk Gloves, in elbow length, two and three button mosquito style, good, heavy, English quality, perfect fitting. Summer colors of grey, navy, tan, brown, champagne, white or black, all sizes.

39c Regular Price 75c 49c Regular Price \$1.00 79c Regular Price \$1.25 89c Regular Price \$1.35

50c and 66c Short Lisle Gloves 39c Women's Pure Silk and Silk Lisle Gloves, in wrist length, two dome single and double tips, navy, grey, tan, brown and black, 50, 60c, on sale Saturday \$39c

It Pays to Buy These Gloves Women's Pure Milanese Silk Gloves, full elbow length, heavy English quality, black and 6 only, 66c, for \$2.50 Old Lines of Lisle Gloves, in elbow lengths, mosquito-taire style, all colors, 50 to 75c, one clearing lot \$25c Women's Pure Silk Short Gloves, jersey wrist, black or white, assorted sizes, value 39c, clearing \$19c

Great July Clearing Sale in the Men's Furnishing Sections

FINCH BROS.

A July Exit of All Remaining Parasols at \$1.49, \$1.98, \$3.98

CORNER STONE TRULY LAID.

Ceremony at Dundas In Connection With Carnegie Building. Dundas, July 23.—Another event in the town's history took place yesterday, beginning at 5 p. m., the laying of the cornerstone of the Carnegie Public Library on the corner of King and Ogilvie streets. There was a large attendance of citizens to witness the ceremony, including a good number of ladies. On a cross beam of the iron structural framework, on which the roof will be supported, was displayed the town's British flag. Hon. Thos. Bann acted as chairman, and with him on an improvised platform just above the space left for the cornerstone, were Col. Grafton, W. O. Sealey, M. P., Rev. J. B. Hamilton, Rev. James Grant, Mayor Lawerson, Reeve Lawson, Deputy Reeve Spittal, Councillor Moss, Principal Moore, F. C. G. Minty, F. D. Suter and others.

Struck by Lightning. About 4 o'clock a fire alarm was sounded from box 27, which was by many at first thought a false alarm, owing to town wires becoming entangled owing to a rather heavy storm just preceding. But the firemen made quickly for the locality of the alarm box, and found the sub-station of the Cataract Power Co., near the canal basin, to be on fire. The building and its distributing appliances are a total loss, and many of the leading manufacturing industries of the town are idle to-day in consequence.

WON PRIZES

Guessing at the Recent Grocers' Picnic. The results of guessing contest at grocers picnic on Wednesday last are as follows: 2,870 people were served with tea, coffee, milk, or lemonade at the refreshment booth this year, and the nearest correct guess, 2,895, was made on ballot No. 83, by Elmer Kelly, 336 Barton street east, Hamilton, who received a beautiful gold watch. The next prize, a boys' rubber tired delivery wagon, goes to C. Brock, 10 Jones street, who guessed within 16 of the correct number, and the third prize is awarded to Miss MacCann, 226 Main street east, whose guess was 2,897, only 17 off the mark, she receives a beautiful silk umbrella. Geo. Bonner, of Burlington, comes in for the next prize, one dozen silver plated dessert knives, on a guess of 2,852; and Miss Nellie Cross, of 32 Woodbine Crescent, the fifth prize, a silver meat fork, on a guess of 2,850. A pair of beautifully framed colored engravings goes to J. Timmond, who wins the sixth prize on his guess of 2,840. The ballots may be seen any time during the next week in the Comfort Soap Premium room window, at 4 York street.

SILVER WEDDING.

On Friday evening last a large number of friends and relatives gathered at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Benj. Palmer, 51 Elgin street, to congratulate them on attaining the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage. Among the large number of guests present were several who were present at their wedding 25 years ago. After a pleasant evening spent at cards, music, dancing, etc., supper was served in a large marquee on the lawn. Many were the kind words spoken of Mr. and Mrs. Palmer by the

SCRAP BOOK POETRY

THE MAN WHO DID THE CHORES. My land the plough is needing, But I've got to do the chores. The soil is lying idle, And my team I can't get a stride, And it's time I did my seedin', But I've got to do the chores. I ought to get to hayin', But I've got to do the chores. And my mow's a-waitin' mendin', Soon the summer will be endin', And my hired help is playin', But I've got to do the chores. The trees with fruit are growin', But I've got to do the chores. And the fruit I should be pickin', But it's not at work, I'm kickin', And the old folks are fannin', But I've got to do the chores. And I should begin my reapin', But I've got to do the chores. The golden grain is ready, And the weather's holdin' steady, 'And it's not that I am sleepin', But I've got to do the chores. My farm is a Dominion, But I've got to do the chores. And the weather's holdin' steady, It needs scientific farmin', That has long been my opinion— But I've got to do the chores. There's political corruption, But I've got to do the chores. I prefer a clean election, And I fear that High Protection Means Imperial disruption— But I've got to do the chores. There are wrongs I should be rightin', But I've got to do the chores. Some cesspools to take the lid off, Some hired help to get me rid of, Graft to kill and stop it's blightin', But I've got to do the chores. And the liquor cursa needs killin', But I've got to do the chores. I might have had a holdin', Had I granted Prohibition, Some one else my office fillin', But I've got to do the chores. In the meantime many suffer, But I've got to do the chores. No, 23—I'll be it, If the people come and see it, What the farmer is a duffer, Who does nothing else but chores. Write my name on history's pages, As 'The man who did the chores', Ever busy, ever working, But a-sittin' in a duffer, Let the fane ring down the ages, Of 'The man who did the chores', JOHN H. ROBERTS.

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