## The God of Battles.

PROM THE WESKLY BOQUET, BOSTON.

egereraise of the world . . these sabres

It happened so unexpectedly, so abgaptly, that she forgot to scream. A moment before she had glanced out of the pantry windows, dusted the flour from her faded pink apron, and she saw the tall oaks motionless in the field, and the sunlight sifting through the corn. In the heated stillness a wasp, creeping up and down the window pane, filled the din house with its buzzing. She remem. bered that; then she remembered hearing the clock ticking in the darkened dining room. It was scarcely a moment; she bent again over her flour pan, wistful, saddened by the summer silence, thinking of her brother. Then again she raised her eyes to the window.

It was so sudden; and she did not aky, these men in blue, these toiling, tramping, crowding creatures? The corn was full of them, the pasture, the road. They were in the garden; they crushed the cucumbers and the sweet peas. Their muddy tro seers tore tendrils from the mulus vines. Their great shoes, plodding accross the potato hills, harrowed the bronzed earth and levelled it to a waste of beaten mould and green stuff. They passed, hundreds, thousands, she could not tell, and at first they neither spoke or turned saide; but she heard a harmony, subtle vast as winds at sea, a nameless murmur that sweeps through brains of marching men, the voiceless prophecy of battle.

Breathless, spellbound, she moved on eyes, then a blue mass awung into it and it melted away, sheered to the earth in glimmering swathes as gilded grain falls at the sickle's sparkle. An the men in blue covered the earth, the world—her Her ears still rang as world, which stretched from the orchard to Benson's Hill, nearly a mile away.

There was something on Benson's Hill only I wish to ask you where my that she had never before seen. It looked brother's—where the 60th Maryland is hke a brook in the sunshine. It was a column of infantry, rifles slanting in the

Somebody had been speaking to her the beech woods for a minute or two, somebody below "Yonder? Wi her on the porch steps, and now she lo ked down and saw a boy, slim, sunburnt, wearing yellow gauntlets and spurs. His dusty uniform glittered with gilt and yellow braid. He touched the visor of his cap and fingered his aword hilt. She looked at him listlessly, her hand still pressed to her lips.

"Is there a well near the house?" he asked. After a moment he repeated the

question. Men with red crosses on their sleeves rolls of dirty canvas. She saw horses, gate. A noldier with a yellow chevron ing a red flag in one hand.

and: "how me the well, please," re burnished by the mid-day sun.

woodshed she started and turned tremb ling to him, but he gravely motioned her on, and she went, passing more swiftly under the trees of the orchard to the vine covered well-curb.

He thanked her. She pointed at the dipper and rope; but already, blue-clad, red faced soldiers were lowering the bucket, and the orchard hummed with the buzz of the wheal.

She went back to the porch, not through the house, but around it. Across the little lawn lay crushed stalks and dying flowers, and the potato patch was a slough of muddy green.

Soldiers passed in the sunshine. She began to remember that her brother, too, was a soldier, somewhere out in the world. He had been a soldier for nearly a year, ever since Tim Bemis had taken him to Willow Corners to

She remembered that she had cried 3nd gone into the pantry to make bread and cry again. She remembered that first night, how she had been afraid to sleep in the house, how, at dusk, she had gone into the parlor to he near her | mother. Her mother was dead, but her picture hung in the parlor.

Soldiers were passing, clutching their rifle butts with dirty hands, turning toward her countless sun dazzied eyes. The glitter on gun barrels, the dancing light on turning bayonets, the shimmer and wearied her. Somebody said-

"We're the boys for the purty girls. Have ye no eyes for us, lass?"
Another said—

"Shut up, Mike, she's not from the Bowery. And, G'wan ye dead rabbit!" retorted the first. A flag passed, and on it she read, "New York," and another flag passed, dipped to her in grim salute, while the folds shook out a laded "Maine."

She began to watch the flage. She saw a regiment plunge into the trampled corn, but she knew it was not her brother's, because the trousers were scarlet, and the caps hung to the shoulders,

lasselled and crimson. Maryland, Maryland, Maryland, 60th Maryland, Maryland, Maryland, obtained and mot know she spoke aloud until some body said, "It's yonder," and a blue

aleeve swept toward the west. "Yonder," she repeated, looking at the ridge, cool in the beechwood's

shadow.
"Is it the Sixty-first Maryland you asked another. want, miss?" asked another.
"Silence," said an officer, wheeling a

sweating horse past the porch. She shrank back, but turned her head the ticking of the clock, stiffing the wasp toward the beech woods. As she looked, on the window, driving her before it twice, again, and yet again; and through the out-rushing smoke, the crash, crash, crash, of riffes echoed and re-echoed across the valley.

Between an around her thousands of men burst into cheers, a deeper harmony grew on the idle breeze, the solame and the idle breeze. spread rainbow wings to the rising breeze. They were breasting the hills everywhere. The din of the rifles, the che-ring, the sudden, swift, human wave sweeping by on every side thrilled her little heart until it beat out the long roll with the rolling drums.

In the orchard the rattle of the bucket and the creak and whirr of the well wheel never ceased. A very young in the open window and circled around officer sat on his horse eating an unripe apple and watching the men around the well. The horse stretched a glossy neck toward the current bushes, mumbling twigs and sun curled leaves. A hen wandered near peering fearlessly at the soldiers.

The girl went into the kitchen, reached for her sun-bonnet dangling on a peg, tied it under her chin, and walked gravely into the orchard. The men about the It was so sudden; and she did not well looked up as she passed. They adscream. Had they dropped from the mired respectfully. So did the very young officer pausing, apple half-eat n. So, perhaps, did the horse turning his large, gentle even a she came up

The officer turned in his saddle and leaned toward her deferentially, antici pating, perhaps, complaint or insult.
In Maryland. "Dixie" was sung as often as "The Red, White and B.ue."

Before she spoke, she saw that it was the same officer who had asked her about the well. He was very young.

"I am sorry," he said; and as he spoke he removed his cap, "I am very sorry that we have trampled your garden. If you are loyal, the Government will indemnify you." The sudden bellow of a cannon some

where among the trees drowned his voice. tiptoe to the porch, one hand pressed Stunned, she saw him, undisturbed, trembling across her lips. The field of gather his bridle with a deprecatory cats shimmered a moment before her gesture. His voice came back to her through the ringing in her cars.

"We do not mean to be careless, but we could not turn aside, and your farm | the tick of the kitchen clock. But she Her ears still rang as she spoke.

scarcely hearing her own voice. It is not that. I am loyal. It is

"The 60 h Maryland 1 Oh, why, it's in King's B.ig de, Walcout's Division Ithinkit's yonder." He pointed toward

"Yonder? Where they are firing? Again the cannon thundered, and the ground shook under her. She saw him nod, smiling faintly. Other mounted officers rode up. Some looked at her euriously, others glauced carelessly. The attitudes of all were respectful. Sae heard them arguing about the water in the well and the length of the road to Willow Corners. They spoke of a turn ing movement-of driving somebody to White-kall Station. The musketry on the hill had ceased; the cannon, too. came across the grass, trailing poles and were silent. Across the trampled corn troops moved listlessly to the tap tan of too dusty and patient, tied to the tront | a drum. On the road that circled Benson's Hill mounted soldiers were riding on his sleeve stood at their heads hold- fast in the dust. Several little fligs bobbed among them. Metal on shoulder Semething tugged gently at her apron, and stirrup flashed through the dust,

peated the boy beside her.

She turned mechanically into the because the musketry began again bouse. He followed, caking the rag because the musketry began again—carnet with his boots' dry mud. In the little spattering shots among the beeches on the ridge and behind the house the drums rolled; and a sulden fluttery of bugle music filled the air. Other officers rode up. some escorted by troopers, who bounced in their saddles and grasped long staffed flags, the butts resting in their stirrups.

She reached up and bent down an apple bough studded with clustered green fruit. Through the leaves she looked at the officers.

The sunshine fell in brilliant epots. dappling flag and cap and the broad backs of horses. There was a jingle of spurs everywhere. The hum of voices and the movement were grateful to her, for her loneliness was not of her own seeking. In the pleasant summer air the distant gunshots grew softer and softer. The twitter of a robin came from

the ash tree by the gate. Out on the road by Benson's Hill the cavalry were still passing. The little flags sped along, rising and falling with the column, and the short clear note of a trumpet echoed the robin's call.

But around the house, the last of the troops had passed. She could see them not yet far away, moving up among the fields toward the ridges where the sun burned on the bronzing scrub oak thickets. The officers, too, were leaving the orchard, spurring on, singly, or in little groups, after the disappearing columns. From the main road came a loud thudand sparkle of belt and button, dazed ding and pounding and clanking -a battery of artillery, the long guns slanted, the drivers swinging their thongs, passed

at a trot. After it rode soldiers in blue and yellow, then wagons passed, ponderous grey wains, covered with canvas, and on either side cluttered more mounted troopers, their drawn sabres glittering

through the heated haze. She stood a moment holding the apple bough, watching the yellow dust hanging motionless in the rear of the disappear-ing colu n. When the last wain had creaked out of sight, and the last trooper had loped after it, she turned and looked at the silent garden, trodden, withered, desolate. She drew a long breath. The apple bough flew back, the little green apples dough new back, the little green apples dancing. A bee buzzed over a trampled geranium. A robin ran through the longer grass and stopped short, head raised. Beyond Benson's Hill a bugle blew faintly. Distant rifle shots sounded along the ridge. Then silence crept through the sunlit meadows, across the levelled corn, across dead stalks and stems-a silence that spread like a shadow, nearer, nearer, over the lawn, through the orchard to the house, and then from corner to corner dulling

On the musty hair cloth sofa in the partor she lay, flung face down, hands pressed to her ears. But silence entered with her, suffing the sob in her throat. A Marie of the Control of the Control

When she raised her head it was dusk. She heard the murmur of wind in the trees, and the chirr of crickets from the field. She sat up, peering fearfully into the darkness, and she heard the clock ticking in the kitchen, and the rustle of vines on the porch. After a moment, she arose, treading softly, and felt along the wall until her hands rested on her mother's picture.

And, no longer afraid, she slipped ilently across the room and through the hall way to the pantry.

It was nearly moon rise before she had cooked supper, and when she sat down alone at the long table the moon, huge, silvery, stared at her through the win-

She sipped her tea, turned the lampwick a trifle lower, and ate, slowly. The little grey, dusk moths came humming her. The porch dripped with dew. There was a scent of night in the air.

When she had sat silent a little while

dreaming over the sins of a blameless life, there came to her a peace, so sudden, so perfect, that she could not understand. How should she know peace? What thought of the past might bring | She knew it was also her land, and she comfort? She just remembered her loved it. He spoke of the flag and what mother, that was all. She loved her it meant. In her home she had no that in holding a tree down to what I picture in the parlor. As for her father, symbol of her country, and she told him he had died as he had lived—a snarling so. He drew a penkuife from his pocket, drunkard. And her brother? A lank, cut a button from the collar of his coat, blue-eyed boy, dissipated, un wholesome, already cursed with his father's sin. What comfort could be be to her? He had gone away to enlist. He was drunk | innocent eyes.

when he did it. finger tips resting on the edge of the table. She thought, too, of the soldiers passing, of the crash of rifles, the drums, the cheering, the sunlight flecking the backs of the horses in the orchard.

Torre was a creak at the gate, a click of a latch, and the fall of a foot on the moonlit porch. She half rose; she was not frightened. How she knew who it up timidly, peacefully, understanding who was coming, knowing who would knock, who would enter, who would speak. And yet she had never seen him but once in her life.

All this she knew, this child made wise in the space of time marked out by did not know that the memory of his smile had given her the peace she could not understand. She did not know this until he entered, dusty, slim, sunburnt, his yellow gauntlets tolded in his belt, his cap and sabre in his hand. Then she knew it. When she understood this, al. stood up, pale, uncertain. He bowed sitently, then stepped forward, tumbling with his sabre hilt. She motioned toward

He said he had a message for the master of the house, and glanced about vaguely, noting the single place at table and the single plate. She said he might give the message to her.

"It is only that-if I do not incomvenience you too much," he smiled faintly—"if you would allow me-well the truth is, I am billeted here for the nisit" Sar did not know what that meant and

"The master of the house is absent,"

she said, thinking of her brother.
'Will he return to-night?" he asked. She shook her head. She was thinking that she did not want him to go away. Suddenly the thought of being alone laid hold of her with fresh hor-

"You may stay," she said faintly. He bowed again. She asked him if he cared for supper, with a gesture toward the table, and when he thanked her, she took courage, and told him where to hang his cap and sabre.

There was a small room between the parlor and the dining room. She offered it to him, and he accepted gratefully. While she was in the kitchen tousting more bread, she heard him go to the front door and call. There came a clatter of hoofs, a quick word or two, and as she re-entered the dining-rom he met her smiling. "My orderly," he explained; "he may sleep in the stable, may he

not? "My own bedroom is all I have here," she said. "Not-not the one you gave me?" he

stammered.

She nodded:
"You may have it. I often sleep in
the parlor. I did when my brother was home."

"If I had had any idea-" he burst out. She stopped him with a gesture; but he insisted, and at last he had his own way, "If I may sleep in the parlor I will stay," he said; and she nodded, half smiling, and seated herself at the

table. He ate a great deal. She wondered a little, but smiled again at his excuses, and insisted that he must have more ten. She watched him. The lamplight fell softly on his hovish head, on his faint, crisp moust che and bonzed hands He ate much breau and butter and many eggs. He spoke about his orderly and the horses, and presently asked for a lan tern. She brought him one, lighted. and rested her white face in her hands and and have it of prime quality and size. looked at his empty chair. She thought of her brother. She thought of the vil-lage people who had leered askance when she was obliged to go to the store at Willow Corners. The mention of her father's name, of her brother's name, in the vil-lage, aroused sneers or laughter. As long as she could remember, the one great longing of her life had been to be respected. She had seen her father fall at night in the village street, drunk as a hog. She had seen her brother reel across the fields at noonday. She knew that all the world knew—her world—that she was merely one of a drunkard's family. She never spoke to a neighbor, nor did she answer when spoken to. She carried her curse and her longing, suporchard at mid day a man—a young boy -a soldier, had spoken to her, and looked at her in a way she had never

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known. All at once she realized, dreaming in the lamplight, that she was a woman to him, like other women—a woman to be spoken to with gentle deference—a woman to be approached with courtesy. She had read it in his eyes. She had heard it in his voice. It was this that brought to her a peace as gracious, as sweet as the eyes that had met her own in the orchard.

He was coming back from the stable now. She heard his spurs click across the grass by the orchard. And now he had entered, now he was there, sitting opposite, smiling vaguely across the table. A rush of tears blinded her, and she looked out into the night where the white moon stared and stared.

She found herself in the parlor, after a while, silent, listening to his voice. And all ab ut her was peace, born of the peace within her breast.

He told her of the war. She had never cared before, but now she cared. He spoke of long marches, of hunger and of thirst, with a boyish laugh. And she laughed too, not knowing how else to show her pity. He spoke of the land, and now, for the first time, she loved it.

and handed it to her. On the button was an eagle and stars, and she pinned it over her heart, looking at him with She told him of her mother. She could

She thought of all these things, her not tell much, but she told him all she remembered. Then, involuntarily, she told him more about her lite, her hopes long dead, her brother bearing his father's name and curse. She had not meant who it was that he treated with gentle | from their neighbors. ness and deference. She knew that it would not change anything in himanalyze it, but she felt the necessity of epeaking.

There is a time for all things, except confession. But to the lonely soul long stiff d. time is chosen for confession. when God sends the opportunity.

Sue spoke of honor, as she understood it. She spoke of dishonor, as she had known it.

When she was silent he began to peak, and she listened breathlessly. Ah! but she was right. The God of Bittles had sent to her a messenger of peace. Out of the smoke and dame be had come to find her, and pity her. Through him, she knew she was worthy of honor. Through him, she learned her womanhood, From his lips she heard the truths of youth, which are truer than the truths of age.

He cat there in the lamp light, his gilt straps gleaming, his glittering spurringing true with every movement, his bronzed young face bent to hers. She knew he knew everything that man could know; she drank in what he said, humbly. When he ceased speaking, she still looked into his eyes, fascinated. Their brilliancy dazzled her. The lamp spun a halo behind his head. Wonder ing at his knowledge, she wondered what those things might be that he knew and had not told. He was smiling now. She felt the power and mystery of his eyes. It is true he had not told her all he knew, although what a boy of eighteen knows is soon told. He had not told her that her brother lay buried in a trench in the beach groev on the ridge, shot by court-martial for desertion in the face of the enemy. Yet that was the very thing is always necessary.

About midnight, when they had been whispering long together, he told her that her brother was dead. He told her that death with honor wiped out every stain, and she cried a little, and blessed God-the God of Bittles, who had puri tied her brother in the flames of war.

And that night, when he lay asleep on the musty hair cloth sofa, she crept in white, silent, and kissed his hair.

He never knew it. In the morning he rode away. ROBERT W. CHAMBERS.

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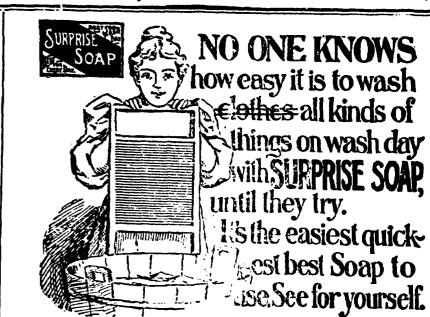
PRACTICAL NOTES

ON FRUIT GROWING.

By Mr. ALEX. McD. ALLAN, in the Canadian Horticultural Magazine.

THINNING FRUIT.—Taking for granted that all preliminary requisites have been attended to for the purpose of producing a perfect growth of tree, and abundant crop of choice trait, I know of nothing so necessary, and that will yield the grower such large returns, as attention also a tray of food for the orderly. When to proper thinning out at the proper he had gone away with his lantern, she time. We all desire to perfect the crop, How shall we arrive at this?

Certainly by past experience, not by allowing our trees to over bear in any year. We know the result of this is dirastrous alike to tree, size of fruit, and quality of crop, as well as future pros-pects. Growers will find that trees can be trimmed into regular bearing habits, especially if attended to from first bloom. ing by judiciously thinning out, not only specimens that appear imperfect in form or size, but also removing many others, which good judgment tells us would cause too great a strain upon the vitality and feeding power of the parent. It is com partively easy to thin out from an over crop upon a small tree, and if this is followed for three or four years, even posing she was a thing spart. In the those varieties that naturally over bear will submit to such training, and come into bloom yearly. It is much more profitable to have an average crop yearly than a large crop one year, and little or none the following. An imperfect fruit contains generally as many and as large seeds as a fine specimen, hence they call upon the tree and soil for substance, equal, or nearly, to that of a periect fruit. Doubtless the apple requires more attention in this respect than any other fruit, but it will pay in all kinds.



will be larger and color and flavor better, with a medium crop, than in the case of an over crop. But I think the largest value to the grower comes in the fact may call a reasonable crop, he may look for this class of crop every year; and from experiments my conviction is that this desirable end can be reached with a little care and attention at the proper season.

Of course untimely frosts and blights will vary the success and where the crop is thus cut off extra care must be used the following season in case the tree may attempt to over bear.

Tainning out fruit is a matter of judgment, and I take for granted that every to do this at first, and as she spoke she worthy grower is possessed of this. Those had a dim idea that he ought to know | who lack in this quality will soon learn

Our pears are formed naw, and weak settings have dropped, but the crou is was, God alone knows; but she looked that he would be the same. Perhaps it still too large, and we are nipping out was a vague hope that he might advise according to size and age of tree, and so her, perhaps be sorry. She could not far as we can judge of its capabilities. In another ten days apples will demand our attention. In only a few instances do plum and peach trees need attention in this respect, as last year's crop was large, and settings this year are not exc.ssive; but enough to ensure grand results in size, form, color and flavor.

I am satisfied that i growers combine

the scientific with the practical, we will advance the truit growing interests of our grand country, and go into the world's markets without tear of competitors. But we must act as honestly by our own home markets as in our exports, and thus increase consumption; for a good arcicle is always in demand, while an inferior soon gluts any market.

SPRAYING PAYS - Yes, it pays well. To-day, I find by jerring that I can socreely find a curculio upon any tree that has been sprayed, whereas, upon one tree that I purposely left I find them in large numbers. This tree, too, will be treated to an application of the good Bordeaux in the morning, Besides 1 find my trees benefitted by the application of this excellent mixture; they are clean and free from fungus, the foliage strong and glossy, and buds stronger in the fall. I believe this application is in the best interest of growers, even where there is no fruit upon the tree now, as it prepares the buds for future development by warding off disease.

BUT FEED THE LAND .- Don't forget this above all things as our other efforts will avail but little if we neglect this. Regular, systematic manuring, and opening the soil to allow the sun and air to enter,

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