

TO MY U. S. BORN HELPER.

Lizzie Pershing Anderson in Christian Work.

O Friends whom I have never seen,
Who yet have helped me on my way,
Who've made earth look more fresh and green,
And added sunshine to my day!

O Hens, through whose noble doeds
My own weak soul has stronger grown!
O Poets, in whose lines I read
A message sweet, and all my own!

Clear Thinker, who to me revealed
Some truth or beauty rare and fine,
To which my eyes had still been sealed,
Hast thou not made thy treasure mine?

Great Painter, who for me did place
Upon the glowing canvas there
That sweet, that rarely beautiful face,
That woe me for a while from care!

Magnificat Sculptor, whose fine art
An angel drew from block of stone,
Whose beauty fills my grateful heart,
With joy it hath but rarely known!

O Saint, whose pure and holy life
Makes me wish mine more holy too,
To wage with wrong unceasing strife—
How can I pay my debt to you?

O Friends, whom I have never seen,
Who yet are helping me each day,
The good you've done to me, I swear,
I never can to you repay.

But I can pass the cup along,
The cup of blessing fresh and sweet,
Some month can put a song
Can smooth some path for weary feet.

And thus I shall make payment meet
To those who've done so much for me,
I'll try to make the lives more sweet
Of some whom they will never see.

LADY MACDONALD

Tells the Story of Sir John
Macdonald's Career.

HIS PRIVATE SAYINGS

About Politics and His Early
Life.

CONSTANT ENDEAVOR

Was to Strengthen the Connection
With the Mother Country and
Consolidate the Empire.

Just seventy-six years ago a family from Glasgow landed in Quebec, Canada, and made their way through a new, thinly-settled country, over rough and difficult roads, in a comfortable, crowded, jolting stage-wagon, to Kingston, on Lake Ontario. It was a weary journey, as the eldest daughter told me fifty years afterwards, of many, many weary days; housed rudely wherever shelter was at hand when night fell, they travelled on, weighted with the heavy heart of exiles and the anxious foreboding born of past failure and disappointment.

For Hugh Macdonald, of Dornock, Scotland, his merchant father's assistant in early years and a cotton manufacturer in Glasgow later, had not been successful; and with his wife, sister-in-law and four young children, emigrated with the hope that he should find in the New World the prosperity he had vainly sought in the old. This hope was never realized. He died, as he had lived, a poor man, twenty years later, after several attempts at fortune-making; as a miller at one time, at another as country "storekeeper" in a village on the beautiful shores of the lake beyond Kingston, a very small place at that time, the population hardly numbering four thousand.

Of the four children Hugh Macdonald brought to the little wooden house in Kingston where the eldest son, John Alexander, then a child of five, was the eldest son, and amid the surroundings I have indicated the future Premier of Canada, nation builder as he was to be, spent the years of childhood and early youth. At ten years old he was sent to a grammar school; at fifteen he went into a lawyer's office. His father's health was failing—the boy had to be made useful; and, almost child as he was, an only son (for his younger brother had died from the effects of an accident some years before this time), he felt closing round him that network of family cares, claims and responsibilities from which, until the last beloved sister died about nine years ago, Sir John Macdonald was never free.

CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

"Tell me something about your childhood and youth," I asked him one day. "I had not much of either," he answered. "We were poor, my father very ailing, my mother anxious, the country rough, the work hard." This much only he told me, for he was ever a man of few words; only by inference can I judge further of the struggles in those first years. Those who remember Sir John later as a thorough man of the world, stored with knowledge of many kinds, brilliant in conversation, charming in manner, taking his place easily and naturally among the first and greatest of the Empire, must marvel, as I often did, at the mental power and marvellous adaptability which led to such results after so humble a beginning.

Practically bred winning for the family fell to the hard-worked lad. He studied law, sat in an office, and ran home early to help in the little home. There were breaks sometimes of course in the daily routine when young neighbors met together and amused themselves; but for the most part it was a stern life, full of care and business, both further weighted with scanty means and sad want of opportunities. The boy's promise was only slowly realized. Sent to help in a country law firm when about twenty years old, he did well together and made new friends, life gradually brightened and enlarged as experience and income increased. He grew prominent and popular as years went on, and after being called to the bar, opened a law office in Kingston, started on his own account, rose steadily in his profession, made money, and interested himself in politics. Sir John's first visit

to England was in 1842, a year after his father's death; and soon after his return to Canada he was elected to sit for Kingston in the Legislative Assembly of the two provinces of which at that time the now far-stretching Dominion of Canada was alone composed.

HIS GUIDING STAR.

For nearly fifty consecutive years he sat in that Parliament, entering the small legislative chamber in Montreal a hearty young man of twenty-six, full of hope, courage and intention, creeping from the more splendid House of Commons at Ottawa in his seventy-sixth year, suffering and broken, on the warm May evening in 1891 when he came home to die. In the third paragraph of his first electoral address Sir John nailed his colors to the mast. "I therefore need scarcely state my firm belief, that the prospective of the future of this country, and the connection with the Mother Country, and that I shall resist to the utmost any attempt (from whatever quarter it may come) which may tend to weaken that union."

Through all the fever, the struggles, the battles, hopes and fears, disappointments and successes, joys and sorrows, anxieties and rewards of those long, busy years, this fixed idea of a united empire was his guiding star and inspiration. "I who can speak with something like authority on this point, declare that I do not think any man's opinion could be more fully justified, of an overwhelmingly strong principle than was this man's mind of this principle."

It was the "Empire," and "England's precedent," always, in things great and small—from the pattern of a ceremony, or the spelling of a word, to the shaping of laws and the modeling of a constitution. With a courage at once fierce and gentle, generally in the face of tremendous opposition, often against dangerous odds, he carried measure after measure in the Canadian Parliament, each measure a stone in the edifice of empire which he so passionately believed in and was so proud to help build and rear. As his first political utterance was the corner stone, so the completion of the Canadian Pacific Railway might be considered the top stone of a lifetime's steady work. For ten years he fought that railway battle with the skill, perseverance, and ability of which no history can tell—of course, in every way and at all times aided, strengthened and encouraged by the colleagues and friends he cherished, and the supporters in whose intelligence and fidelity Sir John had so firm a trust. No one disliked more than he did the withholding of credit where credit was due, and against nothing did he strive more earnestly than that selfish assumption of one-man power which he might not unreasonably have been supposed to claim.

BEFORE CONFEDERATION.

Sir John undoubtedly considered that the most important as well as the most arduous section of his life's work lay between his election in 1844 and the year 1867. "After Confederation," he said to me, "it was comparatively plain sailing." Neither boaster nor egotist, he did not add what history tells—truth—that long before this date his patriotic and lofty instincts, clear judgment, foresight and industry, all made doubly useful by his peculiar tact and skill, had so impressed itself upon his fellow-countrymen that of the dominant party in Canada he was then (as he continued while life lasted) the acknowledged hope and heart. The story of those earlier years and their vexed questions is very ancient history, not only of the new Dominion, but of the old world, of the heart-burnings born of race and religious differences, which, fostered by demagogues and made dangerous by the predominance of French Catholics in the Legislature, had distracted the union from the first, took shape and force. In words then spoken with more vigor than grace, "they had come to a head." One party declared in convention that the union had failed in its object and must be repealed, suggesting several alternatives; another insisted on things being done alone; a third clamored for changes of one sort, a fourth for changes of another; party spirit ran high, bitterness often grew into abuse, and in Parliament, public interests seemed almost neglected in the struggle for place and office. Power was passing from the old "first families," who hitherto all their own way, British America, as then existing, consisted of two provinces united only in name, torn with race and religious differences, four or five outlying provinces and an almost unknown wilderness of prairie and mountain, which from stretched away to the western ocean. There was little or no communication even between the older ones, and that little via the United States.

In those days, and long after, even a journey from Toronto to New Brunswick in height of summer was a serious consideration. One travelled by steamer, touching at Lake and river ports (or inland by slow, old-fashioned stage-coaches), to Montreal, and thence by American boat to St. John, across the Bay of Fundy, where the marvel of an occasional mirage relieved the tedious monotony, or lightened acute sufferings from its oft-troubled waters. In the days of that time immense tracts of unopened country were crossed at long intervals by almost impassable roadways. Hundreds of miles of forest encircling wide and lonely lakes, stretched away northward to the unknown. Of that vast territory now crossed from end to end by the Canadian Pacific Railway, practically nothing was known, except that an English company had fringed in the far-away north and made lots of money. Half a continent lay in the hands of a small and scattered people, cut off from their sources of guidance and inspiration by two or three thousand miles of ocean, which they had no steamers to cross, and to which they had access only by foreign lines. On every page of Canada's history, in the years between 1844, when first elected, and 1867, when the Confederation brought him more prominently before the world, Sir John's name is indelibly written. During those years of great difficulty and struggle as I have shown, while others were seeking and getting wealth, he, in and out of office, devoted himself absolutely and entirely to the one object of Canada's improvement, development and consolidation; one leading thought ever present to his mind, that in working for the country he loved so passionately he was enlarging the Empire and serving his Queen.

In 1849, rising superior to the wild and almost justifiable indignation which followed Lord Elgin's assent to the rebellion losses Bill, he refused to join the political friends in signing

THE ANNEXATION MANIFESTO.

Some of whom told me years afterwards that Sir John's course at the time was of the greatest possible public utility. In his valuable "Memoirs of Sir John Macdonald," Mr. Pope gives Sir John's own sketch of the situation, which sketch outlines distinctly the policy of his lifetime:—"I advocated the formation of the British America League as a more sensible procedure. From all parts of the Empire, and from the British

of Lower Canada, and from the British inhabitants of Montreal, representatives were chosen. They met at Kingston for the purpose of considering the great danger to which the Constitution of Canada was exposed. A safety valve was found. Our first resolution was that we were resolved to maintain inviolate the connection with the Mother Country. The second was that the true solution of the difficulty lay in the federation of all the provinces. The third resolution was that we should attempt to form such a confederation of the provinces rather than a more elaborate oratorical efforts in the American chambers. On the Washington Treaty, the terms of union with British Columbia, and with such extraordinary effort to the imperial instincts of his hearers that the Government was sustained by a very large majority.

On the seat of Government question, the true solution of the difficulty lay in the federation of all the provinces. The third resolution was that we should attempt to form such a confederation of the provinces rather than a more elaborate oratorical efforts in the American chambers. On the Washington Treaty, the terms of union with British Columbia, and with such extraordinary effort to the imperial instincts of his hearers that the Government was sustained by a very large majority.



MISS JULIA ARTHUR, THE WELL-KNOWN CANADIAN ACTRESS.

of this question that I saw Sir John for the second time, and first heard him speak in the Legislative Assembly, then held in Toronto. The open galleries were crammed with listeners, every foot of space was occupied in and about the galleries, and the excitement therein was but the reflex of that intense feeling which raged in the country at large. Mr. Macdonald was replying to the question of the charge that in defiance of distinct pledges, the Governor, Sir Edmund Head, had tendered advice to the Queen, which led to the chief of Ottawa. You used a bad word on that occasion," I told him years afterwards, and said—"his statement was false as hell!" He answered, "The prompt answer, 'and so I did, but I spoke in defence of a friend, you know, and the bad word didn't count!'" This falsehood," he added, "was not afterwards repeated." Very strong must have been his provocation, for Sir John's dislike to strong language in or out of Parliament was always evident.

HIS PATIENCE.

He thoroughly believed in "patience and perseverance," which were told "conquer all things," and had his temper absolutely under control. When he showed anger I believe it was used as a weapon, and very seldom because he could not help it. A times when I knew he was most anxious and worried, he would sit in Parliament listening to the greatest provocation with an air of calmness, and as the speaker went on, from my constant seat in the Speaker's gallery at Ottawa I noticed how still more averse he became to any display of irritation or emotion. In all the political situations preceding Confederation, "John A." as he was called then by friends and foes alike, continued to the central figure, each man recalling him, always apparently unconscious, though noticed everywhere, careless, debonair, full of life and fun, tall, slight, rather restless figure, with a calm, steady gaze, and a way of managing to keep about, to avoid interruption, and to find time for constant reading, besides the never-ending strain of his work. After Confederation, when he returned from England and took a fuller responsibility in a more enlarged sphere, no one can testify better than I to the enormous pressure of business he was capable of, and managed so effectively and brilliantly to do. A host of new duties were thrust upon him, each to him of absorbing interest. It is no exaggeration to say that the nation he was building up now looked to him and his associates for guidance and inspiration. The scheme he had planned and carried through amid countless difficulties. What Sir John seemed to me, at the time, very difficult navigation in very troubled waters. Every detail was on his trial, and every word he spoke was tested with the greatest care; each province fought its own battle, and he was above all Sir John's task to draw and weld them together. I, who watched him during the process, knew well what work, early and late, what long nights and anxious days it cost him, while all the time his cheerfulness and courage were unabated, even when unexpected difficulties stared him in the face. First Nova Scotia would not come into the confederation, and he had to face the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa. Then came the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa. Then came the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa.

THE INTERCONTINENTAL ROUTE.

How hard to settle a link to bind the maritime with the inland provinces; and, more important still, a highway to the Atlantic seaboard was necessary. I remember how the line was debated night after night till the warm morning sun lit up the chamber. "Every man," said Sir John, was a man of faith, and courage, and I who watched him during the process, knew well what work, early and late, what long nights and anxious days it cost him, while all the time his cheerfulness and courage were unabated, even when unexpected difficulties stared him in the face. First Nova Scotia would not come into the confederation, and he had to face the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa. Then came the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa. Then came the question of the transfer of the capital from Quebec to Ottawa.

straight forward, doing what he believed right, and while fighting every inch of Canada's claim yielded only to a sense of duty. So great, however, was the public confidence in his wisdom and patriotism that when the question came up in the Canadian Parliament Sir John was triumphantly sustained.



THE C. P. R.

Soon after the admission of British Columbia to the Dominion, the Canadian Pacific Railway question took precedence of all others, and was, from first to last, made the most interesting and exciting. The initiation of the scheme is to be found in the creation of the Confederation scheme of the North American colonies. The scheme of union with British Columbia insisted on a railway to the Pacific; and the very day (July 20, 1871) on which these terms were agreed to, rivaling parties started for the wild, almost unknown region extending over nearly three thousand miles. Through this region exactly fifteen years later Sir John and I travelled humbly in a finely equipped railway train with perfect comfort and ease.

"I should have been here years ago," Sir John remarked, as we sped over the rich, flower-covered prairies, "but for the interval of Grit rule"—Grit, he understood, being the name of the party which had been in power. The realization of this long-thought-of project was the great desire of Sir John's heart. As early as his application for admission to the provincial legislature of Canada for a charter to construct a railway through British America to the Pacific Ocean, but the project was not carried out. In this project was the splendid dream of North America's early explorers, and the first to realize the great necessity for, and the first to grapple with the immense difficulties connected with it. Though only partially recovered from a long and dangerous illness, the effects of which lasted for more than twenty years, no sooner had he returned from a three months' visit to Washington on treaty business, than Sir John took up the subject of the railway with his usual earnestness, and prepared for battle. It was battle indeed. A strong opposition, men to whom the difficulties of the scheme seemed insurmountable, men to whom the Government's opportunity for embarrassing the Government, rose to the occasion, and did their worst. During Sir John's absence in Washington to build the road through the agency of an incorporated company supplemented by Government aid, I think Sir John regretted this, but his boldness was not to be commiserated, and his absence did judge the concession best so as not to endanger the union with British Columbia.

HOW HE MET DEFEAT.

It was a very hot summer, I remember, in 1872, and a general election added no little to the immense strain of work. A strong opposition, determined to gain power, confronted the Government. Every sort of cry was resorted to, and the principles of the Government were assailed. Sir John had sold Canada in the Washington Treaty to carry favor with England. He had given away his fish-eries, made a bad bargain all round, and was now diluting the measure of his iniquities by committing her to an entirely new impossible undertaking! A railway line which no one ever could or would build, an utterly ridiculous project which pretended to carry engines, carriages, baggage cars and traffic across inaccessible mountains blocked with snow for half the year through terrible gorges dense with gigantic timber and impassable scrub, and through rocks miles in extent which dynamite itself would have little effect on! The people got alarmed, and the elections gave the Government only a small majority. Then ensued a struggle which convulsed the Canadian Dominion, ended in the resignation of Sir John's Government, and practically "closed down" the railway question for as long as results were concerned for nearly years. The Pacific scandal is an old story now, but it was useful in its day and generation. It served to show what weapons some men use in political warfare, how party spirit will carry, and how a master mind with statesmanlike instincts and a deep love of country can triumph and conquer. Though accused of selling the charter for money to corrupt the electorate, and of other crimes, including an attempt at suicide, Sir John never for one instant lost faith in himself or in his future. He took the defeat, crushing as it was, with his customary composure. I can remember no single occasion even in his most intimate conversation when he harked back to his discomfiture or raked at

his foes. Those who remember his five years of opposition will recall with what tact and skill he steered himself and his little band of followers, how gracefully and smilingly he helped the Government when approving of their measures, how civil he was and attentive, and how patient! Then came the right hour, when he broke into sneers, kindled into antagonism, flamed into attack, "stumped" the country before a general election, and went back to power with a majority so overwhelming that he once said himself it was almost too large. And all this time, every hour of it, one great thought possessed his soul—that, no matter what happened to him individually or to others, no matter what came or went, who sinned or who suffered, Canada's welfare and Canada's progress must above all be considered and provided for.

THE OBJECT OF HIS LIFE.

It was certainly in this spirit that Sir John lived and worked. Whatever were his faults or failures, however strongly his methods were criticized and condemned by men who never knew the inner history of situations, it would be impossible to deny that in the effort to build up a nation, an effort to which he last sacrificed his life, he had a single eye to the good of his country and the consolidation of the empire. None knew better than Sir John that dogged perseverance, aided by the colleagues and friends he trusted in, Sir John fought the Canadian Pacific Railway question from first to last, step by step, here a little and there a little, in his own peculiar, light good-humored way, he fought it out to success. Sometimes as we drove together by daylight after an all-night sitting, he, weary and ailing, would say a few words of hope for the future and confidence in the country he had reason for both. The great railway with which his name will always be associated has been of immense importance to the country he loved so long and so faithfully. Opening up half a million square miles, a large proportion of which is suitable for farming and grazing purposes, and of it in good seasons yielding from twenty-seven to thirty bushels of wheat to the acre, a region of the greatest possibilities, mountains full of mineral wealth alternating with large tracts of unsurpassed fertility as well, this great national work furnishes also the shortest route between Europe and Asia, and connecting largely on the continents, brings also nearer to both the far-away empires of China and Japan. "When the Canadian Pacific Railway is completed," Sir John would say to me, "I can sing my Nunc Dimittis," and though he lived to see other triumphs and to win further success, none were calculated to confer greater benefits on posterity than the great trans-continental railway, except perhaps that example of steadfast loyalty and love of the Empire, which the servant of his old and faithful servant breathed forth in almost his last words.

MACDONALD OF EARNSCLIFFE.

Don't Let the Clock Run Down

"The human body," says a great physician, "is a seventy-year clock." Yes, and like all other clocks the time will run depends largely on how it is treated. Take the pendulum weight off the end of the wire and your clock will rattle away at the rate of half a dozen hours in one. Neglect it and it will run irregularly; now fast, now slow. Break the mainspring, or a wheel, and it stops instantly. Take the same care of it and a good clock will serve your grandchildren as faithfully as it now serves you.

There is an important difference, however, between your clock and your body. Even after your clock is completely run down, and at a standstill, you can wind it up and set it going again. Not so with the body. Once stopped it goes no more.

We know the limits of its meaning perfectly well, yet, speaking literally, Mr. Matthew L. Brown was not "completely run down" at the time he refused to take any more medicine. He was still full of life, and was thankful still he is, for that. But he was frightened near it. The pendulum beat very slowly and weakly, and the hands could scarcely be trusted to tell the true time.

"About five years ago," writes Mr. Brown, "I was completely run down. I lost my appetite. I could get nothing to lie on my stomach. Sometimes I would take dizzy spells and nearly fall every day. I was slowly and weakly, and the hands could scarcely be trusted to tell the true time."

"I tried different patent medicines; they gave me no relief. I kept getting worse. I tried two of the best doctors in the place; they did me no good. I was obliged to take to my bed. I would take faint spells and my heart would beat and flutter, and would nearly smother for breath. I felt more like dying than living."

[These fainting or sinking spells of the Mr. Brown speaks are a peculiar feature of the disease he was suffering from. Only modern physicians, and not all of them, understand the gravity or have given them the study they call for. No sensation is more alarming, none more demoralizing to the patient. While they last the Angel of death seems to have folded his wings over the sufferer's pale and anxious face. The cause is a poison in the blood arising from continued fermentation of food in the stomach. It acts upon the nerves of the brain, lungs, and heart as a hand might impede the pendulum of a great clock.]

"I began to think," adds our correspondent, "that I never should get around again. My wife wanted me to try Mother Selig's Syrup. I said I didn't think it was any use. She went and got a bottle of Mother Selig's Syrup, and before I had taken it all I was able to go to my work."

"I have taken several bottles since. I am now able to work as hard as ever. I would advise any one that is suffering as I was to try Mother Selig's Curative Syrup, and it will not be in vain. Yours truly (Signed) Matthew L. Brown, East Mapleton, March 28th, 1895."

Our friend labored under a profound attack of indigestion and dyspepsia. The symptoms he describes were due to its effects upon the nervous system, and through that upon other organs. It must be one having power to expel existing impurities from the blood, rouse to action the stomach and liver, render nutrition possible by means of the restored digestion, and so give new life to the whole body.

This is what Mother Selig's Syrup does for our correspondent, and does for all who appeal to it under like circumstances. It winds up the clock before the pendulum has ceased to swing. But keep an eye to that bodily clock of yours, and don't let it run so far down. In other words, the very hour you feel the first sign of illness take a dose of Mother Selig's Syrup.

NATURAL HISTORY.

"Did you know, my little boy," asked the solemn old gentleman, "that a bee can fly faster than a pigeon?"

"I didn't know it before," said the little boy, "but I know he can set down a heap harier."

Ready Reference Guide

Banks
Wholesale Dealers
And Manufacturers.

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,
THE WORMAN & WARD MFG. CO.

BAKERS.
JOHNSTON BROS., 111 Wellington.

BANKS.
BANK OF TORONTO, 369 Richmond.
CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE.
MERCHANTS' BANK OF CANADA.

BARREL MANUFACTURERS.
LONDON & PETROLEA BARREL CO.

BLANK BOOKS AND BINDERY.
WELDON, W. & CO., 428 Richmond.

BOOT- AND SHOES.
STERLING BROS., 184 York.

BREWERIES.
KENT BREWERY, Ann street.

BREWERS' DEPOT.
SLEEMAN, GEO., 145 King.

BRICK, LIME AND CEMENT.
ELEMENT, W. J., 78 King.

BRUSH MANUFACTURERS.
BRYAN, THOS., 61 Dundas.

CARRIAGES AND BUGGIES.
CAMPBELL, JOHN & SON.

CIGAR MANUFACTURE.
OLMSTED, G. & CO., 77 Dundas.

CLOTHING.
BURNS & LEVY, 87 Richmond.
THE R. GREEN MFG. CO., 187 Carling.

COMBINATION ORGANS.
SORBINE ORGANO CO., 68 King.

CONFECTORY.
PERRIN, D. S. & CO., 22-28 Dundas.

DAIRY PRODUCE.
ROBSON, W., Market Lane.

DRUGGISTS.
KENNEDY, JAS. A. & CO., 342 Richmond.
LONDON DRUG CO., Dundas.

DRY GOODS.
STRUTHERS, R. C. & CO., Rich. and York.
ROBINSON, LITTLE & CO., 245 Rich.
ROWAT, McMAHON & CHANGIER.

ELECTRICAL MACHINERY, ETC.
THE ELECTRIC CONSTRUCTION CO., 40 York.

FANCY DRY GOODS, MILLINERY
GREEN, JOHN C. & CO., 422 Baitol.

FLLOUR MILLER.
PLEWES, W., 101 York.

FURS, HATS AND CAPS.
MARSHALL, JOHN & CO., 68 Dundas.

GRAIN AND SEED MERCHANT.
COWAN, CHAS. & CO., 400 Talbot.

GROCERS.
ADAMS, EDWARD & CO., 95 Dundas.
ELLIOTT, MARR & CO., 338 Richmond.
MASURET, M. & CO., 94 Dundas.
SMITH, A. M. & CO., 176 York.
ESCOFF, T. B. & CO., York street.

HARDWARE.
HOBBS HARDWARE & CO., 338 Rich.

HEARSES AND CARRIAGES.
NASH, B. J. & CO., York and Talbot.

HOELS.
CITY HOTEL, Dundas and Talbot.
FRASER HOUSE, 181 King.

LIQUORS.
SMITH, E. B., Market Lane.

LOAN AND SAVINGS.
AGRICULTURAL SAVINGS & LOAN CO.
DOMINION SAVINGS & INVEST. SOC.

LUMBER.
KEENOHAN, WEBSTER & FERGUSON.

MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS.
DICKINSON, NICHOLSON & CO.

PANTS AND OVERALLS.
LON, PANTS & OVERALL MFG. CO.

PAPER BOX MANUFACTURE.
SAYLOR, GEORGE, 50 Dundas.

PLUMBER SUPPLIES.
THE STEVENS MFG. CO.

PLUMBING AND HEATING.
SMITH BROS., 206 Dundas.

PORK PACKERS.
FAIRNORTH & CO., 74 King.

SEEDS AND DAIRY SUPPLIES.
PARRER, JOHN S. & CO., 110 Dundas.

SEEDS AND STORAGE.
TANTON, J. & SON., 148 York.

WALL PAPER.
COLEBROOK, H. & C., 411 Richmond.

RETAIL.

BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
ANDERSON, J. I. & CO., 183 Dundas.

CONFECTIONERY AND LUNCH
ROOMS.
FRIEND, JOHN, 117 Dundas.

FURNITURE.
TRAFFORD, W., 66 King.

HARDWARE.
WESTMAN, A., 111 and 64 Dundas.

VETERINARY SURGEON.
WILSON, J. H. & SON.

LOVE CAME TO ME.

Love came to me and said:
"bunch this fragrant blossom in my
brood."

By those importunate hands and lips
caressed,
"Is any flower so red?"

"But, nay!" I answered,
"No flower, dear Lord, upon thy breast
I see;
Only the heart-world that dost bear for me."

"Thou and grief are dead."

"E'en as I speak, he laid
His finger on that wound; thereby with
awe,
Love's mystic rose, bathed in His blood, I
saw—
And grief's long debt was paid."

—From the Pall Mall Gazette.