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# THE LOVE STORY OF ALISON BARNARD

KATHARINE TYNAN

(Author of " The Handsome Brandons," &c.)

of instalments I. During a quarrel, James wife.

Solution in the property of a service with their illeging that he will yet the family property. Disping the truth of his brother's Robert is torn between love tain frowning over them.

The helped Alison to alight. Then turned to Sir Gerard with the air of a devotee.

"Come in for a while," he said.

"I have so much to say to you. The said of the mountain frowning over them. "I have so much to say to you. The said of the mountain frowning over them. "I have so much to say to you. The said of the mountain frowning over them."

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"I have so much to say to you. You don't look over-well. Miss are the said of the mountain from the te of his brother. To provide a by gitimate heir he marries Jane Vanur, who eventually bears him a deleur, who eventually bears him a son, who, having attained manhood, talls in love with the only daughter of the Earl of Downe, who objects to the match. His daughter pines for her absent lover, until the doctor urges that her only chance of life is to keep her gay and happy. The Duke and Duchess consent to their daughter's marriage to Anthony Barriage daughter's marriage to Anthony Barnard. They have a daughter, Ali-son, who early loses her mother, and whom her father trains to take his to have so much to do." place. As soon as she attains wo-manhood, he dies peacefully, leaving ther under promise to return Castle Barnard to the descendants of the has seen the Irishman living in American slums, where, he says, the should have a companion, or if not, congestion "is the congestion of at least only receive persons of my Gerard's plans, Alison goes to the you, Gerard."
garden party given by her cousin,
George Barnard, where one meets science-stricken. some of the local celebrities. Before disgrace for having written poetry. On the way home Alison, who is tak- Ought I, to ask your pardon, Alison?" ing Tessa for a visit to Castle Barnard, calls at the Vicarage, where she meets Sir Gerard and a Mr. Paul Bosanquet, a young man of means, who is a disciple of Sir Gerard's and his secretary. The whole party dine at the Vicarage, making an appointment to meet again the following day. Sir Gerard calls for Alison the next morning, when together they ride to visit the Parish priest of Dunraan, with whom Molyneux by the little hedges that are well enstave to talk election business, whilst ough for other women."

#### CHAPTER VI.

darts away again.

Alison visits a cabin nearby to try

where Tessa was being introduced to the art treasures of the house.

The child wore a look of bewildered delight, which had a little fear "So is Bosanquet. The boy raved about it as though she might pres- about her. The things he said made ently awake and discover that Cas- me look at her for myself this morntle Barnard and Alison, and all the exquisite things that had happened since yesterday, were but a dream. Alison had an arm about her shoulder when Sir Gerard joined them in quet, men devoted to such a work

the picture gallery. He had a as ours have no right to think of wo-thought that they should be painted, men." just as they were, the young girl in the frock of blue print, which accidentally became her to a miracle. "How did he take that counsel of perfection?" "With a profession of his devotion dentally became her to a miracle.

Alison in her cool Indian muslin, with to me and the work. He is doing the folded lavendar sash about her wonderfully, Alison. I confess I

slender waist.

"Are you going canvassing for me this morning?" he asked. "I thought we might be going the same way, for I have to see Father Tracy above in Dunraan. By the way, Alison, if you will come that way, I wish you'd see Kitty Donegan and She looked at him with frank virginia. She looked at him with frank virginia. wish you'd see Kitty Donegan and try to prevent her emigrating. Father Tracy mentioned it in his letter he says, and she won't listen to

"Kitty Donegan! She would never leave her old mother. She always seemed so attached to her." Sir Gerard shrugged his shoulders.

'They always seem attached," he ed."

I thought she was to marry Carfax is a Chief Secretary out of that good-looking ne'er-do-weel Father Tracy pointed out to us one day."

"Perhaps her love affairs have gone eyes were lonely. The comings and

man to find out. You will come, "If I am to go up to Dunraa" it will not do to take the carriage. The roads are too steep. I must ride. You are riding, I see. And what am I to do with Tessa?"

"I shall be perfectly happy," said Tessa, "just wandering about and looking at things. And when I am tired I can take the dogs for a walk

'Sure, child?" "I have never been so happy in all my life," answered Tessa, who al ways thought and spoke in superla-

then. I shall be back for lunch. Perhaps if Sir Gerard can give us the time he will return with me. Mrs. Lang was to come, you after him. "I am not at all sure know, if she felt equal to the dive. that I shall ever marry. I am in an added the come."

"And a deaded the little girl. She will keep the pries of sight. "And a dedd the dive. that I shall ever marry. I am in an added the little girl. She will keep the pries of sight. "And a dedd the little girl. She will keep the pries of sight. "And a dedd the little girl. She will keep the pries of sight. "She will keep the pries of sight." equal to Castle Barnard. Supposing. Tessa, as I shall not want Malone

was decided that a message should After all those years, the sons of be sent to bid Paul Bosanquet join the French Wife are not likely to redecided that a message should them at the Casile Barnard luncheon turn."

the ride as quickly as a man could have done it. Nevertheless, when she appeared in the doorway of the picture gallery, drawing on her gloves, his watch, while Tessa was standing by him, shy and silent.

to liked them. He was gentle and con. - Robert Barnard and his siderate enough with all the rest of other James hate each othRobert brings to Castle in Someone. With Alison he was as a rnard a French wife, and has two unconscionable as a husband with a is safe at all events."

Again Alison smiled, her humorous, pleased, pathetic smile.

"I hope you won't mind," she said; and for a second he almost suspected that she was laughing at him. "But I have almost made up my mind to keep my little cousin, Tessa, to adopt her, in fact."

"I hope you won't mind," she said; a moment the color in her cheek was like the flush at the heart of a white rose. "You should know that very well, Father Tracy."

"Oh, indeed he's obstinate, he's obstinate. And being a heretic I can't stinate. And being a heretic I can't need to be a moment the color in her cheek was like the flush at the heart of a white rose. "You should know that very well, Father Tracy."

He looked at her in a startled way. "I suppose it has been lonely you at Castle Barnard. I did not think about it. You always seemed

French wife should they be found, pretty well as I liked since I lost Alison meets Gerard Molyneux, who papa. It has somewhat perturbed has seen the Irishman living in Am-Hell." After some discussion of Sir own sex. That would have excluded

Sir Gerard looked a little con-

"I confess I should not leaving, Alison finds her way into an attic bedroom, where Tessa, the have lived so long away from civilization without receiving his hospitality. A attic bedroom, where Tessa, the have lived so long away from civiliza-youngest of the Barnard family, is tion. I thought I would come and you never denied yourself to me. Her smile was very proud.

"I do not accept my cousins' stan-dards," she said. "It is not for that that I think of begging Mrs. George Barnard to give me Tessa. Perhaps I want a thing to love, that will love me. My father did not bring me up to observe the conventions; and perhaps I feel that the mistress of Castle Barnard and all that appertains to it cannot be bound

Her pride pleased him. There was and prevent an Irish girl from leaving for America. Whilst talking to the mother the girl appears, but son as so sweetly reasonable that it was easy to forget with her the woman in the perfect friend.
"It is a charming child," he said,

'and it will make a great difference,

eth," repeated Alison. "Yes, she is er, t I like George Barnard. I confess that I am in love with the child."

"Didn't you see her last evening?" "I confess I see no other woman when you are by, Alison. Nor at any other time. As I said to Bosan-

She looked at him with frank virginal eyes, and his gaze answered her "When A am at a distance, Alison,

this morning. He has done his best, I am always feeling myself pulled up short when something happens that I want to tell you. "Ah well, you must write it."
"To tell it is ever so much better."

"You will not be often at Kylinoe

presently. It is not to be expectsaid, "but they will go. There's a "No; do you know I think of letting draft of boys and girls going from it? It is hardly worth while keep-Glentore. Old Lady Scriven will ing it up all the year round as a not be turned from her notions of pied-a-terre for a man who has no philanthropy. And Kitty Donegan ties, and will be less able to re-is going with them." turn to it. The money would be use-"There must be something behind it," said Alison. "Kitty would not go just because the others were go annot help us in even although Mr.

wrong. That is a matter for a wo goings of her neighbor at Kylinoe had represented to her the principal events of the last half-dozen years. "You will miss me, Alison?"

The man's voice was full of tender "I shall miss you, greatly. you will come back sometimes, and meanwhile I shall know all that is befalling you, for you will find time

to write to me sometimes, not by the hand of your secretary. And so far as I can I will carry on your work here." "A man such as I am ought to deny himself even friendships," said Sir

Gerard Molyneux, sadly. "I am freshn glad, after all, Alison, that you will habit. have the little girl. She will keep "Th

as she says, she always feels anomalous position, as you know, the mistress, yet not the mistress of Casa, as I shall not want Malone morning, that you drive over and man to be burdeted in the mistress of Casaman to be burdeted in the mistress of the mistr Tessa, as I shall not want Malone this morning, that you drive over and fetch Mrs. Lang? It will be ever so much better than a jingle from Ballycushla."

So it was arranged. Sir Gerard So it was arranged. Sir Gerard of the seturn to lunch; and it seturn to lunch t

They were in Gletore now, and alone in a treeless expanse of fields vere drawing rein before the ugly, bad an air of desolation as though they were the chimneys of a ruined

Before Sir Gerard could alight to knock at the door, the priest, in a long, rusty cassock, came out to them, He was a lean, eager-faced little oblong of emerald grass, now young man, with the developed brows almost white with daisies. of imagination, the eyes of a dreamer, the face of an idealist.

"Well, what news?" he asked, having greeted them. "I hear Mr. Knox has got the Chiltern Hundreds. So now the campaign will begin in earnest. Is it true about the Bill? They say there is to be a special new department created for you as soon

r the mother of his children and talk to you when other people are Barnard, you should see that he does dream come true, and Tessa with her not work himself to death."

"As though he would let any of us hinder him," said Alison, and for a moment the color in her cheek was like the flush at the heart of a white like the flush at the heart of a white one came forward at the sound, a

well, Father Tracy."

"Oh, indeed he's obstinate, he's obstinate. And being a heretic I can't put him under obedience. I wonder blind.

film slowly gathering upon her eyes, her face already wearing the strange look of patience that comes to the blind. tion buffet. I daresay makes his meals five days out of six."

He scolded with the most tender

look of pride and affection for the man he was rating.

An urchin having come round the corner of the house and taken the horses, the three went into the cool, fore. shadowy, little hall and passed from it within Father Tracy's sitting-room. The old housekeeper, Miss Doyle, came bustling in after them for his Reverence's orders. Like most of his brethren in this one thing, Father Tracy would not hear of anyone crossing his threshold of anyone crossing his threshold on impulsively. "What is it, she Canadian Branch Head Office—TOBONTO. have thing, Father Tracy would not hear

knew better than protest. a quiet pleasure to watch the priest's face, bright now although it would

be gloomy in repose, and to observe the way in which he looked at Sir Gerard Molyneux from his deep-set eyes under the almost eyes under the almost unwieldly She had seen the room before, and

ferent from the rooms of other country priests. It was bare enough, but everything in it had beauty, from the jewelled crucifix on the mantelshelf to the slim Sheraton bookcase than golden. There was a row of which housed more volumes of belles lettres than theological treatises. Father Tracy possessed no super-fluities, else his flock would soon have rid him of them; but the few have rid him of them; but the few nortraits of patriots. A couple of the super-fluities of patriots above like gold. A Mountain Ride.

I've no doubt, to her, to be at the Barnard. I don't know how she comes to belong to Ballycushla. She is an odd flower to have sprung from such a soil."

A Mountain Ride.

I've no doubt, to her, to be at the Barnard. I don't know how she comes to belong to Ballycushla. She is an odd flower to have sprung from such a soil."

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I've no doubt, to her, to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had come to be at the beautiful old things had co frame, the chippendale chairs, the tall Sheraton clock in the corner, the few bits of old china he knew to be beautiful although he hardly guessed at their value,-which was fortunate perhaps since he might have felt bound to turn them into money.

The floor was bare of covering, and been scrubbed with freestone. The windows were curtainless, and of that no one could complain since one looked down the Glen and across the country to the sea, while the oththe country to the sea, while the other two framed the mountains. The poverty and the beauty of the room affected Alison with a sharp pleasure. It was like the smell of the sweet briar which grew in a great bush close to the window. Alison could never smell sweet briar afterwards without recalling that June morning, and Father Tracy's face as he looked adoringly at Gerard Moly-

"If they don't vote for you, upon my word I'll excommunicate them," he was saying, half in earnest, "but the glen is sound."

When Alison had drunk her cup of tea-of a phenomenal strength and sweetness and richness of cream - if you are given tea in Irish Ireland it is vain to protest that you would like a little water added to it—she suggested that while the two men talked she would visit Kitty Donegan, whose mother's cottage was in a lonely part of the glen about a mile away.

The priest came out of his absorpin the other visitor to hope that Miss Barnard might succeed where he had failed. "I couldn't have believed it of

Kitty," he said; "little Kitty, who was always so soft. She was like a flint the day I spoke to her; and ever since she keeps out of my way. There's a dozen boys and girls of my flock going. They sail from Queenstown next Wednesday week. I wish I could make it a sin to go. Then I might be able to do something with them. But they have been encouraged to go for so long. What are the priests and bishops about? If he doesn't hurry up with it your friend Mr. Carlax's Bill—may the Lord reward him!-will come too late."

The two came with Alison to the white-washed gate that gave en-trance to the priest's small king-dom. She had said that she preferred walking as the distance so short, and went off smiling back at them, looking the incarnation of

freshness and trimness in her riding-"That's a beautiful creature," said

the priest, as they watched her out "And as noble as she's beautiful," added the other heartily

"She'll make a grand wife for some" man." As he said it the priest cast-a look of shy meaning at his com-

"Ah, but I have," muttered the priest under his breath.

CHAPTER VII.

This morning the outlook from the hedges around the field were set in their clear freshness and sweetness. The field and the cottage were a freehold; and among the daisies an old cow picked a bit here and there, and a couple of goats were tethered.

Turning round at the cottage door, Alison saw how the fields swept down to the silver river that ran through the Glen. A sweet beautiful prospect She remembered Gerard Molyneux's description of the towering tenement in New York and Chicago, and asked herself for the thousandth time how it was that they could go. If she had not been born to Castle Barnard she could have been happy in some such spot as this with Tessa's to be her little sister and Iriend.

what kind of meals he's been having.
A sandwich made up of dough and sawdust snatched at a railway stasawdust snatched at a railway sta"Is Kitty out, Mrs. Donegan?" she asked. "I want to speak to her. Sir Gerard Molyneux has told me that she is going to America. It isn't possible she is going to leave you?"
For a second the old woman's face was convulsed; then the spasm passed away leaving it as patient as be-

tall, thin, clean old woman, with a

"It's true enough, Miss Alison," she answered. "Indeed I couldn't believe it myself when I heard it

without receiving his hospitality. A cup of tea for the young lady, an egg beaten up with a little milk and a tablespoonful of whisky for Sir Gerard Molynowy. The wint of the son impulsively. "What is it she wants? If it is money it must be found for her. It would be wicked, cruel to go."

"Come in dearie out of the

cruel to go."
"Come in, dearie, out of the sun Sir Gerard Molyneux. The visitors She'll be coming back presently, and While they waited for the refreshments Alison was silent. It gave her one arguing her out of it. Sure, if she sees you she'll run away and one arguing her out of it. Sure, when she wouldn't listen to the

"What at all has come over her?" asked Alison, taking the chair the old woman had set for her after carefully wiping it with her apron, and looking round the little house. It was sweeter and thriftier than most it was no surprise to find it so dif- Irish cabins, although the floor was of clay and the blackened thatch showed through the rafters. It had been whitewashed so often that the turf smoke had made it no more very bright tins on the board that served as mantel-shelf. On the four-poster bed showed a patchwork quilt of quite remarkable ingenuity in its pattern. The sun poured over the scarlet geraniums and musk in

> turf fire bluer than ever. "Tis that good-for-nothing fellow, Timothy Sweeney, is at the bottom of it. He's been courting her on and off these four years back. She cares too much for him. He's one of them that it doesn't do for a girl to care

> made the smoke of the smouldering

"He's been called once with Nanny Coyle. Nanny's got a fine fortune, and the minute he set eyes on her and saw that he'd put the comether on her it was all over with my little girl. Not that I'd want him to marry her. It's better to have your heart broke before marriage than after marriage, when maybe there's more in it than yourself. He'll be

afraid of Nanny. She has a terrible temper with her red hair." "I couldn't have thought Kitty would have cared for such a man, a gentle, refined girl like Kittv." The old woman narrowed her nearly blind eyes and looked at Alison

curiously. "Sure, dear," she said, "that's the way it happens. People don't love people for the good that's in them. When you're as long in the world as I am you'll know / that when a girl sets her heart on a bad man love is ten times as strong as for them that are always good and kind. And the more they break your heart the more you cling to them. 'Tis the same with the children morebe-

Alison shook her head. She could not imagine herself caring for a bad man. She had a certain uplifting of the heart as the thought came to her of the man whose chosen friend she was out of all the world. not doubt that there was truth in what the old woman said, however. When you're as long in the world as I am." A faint compassionate smile touched her lips. Was this the world then, this green quiet corner of the Glen where the primitive virtues flourished exceeding? Yet not this was exempt from passion even and pain; it was but a microcosm of the big world after all.

"You think she will go? At the last?" "Tis no use trying to turn her, Miss Alison, dear. She has everything ready to go. Her heart's breaking as much as mine is, but sure's she's driven by something stronger than herself, the creature. Don't you know, mother, I have to go?' she said to me after that day Father Michael was here. That I couldn't stay to see him married to couldn't stay to see him married to Nanny Coyle. I must be on the blue

water.' she says, 'before that. 'ud kill me to stay, so it would.' At this moment a shadow darkened the doorway, a light wavering sha-"I've never seen the man good en-ough for Alison Barnard," answered dow that was gone like the wind. (To be Continued.)

sive bile in the stomach, has a mark-"I never feel that it is really mine.

Alison made her preparations for that is perhaps why I love it so dearly, even while I dread some things of its past."

That is perhaps why I love it so dearly, even while I dread some things of its past."

"I know," he said hastily. "I can let Kylinoe pass into the hands of others for a season. If it were to be lost to me I think it would break my heart."

She smiled to herself. She was accustomed to Sir Gerard Molvneux's calls upon her time and attention, and smile.

"I never feel that it is really mine.
That is perhaps why I love it so dearly, even while I dread some things of its past."

When Alison had chosen to walk she had remembered that the Widow Donegan's house was in a field approached easily enough by a stile and a field of oats; if she had ridden a considerable detour would have been necessary.

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"I never feel that it is really mine.

The Emigrant.

When Alison had chosen to walk she had remembered that the Widow Donegan's house was in a field approached easily enough by a stile and a field of oats; if she had ridden a considerable detour would have been necessary.

"There is nothing surer in the crow of tall poplars stood either thankful that you are not a neuroper," said Alison, with a brave calls upon her time and attention, and smile. Companies

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I knowed you wuz comin', I did fo' Kaze a voice in de pussly hed tell me

En I wuz alovin' you fo'e you know, Li'l' white haby chile. Ez purty a baby I heber did see Ez you when you laugh at de sight ob

Tested by Time .- For Throat En none dat am sweeter kind eber be. Li'l' white baby chile.

I's lib a long time, en soon, I know, De sickness gwine come en lay me Li'l' white baby chile.