## OUR SHORT STORY

"Edward."

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My earliest remembrance of Edward him in teaching the lessons. He lists that of the day when he first came to do odd jobs around our house. He tion, but I never liked to ask him question, but I never liked to ask him question. was then a thin, small, ragged, under-fed, cross-eyed child of ten years old. Some squints have an effect of moral him before the class. We were having obliquity, as if the owner were slyly special services for the school, that avoiding your eye; Edward's was a year, and I urged the class as a whole, straightforward, nonest deformity, that to attend. I was rather surprised howadded to the general air of simplicity ever, to see Edward coming to meeting and helplessness that distinguished him. We took him just because ne was derstand it, when, after a week or two, so heipless, and because something had I found that the lesson, one Sunday, to be done with him. His mother had affected and interested him very much, been left with seven small children to I am ashamed to say that I hesitated apport, and no visible resources. Now, about speaking to him after the ses-It is not right for children under twelve soon was over. His limitations, his to work, of course, but what else can surroundings, the pitiful inadequacy of be done in such cases? Edward's two older sisters went to the mill, and Ed-ward, being too pitifully small even erful Christianity. I hesitated, but my ward, being too pitifully small even for that, started out to find a living somehow, on the streets. He carried better of me, and I was glad that it papers, he ran errands, he helped mar- had when I heard his quick response ket people with their baskets; and, twice 2 week, he came to our house tioning. "Yes, Miss Ella, I've been trying to to do any odd jobs and ends of work we might have for him. There wasn't do what God says a long while. Do you much that he could do, except wash the pavement and clean the knives; and he was further complicated by his 8- tian, before people, if I could be one. year-old brother Jim, whom he always seemed to have in charge, and who was tried not to confuse or discourage him, a tively and unruly child. If it had and only asked him necessary quesbeen anybody else but Edward the ex- tions. He went before the elders of periment would not have lasted a week; the church, a little timidly, but sure it but before that first week was up we was all right, since I told him to go: had learned that there were peculiar and he seemed, to them, to know what reasons for being patient with the lithe was doing. But still, I felt a trifle the fellow, and peculiar virtues in him nervous when he was baptized, and to admire, which balanced any objectimate made his confession of faith. I thought

For instance, he was instructed to wash the pavement once a week; and dinary-real, but negative. In Edward, his sentiment of duty was so strong, and so unchecked by any mental perceptions; that he would go out cheer- once, toilsome as it was to his halffully under a drenching rain and work educated eye and brain, to read his away at the sidewalk with his bucket Bible. Even his beloved violin was and broom. And when my mother neglected. Week after week, in the called him in, and reproved him, he class, he began to answer Bible queswould look so confused, and say so tions and to quote Bible verses. He falteringly: "I didn't know it was didn't always get them right, and he wrong, ma'am!" that the reproof stopped at once. We finally arranged that but beside the halting, imperfect mind should not do the pavement without one could see the soul growing up, previous notice from the cook (who straight and strong. It was like knew fine weather when she saw it), miracle. It opened all our eyes to the and after that he worked away as divine possibilities of the Gospel. Edhappily as possible, Jim playing away ward was utterly unconscious of alongside under the fraternal eye. himself or of us; he only wanted to Whenever one of the household went know more of the only book he could by the two children, Edward always understand. His straightforward sim-straightened up and took off his cap, plicity shamed us all. The bright boy and admonished Jim to do the same. Where he picked up his manners, no him) was moved to do what he one knew; but he evidently had a sener done before—read the Bible—vere code of his own, for he always for, "I'm ashamed to let Ned get ahead insisted on shaking hands with a new of me," he sold. And when Edward cook or housemaid, much to her as- read aloud, stumblingly, in his turn,

with it. Rather, he was curiously lim-

ited in his intelligence, but unfaltering-

ly conscientious.

not quite 12. From that time he workmistake as this, however, was rare; and
ded steadily till he was 15, and then his
mother tried to apprentice him to a

knew how it ought to be read, and tar you knew come on!"

And a big 0 and a big N. I say,
and I had bad dreams. I had no
appetite, and lost twenty-two pounds
appetite, and lost twenty-two pounds
in weight, and had become so very thin ed steadily till he was 15, and then his he literally read the Bible until he mother tried to apprentice him to a knew how it ought to be read, and It is a hard thing for a lad with- learned many verses by heart. out father or friends to get into the overcrowded, jealously-guarded trades; and it was a year before the boy had his chance. And then-poor little patient worker-after six months' apprenticeship, he was told that he could not go any further. The "boss" was fluence over Jim whatever. But Ednot a hard men; he was impressed, ward soon brought him regularly, and Edward's perseverance and simplicity; and he came himself in that everybody sympathized. And to see the mother, and tell her the the faithful love had its reward: Jim. Edward could not remember more than one machine, more than one kind of tool, at a time, and when he went on to another, he forgot how to use previous tools and machines, and was my brother, sir," touched every spoiled the work. The real reason was heart that heard. I think Jim would never told to the boy himself; the lack of bodily strength the pretext for afterward, but for that simple faith dismissing him. His self-respect was and not hurt; but he went sadly back to through his temptations, till he turned the mill. I never heard him complain out a manly Christian after all. except once, just after this, when he told me, gravely, that he liked the work at the shop so much better than mill "because it occupied his mind

With all this plentiful lack of intelligence he yet could read after a fasition, and write a plain, round hand; and he had a great fondness for music. His first savings went toward a violin; but the family were still so poor that the money was needed at home. and, after the precious violin was bought, it was a year or so before he could again save enough to take a few lessons upon it. He did not learn very all, except the younger children, were easy, but was infinitely patient; and night after night he practiced delightedly on his poor little instrument.
"Edward zin't like most boys; he

never runs at night," said his mother; "jest stars in 'nd plays his fiddle till bedtime." He's the best child I've got, If he ain't very bright." This was her suphemism to express her son's limitations. But as her own horizon was not large, and she had much besides to trouble her, the familiar fact of Ed-ward's mental drawbacks might well be forgotten. Jim had grown up "wild" -not brutally so, but unreliable and drunken; and the eldest daughter was deceived and then abandoned by worthless lover. The poverty of the household was great; for Edward and one sister were the only steady workers, and there were nine mouths to And besides that, it seemed as if the mother were becoming discouraged by her wayward children, and as if moral misery and degradation were creeping slowly into the household.

Edward was then about 18. He had been in my Sunday school class for a year or so, and though I had taught Gospel to him as to the others, I had always doubted whether he under stood anything of it, really. I had views, then, on the intellectuality of faith, and these bright young lads of mine were all so different from Edward that I cannot say I thought much about

# The Dangerous Knife

CANCER ROOTS cannot be removed be operations or by agonizing plasters. They only give temporary relief, and in most cases the disease returns in a worse form We would be gate to send particulars of a pulnious method which leading physicians are now adopting. The cures are remarkable.

A. L. Stott & Jury, Bowman-ville, Ont (Mention London Advertiser.)

his life, were opposed to all my ideas heart, I am thankful to say, got the to my somewhat embarrassed ques-

think I could be a Christian, Miss Ella? because I'd like to say I was a Chris-That was about all he knew. To be poor, sickly and stunted of that miserable, unhappy home of his, is handicap enough in the race of life; and the total lack of helpful influence but Edward was more heavily weighted around him, and the weakness of the Still. I hesitate to say that he was half- | led himself, and I wondered if he truly witted-because, like a squint, that understood what it meant to be a Christeems to carry moral obliquity along tian.

I found out very soon. Three of my scholars joined the church at that time. The other two were ordinary, intelligent lads. Their religion was also orthe church had gained a member of a different stamp. He commenced at educated eye and brain, to read his of the class (who had rather pitied there was never so much as a smile, This home experience with Edward not even when he read, concerning Ju-

to illuminate it; next, to shine through it to others. He began to bring his brother to the services. How he did it no one knew; nobody else had any inward soon brought him regularly, and looked so happy when he ushered him repentant and sincere, came before the elders of the church to confess his faith; and he was asked the manner of his conversion, his simple answer. "It have slipped and fallen out of the fel-"boss" agreed with his mother to make lowship of the church, once and again, love that flowed unfalteringly When Jim joined the church, Edward

began to hold family worship, and that humble service, with its faltering pray-cart road. The boys saw a little cripers, its childish, reverent reading, was pled butterfly fluttering along in the a lesson that settled my intellectual theory of Christianity, once for all. The Gospel entered into that poor house with its full nower and blessing. The poor disgraced sister, with her child in her arms, learned that a new life might be hers, as Edward sought out the promises for her in his little Bible. brought her to the church, and she was welcomed into it. Then his mother came, and then another sister, till gathered in. And every one of them, when questioned, had the same answer. "It was Ned who made me want to be a Christian." After his own people came a fellow-worker in the mill; then a friend of Jim's, and so one. Wherever his life touched another's, there his influence began. His speech was halting, his mind weak; the cup was small, but the Gospel overflowed from It. His simple Christianity was so loving and comprehensive that it was a message to everybody. You couldn't evade it: you couldn't argue sharp!"
with him; he had no opinions of his own, and no words except the words lined wit

the Bible. As time went on and he learned more about his one book, it became an education to him and reacted on his mind, so that I could see that he really thought more, and was able to reason about elementary every-day matters. But he never progressed very speckly, freekly eggs under me. When I remember our elengyman's amusement when, one night, after the prayer meeting, he shook hands with Edward, as usual, and the latter said,

"I'm very glad to see you here,

The Sunday school superintendent, one day, spoke to the school of having heard a well-known hymn whistled in the streets of a foreign city once, and how it had cheered him, and added; "I love to hear the music of a hymn, floating out among the sounds of business and the noise of the world. does every heart good that hears it. Whistle the old hymns, boys!" That was enough for Edward. On

of my scholars, who was a clerk in the mill offices, told me next Sunday that Edward had whistled "Rock of Ages" hour after hour all week long, and couldn't be induced to stop. And once when some tracts were handed him for distribution, he wasn't content with giving one to each fellow-workman, but went straight to his employer and gave him one, too. I quaked when I heard under the table.

One rule read: "Hold not thy knife to whom I should have liked to offer a tract. However, no evil result follow-ed. And a month later, Edward's wages

were actually raised!

been a happy and important one for him. The family have moved into a new house, and are established as respectable people. Jim and three girls are working regularly, so that Edward but were compelled to stand by the could afford, without extravagance, to give his mother, out of his wages, a rocking-chair and a picture for the parlor as her Christmas gift. He has a new violin, and has become a prominent member of the Sunday school choir, for he plays his beloved instrument correctly and well. Best of all to him, he has been asked to lead the Christian Endeavor meetings in his turn. The clergyman said he knew no one in the church more fit than Edward for such a duty. And if you could hear his short prayers, all in the words of Scripture, and yet coherent in petitions and their praise; if you could see the simple reverence and dignity with which he presides over the little meeting, you would, I am sure, agree with the minister.

Edward always refreshes me. He always helps me. When I get worried over a theoretical tangle, I think of his simplicity, and I remember that theology isn't essential to salvation or every-day usefulness. When people lament over the decline of the Gospel, I think of this living example in which it has brought forth, with such thoroughness, every fruit that can be de-When I become lazy, I look at Edward, with his infinitesimal powers, going on cheerfully, and "bringing forth an hundredfold," and I am shamed into activity. And in the hope that Edward may do someone who reads this a small part of the good he has done me, I write this inadequate history of him, which has only the one merit of being absolutely true.-The Independent.

### 00000000000000 Boys and Girls. 000000000000

Playtime.

With hoop and stick a little maid In an old garden, laughing, played; Across the lawn she swiftly ran And down the path, as maidens can.

'Mid roses yellow, roses red, And round the sun dial gray she sped, Until o'ertired she breathless sank Upon a mossy hare bell bank.

Beside the maiden blithe I sat; She loosed the ribbons of her hat: I asked, "Oh, merry maiden, pray, Which do you love-your work or

She, smiling, said: "I do not mind My books, when pleasant tales I find; But as to play, ask Cousin Dick," And off she ran with hoop and stick. -Arthur Bryant in Little Folks.

What Kept the New Chimney

Waiting. A new chimney was going to be built after months of suffering has found a on grandpa's house, and the boys were cure from the use of Dr. Williams' in a state of high glee. They were al- Pink Pills. Mrs. Angle relates as fol-

to the mason. He'll tell us stories

noonings-Mike's such fun." did not last long, for his sisters got das. "And after he had received the him a place at the mill when he was soap, Satan entered into him." Such a F and a big U and a big N. I say,

> tar, you know -come on! "Come on!" shouted Wayne; "it's The first effect of the Gospel upon leaning up against the barn. Mike left such a transparent, childlike soul was it there last Friday when he brought it there last Friday when he brought his things over. On the way to the born they saw

grandpa harnessing Old Molly to the big blue cart. That meant a beautiful, jobty ride down to the orchard, and the boys forgot all about playing hod-car-

his voice quiver-quavering over jolts. "Oh, goody," cried Wayne. But and strength. My whole system seems dear old grandpa shook his white head. toned up, and I feel entirely well. I "Not tomorrow, boys; you'll have to feel grateful to the Dr. Willams wait a bit longer. I sent word to Mr. Keet and Mike last night that they needn't come for a few weeks longer; I'd decided to put the chimney off."

"Oh, grandpa." Both clear little voices were shrill with disappointment. Both little brown faces fell. Grandpa did not speak again at once-he was guiding Old Molly carefully out at the side of the wheel track-that was why Grandpa turned out. Grandpa's big heart had turned out. Grandpa's big heart had FASCINATING thing. Back in the track again further on, Grandpa spoke.

"I'M show you why we must wait for the new chimney, when we get home, boys," he said cheerily. You'll agree with me, I know. It's a case of neces-

"But I don't see what made you decide to, grandpa," Wayne said, soberly, Grandpa's eyes twinkled under their shaggy brows.

"A little bird told me to," he and that was all they found out until they got home. Then the same little bird told them. Grandpa took them up into the attic, with a great air of mystery. The old chimney had been partly taken away-half-way down to the attic floor. Grandpe tiptoed up to it and Mitted them, one at a time, to peer

into it.
"Sh!" he whispered softly; "look

And there, on a little nest of mud. lined with thistledown and straws, that rested lightly on the projecting bricks. sat the little bird! She blinked her bright eyes at the kind faces peering down, as if to say:

"Oh, dear no; I'm not afraid of you! Isn'tethis a beautiful nest? so exclus-I've hatched them and brought up my babies in the way well-educated little chimney swallows should go, then you can build your chimney, you know."
So that was why grandpa's new chimney had to wait .- Outlook.

Colonial Children at Table.

In a little book, printed in America about the time of the revolution, and entitled "A Pretty Little Pocket Book," there is given a number of rules for the behavior of children at the table, which Miss Earle quotes in her "Home Life in Colonial Days." They were not to seat themselves at the table until after the blessing had been asked, and their parents told

them to be seated. They were never to ask for any-thing on the table; never to speak unless spoken to; always to break the bread, not to bite into a whole slice; never to take salt except with a clean knife (there was one common

upright, but sloping, lay it down at right hand of the plate, with end of blade on the plate." Another, "Look blade on the plate." Another, "Look not earnestly at any other person that I am glad to say, indeed, that Edward's day of hunger and forlornness all that had been given them, if they were behind, in the past. This year has were "moderately satisfied," they were

In many households the children were not allowed to sit at the table, but were compelled to stand by the side of the table during the entire meal. "I know," writes Miss Earl, "of children, not 50 years ago standing at meals at the table of one of the judges of the supreme court. He had a hourtiful table was a hourtiful table was

tertainer and well-known epicure; but children sat not at his board. Each stood at his own place and had to behave with docorum and eat in entire

In some families children stood at a side-table; and, trencher in hand, ran over to the great table to be helped. In other houses they stood before their parents, and food was handed them from the table. "This seems," comments Miss Earle, "closely akin to throwing food to an animal, and must have been among people of low sta-

The Coblet Trick.

Get two goblets of exactly the same shape and size and fill one with water and the other with claret wine. Out of the thin fabric known as tulle cut a circular covering and, having moistened it, stretch it over the gobiet con-taining the water. It should be a little larger than the mouth of the glass. Having stretched it on as smoothly as possible, press the overlapping part as closely to the sides of the glass as you can. Now, place the palm of your right

hand squarely over the mouth of the glass, take the stem in your left hand and turn the glass quickly upside down. You must do this nearly and quickly so as to prevent any air from

The next step is to slide your right hand gently from under the glass. when you will find that the tulle will adhere to the mouth, and that not a drop of water will come through in spite of the thin texture.

This of itself is a pretty experiment. but it is only the first part of the one that we are describing. Your second goblet, you remember, is filled with claret wine. Exactly on the mouth of that glass place the inverted glass of water, fitting rim to rim cautiously and neatly, and very soon you will see little jets of wine penetrating the tulle in every direction. Let the glasses remain thus for fifteen or twenty min-utes, and the exchange of liquids will be complete, the wine coming into the upper glass and the water going down into the lower. It is scarcely worth while to explain

that this change is due to the lighter weight of the wine.—Philadelphia

AFTER-EFFECTS OF FEVER

Mrs. Angle, of Merritton, Suffered So Severely That Her Friends Feared She Was Likely To Be a Permanent

In the picturesque village of Merritton resides Mrs. William Angle, who, ways designted when there was something going on, and this would be she has passed. "Four years ago this "Mike's going to the spring, while a resident of Page 1. "something like," Wayne gaid.

"Mike's going to mix the mortar, had an attack of typhoid fever, and you know, and carry it up the ladder the disease left me in a worn-out and extremely nervous condition, so that the least noise startled me. I could not "Yes," echoed Casper, "I guess he is.
You spell Mike's kind of fun with a big of terrible attacks of heart trouble.
Then again my head would trouble me, that my friends were alarmed. While in this condition I was treated by two physicians, but with no avail. I tried everything recommended, but still found no relief. Finally a relative persuaded me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After I had taken the first box I could see a change for the better, so I continued the use of the pills until I had finished six boxes, and the results rier. They climbed in and joited away.
"Mike's coming tomorrow, you know,
grandpa, and the mason," said Casper,
ing in my hands, the palpitations have ceased, and I have gained in weight Medicine Company, and hope they will

keep up the good work of administer-ing to the afflicted."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is inclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

The Most Picturesque and Interesting of Oriental Cities.

Frederic Courtland Penfield, former United States diplomatic agent and consul-general in Egypt, describes in the October Century the picturesque features of the African metropolis, with illustrations by Paul Philippoteaux.

From its founding in 969 by the Fatimite califs, as an offshoot of the tent-ed settlement of Fostat, to the present rule of Abbas Pasha, seventh khedive, or viceroy, of the dynasty of Mehemit Ali, Cairo—capital of Egypt, metropolis of the African continent, and chief seat of Mohammedan teachhad a romantic history. Scene of famous exploits of great personages, from Saladin to Napoleon, of sanguinary conflicts between Christianity and Islamism, and the memorable massacre of the Mamelukes: 'Arabian Nights" tales; the place where lasting principles of philosophy and science were conceived, and where Bible scenes were laid, Cairo has become the meeting ground of winter idlers from every clime.

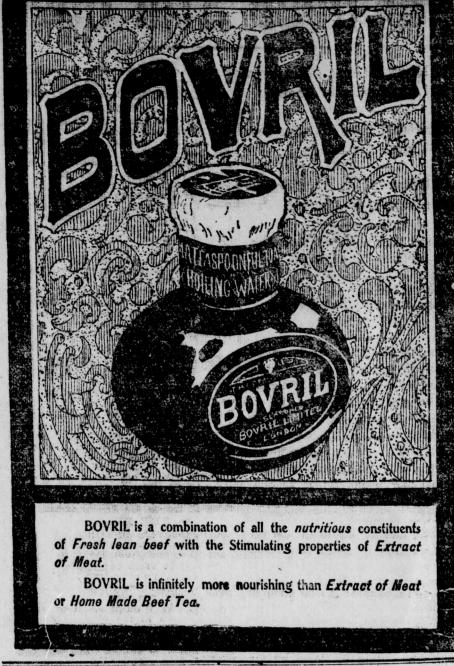
Cairo looks old, but comparatively is not: Alexandria has the appearance of newness, but was 1,200 years old before the first stone of the present capital was laid. But the Cairo of today is only the development of Fostat, Old Cairo, New Babylon, and Heliopolis, probably. There has always been a great city there or thereabouts, chang-

ing in appellation with its locale.

The visit to Egypt has become almost as essential to Americans—and fully half of the eight thousand winter visitors are from the States-as the pilgrimage of good Mohammedans to Mecca. The Mohammedans' religion takes them but once to the sacred city of the prophet, but pleasure draws those favored by fortune to the Nile capital time after time. Cairo is more than interesting; it is fascinating. The antiquarian, the student and the savant have always been at home there; and the invalid, real or imaginary, seeking a climate, finds in and about the khedival city the superlative of air and temperature.

Artists never weary of reproducing Cairo's picturesque scenes and vivid colorings. The blue of the skies, the splendor of the setting sun, the Tur-neresque afterglow, and the delicate browns of the desert, seem to be best suggested in water-colors. Like Venice, Egypt demands a master hand in oils.

The traveler of impressionable nature | cure it for you.



yields to the fascination of Cairo's quaint eastern life, as perfect as if met far beyond the Orient's threshold, and doubly satisfying, because found with-in a half hour of the creature comforts of hotels conspicuously modern. To walk the streets of an Oriental capital wherein history has been made, between meals, as it were, and delve by day in museums and mosques per-petuating a mysterious past, and dine de rigueur in the evening, with the best music in Europe at hand, ex-plains a charm that Cairo has for mortals liking to witness eastern life provided they are not compelled to become a part of it. If Egypt disap-points, the indecisive idler can in four or five days be back in Paris or the

## JOHN MORLEY

His Early Friendships\_Mill a Great Influence.

The gentleness and unselfishness, the lofty idealism of Mill, were well fitted to confirm the young gospel of which he had already be-come a devoted adherent. There is no friendship in his life, says an anonymous M. P. in the October Century, to which Mr. Morley looks back with greater gratitude and more enduring affection than to that with Mill. "Time has done something," Mr. Morley has written, "to impair the philosophic reputation and the political celebrity of John Stuart Mill; but it cannot alter the affectionate memory in which some of us must always hold his wisdon and goodness, his rare union of moral ardor with a calm and settled mind. Another influence of Mr. Morley's young mind was George Meredith. Meredith then, as now, lived mostly in a country house nestled in the Surrey hills, a fine starting point for the long and arduous tramps which were ar equally strong passion with both Morley and Meredith. And finally, Herbert Spencer and George Eliot and Frederic Harrison must be numbered among those who influenced Mr. Morley's early

mind. Through Mr. Frederic Harrison Mr. Morley was brought in contact with the religious views of Comte and with the religious imagination which Mr. Harrison has faithfully upheld for many years. Mr. Morley is not a man to have faith in mere schools, and there was much in the religious system of Comte which one cannot imagine his ever tolerating. But he always has seen the fine side of Comtism, and in some of his own ideals and aspirations there are the underlying and root ideas of the French philosopher.

### A MORNING PLAINT.

"I never have any appetite in the morning," said Bobkins.

"Breakfast is my heartiest meal," said Dodkins.

"Well, sir, I get up in the morning feeling as though I could never eat again," said Bobkins. "I am hungry as a horse for dinner, peckish as you like for tea, go to bed feeling as if I could enjoy a lunch if it were not against my principles to have it, and yet in the morning I have a positive distaste for food. I lose my appetite in the night somewheres. "That's bad," said Dodkins, commiseratingly.

"It's about as bad as they make it." said Bodkins. "No relish for one of the most important meals of the day I should think so," said Dodkins. "What do you suppose is the cause of it?" asked Bobkins.

'Why, dyspepsia," said Dodkins. "I don't notice it, though, except in the morning," said Bobkins.
"Tyspepsia is always worse in the

mornings," said Dodkins. "Is that so?" "Sure," said Dodkins. "Just you notice for yourself, and you'll find out what I say is right."

"What's good for dyspepsia?" asked "Why, Dodd's Dyspepsia Tablets." said Dodkins. "How do you take them?" asked Bobkins.

"One or two after each meal." replied Dodkins. "How much are they?" inquired Bobkins. "Half a dollar a box at all drug stores," answered Dodkins.

The amateur photographer cares but a snap for any pretty girl he sees. Worms cause feverishness, moaning and restlessness during sleep. Mother Graves' Work Exterminator is pleasgist has none in stock, get him to pro-





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