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Vol. I

TAROT

MONTHLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE
FEBRUARY 18 1896

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ONE YEAR ONE DOLLAR

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A
BOHEMIAN
LITERAT



ANNOUNCEMENT.

TAROT appears upon the thirteenth day of each month.

TAROT is the pioneer publication of its class issued in the Dominion.

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All manuscripts and drawings are submitted to an editorial board and balloted upon, ensuring the acceptance of every effort of distinctive merit irrespective of the previous literary prominence of the writer. The object is to encourage in Canada the growth of that artistic spirit, which, in older countries, is fostered by similar publications.

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CARD THE FIRST.

The Public—Tarot: the juggler introduces:—the Juggler, as who is better known to the public?

Tarot is not with the matter-of-fact procession, he will wander over the Public's highway but is in no hurry: into the private fields of Art and Literature that skirt it; but he cares not to settle down and build fences.

A vagrant who has ideals, who would like all mankind to breathe freely and deeply, and to live intensely: who is critical, but from the standpoint of the neglected.

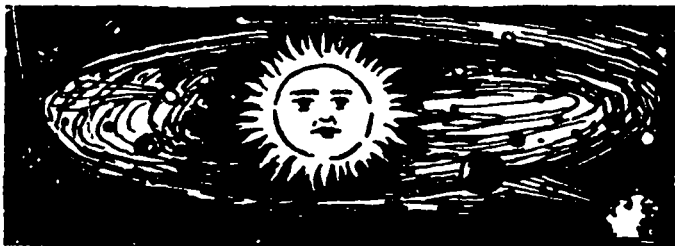
THE MERRY-GO-ROUND.

Into the mystical chasm of night—
Course-true, as the stag-scenting hound :
Dizzily whirled,
Gripped and hurled,
Yet, free, in its strong, Titan bound ;
Breasting and cresting each billow of night,
Swung by the rhythmical fingers of light—
The world is a merry-go-round.

Slowly, the scroll of th' enfolded gloom
Unclasps, and, with shuddering bound,
Into the death,
Quivers a breath—
The master-key, mystery bound !
Cleaving the close-fitting wall of the womb,
Weaving its close-webbing pall for the tomb—
Life, too, is a merry-go-round.

Comedy, tragedy, parity, crime,
Leashed, neck and neck, through each round ;
Champ and rattle,
Tramp and battle—
Away, in the fair-glare, drowned.
Way! for the shame, in the glitter begilt :
Way! for the Name, that to-morrow, will tilt :
Way! Way! for the Merry-go-round.

GWYNNE SEREN.



THE OMADHAUN.

Old and lonely and crazy! he was a strange-looking creature. Long ragged hair hung about his shoulders, his figure was tall and gaunt and on his face there was a wasted look. The old frieze coat had a gray fringe flying about wrist and neck. Most of the bright pewter buttons were gone from it and long threads straggled in their place. It was a poor shelter against the raw winds of winter. His hat, rimless, rusty, shockingly shabby, rested far back on the gray head, above the haggard eyes that had more than a hint of madness in them. His lean hand was always thrust in his breast, whence issued at intervals soft, cooing sounds. His brogues red for want of greasing, creaked when he moved, like ancient engines out of gear. Poor Shamus! with his peasant's face lighted with the strange greatness of madness, with spiritual fires burning deep in his blue eyes, with all his white, *country* soul shining through those wonderful, crazy orbs. Poor old Shamus! tired, hungry, gloriously happy, asking a "charity" at this door and that, never denied food or shelter among the strangely hospitable people of a forlorn little island.



And so he came one night to the wedding. The priest and the landlord and the "quality" were there in "the room" eating roast goose and potatoes. A live goose cackled her hopes from a hamper under the bed, and a hen chorussed a maternal ode from her nest in a distant corner. Outside in the kitchen the couples were dancing to the drone of the bagpipes, and a young man, undaunted, was raising his voice



in the twenty-seven verses of "The Red-haired Man's Wife." Suddenly the strange, soul-tortured face of the Omadhaun appeared in the doorway. Gaunt hunger stared from his hollow eyes and quaked upon his lips. The saddest sight he was in that place of merriment and youth, that ever merriment and youth had looked upon.

A hush fell over the people, the pipes stopped droning.

"'Tis Shamus, the crathur! God be good to us! Come in alanna. Shure 'tis welcome you are an' the doves is, entirely."

But he shook his head.

"Thank ye kindly ma'am," he said in his queer rusty voice "but Shamus has more to attend to this night than he has the time for. There's the burds," he added timidly. "The crathurs can't ax for themselves. They do be hungry."

A dozen hands went to his help.

"Nay, now," said the old creature, "lave their food to me. I'll be afther feedin' thim outside. I'm comfortable ma'am, thank ye" he added to a good woman who wanted him to sit to a full dish of bacon and greens. "Shure I'm God's Omadhaun, the priest says, an' safe enough thanks be to God."

And they danced the night out and the dawn in and forgot him.

As the day broke greyly someone going outside saw Shamus leaning up against the hay stack.

"Shamus," said he.

But the daft man was sleeping. The doves were wheeling softly above, all but one tender creature, who, more loving than the rest peered timidly from

the sleeper's breast.

"Shamus," said the man again, and he touched him.
Then he lifted his hat.

"God be merciful to the dead," he said.

And that was all. And only—of all Shamus' little world—the doves were lonely. There, at last, in the sad night-time, forgotten and uncared for by all others, God had remembered, and had stooped to His Fool.

KATHLEEN BLAKE WATKINS.



WOODLAND.

ELEANOR DOUGLAS.

BREATH FROM THE WOODLAND.

Comes to me in the city's crowded street,
Or, mid the struggles of the busy mart,
Like touch of some cool hand upon my heart,
An odorous memory of the woodland sweet,
Once more I wander far from haunts of men,
And, in the glades I roam, a child again.

IFOR RHYS.

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THE LAKE OF THE DEVILS.

Darkness pregnant with mystery, shade glooming on shade.

Hushed in its cradle of primeval rocks ; calm after its forgotten ages of tempest, lies the Lake of the Devils.

The vault of heaven is darkly luminous ; the surface of the waters catches the reflection of the myriad stars : the tiny ripples pass them one to the other in quiet play, or murmur on the pebbly beach.

Slowly the full moon swings clear of the black and ragged pinnacles which challenge heaven to the eastward. Fantastic craigs steal into view as the weird light illumines the silent expanses. Now the wavelets forsake their play with the tiny stars ; they seize the bright reflection of the great round moon : they scatter it like quicksilver ; they bear it, in long procession to the watcher's feet.

A ghostly moving amid the tall dead trees ; a murmur from the gloomy forests on the farther shore ; a whispering from the soaring craigs, where the silent glaciers turn their cold white faces to the stars. The mists slowly circle, borne on the wings of the night wind, then pass in pallid show to be lost in the gaping jaws of some still unillumined canyon.

Brighter grows the light, cheerily blow the breezes ; merrily the waters splash, flinging spray of emerald and brilliants on the whispering shore. Passing beautiful is the Lake of the Devils.

In days long gone, when the white men were few and the Indians lived in plenty, young White Horses left his lodge in the mountains, to ride alone out unto



the plains, where stood the villages of his people. White Horses was contented as he drummed with his moccasined heels the fat sides of his pinto and swung his quirt to and fro. He crooned in quaint cadence as he rode, for his heart was big with things. The soft clouds drifted for White Horses; the breeze sang to White Horses; the game on the mountains was for White Horses, and the world was very good. Hotter blazed the midday sun; the breeze was hushed. As he drew nigh the lake the sky was darkened, a distant rumble shook the mountains. White Horses shuddered he knew not why. There was a slipping, a rushing, a crash and a blackness. When he awoke, the world spun round with pain, the blood from an open wound blinded his eyes, the pinto was dead from the fall. White Horses staggered on, up and ever up the rocky trail that wound above the gloomy waters of the lake. The heavy sky settled down, the air was dead, the rain fell in big drops, phut! phut! Of a sudden there was a great light and a roar that stunned. The furious winds tore the tender leaves from the young shrubs, the driving rain blinded and hissed, the lightnings flickered, the thunder crashed, the Indian covered in terror. There was a lull, the tumbling mists beneath were rent in sunder, revealing fearful shapes that held high carnival upon the seething waters. Blacker grew the storm once more, fiercer flashed the lightnings, faster swirled the mists. They rose and rose; they grew and grew; they took shape, a nameless shape, which reached out a cold hand toward White Horses. He tried to shriek, but no voice came; mocking laughter mingled with the storm roar. The darkness swallowed him up utterly

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When his soul returned the sun was sinking behind the mountains and the spirits of peace and silence blessed the earth.

Passing beautiful is the Lake of the Devils. The breezes ruffle the surface as the sun shines down; emerald and purple, opal and ruby steal in rainbow procession over the deep. The great trees nod and bow, as they whisper one to the other on the mighty slopes, of mysteries too deep for mortals; the scarred rocks still hold their secret. Only the Indian knows that the soul of a devil often lurks under beautiful things. The white men build their huts there, despite the legend—but white men are fools.

JOHN CLARKE INNES.



DRAWN BY HARRIET FORD.

THE REALM OF VAIN REGRET.

A sojourner in the realm of Vain-regret,
Which lieth near the country Might-have-been,
I wander, where the woodland branches green
In sunkissed arches o'er my head are met,
While all the pathway dancing shadows fret.
The stream flows, singing on its way unseen,
And ever, its sweet cadences between,
I hear a voice which says, "Forget. forget."

The day's bright sun is soon obscured by night,
The stream sings always of the sad grey sea
To whose embrace it must return at last;
The ghosts of long-past days crowd on my sight,
From whose drear presence I can never flee
Till over every scene a gloom is cast.

JOHN KELLY-BATHURST.





PAST.

"Something is lost to me," she said, "that nevermore
will be my very own,
Something has swiftly slipped through my heart's
door and to the winds has flown.

' Loss was the kindest thing that fate could send—
some joys we may not keep—

And yet because this is the very end, I needs" she
said " must weep.

" Feeling my heart so empty and so chill— there is no
glow to-night,

No 'wakening of the old time, tender thrill, no
pulsing of delight.

" When death hides from our eyes a much-loved face
we let our tears fall fast,

And then, we take each sign, each ling'ring trace and
seal it up—so --' Past.'

" And I must put the memories away—the toys love
left behind ;

The sweets we shared upon a summer day ; the kiss,
the faith so blind—

I was so proud, so rich, a while ago, and now I am so
poor,

Oh, empty heart ! there's nothing now to do" she
said, " but close the door."

JEAN BLEWETT.

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GLEANERS

BY CARL AHRENS.

AN AMISH WOOING.

In a Dutch muse, with his hands far down in his capacious pockets, trudged Amish Johannes Hockelkesser. Crunching the snow, his heavy cowhides, well greased, made music on the frosty night air—at least so it seemed to Johannes; for Johannes was in love. Hannah! Hannah! crunched the boots, white visions of the great brick fireplace with its blazing logs and Hannah beside it, rose before him. At last, after a walk of about a mile, Johannes arrived at the home of Amish Hannah Baum. The sheep dog runs to meet him and licks the half hour's labor off his boots, as "Dad" and "Mam" Baum welcome him to a place beside the fire. Hannah, the while has brought him a good cup of coffee and some coffee cake—"Es ist heute kalt, gel Johannes?" asked Dad Baum. "Ja" replies Johannes with his mouth full of coffee cake and of Hannah's baking too—and his big Dutch heart, thumping like a drum. And why not? Hannah was looking at him from under her dark eye-lashes; for Hannah was comely, so was Johannes for that matter, although his hair was cut around the rim of a crock, and his clothes ill-fitting as made by Mam Hockelkesser. "Ich gehe zu Bett" said Mam Baum. "Ich Auch" said Dad. "Gute nacht" said all, and the big fire cracked and blazed, giving light as well as warmth, for Mam Baum had taken the candle. The uneasy creak of Mam's rocking chair, now occupied by Hannah, the grit of Johannes' cowhides on the stones in front of the fireplace, and an occasional splutter of the fire, for quite a time, were the only sounds heard. Hannah thumbed her apron, while Johannes searched his brain for subject matter. At last, after half an hour of silence. "Dad got some pigs to-day," said Johannes. "That is good," said soft-voiced Hannah. "yes, and Dad will give me some, and a hundred acres of land too," con-



tinued Johannes, determined not to let the conversation lag, and at the same time put his future prospects in the very best light. "Say Hannah," went on Johannes, somewhat shyly, "how do you like my new clothes? Mam made them, and all from my own sheep's wool." "I like them," said Hannah, wishing, in her heart, that it would soon be her task if only to put on the hooks and eyes: for it had come to her ears that Nancy Kuntz had sewed them on, while on a visit to Mam Hockelkesser's, and she wondered if Johannes had a soft spot in his heart for Nancy. "Dad and Mam said that I was to go and see you," went on Johannes, growing bolder. "Did you want to come?" ventured Hannah. "Yes," said Johannes, getting very red, "are you glad, Hannah?" "Yes Johannes." At last, the ice was broken, and the way for Johannes was clear; so, while he piled some more logs on the fire, Hannah went into her chamber, adjoining the big kitchen. Right merrily blazed the fire, the flames leaping high into the air, causing the shadow of Mam's old rocking chair to dance on the wall. A quiet, dreamy smile was on the face of Johannes, and a vision of home, occupied by himself and Hannah, with his farm well stocked, and all, yes, all for him and Hannah! "Come Johannes," said a bashful voice, and Johannes went to court as only Amish do. The logs had almost burned away, and the grey dawn was stealing through the window, as Johannes started across the fields for home. Hannah sleepily, felt a warm kiss on her lips, and dreamed of Johannes. And Johannes was glad, and the cocks crowed right joyously, at least, so thought Johannes, as he stole into the house, wakened Mam Hockelkesser and told her the news. And glad was the day in a year, as Mam Hockelkesser and Mam Baum sang an Amish lullaby and welcomed the beginning of a new generation.

CARL AHRNS.

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FEBRUARY.

BY J. C. INNES.

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STEPNIAK :

SOME PERSONAL AND OTHER NOTES.

Sergius Michaelovitch Kravchinsky, better known as Sergius Stepniak, was born in 1852 in South Russia. One of his parents was White Russian, the other Ukranian. While he was still young his parents migrated to Italy and there Stepniak acquired some at least, of the revolutionary ideas with which afterwards his mind was filled.

At twenty, Stepniak returned to Russia and became an officer of artillery. He quickly instituted a propaganda of liberal ideas, and succeeded in forming a group of artillery officers who became an important force in the Revolutionary movement. Later he carried his propaganda among the workingmen of St. Petersburg, lectured to them on history and indoctrinated them with Marxist economics. With his friend Rogachoff, also a man of powerful physique, he made a walking tour among the Russian peasantry--"a tour which has passed into a legend of how two giants preached liberty to the peasants." In 1878 he took an active part in the Revolutionary movement; and he was selected by the Terrorist organization which preceded the formation of the Narodnaia Volia and the Executive Committee, to execute General Mesentzef, chief of the political police. On August 4th, 1878, Stepniak shot General Mesentzef with a revolver in the forenoon and in the open street in St. Petersburg. Oblivious of personal risk, Stepniak did not seek to leave the country; but his comrades, for the purpose of ensuring his safety, induced him to go abroad on an unimportant mission. He visited Russia surreptitiously several times during subsequent years. He lived in Switzerland, in Paris, and in Italy where he wrote his *Underground Russia* in Italian and published it in an Italian Conservative newspaper. While in Italy, he identified himself with the popular movement there, and interested him-

self also in the Servian revolt against the Turks. He went to England in 1864, and a few years later succeeded in forming the Society of the Friends of Russian Freedom, and later the Russian Free Press Fund. These organizations Stepniak employed for the purpose of disseminating information about Russian domestic affairs. This was done by means of a small newspaper called *Free Russia*, printed for and sent to newspapers. Stepniak had latterly two political aims; first, to urge upon the Russian people the necessity of securing popular representation in the Government, and second, to arouse public opinion in England to the point of bringing moral pressure to bear upon the Central Government of Russia. He held the view that the Russian Government was by no means indifferent to the public opinion of Europe, and that eventually a constitution would be gained which would admit the Russian people to a share of the Central Government. In 1890 or 1891, Stepniak made a lecturing tour in the United States. The little colony of Russian political exiles in London forms an interesting and able group. It is now reduced to four, Prince Pierre Kropotkin, Tchaykovsky, Lazareff, and Felix Volkhovsky. Volkhovsky crossed Siberia and escaped by Vladivostock, passing through Canada and visiting Toronto on his way to England. While Stepniak lived, he and Kropotkin were the best known and perhaps the most notable figures in the group. Kropotkin is a man of science and a philosopher. The range of his scientific interest and his power of acute and profound generalization are displayed in his remarkable series of articles on Modern Science in the *Nineteenth Century*. His strenuous intellectual honesty and his intense insight do not suffer him to entertain illusions about either autocracy or democracy. Stepniak was altogether different. He lived in a world of dreams which his imagination invested with reality. The con-



stitution he imagined for Russia, was rather that of an artist than that of a politician. By no means a typical agitator, he had none of the gifts of a demagogue, nor had he any capacity for intrigue. He was a single-minded and high-souled enthusiast whose last thought was of himself. That he became involved in politics was an accident of his time. It was his romantic and artistic temperament which led him to make history at five and twenty. It was the same temperament matured and mellowed, which at forty made him dream of a Russian constitution. It is as literary artist that Stepniak has most interest for us at the moment. To artistic instincts and a grave oriental imagination, he added rigorous method and a merciless faculty for criticism. His technical dexterity was growing steadily and he might have been trusted one day to produce a great drama or a great novel which would have in all probability entitled him to rank with Turgenief, Dostoyevsky and Tolstoi. His capacity for artistic production is by no means represented in the too few writings in which he gave play to this side of his nature. He had leonine powers of endurance; but sixteen hours a day steadily employed in severe intellectual labor, chiefly in journalism, did not conduce to the making of works of art. Yet he found time to write one novel of note and at least two dramas, one of which, written in German, was produced at Vienna in 1894. His novel "The Career of a Nihilist," is not a pamphlet, it is a work of art into which he put much of his real soul. Here one sees the restraint and sheer skill characteristic of all good literary work and perhaps characteristic of Russian literary art above that of any other country. The novel was not and may never be popular: for the people do not understand reticence. They like the gaping statue, and death on the stage; while the artist is always best judged by what he refrains from saying and doing.

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Not the least marvellous thing about this novel is that alone among Stepniak's important writings, it was written in English and was not revised by anybody. The quaintness of the idiom adds to its charm, and it is unfortunate that Stepniak, sensitive and easily discouraged as the genuine artist is apt to be, should have yielded to the opinion of an usually good critic and ardent friend, W. E. Henley, and made up his mind not to repeat the experiment. He decided to write his novels in Russian, French or Italian and to have them translated into English by some other hand. This was every way unfortunate, as it prevented him from immediately attacking another novel, and moreover would have inevitably resulted in loss, for what his work might have gained in merely formal accuracy of expression, it must have lost in verve and spontaneity.

Stepniak's principal works are "Underground Russia," "The Russian Peasantry," "Russia Under the Tsars," "The Russian Storm Cloud," "The Career of a Nihilist," "Nihilism as it is," "King Stork and King Log: A Study of Modern Russia," "The Cottage by the Volga," a short story which recently appeared in *The Golden Penny*.

Apart from the blow to the Russian movement, especially on its constitutional side, the death of Stepniak by accident at Christmas tide was a great loss to the intellectual life of London. Stepniak had many attached friends, and no one who knew him can ever forget his magnetic sympathy and extraordinary power of vividly interesting himself in the concerns of others even while his own were most engrossing. He was full to overflowing of fertile suggestions about literary work with the keenest criticism of it. He was indeed a most generous, tender and benignant soul.

JAMES MAVOR.

THE SYNTHESIS OF THE POEM.

There is scarcely anything of human art more universally admired and superficially praised, more atrociously libelled, or more generally misunderstood than the poem. To many, the word "Poetry" is a synonym for whatever is emasculate, ephemeral, and utterly dissociated from our work-day worries. In the common estimate, an analysis and definition of poetry are as impossible as a description of the stuff of which imaginings are spun; and yet, I shall hazard the assertion that the Poem is the instrument of our highest and deepest instruction.

Our teachers, and the books we love may be prosaic; but still, what we cannot individually poetize, we cannot understand—we never know, nor have sympathy with, the skeleton of a truth; its dry bones must be clothed and humanized.

The supposition that there can be more truth than poetry in a statement, is grounded in an entire misconception of what constitutes poetry. The dictum of Poe, that "all *that*, which is so indispensable in song, is precisely all *that* with which she (Truth) has nothing whatever to do," shows a perception of only the limitations, which finite and sluggish minds have put upon the truth. There may be more of reason than of rhyme or rhythm, but it is this very reason which is the soul of all the verbiage; and, when we understand, it is that something of the truth, unites itself with what is true and unperverted in ourselves—that this soul-tone, vibrating from the strings and tubes of physical terms, comes wooing our reason-loving minds—knitting itself with our



truest self, and drawing us out to see, even in the abstract, problems of a Euclid, analogies that measure the height and depth and curvatures of human character.

To man there are no abstract truths—nothing can be true to us that is not truth for us. Our outlook is from our own, always central consciousness, do what we will, we conceive no idea, but in terms that picture a relation of the thing we contemplate, to ourselves.

The greatest, gravest truths, though at first the possession of only him who could stand and talk with God, have serried down to become the common property of all, and in their descent, have called to every human capacity and faculty—

“ Deep calleth unto deep,”

So has the depth of the infinite above, called to the depth fashioned in man. Life calls and reverberates down every cranny and cavern of our Death, and echoes rise, and clothe the voice with something from our human emptiness. But, to take this recognizable shape, and to gain this living hold on man, it has ceased to be what it was to the prophet and seer high up on the mountain of God; it is not inspirational but resultant—springing back from something of our own consciousness—it has sprung into life and association with all our interests; and only in this humanly sympathetic way can truth be companionable to man.

To be continued.

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