Frank?" a smiled at the nathe little argh that mished the sentence May Verner laughed aloud.

"You foolish child," she said, gathering up her working materials and preparing to leave the lovers alone, "do not you know that it will be an unmitigated blessing to have Frank safely disposed of for the next few all important days? Even if he were not in duty bound to obey Sir George's summons, I should still say, Go."

"Abdicate in favor of the milliners, in fact," Frank observed, watching the brisk movements of his future sister-in-law with lazy content. He was very fond of May but just now a tete-a-tete with Essie seemed a thing most desirable in his eyes.

"Exactly; and unless you wish Mrs. Frank de Walden's trousseau to be lamentab ly incomplete, you will rather prolong than shorten your visit," May said, and disappeared with a laughing nod.

"Is May right, Essie?" Frank as ked, turn ing to his little sweetheart, "Do I keep you from the serious duties of life? No"he stoeped and kissed the pretty upturned face-"your first duty is-to me."

"And yours to Sir George," Essie answered, with a pout; but the pout was all playful, though there was a suggestion of tears in the eyes that were as blue as April skies, though fringed with jet-black lashes.

They were a handsome couple, and formed a pretty p cture as they sat on the flower-filled terrace of the picturesque river side house-he tall, strong, gray-eyed, and fairhaired, she small and slender, with fine jetblack hair, and pretty, pale skin, that seemed to give, by force of contrast, an intensity and depth of color to the innocent blue eyes, Frank looked meditatively at the river glistening like molten gold in the sunset glow. and bright with pleasure-bcats of every kind, beto e he answered her last, pettish remark. Then he said with a little laugh

"Well, I suppose I do owe him some duty, Essie, though hither:o he has not given me much opportunity of paying my debts. never was so surprised in my lite as when received his note."

"I thought he telegraphed?"

"So he did, on his arrival in England, and wrote by the following post. Let me see-I must have his letter. Ah, here it is! Rather a mysterious epistle too for such a steadygoing old fellow as my respected nucle."

And Frank placed the paper he extracted from his pocket-book in the girl's hands. She turned it over with a puzzled look, then began to study its contents.

"Read it aloud. Essie," the young man broke in; and while no lounged lazily upon the balustrade and looked out over the sno the shaven green lawn to the glittering water beyond, the clear girlish voice read out the following letter :-

'My dear Nephew,-When you wrote to me three weeks ago, announcing your engagement to Miss Esther Verner, you thought I suppose, that you were performing a convertional civility to your father's brother, and never gue sad how deep an interest the news would have for him. Of course it was news to be expected. A good-looking young fellow like you, with many advantages, natural and acquired, was surely looked upon as a prize in the matrimenial mark :."

"Do you take that sentence to heart, Miss Essie?" Frack put in gravely; but Ess!e went on demurely.

"And I was at one time afraid that, relying too surely upon your expectations, you have made an improdent choice of a wife. This however coss rot seem to be the case. I take your word for Miss Verner's loveable and amiable qualities, the photograph answers for her grace and beauty; and, as the world calls her father a rich man, I suppose she adds to her other attractions the solid and lasting charm of wealth."

Esie Verner looked up fron the pap.r with a sudden flush, and found that angry glow reflected in her lover's face.

"He is dreadfully practical," Frank said, with a rather nervous smile; "but parents and guardians will be like this to the end of the world."

"I suppose so," Essie agreed, shaking her dark head dolefully, "Perhaps papa would have refused me to you if you had not been Sir George de Walden's heir."

"I think the 'perhaps' is more than probable," Frank answered drily. "Indeed, I hardly think that I should have found the courage to ask him to give his beautiful daughter to a briefles; barrister."

"Then you would have done the beautiful daughter' a cruel wrong," the girl said, in a shy nalt-whisper, and with a quick and eloquent upward glance that, as a matter of course, brought her lover to her side, and, for a while at least, interrupted the reading of the letter.

at last. "Papa will be home immediately, Frank inwardly and irreverently laughed and then you must talk to him. I do so want to know what more your uncle has to | that he had already written on the subject, eay. I have lost my place. Ah, here it is!"

in England-at the Court; and I request, as | had left the table, and the two mon sat without further delay. Remember me to whe Miss Verner, whose acquaintance I shall hope soon to make, and believe me now as heretofore,

"Your affectionate uncle,

"GEORGE DE WALDEN."

"What a st ange letter!" Essie said hard ing it back. "But Sir George is rather a strange man, is he not?"

eay I remember him very clearly. He has led a wandering life, you know, and only | Verner received the summary with a wellsettled down to his hermitage near Naples within the last three years. I have since. then thought several times of running over to see him; but-"

"But what?" Essie echoed curiously, as at once?" her lover paused, with a slight shrug of the shoulders and a meditative twist of his | the old place alive again. It looked like the moustache," Would he not have been glad

to see you ?" "Well, he never evinced any eagerness on the point. In fact, this is the first invitation | Mr. Verner asked, with an anticipative

you are his only relative—his own brother's | lychild! If he does not care for you, what can

he care for?" "Rather a difficult question to answer," Frank said, smiling at the girl's indignant

shall try to convert him," Essie cried, with a little ocnfident nod. And, looking at the pretty creature in her

soft dress of creamy pink, with coral knots and buttons that set off the clear pallor e the skin; the dusky looks and bright blue eyes, Frank thought proudly and foodly that of any man, even a gruff old woman-hater like bis uncle, an easy task. But he could not discuss the matter further. for just then Mr. Verner and his elder daughter came out upon the terrace, and the conversation naturally took a more general character.

Mr. Verner was a big, florid, fair man, stamped, as it were, with a sort of hall-mark of au scess. Somehow it was impossible to be in h's presence an hour without fe:ling that he was very rich, and had accumulated all his money by his own unaided exertions, though why that conviction should be berne in upon one it was not quite so easy to ra.y There was nothing of pompous self-assertion in his manner, nothing of boasting in his quietly-correct speech; but, in some way the impression was given, and it was cor

If Constantine Verser had not absolute ly entered London with the traditional half crawn of the prespective millionaire as his sole possession, he had at least spent several yours of so did poverty within it before fortune vouchsafed him the faintest and most wintry smile; but he had from the first a calmly confident belief in himself and his own future; and, when the occasion for which he had long waited, came, he seized it at once. A small successful speculation was followed by a greater; "Verger's luck" became proverbial upon 'Change, and the urknown, straggling man developed into social celebrity. Those struggling days lay very far back in his life now; May and Essie knew nothing of them. He had not ma: ried until the clouds began to break; their lives had been wholly spent in the sunshine of prosperity, and their only grief as yet had been their mother's death, which had occurred about three years back.

People rather wondered that Mr. Verner who had no heir to carry on his name and succeed to his great possessions, did not marry again; but he announced frankly that he was content with his girls, and meant to devote the remainder of his life to them.

"If Heaven had sent me a son, well and good," he would say in his more expansive "I should like to think that had left a Constantine Verner behind me but Heaven has not so pleased, and I have received too many good gifts to grumble because one more is denied me. Esther and May are good and pretty girls, not likely to disappoint my just and reasonable hopes and, if they only marry to please me, I sha! be quite satisfied to share my fortune be tween them"-an arnouncement that natur. ally broughl a crowd of coursiers and aspicants, eligible and the reverse, about the pretty cn-heiresses' heels.

Fortunately for them, however-for they had as yet no conception of the strength of their father's will and the terrible coasequences of incorring his displeasure—they had both chosen to please him, and with their future, as his reseatte fancy planned it. he was blandly and smilingly content. May, of whom I expected less, has done me the greater credit," he would say, leaning back in his big chair, and joining his finger. tips lightly, as he surveyed the situation serenely with his mind's eye. "Lord Crox. ford is of course unobjectionable in every

way; moreover, she really cares for him, which is remarkable in such a match. Now Essie-ah, my little Essie might have done hetter, so much admired as she was too! But I have not the heart to cross that child's whim. Moreover, De Walden is a fine young him in the old days; perhaps his years befellow, of excellent family and prospects; there is nothing against him but his present lack of means, and that my daughter need not mind. Sir George cannot live for ever, and then little Essie will be Ludy de Walden of De Walden Court. Well, well, the 'whirligig of time' plays us strange pranks What would my good, plodding old father have said had any one told him that his lake. grandchi'dren would be, the one a peeress, the other a baronet's wife?"

Having thus philosophically reconciled himself to the match, Mr. Verger received his future son in law not only graciously, but with distinguished consideration, and made no objection to the early marriage for which Frank pleaded, provided that S.r. George de Walden, on his side, had nothing to say against it.

"F.r you will of course ask your uncle" consent; he may har e other views for you, "Now do let me finish, Frank," she said | Mr. Verzer said, with a stateliness at which though he answered with perfect gravity

but was assured of his uncle's consent. "So Sr George has answered your letter "By the time this reaches you, I shall be | in person?" Mr. Verner said, when the girls

there at or co, as there are some business. a peach with much deliberation, the young. matters that must be sertled between us | er casting lenging glances out at the terrace, where Essie and May sat chatting in the sof "In person and on paper too, sir : he wish.

es me to ran down to the Cour ." "But he makes no objection to the mar

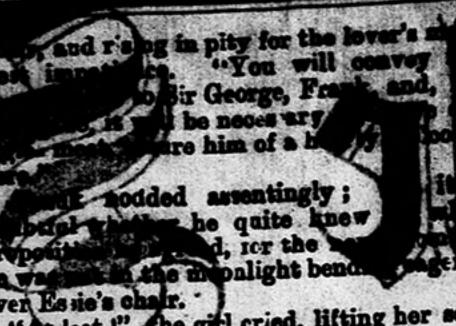
"On the contrary, he express s the warm est approval, adm'r s E sie's photograph, and, in abors, writes very pleasantly in deed," concluded Frank, thinking that, on "Well, yes, I suppose so; but I cannot | the whole, it was better to summarize the letter than read it just at present ; and Mr. pleased smile,

"Then, as he comes to bless and not to ban, we must take his promplitude as a great compliment. Of course you go to him

"Of course. It will be rather queer to see palace of the Sleeping Beauty the last time I

"What a shocking old creature! And | nuture home; but Frank answered careless

"Not very-Elizabethan only; but it is a picturesque old place, and I cannot think what made my uncle neglect it so long." "Well, the neglect is over for a time at frank said, militing se one gard and all the other, pushing back his "I know it; but the recessity for putting rousing himself with an effort.



"As last !" the gifl cried, lifting her soft "Oh, Frank how represchiul eyes to his.

long you have been !" "And I have grudged every moment," he answered e.g. rly; bat we were talking hasitess sweetheart, and now the tank to open shed that thick interested him. and my reward has come.

"Yes, but this time to-morre said, with a little involuntary shiver. you know, I have a superstitions doad? this visit, Frank."

Frank only laughed, and kissed the pret- dred a year of independ ty, jewelled fingers that tightened on his prospects at the bar then; but afterwar s he recalled the with a strange, superstitious thrill: and

"Mr. De Walden, sir ?" The man touched his hat, and came serees hot and dusty with his long journey, Frank alighted at the quaint little road-side sta tion which was the nearest point to Walden Court Tache were few process imman's face, and say with brutal frank and those few were villagers, vaht's discriminatory powers were not se verely taxed in picking out the stranger "Yes, I am Mr. De Walden. I hope Sir smile

George 18 well." "Quite well, sir, but a little, knocked pp by the late journey. He has sent the dogcart, sir, as he could not come himself."

Frank nodded, and as he gathered up the reins, found himself vaguely wondering whatit was that struck him as strange in the speaker's tone and look. The man to perfectly well bred English servant, wish the civilly reserved speech and automatic movements peculiar to his class; but either Frank imagined it, or the dull wide eyes rested on his face with a momentary glance of curiosity and compassion. "Pshaw! I am getting as nerveusly fair

ciful as my little Essie!" the young man thought with a smile at his own folly as the cart bowled briskly along through the greea lexuriant country that lay between the atation and the Court. "I could never lecture her with any show of propriety again if she only knew that I indulged in whathand phantasies too."

It was nearly six when they drew up be fore the old gray stone house clothed from basement to turret with ivy, and bathed in a rosy sunset glow that made the small pointed windows glitter with a jewel-like lustre from their dark setting. On the lows est of the three terraces that ran along the wide front of the bouse two tall rewackspread out the iridescent splendor of their tails, erected their graceful heads and start crowned crests, and screamed a discordant welcome.

"The raven himself is hoarse that croaks the fatal entrance of Dancan under my battlements," Frank murmured sotto voce, and more singular silence in some rea onable nam's Painless Corn Extracor, of which the senses, which then he scolded himself for the make propos fitthion. quotation that had come unbidden to his

Welcome to the Court, Frank," and the elder man. "And welcome home, sir," cried the younger, in a breath; and then again that curious sensation of being s :udie l and compassioned came over Frank de Walden's mind.

"What a conceited fool I am to-day !" he decided almost angrily. "Of course, after suca an absence, he studies me a little bit. Am not I studying him? Very well, he looks too, on the whole, though he seems a the question relieved him. li:tle more nervous and shaky than I thought gin to tell."

"You look well and happy, Frank," Sir George said, with something like a sigh, as he turned from the contemplation of hie nephew's stalwart figure and bright handsome face, and led the way into the great cool library that lay at the back of the house and looked upon the placid water of the Frank laughed, throwing his hat down

upon the table and settling himself lightly and easily on the arm of a big chair. "I was just thinking the same of you, sir.

You look-I don't know exactly how to put it-trighter and younger than when I saw you last, though that was five years ago." Frank spoke she simple truth as it pre-

sented itself to his mind. Had he been dealing in subtle flattery, he must have been pleased with the grat fied flash of the handsome old face, the pleased sparkle of the still bright eyes, though Sia Geo ge only said, deprecatingly-

"Tush, my dear boy! I am as well as a but, to return to you and your prespects."

Frank opened his eyes at this. H.s. own prospec:s naturally engrossed a large shars of his thoughts, and he was anxious enough a particular favor, that you will join me alone over ther their wine, the elder peeling to discuss them; but considering that he had but just set foot in the house, that he was thirsty and travel-stained, and even little confused, his uncle's haste struck him as unseemly and absurd.

"To wash off all this dust, and get something to drink." Sir George turned away with a smethered exclamation of disgust.

Frank only wondered what reason oculd my expuse." excuse this frantic haste, but wisely confined all egpression of wonder to a brief up. lifting of his cycbrows, and listened respect fully while he alaked his thirst.

"Miss Verner is a good unselfish girl, who

loves you for yourself alone ! strange question, sir," Frank answered, with Frank."

who was the loveliert debutante of her a Her photograph really gives you no idea of

But Sir George waved the subject of Essie and her pharms impatiently away, and pur-

"He knews exactly how things stand with

Of course , he made himself, agqueinted, great a year of independent income? Your exemp the track fate Both For the first time Frank hesitated over his wondered whence that thedaws warning answer, and felt uncomfortable and peoplex; ments, and other poisons that are some.

Area matter of course, the new free of the intercal lining ments.

or himselfias about f of the succession, and gives that comfortable security a prominent place among the proporte by thehine beliebenks and Frank to Walden, being, only the platform with an interrogative look, as, human, had naturally done as other men would do in his place. But it was one thing to think this and tacitly allow it tou though, and quite another to look in the liv-"No, my prospects of succeeding you."

"It is an awkward question." "Let me make it easier then; and for I am sare you will an Approchage prompts ly—that is all I ass. Did Mr. Vener give his daughter to you, the young ank struging interest and his own bright wits to help int the fight, or-to the future Sir Fun. The blood rushed hotly over Frank de

walden trice, and his bear bear with the comfortable quit the bar placed the recent with the could not -and he MARKDALE HOStation-ton bib "I am afrail it was to the latter, sir," he

said, with a little tremer in his full pleasant voice. 'Essie is an angel of unselfishness; but Mr. Vener is a self-made man, who of the wife of one of our most rapes places an inordinate value on such dignities. He does not ask for money -he has abuadance of that; but his daughter's husban is must give them a high place in the world. The elder is to many Lard Cozford, and the

Bir George turned away abruptly and which had accidentally been renor stood for perhays five minutes staring out at | Tae horror experienced by Mrs. I the lake, from which all the stanset glow had may be imagined, and in o der to divertise ged in the m passed. Frank could only see his back and attention nou red f. r what purpose he was the handsome gray head that wast still car | ed to use it. I magine her relief when ried with a proud and stately grace, and stated his int n fon of removing a con woudered, with a port of restless irritation, two which ac ned terrible, and like a tr when he would turn round and speak -ex- wom in she was equal to the occasion, is plain his enigmatic questioning and still she had already purchased a bottle of Pe

At last he could endure it no longer. He praise. A od the evils of do nesti: lite b Sir George, who stood on the upper ter, stood in the clear revealing light of the wide An O to ten ale institute costs window, he noticed with surprise the gray rallor that had crept over the fine-featured old face, the troubled appealing look of the gray eyes. It needed no more to touch his they looked into each other's faces, and kindly heart; and all his irritation passed After all, bow did he know what troubles weighed upon his naches mind, or how much the exertion made for his sake had cost the reclese?

"Why am I 'poor Frank," and why do you seem so awfolly troubled, sir ?" he asked brightly; and Sir George looked as though

Because—you will have me when I tell you, Frank." "I think not; but try me," Frank answered, with a emile.

"Because-you are not my heir." Frank de Walden put out a hand and caught the back of a tall chair that stood bende him with a steadfast igrip, for the roon seemed to whirl round in an eccentric fashion, and all: the cobjects in it so mix: the aselves up in in extricable confusion. He was conscious that he laughed a little loudly, as at some excellent jest, and then somehow he found himself staring at his own face, very whit; and wild-eyed, in the big

To it a joke, or ____ The OTROL DELL. "No joke at all. I have been married!

four years now, and my son, who is of course my heir also, is a fine chili, nearly three years old." An awkward silence fellowed daring which Frank value tried to realise the strange facts he heard, and Sir George to man of my age can expect to be, that is all; find words that should soften this terrible blow : but these were far to sea ch and long

in coming, and Frank was the first to speak sir." he said, struggling gallantly with the sickening feeling or disappointment and de feet, the child forboding that opposed am for it. Feeducing luxuriant whiskers and moustable feet, the child forboding that opposed am for it. Feeducing luxuriant whiskers and moustable in six weeks. In bottles safely packed to any feet, the child forboding that opposed am for it. Feeducing luxuriant whiskers and moustable feet, the child forboding that opposed am for it. Feeducing luxuriant whiskers and moustable feet, the child forboding that opposed am for it. It is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is not the feet it is not the feet it. It is not the feet it. It is not the feet it is n

the offered hand fightly, and fooking spore. "Oh, my prospects are bright enough?"

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"You will find wine and spiritually some land in not sold in the side board " he side board " on the side-board," he said impatiently; you might have used so well. Let mathiak of sale remainder of one fourth within 30 days, and is and speak hardly of myself. I canke time at several on the said impatiently; and speak hardly of myself. I canke time at several on the said impatiently; and speak hardly of myself. I canke time at several on the said by you shall hear No-you shall soo

'Yes, After four years of marriage has at last seen her husband's house palace of the Sleeping Beauty the last time I was down there."

"De Walden Court is very old, I believe?"

Mr. Verner asked, with an anticipative pride in the his orio granduer of his Essie's inture home; but Frank answered careless ly—

"Not very—Riigabethan only; but it is

with me and her child. Black "I am sure of it, though that is rather a for yourself. You look pale and tired no not tell you what she is-you "I am a little t'red." Frank

From the Mail (Can.) Dec. 15th Catante (is a muco puralent dies caused by the presence and detelopment the veget sble parasits ame a in the in

The many memorane of the 1036. The site is only developed under favorable nitions and these are - Marbid the blow the blighted corpus tubercle, the germ po son of syphilis. cury, trice nea, from the r tention of a effets matter of the skin, suppressed ited all fore spiration, badly ventilated al eping and the Univer ments, and other poisons that are ne works, the finest i the internal lining membran : of the now 'a constant state of irricat on, ever rady the der daits of the seeds of these ger The Siteria which spr a lup the nostrils and down fances, or back of the throat, causing alation of the t rost; up the eustachian the t forbade causing deafness; bor owing of the cords, causing hoarseness, usurping as, accordi proper structure of the bronchial tubes orge's day, ing in pulmonary consumption and death the disease

Many attempts have been made to Can you not answer?" the elder man cover a care for this distressing disease cried, catting his ancomfortable mediantions, the use of inhalants and other ingenishent; A fill from answered with any news. a particle of good until the paranter a either destroyed or removed from the m tissue.

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An Ono female institute contains 30 me saglish pensit headed girls and the principal dispinies with to commute gas and all other strificial light. Use of the Trian le Dyes. 103

The degrees of "professor of contempora antiquities" has been conferred in New Yor He is not, however, the manager of a but the har ones

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glass surmounting an old cabine; that front half-sick at the Stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the Stomach all the time; who might will and happy, if they only used Dr. Carson's Stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at the stomach all the time; who might half-sick at All Druggists 50 cents Lices

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