WHAT BECOMES OF ALL THE BIBLES?

The success of a widely read novel, such as "David Harum," invariably sets people talking about enormous sales, and paragraphs find their way into print recording the fact that so many thousands of copies have been sold. And we talk about it as though it were a nine days' wonder, totally unmindful of a book which has run through countless editions, and of which nearly 2,000,000 copies were printed in New York last year. That book is the Bible.

Of course everybody knows that more copies of the Bible have been printed and sold than of any other book, but few persons realize, or stop to think about it if they do, just to what extent the Bible is circulated. "What becomes of all the pins?" is a question that has never been satisfactorily solved. "What becomes of all the Bibles?" is one that is even more difficult of solution. A pin assumes infinitesimal proportions compared with a bound book, and when one considers that the increased publication of Bibles is out of all proportion to the natural increase in population, one cannot help wondering what becomes of all of them.

It stands to reason that a great many copies find their way into the hands of foreign missionary societies and are sent to the heathen of other lands. Possibly the proportion is one-half. But even then the balance for home consumption, if so purely mercantile a phrase may be permissible, is very considerable. One New York publishing house alone, the American Bible Society, issued during the last year 1,280,892 copies, of which a trifle more than half were sent abroad. And one year is very much like another in this respect. Times may be good or times may be bad, but the printing of the Scriptures goes on.

Now, what becomes of them all? One seldom discards a Bible, no matter how old or worn. The ordinary book, except to the bibliophile, is regarded as an article of commerce—something to buy and sell, something to read and enjoy, and then, if necessity demands, pass along that someone else may enjoy its benefits. If this were not so there would be no second-hand book dealers.

Not so with the Bible. You may hunt the town over, you may delve among dust covered tomes in out of the way book stores until your head grows dizzy, and I doubt if you will find a dozen second hand Bibles in all New York. I asked the proprietor of one of these old book shops if he could explain why it was. He shrugged his shoulders and frankly admitted that it had been a puzzle to him for years. And he was a man of ripe experience, too.

At the offices of the American Bible Society I was only bewildered by figures without having any light thrown upon the real question of what becomes of all the Bibles—the Bibles that are not sent to the heathen. The figures as to production were stupendous in themselves. I was told that the various Bible societies alone had distributed more than 200,000,000 since the year 1804, and this number did not include the output of individual publishing houses, of which there are about a dozen in New York alone, which issue Bibles.

The British and Foreign Bible Society of London operates on even a larger scale than the American Bible Society. Last year 4,479,439 copies were printed and distributed, and since 1804, when the society was organized, it has issued no less than 160,009,393 Bibles.

The distribution of Bibles in foreign lands is not accomplished without severe hardships and often danger to life. The colporteurs, as the traveling agents are called, are quite heroic in their devotion to the work, especially in lands where fanaticism holds sway. China is just at present the theatre of the most interesting activity.

It is estimated by the most careful authorities that about 1,500,000,000 Bibles have been printed in this century. Some estimates are as high as three billions. As the population of the world is estimated at about 1,500,000,000, if the latter estimate were true, there have been two Bibles for every inhabitant of the world.

WOMAN IN 100 YEARS.

This is what a writer in one of the English magazines predicts will be the state of affairs when another century rolls around—

"By that time women will be all six feet in height, many of them considerably over, while the average height of a man will be five feet nothing. Women will be strong and lusty; broad and heavy in build, and will be very proud of her large feet, thick wrists, powerful limbs and great muscular development, while men will have grown vain of their trimly-corseted waists, nice pink and white complexions and soft voices.

"Love will not have been completely done away with, though sentiment will have given way to common sense. Every woman will be required to marry and support two husbands, one of whom must be a useful, domesticated creature, capable of tending the children and looking after the household, while the wife is away in the city earning good money to keep the home together, and the other will be a better looking, and, thereford, more ornamental creature (not a 'general utility' mat like the 'housekeeper'), whose duties will be to act as companion or 'gentleman help' to the mistress and ruler of the mansion, and keep things up to the mark generally.

"Women a century hence will all wear 'bloomers,' both literally and figuratively speaking; any woman transgressing by appearing in a long-tailed skirt will be condemned to act as public street scavenger for as long a period as the local council shall determine. Women will also wear a moustache, and the faces of men will gradually become smooth. Cooks will no longer be at a premium, as tiny tabloids of food will take the place of the elaborate dishes of the past. We shall be able to get through a six-course dinner in about two minutes, a tabloid for each course, or, if we prefer it, we can have, multum in parvo, a tabloid with everything compressed and condensed into one harmonious whole."

A LITTLE RAPIDS SENSATION.

A Very Sick Man Ma 'e Very Well in a Very Short Time.

The Case of D. Haight is an Interesting Story of How a Despairing Invalid Finally Gained Health and Strength Through the Use of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Little Rapids, Algoma, Ont., Feb. 18.—(Special).—Most of the inhabitants of this district are constantly exposed to inclement weather and extremes of heat and cold, with a result that very many bad cases of chronic kidney disease, lame back and rheumatism are to be found among our people. Mr. D. Haight is one of our most respected residents who has been a terrible martyr to the dread torture of chronic kidney disease.

For four years he has suffered. He has tried every prescription, patent medicine and home remedy that has been suggested to him or advertised, but all to no purpose. Mr. Haight enumerates at least a dozen disagreeable doses which he has forced down his throat in the hope of getting some relief, but all in vain. Some of these would help him for a time, but very soon the pain would return with renewed vigor to torture him.

At last some one suggested that King of remedies, Dodd's Kidney Pills. He had tried so many medicines that he had very little faith, but at the suggestion of his friends he bought and used a box. He commenced to improve from the first dose, and gained steadily as the treatment continued, till finally every vestige and symptom of his old enemy had disappeared, and he was a well man. This is over a year ago and Mr. Haight has had no return or sign of the old trouble.

His has been regarded by the people here as one of the most remarkable cures that has ever been effected in Algoma. Mr. Haight says, "Four years ago my kidneys were in a bad state; I tried old medicines and new medicines of all kinds, doctors' prescriptions and home-made cures. Some of them relieved me for a little while, but I was soon as bad as ever again, and a second trial of the same thing proved its worthlessness. At last I was recommended to get Dodd's Kidney Pills and they cured me and I have stayed cured."

CONFIDENCE IN THE KING.

Nothing to Fear With Regard to the Future.

While we cannot estimate the life-work of Queen Victoria for humanity, we can, at any rate, come to this conclusion, and are justified in doing so, I think—that while great benefactors of the human race have arisen, and while eras which have preceded her era have been full of prosperity and advancement, so far as the British people are concerned, at any rate, and while history furnishes many instances of the lives and work of men and women which have been of the greatest possible advantage to humanity, we can reasonably allege and believe that since the creation of the world no human being has lived upon this earth from whose acts and love and personality have gone out so much of good to all her fellow human beings as from the great Queen, the great Monarch whose loss we so deeply deplore. I this respect all nations have joined together.

So we say, then, that while we sorrow, our sorrow is not without its silver lining. We say that while we sorrow for the remembrance of the great Sovereign who has gone, and while we realize that the great public qualities which she brought to bear on the exercise of her public duty brought more clearly into view her virtues as a woman, a wife and a mother, we can face the future with equanimity. Therefore, we say we greet King Edward, offering him our condolence, as expressed by the motion, and we say that we have nothing to fear for the future under the reign of a man, like himself, of great spirit, of great knowledge of the world, and with that infinite tact which was a remarkable attribute of his lamented mother. With a man possessed of these qualities coming to the throne, as he has come, all the circumstances point to a wise and prosperous reign.

One of the ablest men in the United States to-day, a man who occupies a high position in public life there, and one who has had many opportunities of gauging the qualities of the ruler of Great Britain and Ireland, has declared him to be one of the wisest, if not the wisest, of the public men of Europe. If that be true, and we believe it to be true, then we here, as his subjects, realize what the testimony means as coming from such a source, and also as given by His Majesty himself a few days ago, when he declared that he proposed to follow the example of his mother as long as breath remained in his body, and did not hesitate to express his determination for the future in his homely Anglo-Saxon way. We then may, I say, feel confident that in looking forward to the future we shall have nothing to fear in a constitutional sense, and all signs may be considered as pointing to a wise and prosperous reign.—Mr. Whitney in the Legislature.

LA GRIPPE'S RAVAGES.

A Campden Lady Cured of Its After Effects.

She Was Left Weak and Run Down, and Unable to Regain Her Strength Until She Used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

In the village of Campden, Ont., and throughout the surrounding country, there are few people better known or more highly esteemed than Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Albright. Mr. Albright has for many years filled the position of village postmaster, in addition to conducting a boot and shoe business. But it is with the postmaster's estimable wife that this article has chiefly to do, as it gives, practically in her own words, the particulars of her recovery from a severe illness through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. To a reporter who asked Mrs. Albright if she would consent to give the particulars of her illness and cure for publication, she said— "If you think my experience will help some other sufferer, I am quite willing to give it, for I may tell you that I am a very enthusiastic admirer of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. For some years prior to the winter of 1898 I suffered with a lame back, which frequently prevented me from doing my household work. Later exposure to cold developed sciatica, and every movement of the body caused intense pain. In this way I passed gloomy days and restless nights, until the winter of 1898, when my trouble was aggravated by an attack of la grippe. The first and most severe symptoms of this trouble passed away, but it left me in a weak and depressed condition. I did not appear to be able to recover my strength; my appetite was very fickle; I was extremely nervous and my heart would palpitate painfully at the least exertion. I had been under a doctor's care, but did not recover my strength, and as a consequence I was much depressed in spirits. At this juncture a friend who called upon me advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to follow the advice and procured a supply. To my gratification I felt an improvement in my condition almost from the outset, and after using the pills for a little over a month I was once more enjoying the best of health, every trace of the trouble that had afflicted me having disappeared. It is nearly three years since I used the pills and I have been well and strong ever since, and have the best of reason for ascribing my present good health to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a tonic and not a purgative medicine. They enrich the blood from the first dose to the last and thus bring health and strength to every organ in the body. The genuine pills are sold only in boxes with the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People," printed on the wrapper. If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and the pills will be mailed post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50.

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities.—Julius Caesar, iv. 3.

Dignity consists not in possessing honors, but in the consciousness that we deserve them.—Aristotle.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES

Neglect of a Cough or Sore Throat may result in an incurable Throat Trouble or Consumption. For relief use BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES. Nothing exceis this simple remedy. Sold only in boxes.

A QUARTETTE OF STORIES

Some years ago when the non-military side of the War Office was more powerful than it is at present, Gen. Buller was appointed quartermaster-general.

A small sum of under £20 was passed by him, the said sum to be expended in typewriters at a certain barracks. His order in due course came before a War Office clerk in some minor post, who marked it "F 17 considers this demand most unusual. Indeed he does not know what to say about it."

From vacillating F 17 the document passed to F 7, who in turn, expressed his disapproval and forwarded it to F 1, the Financial Secretary, who initialed his agreement with F 7 and F 17.

In the course of a fortnight or so the order, indorsed by these cabalistic characters, returned to the general. Without a moment's hesitation Buller marched off to the Financial Secretary and gravely handed in his resignation.

"Dear me, this is most extraordinary," said the Financial Secretary. "You can't seriously mean, Sir Redvers, that you intend to resign because a clerk disapproves of a trifle like this?"

"Indeed, I do,' answered the general.

"And why?"

"Because I imagined that I was given the Q. M. G. as an experienced man, and if every little tuppenny-ha'penny clerk is going to be allowed to override me, I'm off."

London paper—A young lady abruptly turned a corner and ran against a boy who was ragged, small, and freckled. Stopping as soon as she could, she turned to him and said:

"I beg your pardon; indeed I am sorry."

The small, ragged, and freckled boy looked up in blank amazement for an instant, then taking off about three-fourths of a cap, bowed very low, smiled until his face was beaming, and answered:

"You kin hev my parding, and welcome, miss; and yet may run ag'in me and knock me clean down and I won't say a word."

After the young lady passed on he turned to a comrade and said, half apologetically:

"I never had any one ask my parding an' it kind o' took me off my feet."

The following story is popular at present in the States:

The other day a guide was showing an American round St. Paul's in London.

"That, sir, said the man, "his the tomb of the greatest naval 'ero Europe or the world ever knew—Lord Nelson. This marble sarcoughogus weighs forty-two tons. Hinside that his steel recepticle weighing twelve tons, hinside that his a leaden casket 'ermetically sealed, weighing over two tons. Hinside that his a mahogany coffin 'olding the ashes of the great 'ero."

"Well," said the visitor, after thinking a while, "I guess you've got him. If ever he gets out of that, cable me at my expense."

A gentleman met a young woman who had formerly been a servant in his house, and being interested in her welfare, said to her, "Why, haven't you got married yet?"

"No, sor."

"Well, I thought you would have been married before now?"

"Oh, no, sor," she said. "There's two waitin'."

"Two!" he exclaimed. "Why you don't intend to marry two, do you?"

"No, sor."

"Then who are they?" he inquired.

"Why," she replied, naively, "the two that's waitin' is the priest an' me!"

LOT OF THE TRAINED NURSE.

It Is Not One of Ease, But of Constant Toil and Vigilance.

The exacting demands made upon the trained nurse are little appreciated by the majority of people. While she receives good pay—when she is fortunate enough to collect her bills—she earns every dollar of—it, and more, too. A serious case, where great responsibility rests upon her, is a great drain upon the vital energies of the nurse, and at its ending she must often take an enforced rest of more or less duration. No woman, however strong, can pursue so arduous a calling without now and again intervals of rest, and although her wages at first sight appear high (from $20 to $25 a week, often is a heavy drain on her employers), yet when one considers the many weeks in the year when the nurse must rest, it brings down the sum to a moderate weekly average. And she cannot pursue this life, unless exceptionally strong, through a very long term of years. Twenty-five years of nursing will sap the vitality of most and leave them prematurely worn. The question that should impress all nurses very strongly is that of laying by a sum of money, that, carefully invested, may yield them enough to live on when the inevitable breakdown comes. And the laying by must begin, or should begin, with the first case, unless the nurse is in debt for tuition. She cannot afford to put off so important a matter. And no one knows until she has tried how really easy it is to lay aside a small sum every month, a sum never to be touched, no matter what temptation assails one. Henry Clews, the great banker, says that every man may become wealthy by saving and prudently investing those savings. And so every woman will find.

In the October number of the American Journal of Nursing a correspondent tells how she has had her sympathies aroused by the case of a nurse who has been at work for nearly twenty years and finds herself on the edge of a complete breakdown, with but $200 between herself and charity, and is therefore obliged to struggle on when she should be resting. It is the old story, so common in all lives, of relatives who needed her help and of her giving everything she could spare to them. Now they were all dead and she left with nothing and ruined health. It was self-sacrificing to give, but she also had a duty toward herself, and had she constantly saved a little toward the time when she would need it sorely she would not have been left in such cruel poverty. The correspondent took it for a text which her fellow nurses should take to heart, and for herself she was saving against the probable rainy day. There are safe investments, United States bonds, savings banks, life insurance endowment policies, etc., that every woman can avail herself of, and it is her duty to do it. Better have fewer pleasures, plainer clothes now, with a blessed certainty of bread and butter by and by. One should not be mean, but should also save.—Chicago Chronicle.

Catarrh Philanthropy.

Which means, do good as well as get good. This is how it operates—Pearl Lake Mill, Que., August, 1900. —"Enclosed find $6.00; send six outfits to friends" as follows—"A short time ago I wrote you for an outfit for Mr. Liberge; he would not now part with it for twice its value. I secured one in Montreal, having been informed of your remedy by my father; it has acted wonderfully in Nasal Catarrh of long standing. Signed, Thos. Sissons.

Mr. Sissons says a great deal more, but when a man sends for six outfits of Catarrhozone that means more than a bushel of words. Such action stands for conviction that he has discovered a remedy of superlative value. Druggists all sell Catarrhozone. Ask them to show it to you; ask them to let you try it. We will send it to you for $1.00, or a sample for 10 cents. N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., Hartford, Conn.

Mrs. Gabbs—So your son is in college? Mrs. Malaprop—O, my, yes; he's been there two years. He's in what they call the sycamore class now."

COMEDY AT THE FRONT DOOR

Amusing Inquiries Overheard by the Casual Wayfarer.

Some of the overheard colloquies on the doorsteps of New York mansions are very amusing, says the New York Tribune. 'Is your missus in?" asked a carrying footman of an indoor footman, with familiar jocularity, while his mistress sat in unsuspecting state in her victoria. "No, she ain't," answered the other, with a grin. "Well, I'm glad, and you're glad, and missus in the carriage is glad,' exclaimed the facetious footman.

"Is Miss B— at home?" inquired a man of the new butler. "Are you Mr. X—?" queried the servant, half opening the door. "No; my name is Mr. Smith," said the caller. "Then she isn't at home," was the unblushing answer.

An English lord, who was rather noted for his density, went to call on a woman who had entertained him at dinner on a former visit to America. "Ask Mrs. S— if she will see me," he said to an old family servant who came to the door, evidently in a state of great agitation. "Oh, sir!" exclaimed the old servitor, with tears running down his cheeks, "my master is dying." "I didn't ask for Mr. S—," responded the peer, testily. "I asked for Mrs. S—!"

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

To be traduced by ignorant tongues is the tough brake that virtue must go through.—Shakespeare.

It cannot be too often repeated that it is not helps, but obstacles; not facilities, but difficulties, that make men.—W. Mathews.

"Well," said the patient man, "'all things come to him who waits.'" "Yes," replied the other; "but the trouble is that starvation is one of the first things to come."

My work, however small,
No hands can do but mine;
It is God's special call
To me, a voice divine.
—Antoinette Van Hoesen.

Maude—He kissed me, the insulting creature! Esther—A kiss is not necessarily an insult. Maude—Oh, it wasn't the kiss I complained of. He had the insolence to say he didn't mean to do it.—Boston Transcript.

Establishing a Motive.

"I will ask you now," the attorney for the prosecution said to the witness, "if the defendant in this case confessed to you his motive in shooting the deceased."

"Hold on!" interrupted the attorney for the defence, "I object."

"I only want to find out whether—"

"I object!" (Legal wrangle for half an hour.)

"The witness may answer," ruled the judge.

"Now, then, sir, I will ask you again. Did or did not the prisoner confess to you his motive in shooting the deceased?"

"He did."

"What was it?"

"He wanted to kill him."—London King.

Nell—Old Mr. Kashtiburn died last night. Belle—O! my! That's terrible. Awful! Nell—You seem to regret it very much. Belle—I do regret very deeply the fact that I refused him only three months ago.

Quite Different.

She—Do you remember the first quarrel you had with your wife?"

He—Distinctly.

"What was it about?"

"Oh, about a kiss."

"Pshaw!"

"Yes."

"But doesn't she like kissing?"

"Oh, yes."

"Why, then, did she object?"

"I was kissing another woman."—Yonkers Statesman.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Thatched Cottages Disappearing.

Gradually and too surely the old thatched cottages of England are going. Where the thatch exists slate is not substituted for it; it is replaced when necessary with straw or reeds, more commonly with the former. But where a thatched cottage tumbles to pieces or is burnt, the new one that takes its place is given a slate roof, writes an English correspondent. Large numbers of the old cottages, with the wooden beams amid their bricks and the thatched roofs, are destroyed by fire. There is little chance of stopping a fire when it has laid hold of the wood or the thatch.

Nerviline a King of Pain.

Nerviline is a combination of the most potent pain curing substances known to medical science. It represents the latest discoveries in the healing art—so concentrated that one drop of Nerviline is equal in pain-subduing power to five drops of any other. For Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Cramps, Pain in the Back, its action is rapid and certain. Sure to cure. Your money back if you do not find it so. Druggists sell it.

She—I see there was a girl married in New York recently who was only 13 years old. Don't you think it's wrong for girls to marry before they reach the age of discretion? He—Gracious, no! I wouldn't have them remain single all their lives.

Pity and Beauty

The most beautiful thing in the world is the baby, all dimples and joy. The most pitiful thing is that same baby, thin and in pain. And the mother does not know that a little fat makes all the difference.

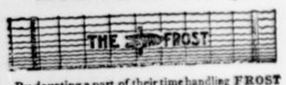
Dimples and joy have gone, and left hollows and fear; the fat, that was comfort and color and curve—all but pity and love—is gone.

The little one gets no fat from her food. There is something wrong; it is either her food or food-mill. She has had no fat for weeks; is living on what she had stored in that plump little body of hers; and that is gone. She is starving for fat; it is death, be quick!

Scott's Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil is the fat she can take; it will save her.

The genuine has this picture on it, take no other.
If you have not tried it, send for free sample, its agreeable taste will surprise you.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.
50c. and $1.00 all druggists.

Men Make Money.



By devoting a part of their time handling FROST FENCE and GATES.
Agents wanted in all unoccupied territory.
THE FROST WIRE FENCE CO. Ltd., Welland, Ont.

CLOTHES WASHER
Sent on Trial
at wholesale price. If not satisfactory money refunded. Guaranteed to run easier and do better work than any other machine on the market. A good machine for agents to handle. Big money made. Thousands in use. For terms and prices address
STANDARD SUPPLY CO., Hamilton, Ont.

DROPSY
Treated Free.
We have made dropsy and its complications a specialty for twenty years. Quick relief. Cures worst cases. Book of TESTIMONIALS and 10 DAYS treatment FREE.
DR. H. H. GREEN'S SONS, Box O Atlanta, Ga.

..BIG STRAWBERRIES..
150 plants post paid for $1.00. Send for list.
N. F. MALLORY, Blenheim, Ont.

WANTED—AGENTS IN EVERY TOWN in Canada to sell made-to-measure clothing; good commissions; full particulars. Crown Tailoring Co., McKinnon Bldg., Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS—THE QUEEN IS DEAD! EVERY loyal Canadian will want a "Life of Queen Victoria." We will have the biggest, cheapest and best. A bright, authentic new book is now being prepared by a distinguished Canadian author. Complete canvassing outfit mailed for 10c. Extra liberal terms. McDermid & Logan, London, Ont.

ENGINEERS, FIREMEN, MACHINISTS and electricians—new 40-page pamphlet containing questions asked by Examining Board of Engineers sent free. Geo. A. Zeller, Publisher, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. Please mention this paper.

AUCTION SALE—FRUIT FARM, 100 acres; noon, Saturday, 16th March, 1901, at Rebecca's Street, Hamilton; frame house and cottage, bank barn, good water. Winona station G. T. R. Martin & Martin, Hamilton.

FRUIT FARM FOR SALE—ONE OF THE finest in the Niagara Peninsula, at Winona, 10 miles from Hamilton on two railways. 130 acres in all, 35 of which is in fruit, mostly peaches. Will be sold in one parcel divided into lots of 15 to 20 acres to suit purchasers. This is a decided bargain. Address Jonathan Carpenter, P. O. box 409, Winona, Ontario.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for Children Teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for Diarrhœa. Twenty-five cents a bottle

SOMETIMES YOU HAVE TO SPEAK PLAINLY
to your Grocer
in the Sugar matter. If you speak plainly and ask for St. Lawrence Sugars
You save 5 per cent. in value.
OUR GRANULATED SUGAR 100% PURE.
Our Golden Yellows as good as most Granulated now offered.
ST. LAWRENCE SUGAR REFINERY

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
TORONTO