

DEATH PEEKS IN AT THE WINDOW

Meanwhile Thomas Hardy, England's 82-Year-Old Poet, Continues to Make Songs About Human Joys and Sorrows—Naturally Graves, Ghosts, and Epitaphs Figure Largely in This Volume of Lyrics, Probably Hardy's Last Work.

By Professor W. T. Allison.

There are many people who never read poetry. They have never acquired a taste for it. This is probably because they had to parse and analyze stretches of it when they were boys and girls at school and they have hated the very sight of it ever since; or in later life they have been repelled by lyrics of passion or have dosed over the descriptive sonnet or poems which have seemed to them to be far removed from the actualities of life.

This Aged Poet Sticks to Rhyme. When we read Hardy's poems we are impressed much as when we take up Browning. He uses rhyme, but he does not obtrude it; we are so intent on the thought that we are scarcely conscious of the fact that this is expressed in orthodox rhyming style. A man of Hardy's down-right temperament, one who has all his life been a flouter of convention, might almost have been expected to take up with free verse, but he looks upon this Georgian freedom of style with positive aversion.

When One House Talks to Another. Mr. Hardy's modern way of putting things is evident in such a poem as "The Two Houses." It is too long for me to quote the whole of it, but in the opening stanzas the reader will come to the conclusion that here is a subject and a way of treating it that seem new and original.

In the heart of night, When farers were not near, The left house said to the house on the right, "I have marked your rise, O smart new-come here."

Said the right, cold-eyed: "New-come here I am, Hence haler than you with your cracked old hide, Loose casements, wormy beams, and doors that jam."

"Modern my wood, My hangings full of hue; While my windows open as they should, And water-pipes thread all my chambers through."

"Your gear is gray, Your face wears furrows untold," "Yours might," mourned the other, "If you held, brother, The Presence from someone that I hold."

"You have not known Men's lives, deaths, toils, and tears; You are but a heap of stick and stone: A new house has no sense of the have-beens."

"Void as a drum You stand: I am packed with these, Though, strangely, living dwellers who come See not the phantoms all my substance sees."

Death Looks in at the Window. When a poet is in his eighty-third year, it must often seem to him as if death were peering in at the window. Perhaps this is the reason why so many of Thomas Hardy's new poems deal with grave-yards and ghosts. One of the most striking of

these is entitled, "Voices from Things Growing in a Churchyard." "These flowers are I, poor Fanny Hurd, Sir or Madam, A little girl here sepulchred. Once I flit-duttered like a bird Above the grass, as now I wave In daisy shapes above my grave. All day cheerily, All night eerily!"

I, these berries of juice and gloss, Sir or Madam, Am clean forgotten as Thomas Voss; Thin-urned, I have burrowed away From the moss That covers my sod, and have entered this yew, And turned to clusters ruddy of view, All day cheerily, All night eerily!"

The Lady Gertrude, proud, high-bred, Sir or Madam, Am I—this laurel that shades your head, Into its veins I have stillly sped, And made them of me, and my leaves now shine, As did my suitors superfluous, All day cheerily, All night eerily!"

In a London Flat. There are scores of poems in this volume which deal with the swift coming of death and the separation of loving hearts. Almost at random I choose one of these poignant lyrics, "In a London Flat," as a revelation of Hardy's power of compression, his vividness, and command of pathos.

"You look like a widower," she said Through the folding-doors with a laugh from the bed, As he sat by the fire in the outer room, Reading late on a night of gloom, And a cab-hack's wheeze, and the clasp of its feet In its breathless pace on the smooth wet street, Wags all that came to them now and then.

"You really do!" she quizzed again, And the spirits behind the curtain heard, And also laughed, amused at her word, And at her light-hearted view of him, "Let's get him made so—just for a whim!" Said the Phantom Ironie, "I would serve her right If we coaxed the Will to do it some night."

"O pray not!" pleaded the younger one, The Sprite of the Pities. "She said it was fun!" But so it befell, whatever the cause, That what she had called him he next year was; And on such a night, when she lay elsewhere, He, watched by these phantoms, again sat there, And gazed, as if gazing on far faint shores, At the empty bed through the folding-doors.

As he remembered her words; and wept, That she had forgotten them where she slept.

Appreciate Your Present Happiness. This aged poet has much to say about joys long fled. As he looks back through the past, he calls up happy times and good friends, and laments the fact that he did not realize just what a wealth of happiness was his in those dead, dead days. He dwells on this theme in brief compass but with striking effect in this little poem, "The Last Time":

The Mas had been given and taken, And gathered to many past: It never could reawaken; But you heard none say: "It's the last!"

The clock showed the hour and the minute, But you did not turn and look; You read no fairs in it, As at closing of a book. But you read it all too rightly When, at a time anon, A figure lay stretched out whitely, And you stood looking thereon.

Hardy's Last Poem. Two of the most famous poems in our language are Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" and Browning's farewell poem, "Greet the Unseen with cheer." Both were written by old men and were fitting conclusions to their life-work. A century from now a poem in this volume will be mentioned with them. Mr. Hardy has intentionally placed this lyric last in his book and it will no doubt always occupy this place in all future editions of his poetry. It is entitled, "Sunset" and beneath the title appears a phrase from one of the Psalms, "I have considered my ways." The poem, beautiful in its simplicity and modesty, is as follows:

A cry from the green-grained sticks of the fire Made me gaze where it seemed to be: 'Twas my own voice talking therefrom to me, On how I had walked when my sun was higher—

My heart in its arrogance. "You held not to whatsoever was true." Said my own voice talking to me: "Whatsoever was just you were slack to see; Kept not things lovely and pure in view." Said my own voice talking to me.

"You slighted her that endureth all," Said my own voice talking to me; "Vaneth not, trusteth hopefully; That suffereth long and is kind withal." Said my own voice talking to me. "You taught not, that which set about." Said my own voice talking to me; "That the greatest of things is Charity." And the sticks burnt low, and the fire went out, And my voice ceased talking to me. —W. T. ALLISON.

Literary Notes. Sir John Willison writes as an ardent imperialist in the current number of "The Nineteenth Century" on "Canada in the Empire." He maintains that through connection with Great Britain, Canada has greater power to serve all the good ends of civilization than can be had through any autonomous nationality, any independent alliance with other countries, or any separate representation in a League of Nations.

So greatly stirred is Sir John on this question and so fearful of the talk in various Canadian papers regarding our new status as a nation, our powers and privileges, that he goes so far as to say that new school of constitutionalists who are for equal status in the Empire are using language which closely resembles, in letter though not in spirit, that of Henri Bourassa, "the inflammatory leader of French Nationalism, against whom Laurier struggled to maintain his ascendancy in Quebec." Good Conservative that he is, Sir John has been grieved by certain conceptions of Empire held nowadays by Sir Robert Borden and Hon. Arthur Meighen. He thinks that these statesmen have become allies of John S. Ewart, K.C., of Sir Clifford Sifton, of J. W. Dafoe, and of Prof. Oscar D. Skelton of Queen's University. The only unkind reference made by Sir John Willison in his interesting article is an allusion to Prof. Skelton. He calls him "an aggressive Nationalist." In all of whose references to the Empire there is the flavor of vinegar." Thus does the early biographer of Sir Wilfrid Laurier tartly denounce the later worshipper at the shrine where once he sent up clouds of incense.

Simultaneously with the publication of Sir John Willison's standpoint article on Imperial federation appears "Canadian Constitutional Studies" by Right Hon. Sir Robert Laird Borden (Oxford University Press). The chapters of this book were originally presented to the public in the form of lectures on the Macfarlane foundation in the University of Toronto. Sir Robert writes in a weighty but clear style concerning recent developments in the relationship of Canada to Great Britain which have marked a departure from the strict letter of the British North America act. He claims that the Royal veto is now obsolescent if not obsolete.

A book with a lively title is "She Blows! and Warm at That!" This is a whaling story of the New Bedford fishermen of the seventies of last century. Its author is William John Hopkins, a graphic writer who knows how to fill his pages with the tingle of adventure.

Although Sherlock Holmes and spiritualism seem to be the usual associations that rise in the mind on mention of the name of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, we should not forget that in past years he was no mean poet. Only the other day an elderly medical friend of mine was exclaiming one of Doyle's verses with great gusto. It is therefore worth a passing note that a collected edition of all Sir Arthur's songs and poems will be published this fall.

Here is a romance of bookland. J. Thomas, a barber of Derby, England, recently inherited a batch of old books on the death of a distant relative. It is not likely that he was greatly uplifted in spirit at this bequest, but he must have cheered up mightily when some bookish friend overhauled the dusty volumes and discovered among them a first edition of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" (1678). And imagine the hairdresser's heavenly joy when this little old book brought him in \$10,000 at Sotheby's auction room, London!

CHOLERA INFANTUM Cholera infantum is one of the fatal ailments of childhood. It is a trouble that comes on suddenly, especially during the summer months and unless prompt action is taken it may soon be beyond aid. Baby's Own Tablets are an ideal medicine in warding off this trouble. They regulate the bowels and sweeten the stomach and thus prevent the dreaded summer complaints. They are an absolute safe medicine, being guaranteed to contain neither opiates nor narcotics or other harmful drugs. They cannot possibly do harm—they are always good. The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Sunday Services in Churches

St. Andrews—Rev. John W. Stephen, minister, will conduct both morning and evening services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Students and visitors cordially welcome.

St. Paul's—Canon W. F. FitzGerald, M.A., rector. Morning service, 11 a. m. Evening service, 7 p. m. Note—Holy communion on last Sunday in month at 8 a. m.

St. Luke's Church, Nelson street—Rev. J. de P. Wright, M.A., B.D., rector. Sixth Sunday after Trinity, 11 a. m., morning prayer; 4 p. m., holy baptism; 7 p. m., evening prayer.

Zion Presbyterian Church, Pine street—Rev. Edwin H. Burgess, minister. Services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Dr. John Mackie, M.D., will preach at both. Seats free. Everybody welcome. Sabbath school, 3 p. m.

Queen street Methodist church (worshipping with Cooke's church congregation during July)—Preacher at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Rev. J. W. McIntosh, M.A., of Prince Albert, a former pastor of Cooke's church. Everybody cordially invited.

Bethel Church, cor. Barric and Johnston streets—Pastor, A. Sidney Duncan, phone 2084w. Services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Sunday school, 3 p. m. Christian Endeavor, Monday, 8 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Come, and welcome.

Princess Street Methodist Church—Rev. John A. Waddell, minister. Services, 11 a. m., the minister; 7 p. m., Rev. W. K. Shortt, M.A. Sunday school, 12 o'clock sharp; Epworth League, Monday, 8 p. m.; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Strangers and visitors cordially welcomed.

Calvary Congregational Church, corner Charles and Bagot streets—Pastor, Rev. A. F. Brown, 144 Bagot street. Phone 1806w. Sunday, 10 a. m., Sunday school, regular services, 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.; Monday, 8 p. m., Christian Endeavor; prayer meeting, Wednesday, 8 p. m. Everybody welcome.

Cooke's Presbyterian Church—Brook street—Union services with Queen street Methodist church in Cooke's church. Rev. J. W. McIntosh, M.A., of Prince Albert, Sask., and a former pastor of Cooke's, will conduct both services. A short, helpful discourse, bright singing, and a warm welcome to all. Come.

St. George's Cathedral—Very Rev. G. Lothrop Starr, M.A., D.D., dean and rector. Rev. W. E. Kidd, M.A., M.C., curate, 7 Wellington, phone 869w. Sixth Sunday after Trinity, 8 a. m., Holy Communion; 11 a. m., Morning Prayer. Preacher, the Bishop of Diocese, 7 p. m., Evensong. Preacher, Rev. W. E. Kidd.

St. James' Church, corner Union and Arch streets—T. W. Savary, rector, the rectory, 153 Barrie street. 8 a. m., holy communion; 11 a. m., morning prayer and sermon. Preacher, the Rev. Canon Austin Smith, 3 p. m., Sunday school; 7 p. m., evening prayer and sermon. Preacher, the Ven. Archbishop Dobbs, M.A.

First Baptist Church, Sydenham and Johnson streets—Rev. J. S. LaFair, pastor, 9.45 a. m., Bible school; 11 a. m. sermon theme "Open Windows," 7 p. m. sermon theme, "The Summer School of Christ," Prin. R. Bruce Taylor will assist in this service. Union street church, George Cowie, student pastor, 3 p. m. bible school; 7 p. m. public worship.

First Church of Christ Scientist—Johnson street, between Bagot and Wellington. Sunday services, 11 a. m. Subject: "Truth." Public reading room, same address, every afternoon, except Sunday and holidays, 3 to 5 o'clock, and Thursday from 7.30 to 9.30 p. m. Wednesday, 8 p. m., testimonial meeting. All are cordially invited to the services and to the reading-room.

Chalmers Presbyterian and Sydenham street Methodist churches—Union street services in Chalmers church. Rev. Prof. A. J. Johnson, B.A., of Victoria College, Toronto will preach morning and evening, subject—11 a. m., "The Witnessing Church," Subject 7 p. m., "Unconquerable Love." Morning service, Lady Twining, who has been fifteen years in India, will sing, "Come, Jesus Redeemer." Evening service, Anthem by the choir, "Oh Love That Will Not Let Me Go." Organist, Mrs. J. R. C. Dobbs. Students and strangers are welcome. In Sydenham street church—W. W. Chown's class, 9.45 a. m.; bible school 2.45 p. m.; John Miller will give a cornet solo; Primary and beginners, 10.15 a. m.; Wednesday, prayer meeting, 8 p. m.

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THE PEOPLE COME FIRST

By the Rev. Charles Steisle.

Every industry not self-supporting is a parasite. It remains alive only because healthy industries are giving of their life-blood to sustain it. An industry is not self-supporting unless it pays wages sufficient to live, not only while the workers are employed but while they are compelled to stand in reserve during times of inevitable unemployment.

Any industry that cannot pay a living wage has no right to live. Such an industry not only deprives workers of a living while they are employed, but it becomes a charge on the community and on other legitimate industries which in the last analysis are compelled to take care of the derelicts—the castoff workers—of these private enterprises.

Whenever a new business of enterprise seeks to establish itself in any city, it should be compelled to make a complete statement as to its standards of working conditions and wages paid, and if it comes up to the requirement it will be worth something to it to be given a clean bill of health. Every city owes it to those who are trying to be fair to the workers and public to protect them from business pirates and parasites, and every new business enterprise that expects to profit by the city's reputation and accumulated values—social, economic, and commercial—should be compelled to give a guarantee that it will not set a lower standard or degrade working conditions.

It is absurd for anybody to insist that he has the right to come into a long and well established community and take of the cream, leaving only the skimmed milk for those who paid the cost of getting the cream.

And yet there are individuals who claim an inherent right to conduct any kind of an enterprise they please, pay what they please, and run their affairs as they please.

In the larger industries commissions should be appointed to standardize working conditions for the entire industry, either locally or nationally. Many of these industries are already well organized but the purpose of the organization is almost entirely defensive—that is, to protect members from labor union demands and from unfriendly legislation and similar matters, which have to do purely with their own commercial interests.

The result of such constructive action, would undoubtedly be the raising of standards in all other industries. There would soon be no room in any community for an industry that declines to pay a living wage or maintain fair standards.

Some time ago a surgeon declared that he could heal the criminal tendencies of certain kinds of people through an operation—and the world laughed at him. But he made a successful demonstration of his theory in the case of an incorrigible boy. Whenever you go very far back into the study of moral and religious problems you will run full tilt into a psychological or sociological reason which is responsible for much of what most of us call "sin."

comes as a check to men who have become accustomed to things as they are, who, quite satisfied with present conditions, are unwilling to be made uncomfortable by a change which may mean a readjustment in their method of living and in their way of doing business.

But to stand in the way of progress is futile. It may be that it is necessary to oppose certain features—man-made and man-inspired—which have crept into the plans which the people present, but back of them all and beneath them all will be found the hand of God.

This has been proved in history. In the beginning of every great fight for the right and for progress, the beleaguered classes, the so-called upper classes, have been on the wrong side of the battlefield. The common people—the men of uncommodious sense—these the world owes a debt of gratitude.

If you would hear the voice of God, keep close to the people.

YARKER BASEBALL TEAM Put out of Business by Accidents to Players. Yarker, July 20.—Rev. J. W. Down and wife have returned from Ottawa where they visited their son Arthur. Many of the homes in Yarker are closed while the owners are enjoying the cool breezes at Varty Lake. Miss Gladys Down and brother are spending a few weeks with their sister, Mrs. A. McLaughlin, at Keene. Mrs. William Smith has returned home after spending two weeks in Waterbury, N.Y. Mrs. Bell and children, Belleville, are visiting at the home of Mr. Burgess for a few days. Mr. and Mrs. Ferguson, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Brown and daughter, Brockville, spent the week-end with their sister, Mrs. Main, at Yarker.

Wednesday Yarker ball team met defeat by Tamworth at the latter place by the score of 15 to 6. The Yarker catcher, T. Warner, had the misfortune to get his right leg broken. G. Woodhouse, a bruised arm, and Howard Holland a lacerated face and broken ankle. This will practically put the team out of business for the balance of the season.

J. B. Sanderson was to Arden on a business trip recently. Mr. and Mrs. D. A. Stewart spent Sunday last at Marysville. Mrs. Clayton and son Frank, Toronto, at the home of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilson. S. B. Babcock and wife, Alton, were in the village last week calling on friends and relatives. B. Richardson spent a week in Newburgh recently.

The baseball lawn social held on the lawn of J. Warner was a decided success, the proceeds amounted to over \$100 and was attended by young and old. Bora to Mr. and Mrs. D. Dafoe, a daughter, Saturday, July 15th.

Death of Rockport Lady. Rockport, July 20.—Death entered our community Saturday, July 15th, and called to rest, after a long illness, which she bore with great Christian patience, Mrs. John Dundon. She will be greatly missed as she was always ready to help those in need. The deceased lady was in her sixty-ninth year and leaves to mourn one son Leo, and two daughters Mrs. Den. Reid, Rockport, and Mrs. Bernard Murray, Kingston. Her funeral was held Monday morning at St. Barnaby's church, Brewers Mills, where a solemn requiem mass was sung by Rev. Father Traynor. The pall bearers were Andrew Reid, R. J. Leeder, John Murray, Thomas Shortell, Thomas Root and Richard Mangin. The floral and spiritual offerings were numerous.

Lady Bathurst, owner of the Morning Post, one of the most conservative newspapers in England, has a hobby of raising goats.

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Diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera infantum and summer complaint are responsible for more deaths, especially among children, during the summer months than any other form of disease. According to statistics, in the City of Toronto alone, in the past five years out of 1008 deaths of children, from diarrhoea, 757 died during the four summer months. It therefore behooves every mother to look after her children on the first sign of any looseness of the bowels by using Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry, a remedy that has been on the market for the past 77 years and has been proven to be the best there is.

Mrs. Harold Sellers, Pennfield, N. B., writes:—"Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry saved the lives of four of my children when all other remedies failed. It stopped the vomiting and terrible diarrhoea with which they were troubled. I will always recommend it, and now always have a bottle on hand in case of emergency." Price, 50c. a bottle; put up only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

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