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From

carlos

"Is he a gentleman?"

"No. sir-certainly not. Looks to me such a queer chap that I set James to dust the library, and told him to make the dusting last till I came back. There's a decent-looking young fellow with him, but I don't like the old one, sir."

"Are they in the library. Foster?" "No, sir, in the hall; but James has the door open and an eye on the ball." "I'll see them in the library at once. I

suppose it is a lease, Norman, and they think you must be in it now. Come on,

dear boy, and get it over." As the two visitors were ushered into the library, both Mr. Beauchamp and Norman, who had entered from the dining-room, glanced slightly at the younger man, who bowed and remained standing near the door, and then turned their entire attention upon the very unpleasantlooking individual who advanced into the middle of the room. He neither bowed

nor saluted in any way. "I'm Jim Harvey," he said. "Do you ramember me?"

"Don't think I ever saw you before, replied Mr. Beauchamp. "Can I do any-

thing for you now?" "We'll see. I'm coming to that. You ought to remember me; I told you not to forget my name. You knocked me down the day before you were married. D'you mind it now?"

"Yes, I remember now. You set your dog on mine and then on me, and you rnahed at me to strike me because I protected my dog and myself, and in self defence I knocked you down. I had forgotten the affair long ago."

"I hadn't. I told you I'd be even with you, and I'm even now.

"I am sorry you have borne malice so long for a thing in which you were entirely to blame. If it gives you any pleasure to think you are even with me, you are welcome to do so; and Mr Brau-present-" champrose as if to bring the interview to a close.

"You said you wouldn't fight me because I shouldn't stand a chauce against you, even if trained, because blood tells! Blood tells! Ha, ha, ha! Well, for that one blow I've given your son a thousand."

Norman sprang to his feet and stepped forward augusty.

"Don't you bluster; I don't mean you," said the man. "Your son," he continued, addressing Mr. Beauchamp again, speak. "has a sear he'll carry to his grave where I cut his head open with a strap buckle. Did blood tell you it was my son you were ringing the bells for yesterday, and having arches put up, and all the rest of

"You lie!" said Mr. Beauchampsternly. "Do I? Ask him if he has three small black spots on his left heel that I tattoed him with, so that old Nurse Green shouldn't chent me over the babies, as well as to know him by aftergrands, Ask Nurse Green. She owed me five pounds, and I gave her twenty more and the furniture of my cottage for changing the kids. She didn't know I wanted vengeance; she thought I only wanted my son to be a gentleman. If you don't believe me, look at him See which is most like you-this fellow, or my son over there.

Both Mr. Beauchamp and Norman looked now in agonized silence at the young man, who raised his head and met their gaze. A groan broke from Mr. Beauchamp. There was no mistake, no possibility of doubt. The face was his own, and the laborer in fustian, not the educated gentleman in the faultlesslycut tweed suit, was the heir of the Manor.

Mr. Beauchamp sank into his chair, and Norman stood beside him, pale to the very lips, both silent in the agony of the blow that had fallen upon them.

"He shouldn't have learned to read if I could have helped it; but I took good care that he learned nothing else than the school board made him! Look at him now! See if blood tells! Which looks most like a gentleman, your son or mine?"

"You'll have to prove this!" said Mr. Beauchamp hoarsely.

"There is no need," returned Norman steadily. "I have the mark on my heel, and your son's face is enough. "So you own up to your father, do you.

my beauty? Well, he's a nice father!" "Hold your tongue, you brute!" cried Norman. Then, crossing the room quickly and taking the young man's hand, he said carnestly, "You must try to forgive me for the awful wrong I have done you in taking your place so long, and let me be your friend." "You have done me no wrong," in-

serupted the other hastily. "That brute - I beg your pardon!"

"Why? Because he's my father? Pray have no compunction on that score." "He only is to blame! We are both victime: but, thank Heaven and a good mother, I am not so ignorant as he thinks met He tried to keep me from school, and, whenever he did, she wrote In the officer and had him prosecuted."
She did—did she?" snarled Jim Har-

"I'll pay her out for that!" "No-you will not. Do you think I would have left her at your mercy? You will never see her again," said the young man, and his eyes flashed. "Won't 1?"

No you will not! And, if you dare to come near her again. I'll give you just such another thrashing as I gave you that fast time you hit her!"

Mr. Beauchamp started to his feet. "Have you thrashed him?" he cried. Let me shake hands with you."

"Thank you!" said the young man,

May don't you say, Thank you, Father? interrupted Jim Harvey, "He has you to tell all his fine friends, Look bere—that chap you came carneying could and congratulating and making could so be stine son of Jim Harrey, problems of six and soling to the still soling the general soling the g please.

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted Norman again, and, crossing the room, he rang the bell sharply. "Send Bob to me at once," he said; and then, turning to By the Author of "A Lucky Escape," &c. Mr. Beauchamp, "I have you and my mother to think of, sir. Pardon my giving an order here!"

"Norman, my dear boy," began Mr. Beauchamp; but at that moment the door opened, and Bob Smith, in hisstable attire, stood in the doorway, and, after a glance at his young master, stood glaring at Harvey.

"Bob," said Norman, "I know the weight of your fist; I've felt it in many a boxing match. Now you see that brute -I'll tell you who he is by and by. At present you have to take care of him for me Carry him off to the stables; lock him in a loose box. if you like; but, if he opens his mouth to speak or tries to escape, just knock him down. Will you?"

"Won't I!" returned Bob, rubbing his farge hands together. "Why, I've been itching to do it for the last forty eight hours. Come along!" he said jovially. After all, I believe I'm going to have a treat at the horse pond with you. Come along!"

"Now we have my mother to think of." anid Northun. "I mean-oh, forgive me

-you know what I mean!' "My poor boy!" said Mr. Beauchamp

The stranger stepped hastily forward. "Why not let me go? You love him, and you can not care for me. No one need know-"

"That's impossible: but you're a splendid fellow to suggest it. No-no; let me try to set this right. Oh, surely -surely." Norman cried, "my face is not like that man's!"

"No; you're the image of your mother." said the stranger

"Is she safe -really safe?" "Yes: she has been too good to me for me to leave her to him: she is safe '

"I am afraid I have not spoken to you vet as I ought," began Mr. Beauchamp; but you must understand that just at "I quite understand," said the young

man, as Mr. Beauchamp paused "Please let us now think of yourself and the lady who is my mother. Need she be "She must be told," said Norman

hastily. "All I beg is, let me tell her. Father, will you send down into the village for Nurse Green, and keep out of the way for one hour. Trust me, I would give my life to right this terrible wrong! Give me one hour before you

I'll go myself for Nurse Green , and Norman, my dear boy, do remember I love you still. "

"Thank you," said Norman faintly. "Let me do my best now to make amends for this. Will you come up to at last my room with me?" he continued, addressing young Beauchamp "Bung Nurse Green into the library, father. Let me call you that for the few hours that remain to me. "

"My boy, my boy! Oh, Norman, it breaks my heart!"

"It is frightful-horrible!" said young Beauchamp, stepping forward "Why need all this misery come to you, who were so happy? Let me go; I will never tell. No one need ever know --- "

"Impossible!" cried Norman. "No ties of love bind us," said the other. "How can I desire to come where no one wants me -where no one even knew of my existence? I have been always taught to love and care for you, and I cannot bear to bring such misery

"Who taught you to care for us?" asked Mr. Beauchamp. "What can you mean ?"

"That man always told me I was not his son; but I did not know why I was brought here to-day. He told me he had got me a capital place in tre stables, which would be pleasanter than factory work. My mother-I mean Mrs. Harvey -never knew who I was; but she has been so good to me. She used to say, if she did her best for me, perhaps Heaven would make strangers good to her boy. A groan-almost a sob-broke from Norman

"Let us go," he said. "I want him differently dressed before she sees him. Trust me, I will do my best for all." He hurried young Beauchamp up to his own room and locked the door.

"Please sit down a few moments!" he said, and then began hastily to arrange a complete set of attire upon his bed. "Everything is new." he said; "nothing has been worn except the boots. I must ask you to excuse that: I can not heln We seem about the same height and size. Will you dress in these things and lock yourself in here until I come for you? Here is an empty portman-

teau; put your own clothes into it and keep the key. Shall I send for my man. or will you dress yourself? I would rather you would, if you don't mind." "I should not know what to de with the man," said the other gravely.

"I wish you'd let me thank you before

Jon go.' "Thank me. What for?"
"For your kindness to me and the way

you're taking this." "Will you be my friend?" said Norman, suddenly holding out his hand. The other clasped it at once, and there was a gleam as of tears in the eyes of both. "Well, there's no doubt about it not have offered to go away and give it hands.

all up, as you did!" "You have done more; you have given it all up and borne no malice," was the reply. "It is simply education; blood has nothing to do with it."

"What did my mother call you?" asked Norman. John after her father. She refused to with Jack, as Mr. Somerset did with me. have me called James."

"I am glad of that-very glad. I won't be longer than I can help, Beauchamp. here and face it. Besides, I want to do Use what you like of these things; and there are books there if you are ready before I return. Look yourself in,

Chapter V. Mrs. Besuchamp looked up with a smile as Norman entered the room.

A Christian Christian Christian

"Are you going on the river this morn-

"Not yet, mother. The business is not quite over yet, so I am going to have a chat with you and tell you and Eileen a cally returning the salutes of the men he story about a poor fellow who was at the University with me. His name was Field. Let me come and sit here at your feet and tell you." Norman drew a stool to Mrs Beauchamp's side, and, sitting that he would pass. When he stopped down upon it, took his old favorite caressing position, with his arm resting on her knees "This poor chap," he said, was an only son and had an awfully good time until he was grown up, and then a drea ful disaster befell him. It seems Mr. Field had given some low-bred ruftian a well-mented flogging, and the ruffican had revenged himself by stealing Mr. Field's son and substituting his own; and, to his horror, poor Field found that, instead of being, as he supposed, a man of birth and position, he was the son of this ruffianly poacher, and had no right to the name he had always horne," "Poor fellow! How dreadful for him!

Oh. Norman, how dreadful for them

"It was had enough for Field, but it was much worse for the poor lad whose place he had so long taken. Fancy, mother, how hard for him! That poacher brute beat and ill treated him; he has on his forehead, close under his hair, a Jagged scar where his head was cut open by a blow with a strap buckle by that wretch He, the son of a gentleman, has has had to work in a factory, and was taken to his father's house under the impression that a place had been got for him in the stables!

Mrs. Beauchamp uttered a faint cry "Oh, Norman! The poor boy!

awkward, and -" "No: Field says not. It seems the poncher's wife-Field's real mother, you huow-was a good soit of woman, and compelled her brutal husband to have the boy educated I don't suppose he is highly educated; but certainly not either awhward, vulgar, or guerant I should think the poor lad's father and mother can hardly know how to do enough to show their love for him and make him forget the misery of the past. He's a splended fellow. He actually offered to give up his inheritance and go away, questions. And I think it well to say at rather than bring misery to them all

"Of course not," said Mrs Beauchamp. "That would have been most dishonorable. But, Norman, had they proof? Surely your friend was not ousted merely on the poscher's statement?"

"Iney had proof, of course. The poacher described a mark on his own son's inst--a tatto mark; and besides that. the real man is the hving mare of ha "And, after all those years of love, did

they turn your friend out for what was no fault of his?" said Freen speaking "They are quite incapable of behaving

hadly to anybody, so Field says," replied

"But, oh, Norman, the parents - did they live this unknown son?" cried Mrs. Beauchamp.

"How could they help it? He was a fine, handsome, manly young fellow, with his father's face. His mother loved him for that, and they both remembered all he had lost, all he had suffered, and his splendid offer to go away to save his mother pain. He was willing to sacrifice himself utterly for them Why, Field himself spoke of the man with affection. Of course his own parents loved him!"

"What has become of Field?" asked Colonel Gledmore. Norman rose to his feet. He was trembling violently now, and his face was

deathly pale. "What is the matter, dear? Are you ill?" exclaimed Mrs Beauchamp, rising quickly from her chair. "What is it, Norman?

Norman drew her into his arms. "Little mother-dear little mother." he said, "kiss me once!"

"Oh, Norman, my boy, what is itwhat is it?"

raised her face at once "Lattle mother-I may never call you so again-I am Field-I am the poacher's son! Your own boy is in my bed-

"Norman, that's a very bad loke!" cried Colonel Gledmore

room!"

"Do I look as if I were joking?" asked Norman, raising his haggard face. "Come and see him, and you will know there is not the shadow of a doubt. Would I give in at once like this if there were? You come alone ab first, mother. You will see he is not a son to be ashamed of."

"Does your father know?" Mrs. Beauchamp asked faintly. Norman's face flushed.

"His father knows," he replied. "My poor boy, come up-stairs with

Norman gave her his arm, and they ascended the stairs together in silence, In answer to Norman's call, "Let me in, Beauchamp!" the door was opened at ence, and they entered. The tail hand-

figure, in well-cut garments that ! fitted him perfectly, was so il fferent from what Mrs. Beauchamp had expected to see, that she could not refrain from a faint cry of relief.

"My poor boy-my poor boy!" she said; and Norman, turning away, went out of the room, leaving them together. Colonel Gledmore was on the stairs. -blood tells," said Norman. "I could He advanced hastily, with outstretched

> "Norman, my dear boy, I want you to remember there is always a home for you at Gledmore."

I must see to my mother first-I mean Mrs. Harvey, the poacher's wife. And then I shall ask my fa-that is, Mr. "She called me Jack. I was christened Beauchamp—to let me travel for a year Don't think me ungrateful; but I must get away. Maven't the pluck to stay my best to repay some of the great debt I owe them here. I want to do what I can to make Jack fit for his present po-

the young man's shoulder. "Will you remember that you are my adopted grandson?" he said. "The love is the besiden over, dear thehe said and pride of twenty-one years cannot be

set asale in a moment!"

Mr. Beauchamp himself drove into Gledmore to fetch Nurse Green. As he drove down the village street, mechanipassed, he caught sight of Nurse Green in her little garden among the geraniums. She had seen him approaching, and was watching anxiously, hoping in front of her gate, she advanced towards him, her face growing pale. "Am I wanted, sir?" she asked.

* Yes. " he said simply.

"I'll come at once," she replied; and, two or three minutes later, she came out again, wrapped in her large brown shawl, and with her face framed in an oldfastioned drawn silk bonnet, and seated her-elf without remark in the ponyruriage opposite to Mr. Beauchamp. In absolute silence he drove her back to the Manor House "Come tate the library." he said.

The old woman looked furnively at him. The voice was gentle, perhaps he was not going to send her to prison, after all She followed him meekly. and, without speaking, took the seat he indicated. Norman and the Colonel had heard them arrive, and went at once to the library.

"Where is your mother?" asked Mr. Deau hamp hastily, without thought. "I don't know," answered Norman quietly. "Mrs. Beauchamp is with her son in my room."

His hand was seized at once in a warm hearty grip that showed him how far the intention of saving a painful thing had been from Mr Beauchamp's thoughts. "I think all had better come down

Of while we conduct this inquiry," suggested course he was unfit for his position. Very (clonel Gledmore. "It will save going over the matter again " "Much better so," Norman agreed. "If you was bring Esleen I will go for the

others;" and he left the room" When he returned. Eileen was already in the room, but standing in the window. half hidden by the curtain Mrs. Beau champ went over to her husband and seated herself beside him. He looked down at her affectionately and laid his hand upon hers, but Colonel Gledmore's Voice broke in at once.

"Mrs. Green, we wish to ask you a few once that it is of the utin st im: stance to vourself that you should speak the truta, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth Do you understand?"

The old woman inclined her head without speaking. "To you know a man named James

Ha ev? "I know Jim Harvey " "Did you ever at any time owe Jim.

Harvey money? "Yes - five pounds. He lent it to my son, who went out to Australia, and I Was ecurity,

"When did you repay him " "Never in money ?"

"Do you owe it still then?"

"No"-her hands were trembling and "How do you explain that !"

IL off. " "What work did you do ?"

"I did some work for him and worked

"Dont ask me don't ask me!' the old woman pleaded, clasping her hands and trembling visibly; but there was no relenting in the face of her questioner, and she realized the fact at once.

"It will be best for you to speak the truth, "he said "You must tell us everything.

And then Nurse Green told how Jim Harvey had come to her and proposed the changing of the children-how he had persuaded, threatened, and bribed until at last she vielded.

"How did he get the opportunity of speaking to you?" asked Colonel Gledmore

"You see, sir, I was sent for in a hurry, and the next day I had to run home for half an hour and get some clothes and things, and he came then. Your baby was five days old and his seven when it was done.

"Kiss me," he said again; and she "But how did you manage? We must

> "I used to go into the park every ning for fresh air. And he met me twice again, and at last I promised. He vowed he'd be good to the box, and said wanted his or tone and during So the next day, when I took the baby out, he met me in the park with his, and it was already dressed in some clothes I had given him, clothes belonging to your baby, so we had only to change cloaks and hoods. His baby was darker than yours; but there was very little difference in appearance, both being very pretty babies; and, when I got back again. I drew down the blinds, saying the sunlight was too strong, and managed that Mrs. Beauchamp should not have a really good look at the baby in a good light all that day and the next, and she

never suspected." There was a dead silence for a few moments—a most painful stillness, and then

the Colonel spoke again. "You knew you were doing a wicked thing," he began. "I knew," she said; "and I never thought till afterwards of the two mothers I was robbing of their children.

and of the wicked wrong to the young squire. I only thought that my poor bits of sticks would not be sold, and that I should have twenty pounds to send to my boy in Australia to help him to get on. But I have thought often since, oftenoften-often! But it was too late. I didn't know where the Harveys were, and what could I have done if I had? If Jim Harvey had denied it, peo-"Thank you; you are very good; but ple would have said I was mad. No one knows what I have suffered in my own mind. Nothing you can do to me can possibly be as bad."

"I think, my dear, you and Eileen had better go now," said Colonel Gledmore to Mrs. Beauchamp. "We must discuss

what has to be done." "I don't think any one need go," said

Norman. "The question can not need discussion: there is only one thing to be done. You must prosecute Jim Harvey, Mr. Beauchamp, and bring Mrs. Green up as a witness against him. It is abso-Colonel Gledmore laid his hand upon lutely necessary for your son's sake that the thing should be made as public as be assured and beyond all doubt."

"That is the right thing, no doubt," Colonel Gledmore agreed.

"But it is out of the question," said Mr. Beauchamp, speaking at last. "We have Norman to think of too; and that would be too painful for him."

"I couldn't bear it-I couldn't bear it!" cried young Beauchamp suddenly. "Why him. should Norman suffer so? Why need his relationship to that brute be made publie? Can you not call your friends together and tell them as much as is necessary for them to know? I would so far prefer it. If I may have any voice in the matter, please spare me the memory that my happiness and good fortune have been purchased at the cost of such pain to him. "

"Thank heaven and a good woman for much more than that. You have a mother you can be honestly proud of. Norman."

"I am very glad-very thankful! You know where she is, Beauchamp?"

"Yes, she is safe. We will go to her together as soon as this is settled. If you could only think of some way of doing it without making the whole thing pubhe," he continued, addressing Mr. Beau-

"The whole thing must be made ublic," said Norman steadily. "And, if it is best to do it in a court of law, it must be done so. Your son has suffered quite enough. He must be the first considera-

"It won't add to my happiness to make Jim Harvey a felon," said John Beauchamp; "and, in my opinion, the person to be thought of is the man who is being stripped of everything for me. It will certainly add to Norman's trouble.

"There is one thing that has to be done, "said Norman. "We must order foud to be sent out to Bob and his prisoner.

"I will see to it." said Eileen ; and sha left the room. "Where is my mother?" asked Nor-

man, turning to young Beauchamp. "At Hayes Farm, three miles out of Gledmore. She will wait there for me." Eileen came back again as he spoke.

"I had intended," said Norman, "to ask the Vicar to see all the people who gave me presents on my birthday, and to return their gifts, explaining why I cannot keep them. That would make the matter clear to a good number of peo-

"My present you will certainly keep, Norman, " cried Colonel Gledmore. "I should hardly think you would pain and offend us by returning our gifts,"

said Eileen reproachfully. Norman looked at her, and saw that her eyes were full of tears. "I should always feel that they had

"Then please consider that you have returned mine, and I have again begged

you to accept it, " replied Eileen. "My dear boy, you are right about the gifts from outsiders, but not as to those from any of us," said Mr. Beauchamp. Those were given to you personally, and you will keep them, of course. There is the gong Let us have luncheon to-

gether now. The meal was a most trying one to Norman. He felt acutely how things were changed for him since he had last sat at that table. Only the strong feeling that the duty had devolved upon him of righting the wrong as far as in him lav sustained him. He was deeply thankful to see that young Beauchamp was guilty of no gaucherie at the table, and seemed perfectly quiet and self-possessed.

Mr. Beauchamp's eyes were fixed often and earnestly on his son with a growing sense of comfort and relief. The young man was so quiet, so attentive to his mother, and altogether so far removed from what he might have been in the circumstances; and then Mr Beau-

champ's eyes wandered off to Norman. "My poor boy, he shall never be less loved than he has always been! My dear boy, how splendidly he has behaved over this!" he thought affectionately.

When luncheon was over, Norman suggested that he and Jack should drive to Haves Farm. "I must make arrangements for my

mother at once," he said. "Bring her here now, my boy, and we will talk matters over while you are gone, and try to come to some decision." said Mr. Beauchamp.

"Will you drive?" asked Norman, but

the other smiled and shook his head. The two young men drove off unattended. "My education has not gone so far as that," Jack said, when they had started.

"You see horses are expensive, or she would have managed that too, I am sure. ' "She was always good to you?" said Norman questioningly.

"Good isn't the word for it! She has been a guardian angel to me? Many a blow she took that was meant for me when I was a little chap. For some

years he has not dared to touch her; but we won't think of that!" "It makes me want to kill him," said Norman through his set teeth.

"Let me tell you about her. "continued Jack. "I was eight years old when he first told us that I was not his son. At first, we were heart-broken because we did not really belong to each other; but we soon decided that we could love each other just the same. Then she told him that she would live without reference to him, and she took to her dressmaking again; and soon a lodger was received, a young schoolmaster, whose rent was partly paid in lessons to me. Afterwards a French workman got his lockings free in consideration of teaching me his language. My French may be very bad, but French workmen can understand me. and I can read Racine and Moliere, so perhaps it may pass muster. My German is very bad, I know-certainly not Hanoverian; but she did her best. It was always her great anxiety that my people should not be ashamed of me. You will love her. Norman."

"I do love her," returned Norman the thing should be made as public as possible. Your son's possible, will then gratefully. "Here we are at the farm, that sure almost say case, and which we sell for \$4.10. gratefully. "Here we are at the farm, that sures SEARS, ROEBUCK & Co. CHICAGO

in the porch a sweet-faced woman, with prematurely whitened hair, was standing; and, to Norman's astonishment. Jack took her in his arms and kissed!

"I've brought you your boy, Mumsie dear," he said as Norman approached, and she turned her startled eyes upon

Norman took her from Jack and led her into the house, and Jack walked back to the gate and leaned upon it. whistling softly.

To be Continued.

"By Jove, you are right, my boy!" cried Colonel Gledmore. "What am I to call you?" "I am called Jack." "Not James; thank heaven for that!" said Beauchamp. Mothers! This wonderful remedy will save your child's life when attacked by Croup or Whooping-cough. It never fails to cure throat and lung troubles. Price 25 cases



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