

Violet's Lover

But the doctor could not tell him. "Go as far as the church," he said; "the walk will do you good this beautiful morning. Ask the ringers—they are sure to know."

He had not the time to spare; but the morning was fine, and some strange instinct that he could not account for hurried him on.

"Why are you ringing this merry chime to-day?" he asked one of the ringers, a white-headed old man, whose arms were weary, and who sat resting on one of the green graves.

"Why? Because the great Sir Owen is married to-day, Master Lonsdale."

"Married!" cried Felix. "Married to whom?"

The chiming ceased and the wind fell as the old man answered: "Married to Violet Hare."

CHAPTER XXVI.

There are no finer woods in England than the woods that surround Bramber Towers, which is a glorious estate, and the woods extend to Lifford. They form the massive background of trees which helps to render the old church so picturesque and artistic.

The Earl of Arlington, the master of the Towers, had but one fault in the eyes of the county—he was too fond of travelling. It was an unusual thing for the Towers to be closed for two or three years, while he was with his wife and daughter, delighted in fair continental cities. It was the one drawback to a noble character, for Lord Arlington was one of those fortunate men, who was born with a keen sense of duty. He was a model land-owner, a model landlord, a model country gentleman. When he was at the Towers, everything was sure to go well; he had a keen sense of justice—he gave himself the trouble to examine thoroughly into everything. He was never hasty, impatient, or unjust. He was almost idolized by the county. Most of the town of Lifford belonged to him, and he took the greatest possible interest in the place. He made a point of attending the public meetings; he would have justice done, though the heavens fall. "Justice" was his motto. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall," was a favorite quotation of his. He was to any man who tried to believe another, and then he tried to believe another. He was a very voter who trifled with his votes!

Lord Arlington was a straightforward, honest, honorable Englishman—all his ways and actions were known to him. He was always observed that if he were absent for any length of time things went wrong. His first concern on his return was to endeavor to set them right. He had been in the county three years this time, lingering with his beautiful wife and daughter in the quaint cities of old Spain. He reached home on the eleventh of September; and he feared that he had done nothing but to return home. His return was hardly known in the neighborhood—for one of the things that Lord Arlington disliked was fuss. Why should he have come every day to the county? So he generally kept his intentions secret.

The countess was a beautiful, quiet, refined woman. One of her great characteristics was her sympathetic manner. She possessed that keen insight into the hearts and feelings of others which creates sympathy. It was natural to her to feel intensely the sorrows and joys of others. There were two children—the young heir, Lord Bramber, who was still at Oxford, and Lady Maude Bramber, a lovely young girl, but two years older than her brother. Lady Maude inherited her mother's peculiarly sympathetic nature. She was as gifted as she was beautiful, and the one thing in which she excelled was painting. She had made one of the finest painters of the day had she not been an earl's daughter; as it was her pictures were far superior to those of many well-known artists. It was at her solicitation that Lord Arlington returned home that autumn. She had seen the finest parts of Europe—the most picturesque, the most beautiful—but there was nothing she liked better than the fine old woods round Bramber; and she loved them best in autumn, when the leaves were falling and the glorious tints on the foliage made a picture of which she could not be transferred to canvas.

She had begged that they might spend the autumn at home, for the beauty of an English autumn surpassed anything which they could see abroad. Her wish was coupled with, as is often the wish of a spoiled child, and she promised herself a few pleasant months.

She set out one morning with her sketch-book and pencils. The countess suggested that she should take a maid or a footman with her. Lady Maude laughed.

"No danger lurks in our English woods, mamma," she said. "If I were in Italy or Greece I might meet a few brigands; here, at Bramber, there will be nothing worse than the pretty brown hares and the little squirrels. I could not sketch with my eyes with a great idle man waiting for me."

So she went alone into the Bramber Woods. She wanted a few sketches of English trees in their ruby-tinted autumn dress, and some of the finest in England grew amid the fern and bracken in the Bramber Woods. She had no fear. She should she have any? The sky was blue, the sun bright and warm, the air full of music and song. As she entered the woods she fancied that she heard a faint chiming of distant bells.

"They are the old church bells of Lifford," she said to herself; "what a mellow, rich sound! I shall not hear it presently."

It died away as she entered the green glades; the sound could not

penetrate the thick masses of foliage. "I want oak, ash, and elm," she thought, "and here I shall find all three."

There was a broad open space, and a majestic oak spread out its great branches there. It was like a little kingdom in itself, this wonderful oak—a great green kingdom with a life all its own. Near it stood a very fine elm, and in the distance she saw the branches of a fine ash-tree. Not far from there was a pretty little brook, so clear that one could see the pebbles at the bottom of it; it ran with a sweet, musical ripple that was a song in itself. The birds were having an entertainment of some kind in the green kingdom of leaves, and the noise they made over it was continuous.

As she became absorbed in the keen delight of her sketching she forgot her feathered neighbors. They no longer disturbed her. The wind sounded like an Aeolian harp among the trees, but that was music she liked; the merry rabbits hopped among the bracken and fern, the squirrel chattered among the spreading boughs. It was all so still, so peaceful, so beautiful, that she thought she could sit there sketching forever. Once she was disturbed; she fancied that from the long western glade on the other side of her there came the sound of reckless running footsteps, and then of a heavy fall, but after a moment or two she concluded that it was only the rabbits.

"They are having a steeplechase," she said, and laughed at the idea; then the pencil trembled in her fingers for surely she heard the sound of terrible sobbing—great, passionate, bitter sobs. She could not be mistaken; they grew more bitter and deep, and then all was still. She tried to go on with her drawing, but her hand trembled; she could not persuade herself that what she heard was fancy—any fancy. Something must have made the noise—she would go and see.

She was one of the most fearless of maidens; all the high courage and undaunted bravery of her race lived in her. She put her drawing materials aside and went toward the place whence the sound had proceeded. Her heart beat fast when she saw before her the prostrate figure of a man. There was no sobbing now, only a death-like silence, and the man lay with his face downward. She did not faint, or scream, or run away, but she listened for his breathing. That dimly daylight, a noble face. Was he dead? Had he swooned? Was he hurt? She grew pale and trembled when, on the cool, green grass, she detected stains of blood. Once, twice she spoke to him, and he would not rise, but she went nearly into his face. How handsome it was—just such a face as she had seen in marble in the dim light of old Roman galleries. Then she saw that on the temple, so white, so rounded, so full of ideal beauty, there was a terrible wound. A moment's reflection showed her what the wound was. Just above him the branch of a tree. He must have been running in that haste, and not seeing the branch with its sharp, jagged edge, had run against it. He had fallen there, and had swooned, probably because the blow had stunned him.

What a handsome face it was, but how terribly marked with pain! What did all those great lines mean on the fair brow, and round the beautiful mouth? Warm pity and tender compassion rose in her heart for him. She felt the helpless lead on the grass again, and went and dipped her handkerchief in the brook. She laid it on his forehead, she bound the cruel, gaping wound, then hesitated what she should do next. His head lay upon her arm, and she looked like an angel of compassion bending over him. Suddenly, her great relief, he opened his eyes and gazed at her.

"Violet," he said, "I am not Violet, I replied. She saw his whole face change.

"Oh, Eve—Eve," he said, "you told me of the angel of pain, but the trial was more than I could bear."

"I am not Eve," she told him, gently, but from the dim, shadowed look in his eyes she knew that he did not hear her.

Gently and quietly, with softest touch, she bathed his brow with the cool water of the brook, until she saw that his senses had returned to him.

"I found you here, badly hurt," she said.

He tried to rise, but he was quite unable to stir. She laid her hand upon his arm.

"No," she said, "you must not try to stand—you will feel better soon. You are dazed and giddy—you must have struck your head against this branch. Where were you running so quickly?"

Away from the sound of the bells," he answered. "I knew that I should not hear them in the depths of the Bramber Woods."

"Did they distress you?" she asked.

"They drove me mad—they were killing me," he replied.

"Then with a low cry he bent his head toward the long grass."

"I feel that I have seen you before," she said. "Do you know me? I am Lady Maude Bramber, and you are Mr. Felix Lonsdale, the dear old lawyer's son?"

He looked at her.

"Yes, I am Felix Lonsdale," he replied, "and I begin to think that Heaven has placed a black cross against my name. I ought to have known you, Lady Maude, I remember you now, but my head was all confused."

"Your face is quite familiar to me," said Lady Maude. "You came to the Towers with your father—it is five years since—and you took luncheon with us. I showed you some of my drawings, and you were very shy. It comes back to me so vividly. But, Mr. Lonsdale, why were you running from the sound of those bells?"

She saw a spasm of pain pass over his handsome face; his lips trembled.

"Do not agitate yourself," she said, kindly. "Do not tell me if it pains you."

"All the world—all my world—knows it," he replied. "I will tell you, Lady Maude. I ran, mad, blind, reckless, from those bells because they are chiming in honor of the marriage of the girl I loved—the girl who had promised to marry me."

"Surely," said Lady Maude, with a light breaking over her face, "you do not mean your pretty golden-haired sweetheart, Violet Hare? Your father told us about her that at the Towers."

"Yes," she said, "she is married to-day, and the wedding-bells were driving me mad. I am not surprised at it. You shall not tell me about it now," added Lady Maude, from him, and of some friends had built on it; then the disputed will, the trial, the verdict; how his father's business had fallen away from him, and how happy he had been with his wife and child, all but Eve Lester; and he told her now Eve had come to offer her fortune to him.

Lady Maude's eyes filled with tears as she listened.

"That is a girl after my own heart," she said. "That is just one of the things I should have done myself. But surely she heard the sound of me, Mr. Lonsdale, that I have the outcome of English law? I have never heard of so cruel a case. All the know your father knew that he is as innocent of doing wrong as any man in England—in fact, he would not do wrong. He was one of the honestest and noblest of men. I have always heard of him, highly spoken of, but he never meant to say that his old fellow-townsmen and the old friends who stand aloof from him for this?"

She spoke with angry indignation that did his heart good to hear.

"It is true," he replied, "and what is more, they have withdrawn their business from him now, only under one pretext, some under another. We have had a struggle such as few could understand, and my great fear is that my father will never be a strong man again."

"He wants a reaction," she said. "Something that would put him back in his place—that would reinstate him in public opinion; and he shall have it. I will tell this story, just as you have told it to me, to the earl, my father, and I am sure this is one of the wrongs he will hasten to redress. I am glad to see you, so glad that you have trusted me. There has been a gross miscarriage of justice."

"Human laws must always be more or less imperfect," returned Felix. "It is only the Divine law that has no flaw."

"Tell me more of Eve Lester," said Lady Maude. "You said that Violet does not interest me, but Eve Lester does. I love noble women—tell me more of her."

He told her of her patience, her heroism, her noble life; and Lady Maude, looking at him, wondered why, when he understood the beauty of her fair soul so well, he had not loved her in preference to Violet.

"I thought," she said, "that a fair face would lead him in any direction. They lose their heads when beauty comes upon the scene—they are not strong-minded as a rule."

Then, with a smile, she looked up at Felix.

"The little mouse in the fable freed the lion," will be the mouse in this instance, and I promise you each help for your father as shall make his trouble really a blessing in disguise."

He thought of Eve's words, and repeated them to her.

She smiled.

"Your friend Eve is right," she said. "Sorrow is often a blessing in disguise. I have taken out your sins, that we eternal life might claim."

"Thanks," he said, "for redemption's open way. Thanks, praise and joy that from the tomb. An angel rolled the stone away."

He thanked her until the tears came into her eyes again; and then he told her that he was better, and asked her to let him walk with her to the end of the woods. When he tries to stand up, he looked very white, and ill—almost fazed for him; but the goodness soon passed, and they walked together to where she had left her drawing materials. He thanked her again and again so simply and earnestly that she was charmed. Then she left him, and went away home.

Felix had intended to take up his burden bravely and carry it nobly; but human love and human passion were too strong for him—he could not face the world just yet. He stayed all night in the shelter of the Bramber Woods, being hard hit by his death blow. He watched the sun set and the moon rise; he watched the golden stars come out one by one; he watched the checkered shadows that the moon threw upon the grass; he listened to the wind as it sang its sweet song; he thought of all the moonlit nights on which he had met Violet. He fell asleep for a few short moments, and dreamed that he stood under the wet lilac bushes with her; her arms were clasped around his neck, her beautiful face was raised to his, and he was kissing him even in a dream he could not believe her false. He woke with a cry of rapture. There

lay the cold moonlight, there stood the silent trees, and Violet had married Sir Owen.

All night he stayed there. It was the one terrible battle of his life. He was not ashamed to impart all his sorrow to the listening stars. They had listened to Cenece's wailing when beautiful Paris left his love. This story of man's love and woman's folly, of man's trust and woman's treachery, of love forsaken and forsaken, was nothing new to them. There were times that night when he almost went mad, when he cried aloud for death. But Heaven was merciful, and dawn came not. The morning light found him pale, weak and exhausted; but that one fierce paroxysm had taken the sting of his sorrow away. It was better that he had gone home and been ill for long days and weeks. That once fierce night of pain exhausted him. When it had passed he was too weak and too tired to suffer more.

He went home in the full light of morning, and found Kate waiting for him. She had guessed what had happened. She had not spoken of his absence for hours. But she looked at his face when he came in. He bent down and kissed her.

"It is all over, madre," he said. "Now I shall live down my pain."

"How did you cut yourself so terribly, Felix?" she asked, and he told her. It was one of his great merits that he never spoke a false or evasive word.

(To Be Continued.)

A SPRING MESSAGE.

To All Who Are Weak, Easily Tired and Out of Sorts.

Spring should be the most joyous season of the year. It is the harbinger of sunshine, and birds and flowers; it breathes of freedom and out-of-door life. But unfortunately there are thousands who cannot enter into the spirit of the season. Close confinement during the long winter months has left them weak, dispirited and oppressed; the appetite is lost, the blood is sluggish, with impurities, the eyes lack the lustre of health; weariness and lassitude have taken the place of vigorous energy. What is needed at this season, by such people, is a health-renewing, blood-making tonic—something that will send new, rich red blood coursing through the veins, bring brightness to the eyes, a healthy appetite, and a clear skin free from all eruptions.

In all the world there is nothing can do this so effectively and so thoroughly as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose creates new blood, strengthens the nerves, and builds the whole body. Here is a bit of strong proof, given by Mr. Jean Burke, of Elmstead, P.E.I., who says: "I was afflicted with a severe case of an attack of pneumonia, my nerves were almost paralyzed, and through under the care of an excellent doctor I found I was not regaining my health. My wife urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I have reason to be thankful I took her advice, for under this treatment my system has been built up and I am again well and strong."

If you are at all unwell give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and see how speedily they will restore you to health and strength. But you must get the genuine, with the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" on the wrapper around each box. Sold by medicine dealers or sent by mail at 50 cents a box of six boxes for \$2.50 by writing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Easter Days.

Bells on Easter day, And their chiming seems to say: "Our hope lies not within the grave."

For, lo! the stone is rolled away.

Flowers: Flowers on Easter morn, Lilies fair and crocuses bold, Give to the world the world eternal life. Which gave to him the piercing thorn.

Song: Lift the voice on high, With the Heavenly chorus vie, The songs winged messengers shall be That to the great white throne shall fly.

Praise: Praise his holy name, In mercy to the world he came. He took our sins, He took our sins, That we eternal life might claim.

Thanks: Thanks for Easter day: Thanks for redemption's open way. Thanks, praise and joy that from the tomb. An angel rolled the stone away.

FRETFUL CHILDREN

If children are cross, or fretful, or sleepless, in ninety-nine times out of a hundred the reason can be traced to some little trouble of the stomach or bowels. Remove the cause and the little one will be bright, good-natured, and will sleep soundly and naturally. There is just one always absolutely safe medicine for little ones—Baby's Own Tablets. In homes where this medicine is used there are no sickly, cross, crying children. The Tablets will cure all the minor ills of little ones, and will do it safely and speedily—there is no doubt about this. Give the Tablets a single trial and you will be as enthusiastic about them as other mothers are. As for instance, Mrs. David Duffield, Ponsonby, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have saved my baby's life. They are a wonderful medicine for children and I gladly recommend them to other mothers."

Your children will take this medicine as readily as candy, and it is guaranteed free from harmful drugs. Sold by all druggists or mailed at 25 cents a box by writing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Tree felling in France by electric wire is done commercially and the process is said to be performed in one-eighth of the

HAM AND EGGS.

The Eggs, Ham and Bacon Trade With Britain.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

The following is the report of Mr. A. W. Grindley, Agent of the Department of Agriculture in Great Britain, regarding an important branch of the Canadian export trade in food products.

The Canadian egg trade is in a good way, best brands selling as high as fresh or Danish selected. The eggs are chiefly shipped in the Canadian box, with fillers holding thirty dozen. The style of package is popular, and being of good quality, gives general satisfaction. A limited number of eggs are shipped in the foreign box, which holds twelve long hundred (1440 eggs). The eggs in these large cases are packed in straw or excelsior, and are put up in this style at the request of the importers. Continental and Irish eggs are packed in this style of package.

Both fresh and glycerines have come forward late in the year in large quantities; the quality was good, but the total shipments have not been so large, owing to scarcity of eggs in Canada.

According to a book recently published in Russia, that country boasts of having left Denmark behind as regards egg production. Russian competition in butter, eggs and poultry, is becoming very serious by reason of adopting up-to-date methods, and these products are becoming much more popular in the British market, owing to the improved quality. Russia, Denmark and other foreign countries are now taking greater care in selecting, grading and packing eggs, as well as getting the eggs as fresh as possible.

These foreign eggs now arrive regularly several days every week, as well as regularly every week of the year.

The bulk of these eggs are perfectly clean, and are graded into as many as six sizes, so that to-day the British importer is not inclined to speculate as in former years, and will have little if anything to do with stocks which have been in cold storage.

As Canadian exporters have to meet this competition, great care must be taken in selecting and sending forward only eggs which are as fresh, clean and graded in size.

During 1903, the United Kingdom imported 9,848,897 great hundreds (120) of eggs, valued at £6,617,619. Canada's share of this large trade amounted to only 537,080 great hundreds, valued at £218,571. The imports from Russia amounted to £1,866,421, and from Denmark, to £1,648,367. Germany, Belgium and France are the other leading exporters of eggs to Britain, each of these countries sending from three to four times as many as Canada.

Bacon and Ham Trade, 1903.

Mr. Grindley also reports as follows concerning the bacon and ham trade.

Canadian mild-cured bacon and hams are becoming very popular in Great Britain, and are preferred to those imported from the United States, as they are leaner and there is always a demand for lean cuts. Canadian packing houses should make a close study of the various British markets and supply them with the cuts which are in demand by the consumer.

There is still room for improvement as regards packing cases—these are often made of knotty lumber, badly nailed, and no battens at ends (same as American packers use) which give double nail bearings. Heavy split wood hoops should be used to bind round each end of the case and for extra large cases an extra binder should be placed round the centre.

Shippers of these mild cured meats must take advantage of the best means of transportation which are now provided. Ship goods as little as possible to be sold on commission, and then only to reliable firms who will carry the goods to the warehouse under proper conditions as regards cleanliness and temperature.

Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

CANNED GOODS.

Pointers for British Market Requirements.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Mr. A. W. Grindley, Agent of the Department of Agriculture in Great Britain, gives the following information in regard to the trade in canned and evaporated goods during 1903, in addition to the extracts from his annual report, published last week:

Fruit Pulp—There is a good demand for colored pulps and internally lacquered tin is very much preferred. This can be put up in Canada: Strawberry, raspberry, gooseberry, black currant, peaches, pears, apricots.

The above fruits are largely used in jam factories in Great Britain.

Canadian packers of fruit pulps should observe the following points:

1. Use a heavy grade of internal tin plates for making the cans.
2. Do not use resin for soldering the inside seams, as the least portion imparts a bad flavor to the contents.
3. One-gallon tins are preferable to cans holding five gallons, chiefly because there is less loss in case of a puncture or other cause of damage.
4. For colored pulps an internally lacquered tin is very much preferred.
5. No coloring matter or preservatives of any kind should be added.
6. Have cases holding cans made strongly, with tight covers, not elated.

Tinned Meats—There is a good demand in Great Britain for tinned meats, but complaints are made that the Canadian tinned meats, etc., are often colored next the tin by some acid action. This may be caused by using some light grade tin plates for making the cans. These plates are rolled after being tinned, and so much of the tin being taken off, the iron is exposed in spots and a chemical action sets in shortly after the goods are packed.

The quality of Canadian beef and mutton is preferred to the imports from other countries, the

packs of which countries are often filled with meat from which extracts have been taken to make fluid meat preparations.

Most of the Canadian tinned beef and mutton is put up in tins holding not over two pounds of meat. There is a good demand for tins holding six pounds, especially for war office and naval stores.

Whatever sized tins are packed be sure they contain strong net weights. Tinned Lobster—There is a good demand for Canadian tinned lobster, if properly put up. Only heavily tinned plates should be used for making cans (lobster works quickly on light plates), the inside of which should be lined with heavy parchment paper and the lobster packed while thoroughly fresh.

Dessicated Vegetables.—There is a growing demand for dessicated vegetables in Great Britain, not for home consumption, but for naval stores and the War Office.

Yours very truly, W. A. Clemons, Publication Clerk.

THE FARMER'S WIFE.

A Country Editor's Account of Her Daily Life.

In an essay on the pleasure of country life, a city girl takes the readers of the woman's page into her confidence, and declares, "It is a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife, and meander down life's pathway."

Whereupon a country editor, who professes to know something of the realities as well as the dreams of a rural existence, remarks:

"Oh, yes, that is a nice thing, but when your husband meanders off and leaves you without wood and you have to meander up and down the lane pulling splinters off the fence to cook dinner, and you meander around in the wall clover in rear of the cows until your shoes are the color of the setting sun, and each stocking absorbs a pint of water, and when you meander out across twenty acres of ploughed ground to drive the cows out of the backfield and tear your dress on a wire fence, and when you meander back to the house, and find that the goat has butted your child until it resembles a pumpkin, and find the old hen and sixteen chickens in the parlor, the cat in the cupboard, and the dog in the milk, you will realize, dear girl, that this meander business is not what it is cracked up to be."

But this country editor is evidently ignorant of the conditions prevailing in the rural life, especially in the Middle West, at the present time. The city girl has a much more intelligent idea of them, and consequently it is not to be wondered at that she should long to be a farmer's wife and meander down life's pathway.

Take Kansas as an example. When the farmer rises now he does not disturb his wife, but talks good morning to her into the boudoir phonograph, together with a hint of what he would like to have for breakfast when he returns from his automobile ride around the place.

At eight the maid calls the farmer's wife; her toilet is completed by nine, and at 9.30 her husband telephones her from the northeast quarter section that he will join her for breakfast. At breakfast the morning papers, which have just been delivered by the rural delivery postman, are placed on the table, the news is rapidly scanned, and the farmer asks his wife whether this is her choice for music, French or calliothens, or if she is going to attend the Woman's Club of Township 38 North, Range 16.

By the time breakfast is over a package of the latest novelties has arrived from Topeka; the farmer goes to his bank, forwards a few thousands to New York to relieve Wall street, or tries a flyer on the Chicago Board of Trade, while the farmer's wife talks to the good neighbor, the housekeeper, writes acceptances to receptions, calls for her favorite mare, takes a brisk ride across country, and returning, does Indian basket and bead work till the lurches of the afternoon.

In the afternoon she receives or returns calls; attends perhaps one of Edmund Russell's lectures in the village, hard by, skates if it is winter, plays golf if it is summer, and meets her husband at the dinner table after a well filled day. After dinner Beethoven or Handel and Haydn, or perhaps the lighter composers, are heard on the phonola; the governess and the children are dismissed; the farmer reads his favorite paper; the farmer's wife calls up the neighbors on the district telephone and hears the gossip of the day; the butcher and housekeeper call to pay their respects, for that good night, and the farmer's wife meanders to her apartments, where her maid awaits her.

The city girl who longs to be a farmer's wife in these days, that she may meander down life's pathway smoothly, tranquilly, blissfully, knows what she is longing for better than the country editor knows the country as it was, not as it is—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

War Names.

Buffalo Express.

This war news is frightful—it angers a man.

To read of Mesampho and Tallenwan, Alexieff, too, and Yungkow, and Sasek.

And what happened last at Chetoo and Chemulpo.

Vladistok and Niu Chwang and Kuro and Moji.

And of what may occur on the Gulf of Pe Chilli.

Tatunkow, Simmingting, Teagaru, Ichahapu.

When the reader struck these in a rage quickly to flow.

But lo, came Sujatun, Yokosuka and Seoul.

And other tough names in the blood.

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