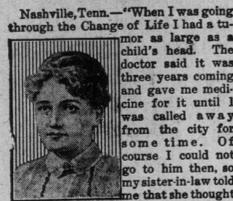


HOW MRS. BEAN MET THE CRISIS

Carried Safely Through Change of Life by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.



Nashville, Tenn.—"When I was going through the Change of Life I had a tumor as large as a child's head. The doctor said it was three years coming and gave me medicine for it until I was called away from the city for some time. Of course I could not go to him then, so my sister-in-law told me that she thought Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound would cure it. It helped both the Change of Life and the tumor and when I got home I did not need the doctor. I took the Pinkham remedies until the tumor was gone, the doctor said, and I have not felt it since. I tell every one how I was cured. If this letter will help others you are welcome to use it."—Mrs. E. H. BEAN, 525 Joseph Avenue, Nashville, Tenn.

"KYRA,"

OR,
The Ward of the Earl of Vering.

CHAPTER II.

"As sure as I can be. The flowers, for all your commendation, are rare, and not to be bought in Covent Garden; and that boy the duchess brought to me last night said that he had seen a bouquet like them on his cousin's table."

Her ladyship nodded and bit the end of her ivory pencil, musingly.

"For another reason. If the count had sent them, he would have left a card; the other man would be sure not to do so."

"Why not?" asked her ladyship.

"Because," replied the daughter, with a faint smile at her mother's obtuseness, "because he is the sort of man to detect thanks."

"A phenomenon!" ejaculated Lady Devigne.

"And because I happened to mention that I liked the flowers."

Lady Devigne looked at her beautiful daughter with half-doubting gaze. "And yet he was not there last night."

"No," said Lillian, "but he will be here this morning."

"How do you know that?" demanded Lady Devigne, half startled by the tone of assurance.

"Because," came the reply, with a smile of sweet confidence, "last night was a piece of self-denial for which he will reward himself to-day; he will want to thank me for being kind to the boy last night—that will be the excuse."

Lady Devigne recorded a silent note of her daughter's proficiency in the knowledge of the masculine character, and nodded.

"You seem to be very confident of—of your influence, Lillian. We have not seen much of him."

Lillian Devigne rose, with a smile. "No; at present, mamma, he has not

thrown prudence to the winds; it is for us to say whether he shall do so." As she spoke she looked at her mother with a curious smile, then seating herself at the piano commenced playing softly.

"The season is young yet," murmured Lady Devigne. "The earl is not an old man by any means—I mean not so very old—and he would have been dead years ago. Your father was in his set, and if—" She stopped abruptly.

"I am not laughing—I could not laugh at any such feeling of yours," said Percy Chester, with that earnestness which with the fair sex was so dangerously taking in him; "I do understand, and I sympathize."

And a little serious, deprecating smile drooped her sweet lips.

"I know that, and the earl's private money may not come to the young Chester. There is a risk—not a great one, certainly, but still a risk—are you listening, Lillian?"

"Yes, mamma," and for a moment the music ceases; for a moment only. It begins again, with the half-musing murmur of the calculating mother.

"Yes, there is a risk, and the season has scarcely begun. They say the Marquis of Orland is ill. Spend the season here—it may be true—what are your inclinations, Lillian?"

The music of the piano does not cease, as the music of her voice chimes in, soft and low, and sweet.

"We have declined long ago, mamma, that my own inclinations were not to be consulted."

"But—but—you must have formed some idea. What do you intend doing?"

A slight flush sweeps across the lovely face as she turns to answer. "I shall follow your advice, mamma."

"Well, then, my dear Lillian," responds her ladyship, with slow calculation, "be careful, and do not be too hasty."

Then the music breaks out, into louder strains, and the face which had been partially visible from the mother's watchful eye is completely hidden.

Suddenly the music comes to an end—with a quick, light movement, Lillian Devigne stood beside the table, arranging the flowers as we first saw her—arranging them with an air of sweet abstraction and careless grace that changes to one of perfect surprise and welcome as the footman announces Mr. Chester and Mr. Merivale, and those gentlemen come forward.

CHAPTER III.

Certainly a beautiful woman is the grandest, sweetest sight on this earth, of ours. How much is its sweetness increased when the woman wears a smile of pleasant welcome.

Percy Chester paused for a moment in the doorway of Lady Devigne's drawing-room to take in, as it were, the exquisite loveliness of the girl bending over the flowers in the vase, and his appreciation was not lessened by the quick smile which brightened her face as she turned to him.

"How you startled me!" she murmured, in her low, clear, even-toned voice, so full of that subtle music which high breeding alone can produce. "I thought it was the man from Howell and James."

"And must be proportionately disappointed," put in Percy, with his rare smile.

"No," she said, with a faint, pleased little curve of the lip that was the very perfection of art—the next thing to a smile and a pout; "no, not altogether."

"Charlie and I are not very much alike, either," he said, looking over at the lad as he stood by the conservatory door, inward in responsive gratitude to Lady Devigne's subtle graciousness.

"And he lives with you?" she resumed, half-absently. "How nice for you to have some one to talk to—confide in, to sympathize with you. How I envy you!"

She sighed. The sigh invited further questioning. Percy, who was never so vulnerable as when a woman grew softly confidential, drew a little nearer, and leaned over the arm of the ottoman on which she had sunk.

"Why should you envy me?" he asked, wondering, as he spoke, in an undercurrent of thought, if there were



BABY CAMERON-WALLER.

Brought up from Birth on Virol

80, Aldridge Road, Balham, S.W.

Dear Sir,

This is my youngest son, aged 2 years. He was brought up from birth on Virol, and this photograph shows the result. His six brothers and sisters were all Virol babies and are splendid children. I cannot speak too highly of what Virol has done for them all, and I recommend it wherever I go.

EDITH CAMERON-WALLER.

VIROL

In Measles and Whooping Cough Virol should be given to children of whatever age. Virol increases their power of resistance and recovery and strengthens them against dangerous after-effects.

VIROL, LTD., 125-126, Old Street, E.C. 1.

T. J. EDENS, - - Agent.

gether, for mamma and I were just agreeing that we were rather triste, and—then you came. We are very grateful."

As she spoke she subsided into one of the lounges, and made room for him beside her.

"That is strange," he said, "for I came this morning to get rid of that load of gratitude on my part."

She opened her beautiful eyes with charming surprise.

"Yes," he said, answering the look, and glancing toward the other end of the room, where Charlie Merivale was chatting in his boyish way with Lady Devigne, who held his open, ingenuous soul in her hands and read it like a book; "yes, I cannot let your kindness of last night to my cousin yonder pass without expressing my gratitude. It was good of you to be kind to him, and believe me, the boy shares my gratitude."

A beautiful smile, so open, candid and lovable, swept across the face of Lillian Devigne.

"I wish that I could accept your thanks—as some people do—just as if I deserved them; but I can't be so horribly deceitful. Do you know that I fell desperately in love with your cousin the moment I saw him, and that my kindness, as you call it, was perfectly interested? He is so nice, 'such good form,' as you gentlemen say, and most dangerously handsome. Do you know I knew that he was a relation of yours the moment I saw him? Was it not strange?"

Poor Chester was staggered for the moment by the too obvious flattery, but as he glanced at the sweet face, so apparently innocent of any worldly wile, he could not believe that she had meant to administer so palpable a sop to his vanity.

"Charlie and I are not very much alike, either," he said, looking over at the lad as he stood by the conservatory door, inward in responsive gratitude to Lady Devigne's subtle graciousness.

"And he lives with you?" she resumed, half-absently. "How nice for you to have some one to talk to—confide in, to sympathize with you. How I envy you!"

She sighed. The sigh invited further questioning. Percy, who was never so vulnerable as when a woman grew softly confidential, drew a little nearer, and leaned over the arm of the ottoman on which she had sunk.

"Why should you envy me?" he asked, wondering, as he spoke, in an undercurrent of thought, if there were

ever such exquisitely shaped hands, as those which played beneath him with a half-faded flower.

"Because," she said, with a faint, confiding smile, "I myself am so utterly alone. I have no father, no sister, no brother."

Percy glanced at Lady Devigne. "Yes, mamma; I have dear mamma; but she is so practical, so matter-of-fact, and yet very lovable; but you understand me, I am sure, and are laughing at me."

And a little serious, deprecating smile drooped her sweet lips.

"I am not laughing—I could not laugh at any such feeling of yours," said Percy Chester, with that earnestness which with the fair sex was so dangerously taking in him; "I do understand, and I sympathize."

She repaid him for the avowal with an upturned glance of her eyes, then broke off suddenly:

"Did your cousin tell you that he had seen me in the park this morning?"

"No," said Percy, "and as he did not tell me, I am sure that he did not see you."

"I saw him," she nodded, smiling. "How well he rides; I suppose you taught him? He has the military seat. You were in a cavalry regiment, were you not?"

"Yes, for a short time," said Percy. "I sold out because I was too lazy and too fond of my liberty. Yes, I taught Charlie what little he knows of horsemanship."

"I have just got a new purchase," said Miss Devigne. "I don't know whether I shall like her; I am almost afraid of her, really."

And she laughed a low, musical laugh.

Percy Chester, if he prided himself on anything, did so on his love for and knowledge of horsemanship.

"I have not seen her," he said.

"I wish you had. Perhaps next time we meet in the Row, you will give me your opinion. I have had no one's excepting the dealer's, and he is likely to be biased."

"Very much so," assented Percy.

Then he stroked his mustache as a bright idea and a great temptation came uppermost.

How nice it would be if he could persuade this lovely woman to take a gallop over the tan in the early morning, when the birds were in full song, and the park fresh and free from the midday dust.

"Shall you be riding to-morrow?"

"Suppose—I wonder whether Lady Devigne would forgive me if I suggested that you took the new mare for a gallop in the Row before breakfast? I could see her then."

Lillian Devigne looked surprised, pleased, then doubtful.

"What do you call before breakfast?"

"Nine o'clock," replied Percy, boldly.

"That is the middle of the night."

"I am aware; but if we made it any later we should have the Row full of the riding-masters and their demotics."

"I will come," she said, with a charming affectation of boldness. "I will coax mamma, and—But are you sure that it will not be inconvenient for you? Nine's too early for gentlemen, who, I am told, do not get their breakfasts until noon."

"Don't believe such a libel on our sex," laughed Percy, rather guiltily. "And we will say nine to-morrow—that is, if you are not too exhausted by some gayety to-night, and sleep through the trust."

(To be Continued.)

Gin Pills FOR THE KIDNEYS How They Cure

PLESSISVILLE, QUE. "I suffered from Kidney Trouble for several years, and tried numerous remedies and doctors' prescriptions without permanent relief, my case being chronic. After seeing about Gin Pills, and as it is a well known fact that Juniper, without alcohol, is excellent for the Kidneys, I decided to try Gin Pills. One single pill gave me great relief. I have now taken four boxes of Gin Pills and find myself completely cured. No more had humor—increased in weight—clear eyes—fresh color—more strength and vigor. This is what Gin Pills have done for me."

H. POWIS HERBERT.

Your druggists sell Gin Pills in a box or six boxes \$2.50. Write for free sample to National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto.

Evening Telegram Fashion Plates.

The Home Dressmaker should keep a Catalogue Scrap Book of our Fashion Plates. These will be found very useful to refer to from time to time.

A PRETTY SUMMER GOWN.



1670—Costume with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths (for Misses and Small Women). Embroidered voile and insertion is here combined. The model is most unique and attractive and embodies some excellent style features. The waist is finished in surplice style. The skirt is cut in three tiers or sections, each one underfaced to form a deep hem tuck. The sleeve may be made with a shaped cuff at wrist length, or finished with a frill at elbow length. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for an 18-year size. The skirt measures about 3 yards at the lower edge. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRETTY GIRLISH MODEL.



1683—Juniors' Dress, with or without Bolero, and with Sleeve in Either of Two Lengths. So charming and graceful is this little dress, so simple to develop, that it will at once appeal to the home dressmaker. The waist is full over the front, is cut slightly low, and finished with pointed collar sections. The sleeve in wrist length has a straight cuff, and is cut in bishop style. The short length sleeve has a jaunty rolled cuff. The skirt is full and gathered. The bolero may be finished separately. In figured crepe or organdy with batiste for the waist portion, this model will make a cool and pretty summer dress. It could also be made up in embroidered voile, chaille, lawn or dimity, chambray and gingham is nice, too. The Pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 12, 14 and 16 years. It requires 5 1/2 yards of 44 inch material for a 14-year size. Without bolero, 7/8 yard less. A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to May 15th, 1916.

- Aylward, Miss Mary, New Gower St. Andrews, R., Duckworth St. Andrews, Miss K. (card), Theatre Hill Ashbourne, Wm. Adey, Miss Minnie F., Hoylestown
- Baily, Mrs. Mary Barnes, Miss Emily, care C. H. Barnes, LeMarchant Rd. Baker, Miss Mary, Water St. Black, Mrs. T. P., care Gen. Delivery Batten, Abraham, Duckworth St. Bryant, W. C. Baldwin, Miss Charlotte, Gower St. Barrow, Mrs. Wm. S., Gower St. Morris, A. Barnes, Wm., George St. S. A. Hotel Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road Bennett, Mrs. Peter, c/o Gen. Delivery Byrne, Mrs. S., Pennywell Road Byrne, Miss Margaret Belbin, Miss Emma, King's B. Road Bell, W. P., Bell Street Bird, Miss Maggie, late Grand Falls Bishop, Mrs., Wales's Square Bourne, B. R. Brown, Mrs., Thos., Queen St. Butler, Miss Emma J., Collins' Square Butler, Mr. & Mrs. James, card, Flower Hill
- Burt, Mrs. Joseph, care Gen'l Post Office Blundell, Mr. H. A. Butler, Miss Lucy Buddon, Miss Mgt., card Burton, Robert, LeMarchant Road Bursey, Wm., care Savings Bank Butler, W. J., Young Street Byrne, James, Victoria St. Brown, Mrs., Military Road Boyle, Mrs. B.
- Clark, Mrs. Wm., New Gower St. Carpenter, George W. Calnes, Mrs. George, Duckworth St. Chatman, Albert Caso, Ernest Chase, Walter W. Christian, G. G., late s.s. Glencoe Collins, Peter, card Cooper, Miss Rose, card Crimp, Miss May, c/o Peter O'Mara Corner, Frank J., c/o C. E. O'Reilly Coleman, Miss Lena, Theatre Hill Corkum, Clarence S. Callahan, John, 51 — Street Christiansen, Ralph Coleman, Thomas, Barter's Hill Cook, Miss Violet Cook, Wm., c/o Gen. P. Office Collier, J. P. Connolly, D. C., Gower St. Churchill, Mrs. Ambrose, New Gower Street Curran, Miss Mary Churchill, Mr. and Mrs. Wm., Balsam Place Chafe, Wm., of Gear Street Crane, E. Cook, Miss Florence Connors, Patrick J., Waldegrave St. Cranford, Miss Caroline Cheater, Mrs. Baxter, New Gower St. Cook, Wm., Long Pond Road
- Daley, Miss Mary, Pleasant St. Daniels, George, Gower St. Day, Joshua, c/o G. P. O. Dwyer, Miss A., Bond St. Devine, Mrs., Frank, New Gower St. Dullanty, Thomas, Forest Road Durdle, Miss L., LeMarchant Road
- Eddicote, Miss Kate Erkin, Mrs. Stanley Ellsworth, Const. T., West End Station
- Facey, S., New Gower St. French, Solomon, Scott St. Fitzpatrick, Mrs., Pleasant St. Flynn, Miss Mary, Spencer Lodge Forsyth, Miss Bertha Ford, Samuel Ford, Mrs. E. S., Prescott St.
- Gallop, Mrs. Morgan Green, Mrs., Lime St. Gillingham, Tom, card Glover, Jasper, late Port aux Basques Goudie, Ernest.
- Harding, A. B. Hayward, Miss Sarah, New Gower St. Handrigan, Nellie, Water St. West Hewlett, Arminius, c/o Gen. Delivery Hilton, Mr., George St. Hill, Miss Annie, 22 — Street Holden, Michael, late s.s. Sagona Holland, Miss Mary B., Hamilton St. Hurley, Mrs. Norman, card, John St. Hutchings, A. G., Hamilton St. Horwood, A., card, Military Road
- James, J. W., card, c/o G. P. O. Jenkins, J., Casey's St. Johnson, Ralph James, Miss Bessie Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower Street Johnston, James, Nagle's Hill Joy, Mrs. John, Lion's Square James, Wm. J., Bannerman St. James, J., Hagerty's Street Jackson, Mrs. George, New Gower St. Jones, Vincent
- Keefe, Mrs. H., slip, Forest Road Kent, Mrs. Wm., Water St. Kehoe, Veronica, Military Road Keefe, Mrs. B., Barter's Hill Kelly, Daniel Kelly, Miss Gertrude, card, late Placentia Kennedy, Mrs. John, card, New Gower Street Kirby, Charles, Prince's Street Kirby, Miss Mary, Bannerman St. King, Mrs. Bertha
- Lacey, Gilbert Lamb, Miss Mary, Spencer St. Lynch, David Lovesy, Bert, care G. P. O. Layman, Jane, retd., Cabot St.
- Young, B. B., New Gower St.
- H. J. B. WOODS, P.M.G.
- Laey, Mrs. James, Pennywell Road
- Maynard, F. J., care Gen. P. Office Martin, Herbert, Colonial St. Martin, Haviland S., card Martin, Miss Annie, New Gower St. Malone, Miss Eugene, card Marshall, Mrs. M., King's Road Malloy, Mrs. James, George St. Manuel, Maud, care Gen. Delivery Martin, Jack, Newtown Road Miller, Miss Ida, care Gen. P. Office Miffin, Sydney C., card Mitchell, Miss Nellie Moore, Mrs. J., Monroe St. Morris, A. Morris, Wm., care G. P. O. Murphy, Miss A., Gower St. Murphy, Miss Mollie Murphy, John J., retd. Murphy, Miss Bessie, Young St. Murphy, Pte. Patrick, retd. Murran, Ralph Murphy, Mrs. May, Bannerman Road Matford, Miss M. B., card Malone, P. J. care General Delivery
- McDonald, Mrs., Duckworth St. McLeod, Miss Grace, Mundy Pond Rd. McCarthy, Mrs. Ellen, card, Water Street West McDonald, Wm. McDonald, Miss Mary, card, George's Street
- Nash, Miss Annie, Freshwater Road Nosworthy, Mr. and Mrs. Geo., card Nolan, Miss Mary Ellen McKinnon, Mrs., New Gower St.
- O'Keefe, Phillip, Prescott St. O'Brien, Mrs. P., Queen's Road O'Donnell, John, care Reid Co. O'Toole, Francis, Black Marsh Road
- Parsons, George, Pennywell Road, care G.P.O. Parrell, Wm., Long Pond Road Parrell, Wm., Allandale Road Parsons, Miss Annie, care King George Institute Piercy, Miss Bessie, card Pike, Master Wm., Gilbert St. Power, Miss Annie M., Gower St. Power, James, care Ivy Hotel, Water Street West Page, Miss Dorothy, Pennywell Road Parsons, Miss Jessie, card
- Quirk, Thomas, c/o Genl. P. Office
- Ryan, Miss Katie, Queen St. Reddy, James, Newtown Road Reid, James, Freshwater Road Redmond, James Richards, Miss N., Duckworth St. Roberts, Henry, Allandale Road Roberts, E. W. Rogers, Joseph Robins, John, South Battery Roberts, Miss Annie, Allandale Road Rogers, F., Hutchings' St. Roberts, Solomon Roberts, George, Allandale Road Ruby, Miss M., Water St. West Rogers, Joseph, George's St.
- Stewart, Capt. George Spracklin, Herbert Stratton, Miss Amelia Stanford, W. J. Shaw, Miss Mary J., Pleasant Street Stapleton, Miss Laura, Theatre Hill Sharpe, Sarah Saint, Miss Hettie, Scott's St. Stevens, Chas., care G. P. O. Sterling, T. H., & Co. Smith, Miss Ida, LeMarchant Road Smith, Miss D., Power St. Sinnott, J. J., Queen St. Simms, Mary C., care Mrs. Furlong Smith, J. H., Gower St. Smith, A. B. Sinclair, Miss Patience, Circular Rd. Snook, Abner, Freshwater Road Scott, Miss P. Short, Susie, Queen's Road Sullivan, Martin, Ivy Hotel, Water St. Sullivan, Miss Flossie, card, Queen's Road Squires, Richard, Lime St. Squires, Joseph, Queen St. Spurdell, Edie, Gower St. Sinnott, A., Pennywell Road
- Taylor, Bert, card, c/o Reid Co. Taylor, Louis, care G. P. O. Trenchard, Wm. Trenchard, Hayward, care G. P. O. Thistle, Joseph, New Gower St. Tiller, Raymond Thompson, Art, Newtown Road Thorne, Mrs. Richard, Freshwater Rd. Thompson, Wm., Duckworth St.
- Underhay, Miss Annie, Circular Road
- Ward, Frank R., Gower St. Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road Wall, Miss Annie, 21 — St. Whalen, Mrs. Patrick Walsh, John, late Hr. Grace Walsh, Mr., P. O. Box 571 Weir, Mr., Newtown Road Whelan, J. Whelan, Mrs. Mary, Gower St. Winsor, James, care G. P. O. White, Mrs. John, Carter's Road Williams, John, King's Road Whitehouse, Wm., Cochrane St. Williams, A., Circular Road White, Mrs. A. B., Gower St. Wright, Henry Williams, Sandy, c/o Genl. Delivery White, Mrs. A. E., Gower St. White, Miss Lucy, Freshwater Road Woolridge, Miss Althea, Queen's Rd. Woodcock, E. Watton, Emily, Miss, Cowan Home.

Over 40,000 People Read The Telegram

It's always more economical to measure materials in cooking than to guess at them.

"For You."

In the splendor of strong youth stood one, in the house of prayer who poured forth a burning prayer To the people gathered there.

He pictured, with startling clearness The terrific forces hurled. At the gallant men whose trials Means peace for the troubled.

"You have felt," he said, "in a large measure, the mailed hand. For one of your lads has fallen. Defending his native land."

"Was it only for fame and glory? He went forth to dare and die. Ah, no! through the breathless thrill of the answer—"He was you!"

Is it not true, O Canadians? In a beautiful land we dwell. Where as yet no hostile army Assails us with shot and shell.

But how many have priced and sold. How fearful the price they paid. To guard our shores from the foe That threatened to invade.

And but for those countless hands And the deeds of valor done. We had suffered the fate of Ireland At the hand of the merciless.

And while we enjoy the freedom Which brave men died to win. Shall we have no part in the pain Without which our hopes are vain.

Who can list to the voices called for help to withstand the foe. And refuse to part with loved ones Who are longing, perhaps, for you.

O, women with sons and husbands. With brothers and sweethearts. In the day of our Empire's need. How much may depend on you.

And you who have none to offer. Whose thoughts, perhaps, turn to pain. Toward some quiet spot in God's land. Where your loved ones long to be.

Remember, you, too, are helping. To answer the war's demand. While you give, for the soldier's part. The work of your willing hands.

And pray to the God of battles. For these loyal souls of men. Who patiently face the dangers Of the firing line for you.

French Canadians and the

(From the Montreal Herald)

Perhaps the best summary of the French-Canadians have in this war was given by the *Monde* Lemaux, in his recent

before the Canadian Club of the Habitant and the war, called that it had been officiated in the House of Commons

since that 10,000 French-Canadians joined the colors, and that up to present time at least 14,000 soldiers in the expeditionary

The French-Canadian units in sent war are:

The 22nd, under Col. Gaudin; the 41st, under Lieut-Col. Gaudin; the 57th, under Col. Panetier; the 63rd, under Lieut-Col. reau.

The 150th, under Lieut-Col. diers; the 165th, under Lieut-Col. The 167th, under Col. Reade; English name, but a French

The 178th, under Col. Giroux; The 189th, under Col. Pluize; The 206th, under Col. De St.

The 233rd, under Col. Leproux; A stationary hospital, under Col. Casgrain.

Another stationary hospital, Col. Beauchamp.

Also a field battery, which the late Major Janin.

Here we have practically units of 1,000 men, making 14,000, some at the front, others to start. Having given these

figures, Mr. Lemaux said: "Pie this down: At least 17,000 soldiers will be found in the Kitchener's army before the

elapsd, and if we obtain from parliament of Militia and Defence assistance as I and my Mr. Casgrain, obtained. I may say that, with goodwill to malice toward none, you shall your 20,000 or more from the of Quebec without any difficulty.

Some time ago a local corps viewed, and one of the officers mounted on a horse that had p himself in a

brilliant idea, and remarked Joseph Lambert to enter St. Hospital, Signal Hill. He is from tuberculosis.

CONSUMPTIVE ARRIVES. arrived from the westward

right by the Pogie—a man Joseph Lambert to enter St. Hospital, Signal Hill. He is from tuberculosis.

It's always more economical to measure materials in cooking than to guess at them.