

Fall and Death of the Third Napoleon T. P. O'Connor Finishes His Review

Last Act of the Great Tragedy—Giddy Gaiety of the Empire's Last Days—The Spectre Bismarck—The Defeat and Retreat of Napoleon—The Last Interview.

(Special Letter to the Advertiser by T. P. O'Connor, Intimate Memoirist of Napoleon III., by Baron D'Ambes.)

NOW I come to the last act in the great tragedy. Here again one's attention is diverted from the loud tread of the Furies as they approach the doomed man, the doomed child, the doomed wife, and the doomed nation. It is submerged under the noise of the violins and the harps, the clinking glasses, the tumultuous dance. Listen again to our baron—still the Greek chorus—recording the impression day after day, now gay, now sombre, and undecided as to which is the side to be regarded most. Here is an extract from a period not long before the smash-up:

All goes well. The Bourne is excellent; the Emperor in good health; order insured; all agitation muzzled; the people contented; at least to all appearances. Amusements go on, and business, too.

There is skating in the Bois, dancing in the Faurang, receptions at the Tuilleries. The Empress is entrancing; Morny in good humor. The Pozzobons and the Bethagues vie with each other in the elegance of their drawing-rooms. The nobility of all monarchies and empires is jumbled together. The Duchess of Istria and the Duchess of Dalmatia entertain to their hearts' content. Mme. Furtado and Mme. Pitté are forever devising fresh amusements for their guests. There is music everywhere, flowers, perfumes, songs and love. Oh! the beautiful women one enjoys the sight of at these gatherings, with their white shoulders glorified with cascades of pearls, their dewy cheeks, their flashing eyes, their quivering hands! A whirlwind in which one grows intoxicated, in which, mayhap, it would be good to die struck down in the full tide of life.

Enter Bismarck.

AND hereupon enter into this giddy circle a sombre figure. Baron D'Ambes has begun to realize Bismarck—possibly before any of the other courtiers—and he begins to figure largely in his diary. He watches first that titanic struggle between Bismarck and the Prussian Parliament—the struggle in which Bismarck constantly has before him the possibility of an end like that of Strafford, the minister executed because of the desertion of the prince for whom he has risked all, including his neck. And this is the significant comment of the cool observer:

I take it that these last two years have been epoch-making to Prussia. Between 1890 and 1892 she has put militarism above parliamentarism. What does that signify, save that she is progressing toward bellicose ideas?

Her military reforms are significant. Henceforth thanks to the re-introduction of universal service, her army has a strength of 400,000 men—a large figure.

And then they have a very strange man, that M. Bismarck-Schonhausen, whom a telegram suddenly called to the head of affairs when he was at Biarritz, accredited to the Emperor. Here we have him Prime Minister. He has a brain of iron, believe me, everybody knows that. He is making head against the Liberals of Germany. Will he gain the day? In any case, there is something that distresses me. Everybody knows that the dreams of the unification of Germany, even as Cavour dreamed of the unification of Italy, Cavour succeeded; will Bismarck? To do so,

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Mr. Chas. Beauvais.

Doctors say that about one person in every four suffers more or less from piles, and who can imagine a more annoying, torturing, disagreeable ailment?

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he will have to pull down Austria. No child's play, that!

The Empire's Dazzling Sunset.

BISMARCK does conquer Austria, however, and again D'Ambes approaches his old friend and utters his words of warning. The Emperor listens to him; D'Ambes warns him of the danger of policy of drift, which is apparently the only thing of which the Emperor is now capable. He confesses to his old friend, who shares his apprehensions; but he goes on to say: "God grant," exclaims the baron, "he may not pay for it one day!" Again the scene changes, and the violins begin again to play. The Emperor, before now, comes, has solemn at Chislehurst; and that came with the exposition. It is as far back as 1867, and yet I can still recall the vibrant thrill which it sent through the whole world. Every paper in the world was filled with the glories of that wonderful show and of the mighty personages who it brought to Paris. One hundred thousand people, says the baron, crowded in the streets to fight for admission; and amidst this vast multitude passed the Emperor in an open carriage with the clouds of Honor—and at his side, Eugenie, "in a plain dress with a train and, as usual, the tiny hat." The baron says, "The Emperor's entrance was not without bursting into dithyrambs, as usual."

It rains kings, princes and grandees on Paris. Here is the King of Prussia with his two sons, the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul Aziz, and the spokesman of the Italian Empire, the King of Portugal, and the Emperor of Austria. And what wonders, to be sure—wonders upon wonders. The engines of war, Krupp's, of Essen, are particularly

The Emperor Worried.

BUT there comes a croaking note immediately. "How fatiguing for Napoleon and Eugenie," comments the baron. "Years like this," he adds, "use up a ruler. His majesty seems more and more weary." And at last the baron begins to realize that the Emperor is beginning to feel the effects of the frequent doctors' consultations; and soon the baron learns that the Emperor has lost nerve and almost all hope. The opposition is growing in the country and in the Chamber of Deputies, and the Emperor is gradually forced to surrender a large part of his autocratic powers. But the baron only whets the appetite of the reader by saying that the Emperor is now biting at his heels, and already he begins to see signs that such services as he thinks he has given to France are being forgotten and that the appetite for a new man, and a new regime, perhaps, is coming over the nation. The account of the interview between the two old friends is pathetic. "My dear D'Ambes," he says, "you are happier than I. If you have cares, they can in no wise be compared to the heavy responsibilities of power. The crown has thrown its weight upon my shoulders, and then in presence of this old friend, the worried Emperor goes back to their youth "when they walked about together arm in arm in Switzerland and in London."

Eugenie's Interference.

THEN come the scenes that preceded the irreparable disaster. The Emperor makes a proposal to add greatly to the numbers of the army, a step which the enormous growth of the Prussian army justified, and which the fortunes of the subsequent war more than vindicated. But the Emperor found public opinion against him; he also found against him some of his closest advisers; and, finally, according to the Baron D'Ambes, his bill was opposed by his wife.

In these final scenes of the Empire we constantly come across the figure of that strong-willed woman. There is an entry which rings out like the sound of doom in the diary. M. Merson was one of those who advocated the bill; when he heard that the opponents of the measure had been reduced by the Emperor's intervention, and had thanked them for their action and implored them to do their utmost to compass the withdrawal of "that dreadful bill." He noticed that when the Emperor followed his ministers into his wife's apartments that his wife questioned him with her eyes. The Emperor refused to answer, but everybody knew that he had been conquered, but not convinced; and hereupon Merson burst out to his colleagues with this remarkable cry: "I seem to see wandering through the palace the shade of Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette. The Emperor hesitates, gives way, and courts disaster. He hears King whom the Revolution has beheaded. The Empress pressed my hands as the Queen of yore did those of Barnave, crying, 'Save us! I see it at hand! I foresee already the end of the Empire—this imperil!'"

The Refuge in England.

MISFORTUNES never come alone. While the Emperor is still fighting all his relentless enemies, Prince Pierre Bonaparte shoots Victor Noir—a tragedy which stirred France to its depths and brought 100,000 people to the victim's funeral. "I very much fear," comments the diarist, "that this revolver bullet has struck the Empire itself," as indeed it did. And to give an additional touch of tragic irony to the situation, while the Emperor is in a state of wandering through the palace, a situation by one bearing his name, Prince Bonaparte had never been received by the Emperor; the one between them was that of the penniless relative sponging on the rich ruler of the Empire.

I pass to the final scene, when the Emperor left St. Cloud with the Prince Imperial to start for the war which was to prove so disastrous. Never did a commander-in-chief set out for a

campaign with spirits so depressed. There was an air of settled melancholy on his face. "I would faint," writes the faithful friend, "have seen a Napoleon full of life—defiant, sure of the morrow. I only saw a man weighed down by the burden of responsibility and, it may be, of domestic troubles."

I pass over the interval between this and the settling down of the Emperor at Chislehurst. He sends for the old friend, that they may talk together over old times and the ingratitude of friends and the strange contradictions of this tangled world. He is calm, not bitter, but very sad; he is above all disappointed that his people who had so often signified their confidence in him by millions of votes in plebiscites, should have turned so strangely, as he thinks, and so suddenly against him; and, of course, he is shocked, which shows that, after all, he remained naïf at the desertion of his flag by so many men who had once been anxious and loyal. He is now hopeful, and the next visit, and is now hopeful, and the next visit, and he can win back the people who had so often acclaimed him. "He thinks," notes the diarist, "that he is purely and simply a victim of the situation, and that he will soon be going back to Paris with his wife and the Prince Imperial. The duration of the republic, he believes, will be very brief."

And within a few weeks comes the news that he is once again seriously ill. "It is a feeling," writes the baron, "the effects of the campaign, above all the days he passed on horseback." And he has already to submit to the limitations of the invalid.

The Last Interview.

THEN comes the last interview. "He is now only the shadow of his former self," writes his friend. And then follows this account of that last interview, which it hard to read without strong emotion:

Our meeting was affecting. I shed heartfelt tears, and, in spite of superhuman efforts to control my feelings, I only succeeded in great difficulty. When the first moments of unchecked emotion were over, the Emperor drew me gently to him; his face was suddenly lit up, he wanted fire, and he talked to me at great length of the past. The years of his childhood, our youthful recollections, our common thoughts, and the joys we shared—such was the main object of our talk. You might have thought the Emperor sought to intoxicate himself by recalling his youthful ardor. "Years like this," he said, "use up a ruler. His majesty seems more and more weary." But he paid no heed to the words of his friend, and he talked on in what he said. At times I sought to turn the discussion to the disastrous war and uttered, in spite of myself, the name of Orléans. The Emperor, however, did not let my questions unanswered. Never a word of recrimination, never a semblance of reproach from the monarch who, in a single day, had thrown his liberty and his immense and fully justified popularity. "I left Chislehurst," ends the passage, "with my heart a prey to deep dejection. I had the feeling of a victor that my idol was now no better than a sick invalid, incapable of placing himself at the head of the empire. The Emperor, however, was quick to triumph over that energy that had ever shown so high a mettle. As I bowed a last time to the Emperor, I felt a great vision of his approaching end, and it was with great difficulty I suppressed an agony of deep-drawn sobs that hurt me dreadfully."

Soon after came the operation; then the alteration of residence to Chislehurst; the whole household in tears; and, finally, the death; and then the lying in state, where the Count Bismarck and a host of other statesmen, gathered on the silent and tranquil figure which had been the centre of so many tempests. These are the recollections and reflections which have been in my mind ever since I read this excellent book. But I have only glanced here and there in its rich harvest of interesting glimpses of the inner life of great rulers and great nations. It is so human, with its drama of outer life intermingled with the more pathetic and even more complicated drama of human characters with their passions and their influences, and their defects and their virtues. That conflict of temperament—especially between man and woman, and even between a man and a woman who love each other—remains and ever will remain the unsolved problem of human existence. (The End.)

LIFE OF LLOYD GEORGE

(Continued From Page Thirteen.)

the baptistry placed in the little brook which flowed in front of the chapel. After this he attended all the services of the chapel, and three times a day, Sunday he walked the two miles of country road which lay between his home and the chapel. Every Wednesday there was a week-night service, and this he also regularly attended.

His youth, however, did not pass in his share of religious quietude.

For a time, indeed, in his young days, he had grave doubts about his religion, and, as he had expressed it, almost "cut the painter." It was Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus" which helped him to set his doubts at rest.

Even in his school days he loved to take up the battles of the weak:

His old schoolfellows tell how once the young members of the village were easier with excitement at the prospect of a fight, which he was to be the champion of a weaker schoolfellow. He had interfered to stop the bullying of this small boy by several bullies. Several times he had been interfered with, and with characteristic boldness he offered to fight four of them in succession, provided an older boy who had left school were there to see fair play.

First Steps in Politics.

Mr. Lloyd George tells us of the boy's idolization of Napoleon, of how he learned to smoke in secret of his debates in the village smithy on infant baptism. As regards the reading of his youth:

The notebooks in which he kept a sort of diary in those days show that he was reading books of constitutional history and giving a good deal of time to reading the plays of Shakespeare. He seems to have read

few novels; but of these Disraeli's "Endymion" and "Coningsby" are particularly mentioned. He was learning and practicing shorthand, and assiduously reading political books and pamphlets, starting in August, 1879, with "Five Years of Tory."

Becoming an articled clerk to a solicitor at the age of 15, he early became a political journalist and debater. By the date of his first visit to London, in November, 1881—he was 18 at the time—he seems already to have been fired with political aspirations. An entry in his diary at the time is remarkable, and may be regarded as prophetic of his future fame:

Went to Houses of Parliament. Very much disappointed with them. Grand buildings outside, but inside they are crabs, small, and suffocating, especially the House of Commons. I will not say but that I eyed the assembly in a spirit similar to that in which William the Conqueror eyed England on his visit to Edward the Confessor, as the region of his future domain. Oh, vanity!

Again, nearly two years later, in June, 1883, we find this entry:

"Tilt-bit poetry in 'Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald,' referring to my thirst for renown, etc. Perhaps (?) it is the greatest of all the things I have entirely on what forces of pluck and industry I can master."

Admitted as a solicitor in 1884. Mr. Lloyd George soon set himself to breaking the tyranny of the squires on the Bench. One of his most famous encounters with brow-beating magistrates took place in connection with a prosecution. The story of it is too long to quote here.

Becoming secretary to the Anti-Tithe League for South Carnarvonshire in 1886, he was chosen as one of the speakers at a great home rule meeting of Michael Davitt's, held at Blaenau Ffestiog in that year. He made a speech expressing eagerness for the establishment of a Land League in Wales:

It clearly impressed Michael Davitt, for at the close of the meeting he advised the speaker to turn his thoughts to a parliamentary career.

Welsh Nationalism.

In December, 1888, Mr. Lloyd George was chosen as a candidate for Carnarvon Boroughs, and in 1890 he fought his first election.

By this time the Liberal candidate had gained a strong position in the constituency. He had thrown in his lot with the "Cymru Fydd," the Welsh National movement, which chiefly consisted of the "Cymru Fydd" and had become recognized as one of the leaders, or at any rate the trusted lieutenants of the Young Welsh party. In October, 1889, he had been chosen to represent a Liberal in the House of Disestablishment at a great meeting of the Welsh National Council, addressed by Sir William Harcourt. He had ranged himself definitely on the side of Disestablishment, and the policy of a greater policy. The way to right religious inequality and all the wrongs of a people was to be made by the Liberal. Now that home rule for Ireland had become an accepted article of the Liberal creed, it began to be asked why what was good for Ireland should be good for Wales.

In June, 1890, came his maiden speech in the House of Commons. It dealt with the proposed extension of the Coercion Act for publicans. His second speech attacked certain items of expenditure on Princes and Lord-Lieutenants.

I cannot gain much in this House by my speech (he wrote the day before he delivered it), on the contrary I may be regarded as a failure. I say so with a feeling of regret, but I say so with a feeling of decorum and respectability. My audience is the country.

Mr. Asquith in 1893.

It is interesting to find Mr. Lloyd George in 1893 hailing Mr. Asquith as the hope of English Radicalism. This occurs in an account of the latter's introduction of the "Suspensory Bill."

Mr. Asquith, the Home Secretary, rose to put before the House the provisions of the bill, and the reasons behind him. He is a short thick-set, rather round-shouldered man, with a face as clean-shaven as that of the most advanced of the moderns, and a broad intellectual forehead. He is the hope of the rising generation of Radicals. He is only a few years over forty, and has already won a prominent position in the world of politics. He is, or at any rate was, a Nonconformist, being descended from a family of Yorkshire Independents. There is one man in the House who is more effective as a Parliamentary debater. He speaks clearly and emphatically. He sets out his arguments with great brilliancy and force. It is the same man who in the year 1892 as did Mr. Chamberlain in that of 1880-1885. On him are fixed the hopes of the Radicals.

Lord Randolph's Courage.

Lord Randolph Churchill spoke later, and Mr. Lloyd George wrote of him:

It is obvious that he is on the point of superceding Mr. Balfour in the leadership. In the week ago, when, in retirement, he came back, as he said, "to offer his services to his party." On that occasion he was so painfully nervous that everyone thought his nerves were utterly shattered by illness, and great sympathy was felt for him, as he is very popular with all parties. With his usual doggedness and courage, however, he refused to give way to his nervousness. On Thursday he almost succeeded in throwing off all traces of it, and spoke with his old force and daring. His delivery is more melodious, and his voice is more melodious, and his gestures are more varied and natural. He has more wit, and a better understanding of human nature. He succeeded in raising his spirits to the party for the first time that night.

Tribute to Sir William Harcourt.

Sir William Harcourt early came to have a high opinion of Mr. Lloyd George:

In August, 1896, a trusted supporter, and future Cabinet Minister, was staying with his leader in New Forest over a week-end. The Scottish Rating Bill was then under discussion. The veteran was discussing the measure, and his followers were looking through the amendments which the Scottish members had put on the paper. He did not think much of them. He read through them, with a snap of the fingers, he said: "All the Scotch members together are not worth Lloyd George's little finger."

Dislike of Letter-Writing.

On several of Mr. Lloyd George's personal characteristics we have some interesting light thrown in this volume. For instance:

From quite early days he loathed the labor of writing letters, and his correspondents complained that they were ignored, and were careful, if

they knew him well enough, to urge attention upon him. He has never got the better of that aversion, and is, indeed, enthusiastic in his hatred of letter-writing. Nor has he any love for regular hours in the study or at the writing-table. He will put off to the last moment the evil hour of a troublesome task, and then, as in his school days, finish the whole job in less time than it would take another, to master the preliminary difficulties. Those who work under him confess that they do not know how he gets through his work in the short time he leaves himself for it. What is certain is that it is done, and done thoroughly.

Certainly, Mr. Lloyd George, if unmethodical, is no idler:

A Welsh-speaking boy, brought up in a village where English is as much a foreign language as it is, let us say, in Boulogne, has become a finished English orator. As a young man in Parliament he attracted attention not less by his minute knowledge of its rules and his skill in the technique of a Parliamentary than by his eloquence as a debater. As president of the Board of Trade he became the temporary idol of the Conservative Press by his business-like grasp of dry problems. It is surely plain that the "ineffectualness" which Matthew Arnold diagnosed as the defect of the Celtic genius has been supplanted in this case by a diligence and an assiduity which would have been more obvious in a man of slower wit and understanding.

Mr. Du Parc's brightly written and authoritative book is sure to have a multitude of interested readers.

BRITISH LABOR PARTY

Continued from Page Thirteen.

black moustache. It is a face of much changefulness of expression. In ordinary times he looks genial, smiling, ready to laugh at everybody, including himself, and he makes no pretences to Puritanism, can enjoy his glass and his cigar, and the light chaff of friendly and social conversation, even with political opponents. But when he begins to talk, and especially on syndicalism or some other subject in which he is interested, the face becomes fierce, the eyes burn, the heavy moustache seems to bristle, and you see the gleam of strong white teeth.

No Close Bond of Union.

Meantime, what is the position of the Parliamentary Labor leaders? The majority of them are good old Trades Unionists, with strong leaning towards Liberalism and a good old traditional hatred of Toryism. It is the fierce masses outside which often compel those disastrous fights between Liberal and Labor candidates, and return Tories. It is, I believe, a weak spot in the Labor party that they have not a stronger bond of discipline among themselves. The pledge to act together which it enforces such ironicality by the Irish Party, and which has done so much to account for the tremendous achievements of that party in the last thirty years, is a much looser bond among the Labor men. They are divided in ideals, too. There are some among them who are willing to work harmoniously with Liberals so long as Liberals do progressive work, but there are some who regard Liberalism as even a greater and more dangerous enemy than the Tories.

Lloyd George Saves Liberalism.

There is thus a movement, not yet strong in England, such as has swept other countries. In Belgium the Socialists have succeeded for nearly a generation in paralyzing the Liberal party. In Germany the same phenomenon has occurred; in France the Socialists have succeeded not only in crushing the omnipotence of Radicalism. I do not think the same thing is likely to happen in England, though I have no doubt the attempt to do so will continue to be made. And the main obstacle to any such overwhelming of Liberalism is Lloyd George. It is his tremendous driving force which has pushed Liberalism into those great acts of social reform like old age pensions and the insurance act, which has done so much. He is convinced that this process must go on. In his view a Liberal party cannot stand still—it must go forward or it must go back. This is the explanation of the new land campaign which he has already set in motion and which before many months are over will probably rush to the front as one of the most passionate struggles of modern English history. He is not a single taxer, and he has no intention of making any proposals which can be described as according to the gospel of the Single Taxers. But he will certainly attack the land revenue system in London and in other large cities, which is incredible as it may seem, allows a ground landlord to take possession after the termination of a lease of all the buildings and all the business which the enterprise of the merchant or the shopkeeper has built up. He will also attack the difficult problem of the agricultural laborers who are badly paid and badly housed, and remain to a large extent still slaves in their own land. In short, having first broken for the first time in centuries their political omnipotence by his land tax, this daring innovator will go on to pare off some more of the privileges of this once powerful class still hold. And he is more than any politician in England, who stands between the ecclesiastical Socialists who want to destroy the Liberal party which he is determined to preserve.

In Aid of Suffrage.

Political candidates are finding the moving pictures fine campaign literature. Prominent suffragette leaders, including the national president, Rev. Anna Shaw, and the national vice-president, Miss Jane Addams, appeared in a play, "Votes For Women," which was filmed, and will be used vigorously in campaign.

The Chicago Historical Society is making film records for posterity of old landmarks and significant local events. When Arizona was admitted to the Union, the birth of the state to the "Union" pictures being taken of President Taft and others signing the necessary papers. From time to time development in the building of the Panama Canal has been recorded in moving pictures.

Other countries, notably France, are urging the use of films in the schools, and are daily discovering new uses to which the moving picture can be put. It has remained for Italy to make the most human use of this wonderful new invention. The Italian Government has called upon the film to aid in keeping its soldiers happy and contented while on duty and to prevent homesickness, if possible. It has caused the families of the Italian soldiers who are on duty in Tripoli to pass before the cameras—"from the wives and babies of the officers, to the mothers, sweethearts, sisters, of the privates. Here they are, each one smiling and waving a greeting. These films are exhibited at night in the camps at the front.

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Continued from Page Thirteen.

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