

### Relieve Your Stiff Neck To-Day— Good Old "Nerviline" Will Cure

FIFTEEN MINUTES AFTER USING  
NERVILINE YOU ARE WELL.

Cold, excessive strain and exertion are a common cause of stiff neck, soreness or inflammation.

Generally the cause is so deeply seated that only a liniment as powerful and penetrating as Nerviline will effect an immediate removal of pain. Nerviline is powerful, yet penetrating, is the most rapid pain-expelling agent the world knows.

Millions have proved its reliability and millions will share the relief its

marvellous properties confer upon suffering people.

Nerviline is sold upon a positive guarantee that is more prompt, more powerful, penetrating and pain-expelling than any other remedy.

If you have failed to obtain relief for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica or lumbago, try Nerviline. Good for small pains, the surest to drive out the big ones.

Nerviline is guaranteed to quickly cure any pain or soreness in the joints, and is sold by druggists everywhere. Large size 50 cents; trial size, 25 cents.

## THE HEIR OF Lancewood

CHAPTER V.

Gerald Dorman looked up with a laughing face.

"Miss Neslie will have a clever opponent," he said to himself. "Sir Arthur's wife is keen of wit and sharp of tongue."

Then the father and daughter talked together. The secretary watched Lady Neslie intently. He had been greatly impressed by her first appearance; he had thought her brilliant artificial about her beauty; her eyes were very bright, the color of her oval cheeks was very pink, the light in her brown hair had a strange golden sheen.

"There is too much glitter," he said to himself—"nothing about her seems real."

Indeed, at times to look at Sir Arthur's wife dazzled one's eyes, she seemed so very bright; when she smiled, the strange effect of "glitter" which she produced was increased. Gerald watched her intently, and he saw what he thought no one else saw, when she believed herself quite unnoticed—her sharp, keen observation of others. She filled her place gracefully. She laughed and conversed with her husband; she jested with Mr. Dorman; she tried severe wisdom with Vivien; but the pitiless eyes of the servants in waiting saw all, and when they compared notes afterward the terrible verdict was pronounced. They said to each other, "She is not a lady—at least, not like our Miss Neslie."

When dinner was over, the two ladies went to the drawing room alone. Lady Neslie thought that it was high time that her imperial companion began to thaw. She went up to the open window, and looking out at the dew-laden flowers, said—"It is a lovely evening, Vivien; will you come out into the grounds?"

But Sir Arthur's daughter had taken up a book, and seemed to be absorbed in its contents.

"No, thank you," she said; "I prefer remaining here."

"This reminds me of a night in my beautiful France," continued Valerie.

"Day is lovely there; but night is even lovelier. The sky is so darkly blue, and the stars are so golden; moreover, the wind is full of perfumes. France is a favored land!"

"I wish," thought Vivien, "that you had remained there." But she made no answer.

Then Lady Neslie, perceiving that her companion was not to be persuaded to go into the grounds, went nearer to her.

"You are fond of reading," she said; "so am I. I adore books."

"You will find plenty of such objects of idolatry," returned Vivien, with a cold smile; "the library here is well stocked."

"Books are true friends," continued her ladyship, who had read but few. "I am so glad, Vivien, to find this similarity of taste between us. What pleasant hours we shall spend in the library!" she said, trying politely to

suppress a yawn, and inwardly longing for the gentlemen to join them.

"What are you reading, Vivien?" she asked. "I quite envy you, you seem so engrossed."

Vivien looked up.

"I am not particularly engrossed in this book," she replied, "though it is a very delightful one. It is Mrs. Gaskell's 'Ruth.'"

"Who is Mrs. Gaskell?" asked Lady Neslie, and then, seemingly fearful of having betrayed too much ignorance, she hastened to add,

"Though I speak English well, I have not read much English literature. I am au fait in that of my own country." Finding Vivien made no reply, she said, "Will you talk to me about books, Vivien?"

"I am hardly proficient," was the proud answer. "My father's secretary is one of the best read men in England; you had better apply to him."

A mischievous smile dimpled the bright face. "Perhaps you have taken your love of books from him," she said, jestingly.

The look that Vivien turned upon her almost frightened her, dauntless as she was.

"I do not understand you, Lady Neslie," she said, proudly. "May I inquire what you are pleased to mean?"

Lady Neslie drew back half alarmed.

"I mean nothing, except that she seems, I fancy, to admire you."

Vivien smiled a contemptuous smile, for which the bright girl at her side could almost have slain her.

"When you are more accustomed to English society, Lady Neslie," she said, "you will understand that ladies do not jest about their dependents. You will know better than to think that you will please any young lady by telling her that her father's secretary admires her."

Lady Neslie was half scared, but it was a point with her never to lose her good humor. She rose from her seat with a gay little laugh.

"I will leave you to your book," she said, "and I shall always remember my first night in England, for this reason—that, although I could not melt an icicle, I have succeeded in getting one on fire."

Then the gentlemen came in; and Lady Neslie, bent on seeing the roses by moonlight, laughingly appealed to the young secretary to show them to her.

"Not that you despise moonlight and roses, Sir Arthur, but—"

"But that you think I am too old for such pretty folly."

"Old?" she repeated. "No, you shall talk of growing old, Sir Arthur, in forty years' time—when you have lines on your face and less light in your eyes. Come, Mr. Dorman; I always sing to Sir Arthur in the evening, and I must not stay out long."

"Miss Neslie sings," said Gerald, remembering long evenings of enchantment when he had listened to the voice he loved so well.

"Does she? Most young ladies sing; I suppose," rejoined Lady Neslie; "I never remember to have met any young lady who did not play or sing—or both." But, then, you see, Mr. Dorman, I can sing songs to Sir Arthur that would sound absurd if they came from his daughter."

Then she seemed to glide rather

than to walk out of the open window, and Gerald followed her wondering.

She was very pretty, very gracious, this coquettish French lady; Gerald's honest English ideas were rather bewildered by her. He had keen, sharp sense, and he soon perceived that her wish for his society was but a ruse; she wanted some hints from him as to how matters stood at Lancewood.

Most condescendingly she laid her white hand on his arm.

"You and I, Mr. Dorman," she said, in her most charming manner, "must grow accustomed to each other. Sir Arthur does not like going out after dinner, and I like it. I shall trust to you to give me some little hints."

"I am afraid," returned Gerald, confusedly, "that I do not understand the art of giving hints; I have a very unfortunate habit of speaking to the point."

"How charming! How English!" cried her ladyship, with a pretty little laugh. "But you will at least give me the carte du pays; for example now, Miss Neslie—she is very stately, very proud, is she not?"

"I beg ten thousand pardons," answered Gerald, "but I must decline to discuss either my employer's affairs or his daughter's; I should not presume to do so."

Lady Neslie withdrew her hand impatiently from his arm.

"You are so truly English, Mr. Dorman," she said; "a Frenchman would have devoted himself over and over again to me before this."

"I am very ignorant," returned Gerald; "the art of paying compliments is almost unknown to me."

"I am afraid," thought Valerie, "that I shall find the men of this country almost as dull as its skies."

And after that she evinced no particular desire for Mr. Dorman's society—she was well content to leave him alone.

CHAPTER VI.

From that the first day of Lady Neslie's arrival in her new home, Vivien Neslie devoted herself to the task of proving Sir Arthur's wife no fitting mistress for the Abbey. She assured herself over and over again, that, if her father had married a lady she would not have felt it so deeply.

A lady, a true, highbred noble woman, in her mother's place, would not have seemed so amiss; but this laughing, bright-eyed French girl, who, to the keen eyes of Sir Arthur's daughter, betrayed her want of good breeding a hundred times each day—

to be compelled to yield to her, to see her in her mother's place, was gall and wormwood to Vivien Neslie.

She was not ill-natured. The small faults that often mar a character were not hers; she was not vain or untruthful; her faults, like her virtues, were of an exalted type. She was a woman endowed with rare nobility of soul; she had great virtues and great defects. The virtues were all her own; the defects were principally owing to her education and training. She was generous even to a fault; there was no selfishness in her. She gave largely with royally open hands; no one ever appealed to her in vain; no one asked a kindness at her hands and was refused. She was truthful almost to a fault; she took a keen delight in detecting and unmasking little insincerities, in exposing all hypocrisies; she told the truth at the expense of her own feelings and other people's also. Truth was mirrored in her eyes, dwelt on her lips; one relied on her simple word as on the oath of another. She had the virtues that should distinguish queens; she was loyal in her friendships; she was far above all such small sins as detraction and gossip; she invariably defended the absent even when they were wrong; she never betrayed a friend or took advantage of an enemy.

But with these qualities she possessed also great faults. She was proud, imperious, often intolerant; and she inherited the defect of her race—jealousy. "Jealous as a Neslie," had ever been a proverb in the county.

She loved all whom she did love with wonderful intensity, and she hated with the same fervor; she was jealous of all whom she loved.

Then she was prejudiced. She was proud of her noble birth, of her long pedigree, of the annals of a family which had furnished warriors and statesmen. She had a certain lofty contempt for those of inferior station—not for the people themselves, but for the station they occupied; she never expressed it in word or look, yet it was within her; she was one of those who would have considered death preferable to a low marriage, whose notion of highest honor was loyalty to their race. Family pride with her was a virtue; she could not understand how it was possible to make it a sin; everything else was as naught compared with love and loyalty to her family—pride in her name and position. She had a strong will, that had never been bent or broken, and she had a love of rule.

These faults had been fostered in her. Sir Arthur, who was one of the most indolent of men, never took the trouble to correct her. "Let the child have her own way," he would say, when complaints were brought to him. He loved her with such a weak, foolish love that he could refuse her nothing, nor would he allow any one else to refuse her. "She will be mistress here some day. She cannot begin too soon." And she had grown up with that idea firmly engraved on her mind. She was to be mistress, and the sooner she began the better. As she grew older her marvelous quickness, her wonderful talents, all seemed to fit her to be mistress of a large estate.

Heiress of Lancewood—no other destiny had ever opened before her. She could rather have imagined herself dead than living as anything except the lady of Lancewood; and her training had fostered her fault. She looked upon her succession as a right that no one could take from her. It was cruel of her father to have given her her own way for so long, and then suddenly to bring a new wife home.

(To be Continued.)

**CORNS Instant Relief DROP OUT**

Paint on Putnam's Corn Extractor to-night, and corns feel better in the morning. Magical the way 'Putnam's' eases the pain, destroys the roots, kills a corn for all time. No pain. Care guaranteed. Get a 25c. bottle of "Putnam's" Extractor to-day.

**Futile War Prophecies**

Prophecies about the war abounded last August. Up to the present, it may be said with a good deal of confidence that no single positive and definite prediction has been verified—except the one that the war would last more than a year. It has been a year of surprises. Neither on land nor on sea has the progress of the struggle been what was anticipated. The military experts have been learning as they went on—and bloody lessons they have been. Not even to-day are they agreed concerning the decisive factors of the struggle. What will prove to be the winning weapon is still uncertain. Whether the submarine will send battleships to the junk-heap has not yet been determined. After eleven months of war such as the world never saw before, the clearest head and most seasoned judgments are in the dark about its outcome. In war finance as well as in the actual clash of arms, nearly every forecast has been nullified. The result should have been to inspire a spirit of caution and humility, such as Lincoln breathed in his often-quoted words of March 4, 1865: "Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has attained."

**EVERYDAY ETIQUETTE**

"Is it polite for persons alone on a train to monopolize a whole seat?" inquired George.

"Commuters should certainly not occupy an entire seat for each person while allowing others to stand," said his father.

If a teaspoonful of vinegar is put into the water in which white silk hose is washed, they will retain their whiteness.

**MINARD'S LINIMENT USED BY PHYSICIANS.**

# Holiday Goods!

Just What You are looking for.

SECOND SHIPMENT OF

## Boys' and Youths'

## KHAKI SUITS.

Also, **KHAKI PANTS** to fit Boys from Six to Twelve years of age.

Well made and very serviceable.

# Bishop Sons & Co., Ltd.

## List of Unclaimed Letters Remaining in the G. P. O. to July 6th, 1915.

- |  |   |   |
|--|---|---|
| <p><b>A</b><br/>Alsop, Harry<br/>Gorman, Miss Alice M.<br/>Andrews, C. R. Hutchings St.<br/>Andrews, Samuel, care General Post Office<br/>Atkinson, Mr., card<br/>Astor, Max<br/>Alcock, Wm., Notre Dame St.</p> <p><b>B</b><br/>Bradbury, Mrs. Jas., Military Road<br/>Barrett, Geo. J.<br/>Baldwin, Miss Minnie, care General Delivery<br/>Barnes, Miss Annie M.<br/>Barnes, Samuel, Pennywell Road<br/>Bennett, G. C.<br/>Barnes, Tom, Newtown Road<br/>Benning, Clement J.<br/>Byrne, Jas., Railway Customs Dept.<br/>Blewett, Geo. H., Flavin's St.<br/>Bailey, James, card<br/>Bishop, Mrs. Samuel, Lime St.<br/>Brown, William<br/>Brothers, Miss Fanny, Gen. Hospital<br/>Boyle, V., retd.<br/>Blundon, Mrs. Robert, Lime St.<br/>Burt, Mrs. H., Gilbert St.<br/>Bulger, James, Newtown Road<br/>Butcher, Miss E., care Post Office<br/>Budden, George, late Port au Port<br/>Burns, James<br/>Butler, Miss Bessie, care Mrs. Malone, Duckworth St.<br/>Boone, Mrs. Samuel</p> <p><b>C</b><br/>Caron, Joe<br/>C. K., care General Post Office<br/>Clemens, Wm.<br/>Coleman, Mrs. Walter, Hutchings St.<br/>Crocker, Miss Marion, Rossiter's Lane<br/>Collins, Dianah, Queen's Road<br/>Connors, J. W.<br/>Churchill, Matthew, card<br/>Curtis, John, care Mrs. Clarke, 36 — St.<br/>Curran, Miss Annie, Leslie St.<br/>Collier, Mrs. Elizabeth, Cuddihy St.<br/>Curran, Annie, card, Leslie St.<br/>Carew, Miss Stella, Prescott St.<br/>Clouston, Miss Ethel, Hayward's Ave.</p> <p><b>D</b><br/>Davey, Wm., late s.s. Clyde<br/>Daly, John, Water Street<br/>Driscoll, Edward, Lime Street<br/>Droghda, Joseph, Gower St.<br/>Dunn, Thomas<br/>Dwyer, M.<br/>Dewley, Annie M., Gen. Hospital<br/>Dowley, Miss Annie M.<br/>Dowley, E. J., card<br/>Dyke, J. W.<br/>Duff, Miss May, Water St.</p> <p><b>E</b><br/>Edwards, Mrs.<br/>Evans, Percy B.<br/>Edwards, Thomas<br/>Edmonson, E., General Hospital<br/>Evans, P. B.<br/>Earle, Miss E., Queen's Road</p> <p><b>F</b><br/>Fleming, Miss Alice, Garrison Hill<br/>Froy, T., late s.s. Meigie<br/>Fitzpatrick, M. K.<br/>Fitzpatrick, W., card<br/>Froshama, John<br/>Forward, Ronald, Pleasant St.</p> <p><b>G</b><br/>Grant, James E.<br/>Grant, Mrs. Jas. W., card<br/>Garr, J., South Side<br/>Green, George, care General Post Office<br/>Green, Archibald<br/>Gibson, S., New Gower Street<br/>Gill, Stewart, card, Methodist College<br/>Godley, Mrs. Selma, care General Post Office<br/>Goss, Miss Eliza<br/>Goodwin, Nellie, care King, Queen's Road</p> | <p>Goldsworthy, Miss Bella, C. of E. Orphanage<br/>Gorman, Mrs. Walter, Allandale Rd.<br/>Gushue, Stewart, King Edward Hotel<br/>Green, Ann, care Mrs. Lawlor, Middle Street</p> <p><b>H</b><br/>Hamlin, Miss, St. John Road<br/>Hann, Jacob<br/>Haines, Eleazar, Pleasant St.<br/>Hannlin, J., Water St.<br/>Halliday, Mrs. D., Queen's St.<br/>Hackett, E. J., Cabot St.<br/>Henderson, Mrs. D.<br/>Hickey, W. J., Lime St.<br/>Higdon, Sarah B., Cook St.<br/>Hickey, Miss Mary, slip<br/>Hedford, Mrs. J.<br/>Hendrich, Ohio, Fort Amherst<br/>Hill, Miss Fannie, care General Post Office<br/>Higgins, Mrs., Water St.<br/>Hoddnote, Miss M., Freshwater Rd.<br/>Holland, Miss Maud, British W. Co.<br/>Holman, P. E.<br/>Howe, John, Patrick St.<br/>Hunt, Joe, care General Delivery<br/>Hustin, Kenneth, retd.<br/>Hayward, Allan, Power St.<br/>Hallett and Hiscock</p> <p><b>I</b><br/>Irvine, Miss Mary</p> <p><b>J</b><br/>Jackson, H., P. O. Box 363<br/>Johnson, Mrs. M. G.<br/>Jones, H.</p> <p><b>K</b><br/>Kennedy, Willie<br/>Kennel, John<br/>Kelly, Miss Gerlie, Patrick St.<br/>Keough, Miss Agnes Bond St.<br/>Keane, Mrs. Stanley<br/>Kennedy, Captain W. J., care General Post Office<br/>Keefe, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Road.<br/>Knight, Mariel, card<br/>Keels, Miss M., Saddle Hill Road.</p> <p><b>L</b><br/>Laiton, Miss Jessie, Lime St.<br/>Lacey, Mrs. Thomas, Carter's Hill<br/>Lamb, Mrs. Mary, Spencer's St.<br/>Levitz, S., P. O. Box 185.<br/>Lynch, Mrs. A. D., Leslie Street</p> <p><b>M</b><br/>Marshall, Ensign, card, Quidi Vidi<br/>Martin, Miss Annie, Pennywell Road<br/>Martin, Mrs. Stanley<br/>March, A.<br/>March, Ebenezer, care Gen. Post Office<br/>Maynard, Francis<br/>Mc—, John, Signal Hill St.<br/>Martin, C. P., P. O. Box 295<br/>Merry, D.<br/>Mercer, Mark, card<br/>Miller, Mrs. Eliza, Carter's Hill<br/>Milley, Miss<br/>Miller, E. J.<br/>Mitchell, Mrs. H. G., Gower St.<br/>Moore, Miss Annie, Maxse St.<br/>Moore, Christy, card, 21 — St.<br/>Mitchell, Miss Sarah, Military Rd.<br/>Moore, Mrs. F., 33 — St.<br/>Murray, David, Water St.<br/>Moorey, Mrs. J.<br/>Miller, Miss A., Patrick's St.<br/>Martin, Mrs. Arthur, 47 — Rd.</p> <p><b>Mc</b><br/>McKellop, Mrs., retd., Signal Hill Rd.<br/>McCarthy, Mrs. Edward, care Mrs. Kelly<br/>McCarthy, Miss Martha, care Mrs. Ed. Ryan, Water St.<br/>McGillivray, J. M., E. Power St.<br/>McDonald, Mary E., Power St.<br/>McKellop, Susie, 16 — Street<br/>McCarthy, Miss C., Carter's Hill<br/>McGillivray, J. M.</p> <p><b>N</b><br/>Nelson, O. K.<br/>Neville, Miss Bridget, care Arthur Walsh, Livingstone St.<br/>Nicholl, Mrs. Sarah, Pleasant St.</p> | <p>Noel, Miss Tot, Water St.</p> <p><b>O</b><br/>Owen, Miss Mary, card<br/>O'Keefe, Mrs. Philip, 5 — St.<br/>Oliver, Miss Janet, Prescott St.<br/>Osmond, A., care General Post Office<br/>O'Toole, Nicholas, late Victoria<br/>O'Donnell, Mrs. P. J., Pope St.<br/>Osmond, Miss Della, care G. P. O.</p> <p><b>P</b><br/>Parsons, Miss Essie, care Captain Parsons<br/>Parsons, Mrs. H., card, Duckworth St.<br/>Pardy, Miss Alice, Water St.<br/>Parsley, Miss Bridget, LeMarchant Rd.<br/>Peddell, Miss Elizabeth, Hamilton St.<br/>Percy, Mrs. Geo. E., Hamilton St.<br/>Phelan, Patrick<br/>Pillely, Wm.<br/>Pritchett, Miss Lucy<br/>Pink, Andrew E.<br/>Power, Bella, Allandale Road<br/>Porter, Geo. J.<br/>Power, Bella, King's Road<br/>Power, Edward, Nagle's Hill<br/>Parsons, Miss Annie<br/>Penny, Miss G. M., card, New Gower St.<br/>Power, Alice</p> <p><b>R</b><br/>Ryan, Const. John, City<br/>Ryan, J., Queen's Road<br/>Reid, Miss Alice, Scott St.<br/>Reid, Miss Gertrude, Victoria St.<br/>Rendell, E., card, P. O. Box 161<br/>Rogers, Miss L., Sheehan St.<br/>Rogers, Miss Katie Cochrane St.<br/>Roberts, Gilbert, care S. A. Army<br/>Rodgers, John, care Gen'l Post Office<br/>Roberts, Thomas, York St.<br/>Rose, Mrs., care C. of E. Orphanage<br/>Roberts, George, Allandale Road<br/>Russell, Mrs. L., Darter's Hill<br/>Roberts, E. W., Fleming St.</p> <p><b>S</b><br/>Sparkes, Miss Emma, retd.<br/>Scaplin, Mrs., New Gower St.<br/>Skeans, Miss Lilly, Military Road<br/>Sharpe, Abraham, care General Post Office<br/>Saunders, Miss Amy<br/>Samuels, R., Flower Hill<br/>Stephens, A. E. P., care General Delivery<br/>Senors, James, Convent Lane<br/>Spence, Harold C. E.<br/>Stewart, George<br/>Smith, Miss Violet, Gower St.<br/>Sticklin, Benjamin, Coronation St.<br/>Simmons, Isabella, Pennywell Rd.<br/>Smith, W. P.<br/>Smith, J. Barrett<br/>Spencer, Max, P. O. Box 902<br/>Sullivan, W.</p> <p><b>T</b><br/>Tibbs, Richard, care Mrs. Bishop, 165 Gower St.<br/>Thomas, Mrs. Lizzie<br/>Tucker, Wm., care Gladys Mayo, Carter's Hill<br/>Tucker, Mrs. Jim, Monroe St.</p> <p><b>V</b><br/>Vaughan, Miss L., retd., Cochrane St.</p> <p><b>W</b><br/>Walsh, Martin, Coronation St.<br/>Walsh, Agnes, 15 — St.<br/>Walsh, May, Scott St.<br/>Wakely, T.<br/>Walsh, Miss Nellie, card<br/>Walsh, Sarah A., Gower St.<br/>Walters, W. B., Water St.<br/>Walsh, Laura, card, Casey St.<br/>Walt, Edward, Newtown Rd.<br/>Wells, Wm., Hutchings St.<br/>Winsor, E. J.<br/>Windross, Thos. B.<br/>Wiseman, Miss C., Casey St.<br/>Winsor, Rev. J. W., Balsam Place.</p> |
|--|---|---|

We

THE HO

Just

RAIN

SM

Phone 726.

Eucharistic Cong

Opens T

Over Two Thousand Ar

Bishops and Priests Will A

sions in Montreal.

Montreal, July 11.—The

Eucharistic Congress will o

a solemn service in Not

Church, Montreal, Tuesday

In connection with this

event to the Roman Catho

the new Congress Hall of St

Parish was dedicated to-d

presence of a large repres

the clergy and laity of th

Eight beautiful stained-gla

ial windows in St. Patrick

were also dedicated to-d

The Congress will conti

days, and the opening wil

by the presence of Cardina

Quebec; Archbishops Brun

real; Gauthier, Ottawa; M

onto; Roy, Quebec and Sp

ton; twenty-one Bishops

2,000 members of the Prie

istic League, representing

in various sections of the

**T. J. EDEN**

Duckworth St

Military Ro

By s.s. Florizel to-

N. Y. Turkeys,

N. Y. Chickens,

California Orange

California Lemons

Fresh Tomatoes

Cabbage,

New Turnips,

Cantaloupes,

20 bunches Banan

20 brls

New Potat

15c. gallo

No advance in our

BULLDOG Brand

DANAWALLA Brand

Best Family Flour, 60c

Lamb's Tongues, 12c.

Bacon—cured with Cor

Loin Pork, 14c. lb.

New York Corned Be

Purity Butter—fresh e

Welch's Grape Juice,

Bent's Water Crackers

SPECIAL:

5 cases Fresh Countr

Fresh Salmon, Friday,

**T. J. EDE**

Duckworth S

Military Ro

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

The Popular London Dry Gin is

# VICKERS' GIN

BY SPECIAL WARRANT OF APPOINTMENT

TO H.H.M. THE KING

TO H.H.M. THE PRINCE OF WALES

O. O. ROBLIN, Toronto