

Blind as a Bat

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

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Eastbrook opened its eyes very wide and caught its breath over the Taunton girl when she swept through it riding cross saddle. To be sure, the town had been reading this long time about the divided skirt, but then the town was also not exactly sure in its mind that riding its streets even upon a proper sidesaddle was not rather bold.

Of course in the country it was different. The very best young women rode there. Moreover, it had come to be a sort of proverb among the plantation folk that the hardest and most reckless riders were town girl visitors. Very few of them had any mercy upon the beasts luckless enough to carry them—this not because they were hard-hearted, but from sheer ignorance and the pure animal delight of finding themselves unfettered for a time. They trotted not a little, these town bred riders, when the country folk checked speed at hills or insisted that a horse should have a chance to blow a bit after a hard gallop.

Possibly envy, the least touch, gave edge to their disapproval of Edith Taunton. Edith had a fortune and three fine saddle horses. As if that were not enough, Billy Drayton fell into a way of sharing her early gallops. Until she came back to the old homestead Billy had not seen a sunrise once a year. It was provokingly significant, this change in him. He had been the despair of the town matchmakers. He was a governor's grandson, rich, good-looking, good humored. Further, he was a squire of dames so nobly impartial nobody ever yet had been able to establish a claim to him. The people he regarded most and was readiest to serve were meek old ladies who had known his mother and very little girls.

Edith was, he insisted, only a little girl, very lone and lorn in her big empty house. What he did not say was that he thought her coming back to it something so fine and brave he was about on helping her fight down the loneliness and make her own social place. This in the beginning—until the town gossips took to craning the neck, shaking the head and drawing aside the least bit when the girl came among them. Billy saw the head shaking, the drawing back, a long time before she did. She was open and unsuspicious as daylight and had no thought of treading on the corns of town propriety in anything she did. But, being also full of quick intuitions, after awhile she understood.

And then? Then only she really did set out to horrify the good gentlewomen. She drove tandem through the middle of the square, sitting up very straight, looking neither to right nor left, but pulling up at the corner by the bank to pick up Billy and take him away with her. Next week it was a card party—wholly masculine in composition, except for Edith herself and the colorless cousin who served as her companion. There were wine and cigars and a supper afterward—a very late supper.

The town thrilled with the horror of it. But not as it did a little later, when everybody knew that thereafter, upon Sunday evenings, Edith meant to be at home to her friends.

If Billy had known in time that never would have come to pass. But he had gone away for a fortnight right after the night at cards, first making Edith promise to have no more such assemblies until he was there to give her countenance and protection.

When he came back and found the mischief done, he was in a sad taking. "I see just one way out of it—You have got to marry me, else you won't have a rag of reputation left," he said, pretending to shake her hand.

Edith made a mirthful mouth at him. "Suppose we try some other sacrificial lamb. Aren't you most too old and tough?" she asked, her eyes dancing wickedly.

Billy grinned cheerfully. "You can have carloads of 'em for the taking, nice white lambs, but I don't believe they'd be the least effectual," he said. "You see, what you need, really, is not a sacrifice, but a scapegoat. I'm strong enough to have your sins confessed over my head and thenceforth imputed to me."

"But scapegoats have to be sent away, out into the wilderness. I learned that much at Sunday school, and I can't have you go away." Edith protested. "Besides, I am not doing anything horrid. I shall go to church mornings just the same. As for the evenings, you know yourself other girls go to church then, mainly to have somebody see them home and stay all hours afterward making love to them. I really feel like a missionary—the boys can come here and rest or talk or do anything they please. As it is now, they have no choice at all—they must either mope at home or go out and court somebody and that must be dreadfully wearing."

"It is," Billy said fervently, his eyes reminiscent. "But, my dear girl, you had better give it up. Get a telegram calling you away. I'll send it if your conscience is against fibbing!"

"My conscience is not against anything necessary, and you know that is necessary," Edith interrupted. "But I have much more conscience against

backing out of anything just because I'm afraid of some old tabby cats and young ones."

"Tabby cats have claws," Billy said oracularly. Edith looked at him doubtfully a minute. "I know. They try even to scratch you," she said. And then quickly, her eyes flaming. "They actually came here, three of them, to tell me about your past!"

"They did?" Billy's voice was deadly quiet. "And you?"

"I said it did not interest me to know about it; all I was concerned with was your future," Edith answered, her voice trembling a little, although her eyes were brave.

Billy got up and stretched himself. "That settles it," he said. "Name the day, right off, so I can go order wedding cards."

Edith did name the day, but not until she had stood out against him a week. She might not have given in even then but for the ordeal at church. Not only was she out right and left—the minister preached at her—not by name, of course, but in a fashion more than unmistakable.

Billy was there, across the aisle, grim and furious. After service he half led her out, and walked away with her, his head high. But even that did not hurt like the furtive yet swaggering airs of the three men who called in the evening. There was further something of patronage about them.

Altogether they made Edith hate them, but not as she hated herself. She was full of quick kindness and had not meant hurt or affront to anybody—at least not in the beginning. Dully she wondered why her townfolk would not understand she had come back to them because her interest lay among them and had been eager to help in all good works if only she had been permitted.

But she held up her head and laughed and jested till the latest of her callers took himself away. Then silently she heaved her hands to Billy. He understood and announced an early wedding day.

It was a church wedding, with the house jammed to the last inch. After it the newly married settled back into their old ways, going a pace that kept them the talk of the town.

They were very gay and desperately unhappy. Edith could not get away from a sense that Billy had married her wholly out of chivalry. Billy was old enough to know better, but he was proving the adage that love, which may make a fool a wise man, may likewise make a wise man a fool. He tormented himself with the thought that he had taken advantage of Edith's extremity. She must know he had loved her from their very first meeting, but she was shy and proud and high with him, notwithstanding she was his dutiful wife.

He left her much to herself and took pains to make her know that she was as free as ever. Edith resented the freedom. Billy ought to understand that she wanted to obey him—make him at least that poor recompense for his sacrifice.

Thus they ate out their hearts in cross purposes, cross miscomprehensions, until Ashbel Clare came to visit them. Ashbel was reputed a dangerous person—tall and slight and handsome, with deep seeing eyes. A glamour of romance hung about him. After the first day Billy wondered, with catching breath, if he had been quite wise to fling a man like Ashbel across Edith's path.

She was clearly fascinated by him. They were forever walking about the big, scrubby garden or along the strip of lawn in full sight of passersby as the while absorbed in talk. Edith was brighter, too—quite her old, winsome self. Ashbel seemed equally captivated. He roused himself as Billy had not seen him since they were late together.

So the days went by, mounting into weeks, at last into a month, and Billy was in torment. He had made a grim and mannerly third for the most part of the time. Still he was sure the two had some secret understanding. He had made up his mind to endure to the end. There was no danger of dishonor. Dishonor and Edith could not come together in his mind. But when he was quite sure—if he were quite sure—he would find a way out of it. His father had died of heart disease. There were ways of ending yourself without making a scandal. He would make an end of himself gladly if only that way lay Edith's happiness.

The first thing was to make his will. Ashbel Clare surprised him at it. Billy was glad. He wanted Ashbel to know, to understand how entirely he had trusted his wife and his friend. So he thrust the paper into Clare's hand, saying gruffly:

"Read that! You see I've some decent instincts if I am half a savage."

"I see. Everything, great or small, to your wife," Ashbel said, then, with a whimsical, half dreamy smile. "Do you know that she's the most fascinating creature alive?"

"Just what she says of you?" Billy growled, signing his name with a blurred flourish.

Ashbel bent over him, laughing softly. "The perception does credit to her mind," he said. "As for her heart, Billy, you brute, that knows no better than to belong to you wholly, and you won't see it, you blind, blind bat!"

A soft, stifled sob, the patter of swift, light feet, sounded at the door. Billy followed them, caught his wife in his arms and said, with his lips on her forehead: "Darling! Darling! If you really do love me!"

"Hush!" Edith said, with her hand over his lips. "You were a blind bat. Even jealousy could not make you see."

GRETNNA GREEN TO-DAY.

Cid-Fashioned Village of a Single Street—Weddings That Once Made It Famous Not Altogether Nil.

Nowadays one does not dash into Gretna behind a pair of smoking boys with a flogging postboy and a mud-spattered coach. The Glasgow & Southwestern Railway carries one comfortably; though in case of pursuit by angry parents a special train may be hired to whirl one to the Green. Instead of the old inn at Carlisle, where it was the custom for runaway couples fearing capture to hire for the day ever available steed and coach, the start is made from the commodious citadel railway station.

The train whirled northward, crossing the Eden and Esk Rivers, and eventually penetrating into Scotland by way of the new bridge over the Lark. Out of the carriage windows one may catch a glimpse of the old Lark toll bridge by which the border was crossed in pre-railroading days. writes a correspondent of The Washington Star. Fancy depicts a coach with its smoking horses standing at the toll gate, while another vehicle comes down the hill in chase of the eloping couple.

"G-retna Green!" roared the porter at the next little station, with its beds of Scottish bluebells. Over the station wall I saw the village—a single street, long and clean, with white-washed cottages and a church by no means in good repair. The Green itself was an irregular patch of grassy sod in front of the church. Nearly is the more modern settlement of Springfield—a sort of Newer Gretna.

Beyond the village stretches the dreary expanse of Solway moss, where so many sanguinary fights took place in the days of border warfare. Looking toward the south one sees the mountains of Cumberland, blue against the fleecy sky.

The old hall is, of course, the first place toward which travelers turn in Gretna Green. Here more than half the Gretna weddings were solemnized, though the direct line of "lay parsons" has for some time abandoned the place. This I discovered in conversation with the proprietress of the old hall.

"Yes," she admitted, "Lang claims to be the heir of the old lay parsons now, but he lives over in Springfield. My late husband married many people, however, after the Langs left the old hall."

The general belief is that Gretna Green marriages are things of the past. That is not so. Hardly a week goes by that one or two weddings do not occur. I witnessed one myself—the contracting parties being a wealthy merchant's daughter of Carlisle and a stalwart young tenant of the estate of Eden Hall.

The Most "Human" Bishop. "Strong and gentle" are the two adjectives that best describe the Most Reverend Randall Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury. Even with those to whom he is in the strongest opposition over the education bill he is most popular, and his geniality of manner and sunny disposition endeared him to the clergy as "the most human" Bishop that ever lived.

A phrase that very aptly sums him up. It was his breadth of view and his deep learning that first brought him prominently under the notice of the late Queen Victoria, and he remained her favorite preacher and adviser to the day of her death. M. A. P. tells that some years ago, when he was Bishop of Rochester, he was about to appoint a man to some minor office in his domestic establishment, when one of his chaplains ventured to raise a protest. "What is the matter with the man?" asked Dr. Davidson in some surprise. "Well, he is a Dissenter," said the other. "Dear, dear, how dreadful!" cried the bishop. "And does he eat his victims raw or cook them first?" Needless to say, the man got the job. Despite their recent differences of opinion, the Archbishop and Mr. Augustine Birrell are the firmest of friends, and it is generally believed in political circles that Mr. Birrell submitted to him the draft of the education bill long before it was presented to the House of Commons.

A Great British Contractor. One of the greatest of British contractors is Sir John Jackson, LL.D., F. R. S., who at the present moment, with the new Admiralty docks at Devonport and Singapore, and the new Admiralty harbor, Simon's Bay, South Africa, is engaged upon undertakings of a value of no less than ten millions sterling. Sir John Jackson, M. A. P. tells, is a Yorkshireman, born in 1851, and was educated at York and Edinburgh University, afterwards going thoroughly through the "shops," as engineers call them, and acquiring that mastery of civil engineering which was to lay the foundation of his great fortunes. His first big contract was for the last section of the Manchester Ship Canal; then came the foundations of the Tower Bridge, Dover Harbor, and other works of magnitude. In appearance Sir John is on the short side, but broad and deep of chest, with the engineer's typically square brow, bearded, grey and keen of eye, and of a quiet, unassuming demeanor which conceals an iron will and inflexible determination. Apart from his work, he is known far and wide as a shrewd employer, firm, but just and kind, and unwearied in his efforts to improve the workingman's lot, and to teach him to improve himself. In short, an employer against whom not even the most socialistic of Socialists has a word to say.

Queer Balance Sheet. Perhaps one of the quaintest balance sheets issued is that of the Glasgow and Knott End Railway, one of the smallest working lines in England, which shows that the half-yearly receipts were £2,117, and the expenditure £1,208, leaving a revenue of £909. The rolling stock comprises two engines, six carriages, and 41 wagons, and the mileage of the company is six miles seventy-nine chains.

MOONEY'S PERFECTION

5 or 500 or 5,000,000

—they are all alike.

Each biscuit as light as air, made by fairy hands.

Baked to a golden russet brown.

So fresh, and crisp, and tempting, that just opening the box is teasing the appetite.

And you find a new delight in every one you eat.

You get perfection when you get

Mooney's Perfection Cream Sodas

Style and Comfort.

How many rooms there are, correct and beautiful, which fail of being lovable! Everything is perfect. Some "period" has been carried out faultlessly by a professional interior decorator of big reputation, with the result that the room has style and distinction, is cold, correctly exquisite or magnificent, and yet no one would voluntarily choose that room to live in. No one would deliberately elect to spend a delightful afternoon in it with a novel. No one would dream of repairing to it for the purpose of being unmolestedly lazy. The fact is art and comfort are not synonymous terms by any means. Many an artistic room by any means, cold and characterless because it bears no stamp of personality, yet correct style and comfort can and ought to go hand in hand.

HELP FOR SICK KIDNEYS.

There is no reason in the world why you should suffer with Kidney Trouble, and you won't suffer if you take

Bu-Ju

Take "Bu-Ju" on our positive guarantee that it will cure you or money refunded. 50c. a large box. At druggists or by mail postpaid.

The Clafin Chemical Co., Ltd., Windsor, Ont.

Cleaning Papered Walls.

Papered walls may be cleaned with a mop of cheesecloth strips an inch and a half wide and eight inches long made fast to a light handle. Brush the paper well with it twice a month.

Every spring and fall mix cornstarch, whiting and powdered fuller's earth in equal parts, dip the mop into the powder and rub walls and ceilings well with it. Then shake all powder from the mop, cover it with a damp dannel and go all over the wall again, wiping in long straight strokes. The dannel must be damp only. Wet, it is apt to leave marks. As soon as it is dirty change it for a fresh one.

Old Lace Curtains.

A clever device for utilizing the beauty that remains in fine lace curtains that have seen their day is to cut out the rich raised work rings and wreaths from which the delicate net has worn away. Apply them to squares of velvet or satin for use as cushion covers. Applied on olive or metallic green velvet or some soft wood brown shade the effect is rich and elegant, especially when further set off with a frill of lace and the back of the pillow made of silk or corresponding tone.

GOT A PAIN IN YOUR BACK?

You get a pain in your back, and you wonder what is the matter. You perhaps pay no attention to it. Backache is caused by imperfect action of the kidneys, in fact, is the first sign of kidney trouble to follow.

The kidneys, proper, are composed of a close network of fibrous tissue, interlaced with tiny elastic fibres. Their object is the excretion of the uric acid, and other poisonous matter composing the urine, from the blood.

They are continuously at work to preserve the general health of the body and most people are troubled with some form of kidney trouble, but do not suspect it.

Some of the symptoms are: A feeling of weakness in the small of the back, sharp pains in back, puffiness under the eyes, and swelling of the feet and ankles, urinary troubles such as suppressed urination, excessive urination, cloudy, thick or highly colored urine, etc.

Mr. J. L. Whiting, Oshabrook Centre, Ont., writes: "I suffered for two years with kidney trouble. I had terrible pains in my back, hips and legs. I could not sleep and had a poor appetite. I took four boxes of Doan's Kidney Pills, and the pains went away. My appetite returned and I now sleep well. I can recommend Doan's Kidney Pills to anyone suffering from kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 boxes for \$1.35 at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The Doan Kidney Pill Co., Toronto, Ont.

Mindard's Liniment used by Physicians.

"RED SUNDAY" COMMEMORATED.

Strike at Lodz Successful—All Business Was Suspended.

Lodz, Russian Poland, Jan. 23.—The strike planned in commemoration of the "Red Sunday" was successfully carried out. Factories, stores and the street car service were suspended, and many arrests were made. At Warsaw the attempt failed.

Newspaper Workers Strike. St. Petersburg, Jan. 23.—Yesterday afternoon almost all the newspaper composers joined the strikers. The Novoe Vremya being the only paper to come out.

Fires Lit At Every Corner. St. Petersburg, Jan. 23.—Workmen in 12 factories struck half the day in memory of "Red Sunday." There was no disorders. Thermometers registered 20 degrees below zero and troops Monday night patrolled the streets to succor benumbed wayfarers. Fires were lit at every corner. Many deaths from cold are reported from the provinces, where the temperature varies from 45 to 50 below zero.

CATHOLICS READY TO DIE.

Will Defend Churches With Arms Declares French Deputy.

Paris, Jan. 23.—M. Delahaye, Conservative, in the Senate yesterday declared that the Catholics were ready to die for their faith, and that if attempts were made to close the chapels of Notre Dame de Lourdes and of Montmartre they would defend them with arms. The Senator added: "M.M. Combes, Clemenceau and Briand cannot suppress God."

The Cabinet yesterday approved the bill suppressing the formality of requiring a declaration before holding a public meeting, as required by the law of 1881, thus creating a modus vivendi, under which the churches can remain open for public worship, even though the Vatican authorities persevere in their present attitude. The new bill was introduced in the Chamber of Deputies yesterday.

BAD FIRE AT TOKIO.

Important Public Building Burned With Loss of \$500,000.

Tokio, Jan. 23.—The Department of Communications Building was destroyed yesterday with a loss of \$500,000. Most of the documents were destroyed.

Douks to Be Brought In.

Winnipeg, Jan. 23.—The Dominion Government is bringing pressure upon the Doukhobors to induce them to become British subjects, and to occupy and cultivate their lands individually, like other citizens. Circulars printed in both Russian and English have been sent out to the elders and people of every village, advising them that their grants will be cancelled if the land is not occupied an cultivated.

Beautifying Ottawa.

Ottawa, Jan. 23.—The Ontario Government has handed over to the Ottawa Improvement Commission three islands in the Ottawa River in connection with an elaborate scheme of improvement now being planned by the commission. The island will be laid out as parks and playgrounds, and will be easy of access, not only by a new driveway, but also by the street railway. Plans are up under way for a park in the glebe.

Brockville's Success.

Brockville, Jan. 23.—The gas and electric light plant, owned by the corporation of Brockville, has made a splendid showing on the business for 1906. The total receipts showed \$48,345.35, of which \$28,655.40 was received from gas, \$16,445.35 from electricity, and \$23,323.20 from the operating expenses, including \$11,755.35 interest and debenture liquidation, amounting to \$41,520.49, leaving a profit of \$4,002.58 for the year.

U. S. Troops Run Amok.

Columbus, Ohio, Jan. 23.—A party of soldiers from the United States army recruiting station here, run amok Monday night, hurling missiles through windows and working general havoc. Major Glenn sent a call of 200 men, who arrested 30 soldiers. The trouble is said to have followed the ejection of a soldier from resort by a negro.

Josiah Flint Dead.

Chicago, Jan. 23.—Josiah Flint Willard, whose experiences as a tramp author and sociologist, under the name of Josiah Flint, have given him a wide reputation, was dead, of pneumonia. He was a friend of Ibsen and Tolstoi. He was born in Appleton, Wis., in January, 1869, Francis E. Willard was his aunt.

Burned to Death.

St. John, N. B., Jan. 23.—A boy, aged 20, checker for the P. R., met a terrible death last night. He entered a small oil shed at ten o'clock and while inside lit a cigarette, setting fire to the kerosene, which was rapidly consumed. His body was found with the legs turned off.

Will Prevent Invasion.

New York, Jan. 23.—Mail aces to the Consul-General of Venezuela, Carlos W. Figures, report that a gathering of military forces from invasion of Venezuela.

Three Die In Wreck.

Pemasssee, S. C., Jan. 23.—The result of the wrecking of the Atlantic coast line vestibuled train here Monday night, three are known to be dead, two are missing, and ten injured.

Peace Conference.

Berlin, Jan. 23.—Prof. De Rotten, the peace conference envoy Emperor Nicholas, and United States Ambassador Tower met yesterday and discussed the plans for the conference.

\$200.00 IN CASH

And Numbers of Valuable Premiums GIVEN AWAY FREE

Not One Cent of Your Money Required. Read Carefully if You Wish to Earn Part of the Above Amount.

Below will be found the picture of an old man, also the faces of his seven daughters. Can you find them? Try! It is no easy task, but by patience and perseverance you can probably find four or five faces. Mark the ones you find with an X. Cut out the picture and return it to us at once. It means money to you to do so.

To the person who finds the largest number of hidden faces we will give the sum of one hundred Dollars (\$100.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the second largest number we will give the sum of Fifty Dollars (\$50.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the third largest number we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the fourth largest number we will give the sum of Ten Dollars (\$10.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the fifth largest number we will give the sum of Five Dollars (\$5.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the sixth largest number we will give the sum of Two Dollars (\$2.00) in Cash. To the person who finds the seventh largest number we will give the sum of One Dollar (\$1.00) in Cash. And so on in like proportion.



the person who finds the fourth largest number we will give the sum of Twenty Dollars (\$20.00) in Cash. Should two persons send in equally correct answers for the first prize, the first two prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Seventy-five Dollars (\$75.00). Should three persons send in equally correct answers the first three prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Sixty Dollars (\$60.00). Should four persons send in equally correct answers the first four prizes will be equally divided between them, each receiving the sum of Fifty Dollars (\$50.00). And so on in like proportion.

We Do Not Want Any of Your Money!

We mean exactly what we say. We do not require you to send us any of your money. There is only one simple condition attached to our Competition (which is not to send us any of your money). When we receive your reply we will write you explaining what this simple condition is. If you can find ANY of the hidden faces write to-day, mark the faces and send to us at once, ENCLOSED STAMP FOR OUR REPLY.

Address, SAWYER MEDICINE CO., Dept. 3 Montreal, Can.

DISTRICT

BIG POINT.

Mr. Jos. Bennett lost a valuable cow last week, it having broke its neck.

Mr. Oscar Goulet left Monday for Detroit, where he will spend the winter.

Mr. and Mrs. Legoy Jenner visited the latter's parents on Sunday.

Mr. Roy Furdo paid a flying visit to Chatham on Sunday.

A large number of the boys of the Middle Road intend going to the ball at Cedar Springs on Wednesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bennett went visiting on Sunday.

Mr. Frank Bumps intends putting in about fifty acres of buckwheat for his bees.

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ASK FOR

Labatt's

(LONDON)

India Pale Ale

costs consumers only about half as much as imported goods.

The Nordheimer

Permanency of Tone

As a rule when a person buys a piano it is not with the intention of replacing it with a new one next month, next year or within five years. It is regarded as a permanent fixture in the home, and the most important feature next to the owners themselves.

It is evident that great care should be taken to select a piano which will retain its original brilliancy, power and quality of tone for years and years and years. And such a piano is the "Nordheimer."

It has a lasting, permanent tone, as you can prove for yourself if you play on one which has been in the home of a friend for ten, fifteen, twenty years or more.

The "Nordheimer" is perfectly constructed by experts from the finest grade of materials procurable. It is built with the idea of not only satisfying the most critical ear for tone-quality when new, but for retaining its original superb tone, so that it will still satisfy the critical ear in years to come.

Those who own a "Nordheimer" are the only ones who can really appreciate to the fullest sense the wonderful, pure, sweet, brilliant, yet powerful tone of the peerless "Nordheimer" piano. May we not have the pleasure of a talk with you, with the object in view of placing "Nordheimer" in your home?

Our Mr. R. V. Carter will visit Chatham frequently in our interest and will be pleased to furnish you with any information you may desire. Correspondence addressed to him in care of the Garner House will receive careful attention.

NORDHEIMER'S

LIMITED, LONDON