

SUGGESTIONS TO SICK WOMEN

How Many Are Restored To Health?

First.—Almost every operation in our hospitals performed upon women becomes necessary through neglect of such symptoms as backache, irregular and painful periods, displacements, pain in the side, burning sensation in the stomach, bearing down pains, nervousness, dizziness and sleeplessness.

Second.—The medicine most successful in relieving female ills is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It regulates and strengthens the organism; it overcomes disease.

For forty years it has been making women strong and well, relieving backache, nervousness, ulceration and inflammation, weakness, displacements, irregularity and periodic pains. It has also proved invaluable in preparing for childbirth and the Change of Life.

Third.—The great number of unsolicited testimonials on file at the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., many of which are from time to time published by permission, are proof of the value of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, in the treatment of female ills.

Fourth.—Every ailing woman in the United States is cordially invited to write to the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co. (confidential), Lynn, Mass., for a circular advice. This free, will bring you health and may save your life.

A Child of Sorrow.

CHAPTER XIII.

"So he is—in Scotland," put in Mr. Spinner, glancing at Maida out of the corner of his eyes. "He is the head of the Maclean clan—Lord Maclean is his Scotch title."

"Really! I'm not surprised," said Carrie. "He's grand enough to be the Lord of the Isles! How grand he must look in Highland dress! And I suppose he has a piper to play before him?"

"At any rate he need never need a trumpeter while you are disengaged," Carrie, said Maida, with a smile.

"Ah, of course, we know what is the matter with you," retorted Carrie, with mock severity. "You are jealous because he paid me so much attention, and didn't offer to teach you billiards. But I would try and not show it so plainly, poor dear!"

When the rest of the guests had gone, Heroncourt went back to the billiard room, and, lighting a cigarette, began to pace up and down; and presently the countess came in. "Where is Glassbury?" she asked. "Gone straight to bed. He is off fishing to-morrow before breakfast. Won't you sit down?"

She shook her head, but leant against the billiard table and examined her fan with an absent air. She was rather pale, and her pretty lips had a downward curve as if she were rather tired.

"Quite a successful evening, Byrnes," she said.

He nodded. He knew that she had come in to offer congratulations.

"The Carringtons are admirable, don't you think?"

He nodded again.

"For a nouveau riche, the father is eminently satisfactory; he is so quiet; and they aren't generally, are they?"

"No," he assented, "not generally."

"And the girls—what a bright, little thing the child is! It was good to hear her laugh. She will be an acquisition."

"And Mr. Spinner—how delightful he is!" he said, with a touch of irony. "That completes the party, doesn't it?"

"Oh, you have forgotten Miss Carrington," she corrected him, with an affection of innocence.

"Ah, yes, I had forgotten Miss Carrington," he retorted, with a fair imitation of her tone.

"She is very beautiful, Byrnes. She is the loveliest creature I have seen for years. How strange that she should be our Miss Carrington, the reciter. For a moment I was dumb-founded. And she stands the change, the ordeal, so well! She might have always been one of ourselves—as she will be presently."

He looked at her quickly, then dropped on to a divan.

"What may you mean by that, Ethel?" he asked.

"I only meant that of course she will marry some one of rank. They are immensely rich, you know. There is no doubt of it. Mr. Spinner—"

He moved impatiently.

"Byrnes," looking down at him wistfully, "you admire her—I could see that—why will she not do?"

"Good Lord, Ethel!" he said, grimly, "you talk as if I had but to choose—to throw my handkerchief, like some beastly sultan! Do you think, after what you have seen of her, that she is to be had for the asking, and that she would stoop to pick up any man's handkerchief, even a sultan's?"

"Being a woman, she may be wooed; being a woman, she may be won."

"The quotation's wrong," he said, grimly; "and so are you."

"It would be so good a thing," she murmured. "The money—"

He sprang to his feet with a gesture of impatience, almost resentment.

"In God's name, don't put it that way; don't drag the money in! Go to bed, Ethel; you are tired."

"And I tire you," she said, with the woman's patient smile. She went to him and laid her hand on his arm.

"Forgive me, Byrnes, but your future, your happiness, are dear to me. Ah, but you know! Good-night!"

He went to the door; but before he opened it for her he took her hand and touched it with his lips.

"I know. I'm an ungrateful beast, Ethel. But money and that exquisite creature—I jars and hurts!"

He sat up for some time afterwards, smoking incessantly, after the manner of the sons of men, and thinking of the "exquisite creature," thinking how good it would be if he were, say, a young farmer, and she were another farmer's daughter: if he were only rich instead of a titled pauper, that he might woo her as an equal; and as he went to bed by the light of the early dawn, he paused beside the organ and called up the vision of her as she had sat there, so virginal in her purity, so wrapt in the music, so far away from him in her entire unconsciousness of his presence; and he shuddered at the thought of the money.

CHAPTER XIV.

Some persons, like Lord Byron, and, alas! innumerable "celebrities" of these latter days, wake to find themselves famous. The Carringtons woke the morning after the Court dinner to find themselves popular—which is a far better thing, by the way.

The Walmingtons and the Percys drove up in state the next day to call, and while they were there the Glassburys were announced. The gorgeous drawing-room had never contained so many aristocratic persons, for the late unfortunate owner had been completely ignored by the "county."

Mr. Carrington fidgetted about, looking from one to the other with an affection of ease, which covered a genuine geniality, and Carrie was unfelicitously happy and delighted. Maida alone was calm and unmoved, and presided over the tea, which was served by the two resplendent footmen, with the serenity and repose which seemed to have grown more marked since the wonderful change in the family circumstances.

There was plenty of talking and much laughter—for which Carrie and Lord Glassbury were mainly responsible—and Mr. Spinner stood about, looking on with the approving smile of a benevolent griffin—who had planned the whole function.

Lady Walmington was quite enthusiastic about the house.

"New," of course it's new," she admitted to Maida. "But everything must be new some time, and if you lived in a draughty old place always out of repair, as I have, you'd appreciate the Towers. Why, the rain came through my bedroom in torrents last winter," etc.

"I wonder why Lord Heroncourt didn't come with the Glassburys," said Carrie, after the visitors had gone. "Why, there he is, riding up the drive. Is the tea cold, Maida? But of course it is! We must have some fresh made—"

"Lord Heroncourt has probably had his tea, or doesn't want any, or he would have come in time. It is nearly six o'clock."

"Maida, try not to grow mean in your old age. He shall have a cup of tea, if I have to pay for it out of my own allowance," said Carrie.

Heroncourt had resolved not to call at the Towers for, at any rate, some days; and yet there he was, glibly at his own folly and infatuation. And it appeared, too, that he wanted some tea, for he did not decline it when Maida offered it as she gave him her hand. He sat in one of the easy chairs, and was not nearly so talkative, and a long way from as noisy as the others who had just left, and most of his conversation was with Carrie.

But presently he turned to Maida. "You were speaking of your organ, Miss Carrington. I found the particulars of the one at the Court—"

"Want a new organ, eh, Maida," cut in Mr. Carrington, pleasantly. "All right; if Lord Heroncourt can help you with his advice—"

"Good Heavens! I don't know an organ from a concertina!" Heroncourt said, with a laugh; "only Miss Carrington, when she was playing at the Court the other night, happened to mention—"

"If you'll come up to the corridor, I'll show you the difference," said Carrie, promptly. "Come along, Maida."

They went up to the corridor, and Maida showed the faults of the instrument.

"Get one like Lord Heroncourt's, if he doesn't mind our copying it," said Mr. Carrington, cheerfully.

"I'll see about it, if you'll permit me, Miss Carrington," said Mr. Spinner. "If Lord Heroncourt will give us the address of the makers and all the particulars."

"Mr. Spinner is going up to a little place called London to-morrow," explained Carrie. Mr. Spinner sighed assent. "I'm sure we shall all miss him very much; and we should not be able to get on without him if he hadn't arranged to send a clerk down—a Clarke by name and a clerk by calling," continued Carrie, with child-like innocence. "Come and tell me about those alterations you and papa have ordered, Mr. Spinner."

Left alone with Maida, Lord Heroncourt appeared to have little to say; but Maida led the conversation to the villagers and the poor people of the place; and it was not until he had gone that she became conscious of his reserve and reticence. She had asked him if he thought they would mind her calling upon some of them, and, as he had answered her that they would not only mind but would be flattered and grateful, she went next day a kind of round—without a basket. And as she came out of one of the cottages she met Lord Heroncourt. He was followed by a pack of dogs, amongst whom was Graf, who instantly recognized her, and indicated the fact in the usual canine manner.

"Oh, please don't call him away, his feet are quite clean—see, I have shaken hands with him, and it has not soiled my glove," she pleaded.

"Well," he asked, nodding towards the cottages from which the inhabitants were gazing at them with a kind of friendly awe.

"It was as you said," she answered; "they were all very kind to me; I cannot tell you how nice; and I am so glad! I shall never feel time hang heavily on my hands now, and shall always know what to do. They are very poor, most of them, are they not, Lord Heroncourt?"

"Yes," he said, with a grim smile. "We are all poor, from master to servant, owner to tenant."

"And yet they are so self-respecting; so free from servility; so unlike the London poor—ah, but how different their lives are! Think of this pretty cottage and this heavenly air, and remember the London slums and the polluted atmosphere! But they all sing your praises, Lord Heroncourt."

"They do, do they? They've little cause. I can't do anything for them. Those cottages ought to come down; but if I pulled 'em down I couldn't afford to stick up better ones."

"Then they have all the more reason for speaking well of you," she said, gently. "They take the will for the deed. Ah, I understand!" she added under her breath, as a couple of children came toddling out of the nearest cottage, hand in hand, and coming straight up to Heroncourt, looked up at him expectantly.

"They're twins. These little beggars are old friends of mine," he responded, apologetically.

"Div me a jump and some sweeties, lord," piped the girl, with infantile courage, while the twin of the other sex sucked his thumb and hung his head shyly.

Heroncourt swung them up on his shoulders with a rueful smile.

"Let this be an example to you," he said. "One day when I was a young temper—my horse had won the City and Provincial, I remember—and I did this. Hence these tears. I suppose I shall have to go on doing it until they have grown too old for it to be proper, eh, Mary Belinda Anne? Sweet thing in names, isn't it?"

(To be Continued.)

The reliable old utility automobile veil is now taking to itself fanciful decorations and is becoming a work of art as much as a necessity.

Had Headache for Two Years.

A Barrie Man Tells of Persistent Headaches and Indigestion—Finally Found His Way to Good Health.

Barrie, Ont., June 27th.—For two long years the writer of this letter was subject to severe headaches. The nervous system got run down, digestion failed, and there was continued loss of weight.

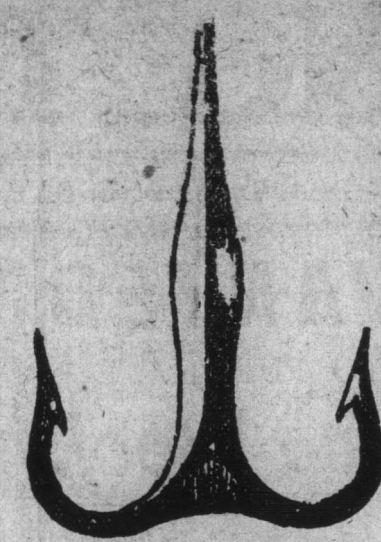
The use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food changed all this, and now with scores of other Barrie people Mr. Nader is recommending the use of this food cure as the best means of building up the exhausted nervous system and curing headaches, indigestion and all the annoying symptoms of a run-down condition.

Mr. John Nader, 38 Penetang street, Barrie, Ont., writes:

"During the last two years I had an attack of indigestion, accompanied by severe headaches. I suffered from loss of appetite, and my system became run down. I also lost considerably in weight. I began using Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, and as they helped me I continued this treatment for some time. My condition is now greatly improved, my headaches are gone and my health in general is much better. I can cheerfully recommend the use of Dr. Chase's Nerve Food to those suffering from nervousness of any kind."

As a spring tonic and restorative to overcome tired, lagging feelings and build up vitality at this time of year there is nothing to be compared to Dr. Chase's Nerve Food.

Dr. Chase's Nerve Food, 50c. a box, a full treatment of 6 boxes for \$2.50, at all dealers, or Edmondson, Bates & Co., Limited, Toronto. Do not be talked into accepting a substitute. Impure imitations only disappoint.



O. Mustad & Sons' PILK HOOK. Fishermen!

This is the Jigger that catches all the fish all the time. Use an ordinary or wedge-shaped lead with two swivels and the Jigger will spin like a Minnow. It's marvellous how it catches so much fish. Used exclusively in Norway. Try it.

say; but Maida led the conversation to the villagers and the poor people of the place; and it was not until he had gone that she became conscious of his reserve and reticence. She had asked him if he thought they would mind her calling upon some of them, and, as he had answered her that they would not only mind but would be flattered and grateful, she went next day a kind of round—without a basket. And as she came out of one of the cottages she met Lord Heroncourt. He was followed by a pack of dogs, amongst whom was Graf, who instantly recognized her, and indicated the fact in the usual canine manner.

"Oh, please don't call him away, his feet are quite clean—see, I have shaken hands with him, and it has not soiled my glove," she pleaded.

"Well," he asked, nodding towards the cottages from which the inhabitants were gazing at them with a kind of friendly awe.

"It was as you said," she answered; "they were all very kind to me; I cannot tell you how nice; and I am so glad! I shall never feel time hang heavily on my hands now, and shall always know what to do. They are very poor, most of them, are they not, Lord Heroncourt?"

"Yes," he said, with a grim smile. "We are all poor, from master to servant, owner to tenant."

"And yet they are so self-respecting; so free from servility; so unlike the London poor—ah, but how different their lives are! Think of this pretty cottage and this heavenly air, and remember the London slums and the polluted atmosphere! But they all sing your praises, Lord Heroncourt."

"They do, do they? They've little cause. I can't do anything for them. Those cottages ought to come down; but if I pulled 'em down I couldn't afford to stick up better ones."

"Then they have all the more reason for speaking well of you," she said, gently. "They take the will for the deed. Ah, I understand!" she added under her breath, as a couple of children came toddling out of the nearest cottage, hand in hand, and coming straight up to Heroncourt, looked up at him expectantly.

"They're twins. These little beggars are old friends of mine," he responded, apologetically.

"Div me a jump and some sweeties, lord," piped the girl, with infantile courage, while the twin of the other sex sucked his thumb and hung his head shyly.

Heroncourt swung them up on his shoulders with a rueful smile.

"Let this be an example to you," he said. "One day when I was a young temper—my horse had won the City and Provincial, I remember—and I did this. Hence these tears. I suppose I shall have to go on doing it until they have grown too old for it to be proper, eh, Mary Belinda Anne? Sweet thing in names, isn't it?"

(To be Continued.)

The reliable old utility automobile veil is now taking to itself fanciful decorations and is becoming a work of art as much as a necessity.

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 "PARTY" OR "BEST" DRESS.

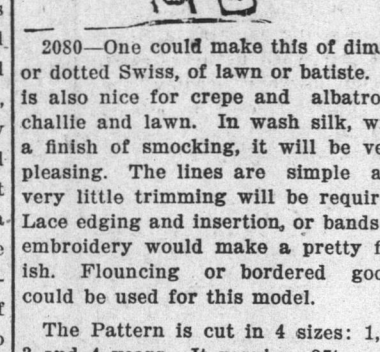


2080—One could make this of dimity or dotted Swiss, of lawn or batiste. It is so nice for crepe and albatross, challis and lawn. In wash silk, with a finish of smocking, it will be very pleasing. The lines are simple and very little trimming will be required. Lace edging and insertion, or bands of embroidery would make a pretty finish. Flouncing or bordered goods could be used for this model.

The Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 1, 2, 3 and 4 years. It requires 2 3/4 yards of 27-inch material for a 4-year size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

A PRACTICAL, CONVENIENT MODEL.



1425—Ladies' House Dress, with Long or Short Sleeve.

For utility, comfort and convenience, this design has much to commend it. It closes in coat style, with the centre fronts overlapping. This assures easy and practical adjustment. An ample pocket is arranged over the side front. The waist is finished with a neat collar, and with cuffs for sleeve in short length. The long sleeve is dart fitted. The dart fulness may be cut away and the opening, thus made, be finished with a facing and underlap for buttons and buttonholes or other fasteners; then the sleeve may be turned back over the arm when desired. The Pattern is good for ginghams, percale, lawn, seersucker, soisette, madras, dimity, drill or linen. It is cut in 7 sizes: 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust measure. It requires 6 1/2 yards of 36-inch material for a 36-inch size.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

No. ....

Size .....

Address in full:—

Name .....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

.....

List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to June 19th, 1917.

A. Antle, John C. Franklin Avenue, Atwood, Miss Beatrice, c/o Mrs. Stirling, Gower St. Anthony; Mrs. Mary, Spencer St.

B. Barnes, H. Barnes, Wm., Long Pond Road Bailey, A., Convent Square Bartlett, Miss Jessie, New Gower St. Bragg, James, Flower Hill Barnes, Miss N., LeMarchant Road Barter, Miss D., York St. Bartlett, Miss Jessie, Gower St. Baggs, Joseph, card Berwick, Ralph, care Gen. Delivery Byrnes, T. J., Nagle's Hill Bourne, E. R., card Butler, A. S., Freshwater Road Butler, John T., New Gower St. Burke, Miss Sarah F., Charlton St. Butler, Miss A., Freshwater Road Bugden, Miss L., New Gower St. Butler, Ralph, Monroe St. Butten, Miss Edith, Gower St. Braze, Miss, Wickford St. Bragg, Wm. Butler, B., card

C. Campbell, M., Signal Hill Clarke, John Clark, Miss S., Victoria St. Crew, Thomas, care G. P. O. Crew, Solomon Critch, Charles Colton, Mrs. M. Coombs, Miss Annie F. Cole, Miss Flora, Military Road Coleman, Miss Mary, Catherine St. Colbert, James, Gower St. Cumley, Miss Katie, care G. P. O. Cronan, Mrs. Ann, New Gower St. Cook, Mrs. P. G., Duckworth St.

D. Davidson, A. P., care Gen. Delivery Deechamp, R. G. A. Dwyer, Mrs. J., Casey St. Driscoll, Hubert, Hamilton St. Driscoll, Thomas, Hamilton Avenue Driscoll, Gordon, card Duran, Mrs. Laura Duncan, Mrs., Bannerman St. Duff, Miss K., Gower St. Duggan, Mrs. Bridget, Theatre Hill Duncanson, Mrs. John, care G. P. O. Day, George E.

E. Eales, Miss G., care G. P. O. Earle, A. M., card, care General Delivery Earle, Arthur, care Post Office Erickson, S. H., care Gen. Delivery

F. Fallon, Mrs. S., Cochrane St. French, Charles, Alexander St. Fife, Mrs. Harry, retd., Cabot St. Foster, Mrs. Henry, Livingstone St. Fogarty, John, care Gen. Delivery Foley, Mrs. Patrick, Codner's Lane Forrie, Luther

G. Grant, Mrs. Wm., card, Pennywell Rd. Grace, Miss Agatha, Bond St. George, Archibald, care G. P. O. Geary, George Grieve, Mrs. John Gillard, E., Water Street Groves, Harvey Guy, J. Gunnerson, Jos. Goss, Frank Grant, Miss Lillian, Lime St.

H. Hartley, F., Water St. Hartman, Miss J., Quill Vidi Hall, Mrs. J., John Street Hamilton, Mrs. R., card Hennebury, Mrs. James, Bonclody St. Hayes, Mrs. Thos., East End of New Road

I. Hartley, Mrs. Annie Harvey, Miss K., Barnes Road Harding, Laurence, George's St. Harding, Mrs. E., Brail's Field Hallett, Thomas, Bond St. Henderson, Hector, Duckworth St. Hewitt, Miss Gladys, Allandale Rd. Hisecock, Edgar, Water St. Hisecock, Miss Frances, Gill Place Hill, Harvey Holley, Mrs. S., Clifford St. Howell, Miss Nellie Hobbs, George, care G. P. O.

J. Jones, Joseph James, William, — St. Jarvis, Miss Hannah, Codner's Lane Judge, Joseph, Pennywell Road Jackman, Mrs. P., Knight St.

K. Kennedy, John, Angel Place Kearsey, Mrs. Annie, Pennywell Rd. Kieley, Donald King, James A., card (P) Knight, Mr., — Square Knox, Jack, Holdsworth St. Knowling, Mrs. King, Miss Mary, Patrick St.

L. Lewis, W. J., Pennywell Road Long, Mrs. M. E. Lodge, Heber

M. Maney, Mrs. John Martin, G. S., care Gen. Delivery Martell, Arthur H. Matthews, Walter Mahar, James, Sr. Masters, Charles Mason, John Meyers, Mrs. Emma, South Side Mitchell, Mrs. Rose Miller, Miss Lillie, Brail's Square Milley, Frank, Pennywell Road Moulton, Miss K., card Moss, Wm., Fleming St. Mundie, Fred, E. Murphy, Miss Annie, Livingstone St. Murphy, Joe, Prescott St. Martin, John, South Side Battery.

N. Neil, Mrs. James, c/o Mrs. Stamp, Lime St. Neilson, Mrs., Water St. Nickerson, Miss K. Norman, Mrs. Thos., card Barnes' Road Nolan, Miss Mary E. Noel, Alexandra, Patrick St.

O. Oldford, John O'Keefe, A. O'Neill, V., Water St. O'Neill, Mrs. Martin (The next of kin) O'Brien, Miss Meta, Nagle's Hill Osborne, A.

P. Paynes, Mrs. P., Spencer St. Parrell, Mrs. P., Long Pond Road Parsons, Mrs. E., Water Street Parsons, Herbert, care G. P. O. Parsons, Miss P., Freshwater Road Patey, Reuben Parrott, Miss Mabel, 16 — Street Penny, Miss L., Water St. East Percy, Edward, care G. P. O. Perles, Albert B. Perry, A. J. Peddie, Joseph, care G. P. O. Pearson, Miss Emma, Hagerty's Lane Phillips, Miss Maggie, James' St. Price, Miss Edith, Duckworth St. Porter, Miss Annie, Springdale St. Power, William, 6 Power St. Parsons, Mrs. Matilda, McDougall St.

R. Roberts, George, Freshwater Road Roud, Mrs. C., Hamilton St. Robins, Miss Daisy, Spencer St. Ross, Cecil T. Roach, Joseph, care Col. Cordage Co. Rogers, Wm. J., Springdale St. Rowe, James, Allandale Road Robens, George, Oxen Pond Road Ross, Master W. H. Roach, M., Water St. West Rogers, Joseph, Springdale St. Rogers, Edmund (Surveyor)

S. Sparks, Miss L., Hamilton St. Sharpe, L. L. Starr, Mrs. P. P. Saint, Miss H., card, Hayward Ave. Senior, Mrs. James, Convent Lane Stood, George, care G. P. O. Searle, Miss F., Spencer St. Spencer, Archibald, Field St. Sheppard, Miss A. E., George St. Sheppard, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd. Skeans, E., Boat House Lane Simmons, Joe, card, Pilot's Hill Smith, Robert, Larkin's Square Smith, Mrs. Sarah, Gower St. Smith, J. W. Smith, Wm., Monroe St. Snow, E. J. Snow, E., New Gower St. Scott, Walter Squires, Helena E. Sinnott, Miss L., c/o Mrs. Knowling, Circular Rd. Smith, J. B. Strickland, Miss M., Brine St.

T. Tracey, Mrs. Mary, Flower Hill Telford, James. Tiley, Miss A. F. Tobin, William, care Gen. Delivery Trowbridge, Mrs. E., McKay St. Thomas, Miss G., Pilot's Hill

W. Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road Waddling, John Walters, James Way, Mrs. N., Queen St. Walsh, Miss Thonie, Military Road West, Garland, care Gen. Delivery Whelan, W. J., Flower Hill White, Thomas, care Gen. Post Office Wells, D. J., card Walsh, T., Pope St. Wells, Mrs. Isaac, c/o Gen. Post Office Whelan, Miss D., Catherine St. Willis, Mrs. R. R., care G. P. O. Whiffin, Miss Sarah, LeMarchant Rd. Wiseman, Willis, c/o Gen. Delivery Williams, Mrs. Mary, Cuddihy St. White, Mrs. G. C., 4 King's St. Williams, Mrs. Harold, Hamilton Ave. Williams, Miss B., Blackmarsh Rd.

Y. Young, Herbert, Freshwater Rd. Young, George R. J. ALEX. ROBINSON, P. M. G.

Childs' Wear

Our new shipment a very nice selection of Children's wear in

WHT. LAWN BODICE NIGHTDRESSES, FROCKS, PINAFORES ROBES.

ALEX Popular Drapes Open Week Ev

LONDON

LONDON, June 24th. A COURT CHANGE. An observer of such matters Admiralty is announced, was the many valuable soldiers, ing Lord Kitchener, who leave in England at the out the war and at once took the its prosecution. He was a champion of pioneer railway Nigeria! He joined the Transport Service here, and towards appointed a staff of the Director of Movements