A PERSON OF SOME IMPORTANCE

LLOYD OSBOURNE

Matt obeyed. He felt a certain chilless of his words and car-

es and finally brought him what was evidently the ship's rardroom. Here, seated about the ead of the table, were five oldish, grave looking officers in undress uniform. One, white haired, dignified and somewhat baid, wore the insignia of the ship, and was furnished with

otioning Matt to come near-missing his companion with wave of the hand. "We would like to talk with you, sir."

"I'm at your service," returned Matt, advancing and drawing himself up very straight, as no offer was made to give him a seat "May I take the rty of asking the name of this ship

The old admiral stared at him fro

"It is I who will ask the questions he rasped out, "and you will be good enough to answer them. Let me say ctly that evasions will be useless vat we want is the truth." He useless ed the last words with a sort of which was taken up by the

thers in an angry murmur.
"I am an American citizen," said Matt, with spirit. "I've con crime, and I warn you that the conse quences will be serious if you inter

"We are not discussing international w," sneered the admiral. "Might is ght, as you say in English. Our pa-ence with you is exhausted. You ill tell us vare is a certain individual.

John Mort! So it was he they wer er? This ship, these officers, the dezvous in midocean—all were part ess. In spite of his bold front itt qualled inwardly. Beads of eat started on his forehead. He elt like a man on the eve of execution

"I don't know what you mean," he id at last. "An individual? What We're not here to waste time with

such breparication." returned the admiral, accentuating every word with a rap of his knuckles on the table—large, misshapen knuckles, swollen with gout. "You know very well who it is we want, though what you do play books and school histories. He with unlimited powers and unlimited it is we want, though what you do not apprehend is our determination to extort the truth. We are not milksops like those others, who failed so wretchedly in America. We will have the

That I am an American That I am an American citizen orted Matt in an unflinca voice. "You are proclaiming yourself a pirate and outside the law of nations. You cannot frighten me, sir. You are a naval officer, and know as well as l do the enormity of such threats, and that it will break you, admiral or not, f you should dare to lay a finger

"That is beside the point," exploded he admiral, reddening furiously. "Gome e, and show us that island vare

Matt stood immovable.
"I can't," he declared. "I don't know what you mean. Island? What is-

ted the five officers, and a file of seaten marched in and saluted with the ssive humility peculiar to Gerships-of-war. At a guttural com mand they closed about Matt. and one, a strapping fellow with a scar across his cheek, suddenly caught him round

but Matt's brain was whirling, and his pentup rage burst all bounds. With a wrestler's trick he bent down, carrying his antagonist over his head, and crashing him to the deck like a sack of oats. In an instant he was bitting crazily, a jaw here, a surly eye there treaming, blows and yells in return, and a rush that sent him under, burying him in a buman avalanche. Had it not been for the officers his life would darted into the thick of the melee. re toring order like so many policemen

at a street fight.
Suddenly in the midst of the hubbuh bush fell: officers and men might have been struck by lightning, so in-stantaneous was the change, the silence, the awe expressed on every face. Matt. getting up and following their gaze, perceived an old man, gaunt and very pale, standing in the doorway, regarding the scene with a peculiar fixity. He was in a blue dr ugh just risen from a sick bed; but his eyes belied his bodily weakness, atones for everything, and my son.

aming like coals beneath his strag on gling white brows. Matt had a curlons shork of recognition. Where had in the countless millions beyond.

The seen that benign old face, so "His proposal was disregarded, was hazily familiar, like that of some half treated as a gross impertinence. He forgotten friend of his childhood? was roughly silenced and ordered to

ed slowly into the ward room and ad-

med me by their treatment of you. versation in my cabin? Time is pre-cious, and I feel sure we can come to an ne agreement more quickly than the gen. a horse and fied. tlemen bere anticipate."

far end of the passageway and apparing of the confidence that had animated him before. The young officer's a small group of servants in livery tone was masterful in spite of the were gathered, who were similarly stricken to statues at the sight of the pair. Walking unsteadily, more from weakness than the movement of the ship, Matt and his venerable companion supported each other, and at length reached what appeared to be the state

> a luxury undreamed of at sea. Beautiful antique furniture, glowing oriental rugs, rich dark hangings of faded rrimson, slashed with gold—it was like

ing what we ask."

"Betray!" exclaimed the old man.

"There is nothing the world will not condone nor forget, and in twenty our troubles, of all our intolerable de years a new generation arises to whom the scandals of the old are of slight

"Well, I suppose the poor fools must dren on either side clinging to my be commended for that. Mr. Broughbands; my reception is one to touch the ton, my house has trusted you once, beart. Surely, I said to myself, they ton, my house has trusted you once, beart. Surely, I said to myself, they and now the head of it will trust you will be with me if I recall my son. again, knowing that my confidence will The sight of an old father, white hair-

At this the old man bent forward and quavered on the lips of the em- reau, whose service it was to rea

magazines and newspapers, in geogra-phy books and school histories. He with unlimited powers and unlimited

erves the consideration—the compassion of mankind. Now, is it clearer you who it is I seek?"

"No," returned Matt, with an ill sup pressed agitation. "No. your majesty." "I will tell you," said the em king, hardly less moved, his trembling usnds plucking and ciutching at the coverlet. "The friend you served with. such devotion is—my son!"
CHAPTER >VII.

A Royal Tragedy. HAT terrible tragedy in which the crown prince was sup-posed to have taken his life came back to Matt in waves of recollection. He remembered the stir it had made, the shock of hor-ror, the profound mystery in which the affair was shrouded. He remem-bered the speculations as to what had actually happened in that lonely hunt-ing lodge, some maintaining that the beautiful young baroness had killed herself rather than he formaken erself rather than be forsaken, causng the prince to blow out his ewn prains from remorse; others, that it had been a double suicide, a death pact, deliberately conceived and as deliberately executed by the heir to one of the greatest kingdoms of the

Matt was dumfounded; he could not utter a word. Was it possible, was it conceivable that John Mort was the-

"You know the story that the world knows," continued the old man. "You know the story I myself believed for thirty-six hours, till"- He hesitated, lowered his voice and looked about him. "Listen," he went on. "I mean to hide nothing from you. It is true that the young baroness threw caution to the winds and followed the prince there; it is true she shot herself; it is true that my son in his frenzy tried to turn the same pistol against his

"To face such a scandal seemed impossible; to escape seemed worse. In either event the throne would be shaken to its foundations and my son's name blackened beyond redemption. He had a valet named Zeitz-Ludwig Zeitz-one of those faithful simpletons who are sublime in the devotion which our house has always inspired. This fellow, who affected to copy the prince and was proud be-yond measure of a resemblance no one saw but himself, threw himself at my son's feet. He would shoot himself, he said; his body would be mis-taken for that of the prince; death

ed might pass the frontier

The old man's rowe was sharp and hold his tongue, while my son in the nlously impassioned as he advance midst of his comrades persisted like a madman in his desire to die. Suddenly dressed the officers. Reproof, indigna- there was a report, and they rushed in tion and anger were written on every to find this Zeitz lying beside the wofeature. He moved over to Matt and put one arm protectingly about him.

"Disgraceful," he said in singularly son's clothes, had taken my son's rifle and had resolved the matter in his and was manned by a special detail of of a foreigner, turning from the cringof a foreigner, turning from the cringown harebrained way. But at that picked naval officers. Frankasch susing officers. "They would have it that moment in their dismayed state it was too ill to be disturbed and have seemed to my son and his friends the solution of everything. They did not will you spare me a few minutes' con-versation in my cabin? Time is pre-could pass the examination that would

"As I said, the imposture for thirty Matt acceded willingly, though won. six hours was not questioned. But the dering and mystified. Beyond, at the soctors could not be deceived. The body was unmistakably that of Lud-wig Zeltz. I myself stood before it as it lay naked on their table and con-firmed their opinion. My feelings toward my son were very bitter. He had dishonored the imperial house. I exaggerated in my heart, though God ows it was great enough, the harm nivance of the doctors I accepted the imposture. The world had accepted it, and I decided to leave them in igno

"It was not until years afterwardin 1898, when the empress was taken from me under the most horrible circumstances—that I found in her pa pers some facts of startling import. Her extravagance, which had been the famed splendors of the Yildiz klosk.

"You must excuse me if I return to bed." said the old man, whose increasing wearless. creasing weariness was becoming sive interest as well as steadily dimin-painfully apparent. "Sit there and tell ishing the principal. And the one who me why you are so stubborn in refus- had obtained that vast sum was no other man than my unhappy son, who had gone to her in his extremity and had thus acquired the means to hide himself in the uttermost parts of the

lays and vexations. You think then, the scandals of the old are of slight our intentions are not for the good of significance. My people love me; I have this person to whom you are so loyal?

You do not know who I am?"

"No."

the good of no need to surround myself with guards and secret agents, as I move allong them, often with my little grandchiled and broken, holding out his arms in forgiveness, is one too human, too and breathed the name of that emperor-king whose dominions embrace them, every mother, every son. Then them, every mother, every son. Then a dozen countries and comprise the fifth of Europe. Here for obvious reasons, it must be omitted, though in globe. For years it went on without that great cabin it was uttered aloud the least success, until my special buevery paper printed, learned of you in Matt repeated it with amazement as hundred pictures of the man before not slow to follow. We were impelled im recurred to his mind-pictures in to extraordinary exertions. I sent my information for which I would have given all the life I have left.

"There is the story. Mr. Br hreats. Both, I appreciate now, were nistaken. I simply ask you, beg you to tell me where my son is." For awhile Matt remained slient, too

"I must make a single stipulation he said at length. "That we land to gether, alone, you and I, and, if your majesty will permit, my wife, and if your son decides to stay you will promse to respect his wishes."

"He will come." said the emperor

"My son will not refuse." Matt thought of Mirovna and was less positive. He wondered whether he should inform the old man of her existence, but refrained.

"I can do nothing without your ma-jesty's promise," he said. "The deciif he prefers."
"Certainly I promise that," returns

the emperor, with a touch of queru-lousness. "Compulsion would be worse than wrong. It would be ridiculous. Why do you still hesitate? It is not kind to keep me in suspense."

"I am not hesitating, your majesty I am only asking myself whether you may not be mistaken in thinking my friend to be your son."

"Mistaken! How is it possible to be mistaken? That ring he gave you-it was one he always wore. Moreover, Mr. Satterlee is positive you recognized the miniature he showed you.

"Yes. The resemblance was remark "My son is now forty-seven years of

age. Does that not accord?" "It does, though he appears some what older." "Is he not a violinist of exceptional

talent? It was that reference in the newspaper accounts printed of you which first attracted our attention." "Again you are right, though I would not call it talent, but genius.

"Look at this photograph - almost the last taken of him. Have you still "No. It is John Mort."

"John Mort?" "That is the name by which I have knewn him." "Mort, you say? Mort! Ah,

to know everything—verything."

"But who was the gentleman who

offered me \$100,000 in Manaswan?" "A celebrated criminal lawyer of whole previous experience but three New York, whom Frankasch, my chief vessels had ever entered the lagoon, of the secret police, retained among and John Mort had resented their in others to assist him. A very clever, able man, who proved himself invaluable.

"And the schooner, the Esmeralda

pected you would return to San Francisco, for that is the gateway to the Pacific, and it became a part of his plan to get you there as soon as he discovered be could not bribe you. The vessel lay there for over four months, while no efforts were spared to make it impossible for you to remain in eastern America. Admiral von Tripwitzto you Brandels—spoke too little Eng-lish, and therefore for that as well as other reasons it seemed wiser to have as nominal commander Agent Schwartz of the secret service."

"And how were those jewelers, Snood & Hargreaves, induced to treat me as they did?"

"Oh, that was simple. They were shown long official cablegrams from Europe, vouched for by our consul, warning them that the ring had been stolen. When these matters were settled to their satisfaction and a substantial bond given they made no difficulty in surrendering the ring to the consulate. Your letter and then your telegram were handed to the consul, who on the telegraphed orders of Frankasch replied to you as he was di-rected. Of course he knew nothing. He merely obeyed orders. But you. must not think our surveillance was limited to San Francisco. The whole western coast from Vancouver to San Diego and Mazatlan was under a con-

directions that Snood & Hargreaves are undeceived? It would not be fair that I should remain in their estimation a thief."

"No, no, no! You do not understand Mr. Broughton. Frankasch never accused you of theft. It suited his purpose to make you out innocent-a sailo who had picked up the ring for a trifle, for he would have been glad had you brought suit against the jewelers in order to force from you the particulars of how you came into posse of the ring. It was even arranged to guide you to a lawyer who should be-tray your confidence! Shameful, yes, detestable, but were we not justified?"

The old man unrolled a chart and flattened it out, not without difficulty. his emaciated hands shaking and his roice senile and broken, he besought Matt to show him the spot where his

"There," said Matt, running his fin ger over the sheet to a speck marked "Reef e d." "There, your majesty!"
The old emperor bowed his head over the chart and seemed to be strug gling with a terrible emotion. "Call Admiral von Todioben," he gasped, falling back on his pillows. "I must instruct him to alter the ship's course at

CHAPTER XVIII. OTOALOFA was in sight a per asked, "When did it happen?" straggling row of dots to those on the bridge surf, beaches, palms and shining shadowy lagoon to the watchers in the foretop. Gathered on the bridge, and surround ing the venerable monarch who recifned in a deck chair, was the little party privileged to be with him-Matt. with binoculars to his eyes, standing beside stout old Von Todloben, and overtopping him by a head. Chris, m an officer's cloak, seated on the clongated end of the emperor's chair, a position of honor to which she had been Tripwitz, in a borrowed, ill fitting uni-

form punctiliously remaining aloof from the frequent consultations. As night closed in an animated discussion took place, with Matt in the center of the group, and for the moment the most important individual there, for it turned on him whether or not the vessel was to hold her po-sition till morning, or venture the ensition till morning, or venture the en-trance of the lagoon by moonlight. Matt's own counsel was for caution, for the man-of-war drew twenty-six feet of water, and while he felt rea-sonably sure of piloting her safely through the northern channel (there was another, the western channel, deeper but more toringus), he shrank, deeper but more tortuous), he shrank from assuming so great a responsibility in the dark. Admiral Von Todloben sided with Matt, as did the cap tain and the navigating lieutenant. But the old emperor, lying in the deck chair, could not be made to appreciate the risk. He reiterated his request to have the ship taken in at once. From suave he became impatient.

"Your majesty is unwise," he said bluntly, waiting till the old man had recovered his sorely shaken composure. "If you will permit me to suggest it, why not take one of the steam pinnaces, and let the ship hold off till

This simple expedient was hotly re sisted by the officers, to whom the per sonal security of the emperor was of almost sacred importance, but the lat-ter was more than pleased with the idea and welcomed it enthusiastically. While the pinnace was being hoisted out and steam raised in her boiler, the warship's searchlight began to flash its dazzling and spreading beam, and its dazzling and spreading beam, and watch him, though not an eye was as though in answer a spot of light | dry and rugged Von Todloben was glimmered on the horizon like a red | shaking with sobs. The unceasing glimmered on the horizon like a red-hot coal. It was a primitive beacon, reared and brightly burning on the beach of the island, to help the ship burning on the

Matt and made him wonder. In his trusion and shortened their stay with the utmost bitterness, refusing them water and firewood, banning any in tercouse and disputing, rifle in hand, their right to land. In contrast, this friendly beacon struck Matt as odd, indeed, and at variance with every thing he remembered. But he had little time to give to such reflections, for the pinnace was soon ready, and they descended the gangway and took their places in her cockpit—the emperor, Chris and Von Todloben, with himself at the tiller.

The end of the pler was clustered with natives who stood waiting without a sound for the boat to approach. It made a bumpy landing at the stone steps, the boat books scraping the slimy sides of the pier and bringing it slowly to rest. Matt leaped out first, crying "Talofa" right and left and was ed in the throng of half naked numanity that surged about him, callng and repeating his name with unrestrained joy. What nose rubbing! What excitement! What a rush and jostle of Kanaka affection! But what was Peau saying. Peau, grave and dignified in even that press, with his chiefly carriage and earnest eyes? To be prepared for evil tidings! What did he mean? Where was the chief? What was all this about the hand of God? "Where is he?" quavered the emperor. "Why is he not here?"



The Old Emperor Had Fallen on His Knees in Prayer.

"He is dead." Matt said at last. The old man tottered and would have fallen had not Matt sustained him. He was assisted to an upturned canoe, where he sat, half fainting, supported by Von Todloben. He beckoned Matt to him and in a tone strangely colorless and so low it was almost a whisthough for some time before he had

"He tells me it was about four months ago," returned Matt. "It was a fever; he was hardly ill two days. suffered attacks of pain; he passed away suddenly and was conscious and without any thought he was in danger till an hour before the end." "And did he leave no word, no let-

Matt translated the question to Peau "No, excellency," replied the latter in Samoan. "Though I asked him for one in our protection lest we be accused of his death. But he answered mockingly be did not intend to die. and was not Mirovna there, besides, to eak for us?"

Matt repeated this with some omis-lons. Then determining to conceal nothing he went on: "He was not ne, your majesty; he had with him here a young and beautiful woman, who loved him devotedly and who killed herself on his grave. He called her Mirovna—a very beautiful woman.

They are buried side by side."

The old man listened unmoved. "It is not for me to judge her," he said. And with this comment never referred to Mirovna again, remaining silent for a long while and sunk in a sort of stupor. At last he rose unsteadily to his feet and asked to be taken to the grave. "It is the end of my long jour ney," he said. "The end of many, many things." The little party, guided by Peau

found themselves in a barren region broken in little hillocks and open to the unshaded brilliancy of the moon. Here, in a sandy bollow and unutterably melancholy in their aspect, stood two small wooden crosses painted white, surmounting a pair of narrow mounds side by side.

They stopped, and the white men uncovered. Peau, who wore nothing on his glistening, black hair, reverently inclined his head. "Which is my son's?" asked the em-

peror, gazing at the ground.

Peau pointed at the nearest grave.

"The chief sleeps there," he said in native to Matt.

The old emperor had fallen on his

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affected the little company profoundly Nothing was said; the unspoken wish was obeyed. They slowly retraced their steps, the old man walking apart, nessisted. In this funereal manner they reached the pier, where the emror at last broke the oppressive si-

"And you?" he asked, turning to Matt. "Tell me what I may do for you. Tell me how I can reward you." Matt did not answer, though perplexity and dismay were evident on his "You are right," continued the em

peror. "It is for me to give, not for you to ask. Would it please youvould it content you—to remain on this sland and receive it from me as a

"Oh. your majesty, nothing in the world could make me happier."
"Then assemble these savages and let us inform them that you are now the master.

"It is not necessary, your majesty. They will believe me when I tell

"And I must do more," went on the old man, with pathetic earnestness. "That sum once offered you as a bribe and so honorably refused—it must also be yours. I shall send it to you by a vessel, and if then you find this isolaion greater than you can bear my omers will be instructed to take you wherever you wish."

Matt was overwhelmed. "I should be most glad of the vesel," he said after stammering his "But as for money, what thanks. there is here must already be a for-

"Accept the one from me and the other from my son," returned the em-peror. "Goodby, my friend, and keep tor Financial Broker. Real estate us both in your remembrance, as I on agent. Loans negotiated. Ins my part will ever cherish you in mine." Fire, Life, Accident, Health, With another word to Chris, whose hand be bent over and saluted with stately courtesy, he descended into the pinnace and took his place with Von Todloben. The latter looked up and raised his cap. Even as he did so the boat was pushed off, and the water be gan to boil under her stern. A mo ment later she was skimming over the gan to boll under her stern. A moment later she was skimming over the lagoon toward the lights of the manof-war, now twinkling at the entrance of the pass. Matt and Chris, hand in hand, gazed after her spellbound.

A deprecatory cough brought them back to earth.

"The great house has been pre for the reception of your excel said Peau. "And if it be yo chief desire a trifle repast awaits your

THE END

ACTION SETTLED

It is not often that an ex-Mayor ed for an account of mun but yesterday in the County Court at Toronto, Jesse Funnel ex-Mayor of Trenton and the Town of Trento were sued for an account of \$104. by the Toronto Detective Agency. When Mr. Funnel was Mayor in Trenton, complaints were made that houses of ill fame were being conducted in Tren-ton and girls were misbehaving them selves on the streets. The Mayor dicided to ferret out these charges, an put a stop to these practices if the existed so as to protect the good natof the town Without bringing the matter before the Council he employ the Toronto Detective Agency, will The old emperor had failen on his knees in prayer with one arm about the cross. It seemed a sacrilege to watch him, though not an eye was dry and rugged Von Todioben was shaking with sobe. The unceasing moan of the surf, the weirdness and loneliness of the spot, that trail, tragic agure crouching in the moonlight—all and W. C. Mikel, K.C., for Funnell. LEGAL

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