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LYE  
EMIL GILLET COMPANY LIMITED  
TORONTO CAN.

**After the Ball;**

**The Mystery Solved at Last.**

CHAPTER VIII.  
A Solitary Life.

Maurice Durant looked around, as Chudleigh, touching him on the arm, said: "Will you call your dog? He seems to have taken a fancy to my sister, and does not look inclined to follow you."

"Your pardon?" he said, raising his eyebrows. "I had forgotten the dog."

He turned and walked quickly back to the road, saying to Maud:

"I told Tigris to stay by you, and he would do so, unless I recalled him, until the day of his death."

Maud looked up with surprise.

"And leave you?" she said, with an innocent airlessness that was charming.

"Ay," replied Maurice. "Tigris knows that the best part of affection is obedience."

"And he would have followed me home," said Maud, looking wistfully at the dog, who was stretched at her feet.

"Yes, and shall do, if you wish it," said its owner, reading the wistful look with a calm smile. "He is yours."

"No, no," said Maud, eagerly, even pushing the dog's head away with her tiny hand. "I would not deprive you of him. He is the only—""being you have to love," she was going to say, ingenuously, but stopped, and flushed painfully.

"The only thing I have to amuse me!" he said, intentionally misunderstanding her sudden silence, and adding, with a smile: "Not so; there are still the trees, the rocks and my gun. Tigris shall go with you, and if you tire of him, why, he can join his master's broken fortunes again," and lifting his cap from his head, he left them once more, this time unfollowed.

Maud stood looking after him, with a pale face and wonder-filled eyes.

Chudleigh regarded her for a moment in silence; then, with a laugh, said:

"Come, Maud, and bring your prize with you. By Jove! never was anything presented with a more royal air. He is like a prince in an old-fashioned romance, and the dog is as noble."

**This Ointment Possesses Power to Heal the Skin**

Two Cases Which Prove the Extraordinary Healing Power of Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment is wonderfully satisfactory because you can actually see the results accomplished. It is surprising what change can be brought about in a single night by this great healing ointment.

Mr. George Bavis, 119 James street, Peterboro, Ont., writes: "As a healing ointment, I consider Dr. Chase's the best obtainable. I had a large running sore on my leg, and although I had tried all the prescriptions of two doctors I was unable to get any relief from the pain or to get the sore healed. One day my druggist handed me a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment, and I used it with such good results that I decided to give the ointment a fair trial. Altogether I used four boxes, and I am glad to be able to say that the sore on my leg is entirely healed up. Since this experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment I have recommended it to many people."

Mrs. W. W. Oliver, Port George, Annapolis Co., Md., writes: "I am going to tell you my experience with Dr. Chase's Ointment. There was a spot came on my face something like a mole, but it kept getting worse, and several doctors whom I consulted said it was cancer, and that it would have to be cut or burned out. I intended having this done, but changed my mind when my brother recommended Dr. Chase's Ointment. Before I had finished one box of the ointment this skin trouble had gone, and has not bothered me since. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment too much, and you are at liberty to publish this letter."

If you have never used Dr. Chase's Ointment send a two-cent stamp for a sample box, and mention this paper. Price sixty cents a box, all dealers, or Edmundson, Bates & Co., Limited Toronto.

"Not so noble as its master," said Maud, in a low voice. And Chudleigh, looking down at her lowered face, saw, with some surprise, that her eyes were filled with tears.

However, he merely whistled, and they walked on, the dog trotting calmly by Maud's side, as if it had never owned another master.

CHAPTER IX.  
The Soul of the Organ.

Nor may we'er forget,  
The follies we commit;  
Fate reaps in other years,  
Full harvest of our tears.

DINNER was over, and the drawing-room at the hall was shining softly in the light of the tall wax candles, which burned with a delicious softness that our modern aching eyes, accustomed to the garish glare of hideous gas chandeliers, knew nothing of.

Sitting in a velvet chair, the dark blue of which made her fair skin look whiter and purer than ever, Maud, gazing at the fire with dreamy eyes, was thinking of the scene that had occurred in the morning, and with Tigris' head resting on her tiny foot, was weaving an imaginary history of the man who was sitting beside her father and brother in the dining-room; for Maurice Durant had kept his promise, and arrived at the hall at half-past six.

When Maud entered the drawing-room, before dinner, she started. The tall form, attired in an evening suit, with its grand face, from which the long, thick hair was brushed back in a mass of ragged curls, leaving the forehead bare and white, looking strangely handsome, was so great a contrast to its wild, almost savage, appearance of the morning.

Still, though in the uniform which so seldom becomes an English gentleman, Maud felt a strange pleasure in the consciousness that Maurice Durant looked not a whit less noble in the black coat of fashion than in his tunic of goatskin.

One thing that struck her at once was that, whereas her father and Chudleigh both wore a few articles of jewelry, Maurice Durant's only trinket was an antique ring, with a dull leaden-looking stone in it.

Maurice Durant wore neither watch-chain nor ornamented studs, his shirt, down the front of which ran an edging of foreign work, being fastened with black stones, which were certainly not ornamental, whatever their intrinsic worth.

At dinner he had eaten little, and drank scarcely more than a glass of claret, and save for a few remarks addressed to Sir Fielding, had maintained a thoughtful, somewhat abstracted, silence. Still, his manner, and, more than all, the grand cast of his face, kept his taciturnity from offending her, for it was impossible to measure Maurice Durant with the rule applied to the ordinary run of men; and, indeed, Sir Fielding was too pleased with the success of his attempt to coax his strange neighbor to the hall to risk losing him forever by forcing him into unwilling conversation, trusting that in time the strange reserve would melt beneath the constant warmth of unobtrusive friendship.

Besides which, Sir Fielding had not forgotten among his books sufficient of his knowledge of the world to be long in surmising that his guest had undergone sorrow and trial enough to warrant the strangeness of his manner and speech, so that the dinner was not without its interest.

"Come, Maud, and bring your prize with you. By Jove! never was anything presented with a more royal air. He is like a prince in an old-fashioned romance, and the dog is as noble."

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Get from any druggist 2½ ounces of Pinex (50 cents worth), pour it into a 16-oz. bottle and fill the bottle with plain granulated sugar syrup. The total cost is about 64 cents and gives you 16 ounces of really better cough syrup than you could buy ready-made for \$2.50.

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ner had gone off very quietly, Chudleigh and Sir Fielding carrying on a rambling conversation, Maurice Durant breaking in suddenly with a question or remark, always to the purpose, and Maud speaking seldom and listening when Maurice spoke with rapid attention.

After she had withdrawn to the drawing-room, Sir Fielding rang the bell for a particular old port, but Maurice Durant declined any more wine.

"If you will not taste my old port," said Sir Fielding, smiling, "you will have some more claret and a cigar?"

But these also were declined, and after a glass with Chudleigh, Sir Fielding led the way into the drawing-room.

Tigris arose as his master entered and sprang toward him; but, holding up his hand, Maurice Durant spoke two words, in the same language in which he had bidden him follow Maud, and the dog returned instantly to its place.

"That's Corsican, is it not?" said Sir Fielding, who had caught the words.

"Yes," said Maurice Durant. "Do you speak it?"

Sir Fielding shook his head.

"No, unfortunately," he said; "but I chanced to know the two words you spoke. Is the dog Corsican?"

"Yes," said Maurice, almost curtly, and, turning to a picture, changed the subject by saying, after a few minutes' examination: "A Carlo Dolce!"

"Yes," said Sir Fielding. "It is good, is it not?"

"Very," was the reply. "It is the finest head I have seen of his, save one that hung above an altar in a small Florentine chapel."

"There are several good pictures in the gallery," said Chudleigh. "Would you like to see them?"

"Much," said Maurice Durant, "if it would not be giving you trouble. I am fond of pictures."

"And music?" added Sir Fielding, interrogatively.

"And music," assented Maurice Durant, his face lighting up suddenly.

"Had we more music, the world would be a brighter one."

"And a better," said Chudleigh, ringing the bell, as he spoke.

"Is there a fire in the gallery?" Sir Fielding of the footman who appeared.

"Yes, sir," said the man. "Mr. Chichester's instructions were that it should be lit during the frost."

"Ah, yes; I had forgotten," said Chudleigh. "Shall we go there? Come, Maud."

The three made their way through the hall and up the spacious oaken staircase to the long gallery lined with various pictures and the family portraits.

Maurice uttered a low exclamation of pleasure, and commenced examining them. Sir Fielding, pleased at his evident appreciation of the really beautiful collection, standing at his elbow.

"Ah!" said Maurice, suddenly pausing before a small picture representing Death as a skeleton stooping to take a child from its cradle. "I saw that picture painted."

"Indeed!" said Sir Fielding, his face kindling eagerly. It is one of

Frudliano's—at least, I bought it for one of his."

"It is his. Poor fellow!" replied Maurice Durant. "His best and his last. Do you notice that left-hand corner, where the shadow of the skeleton falls? That is not quite finished. The light wants toning down, and the drawing is somewhat imperfect. Poor Frudliano! The day set apart for the finishing of that corner he was lying in his lifeblood in the garret to which the woman he loved had brought him by her peridy!"

As he spoke, Maurice Durant's face became sadder even than its wont, and the rugged forehead grew more marked.

"I was with him," he continued, his voice growing dreamy and soft, and speaking as if he were communing with himself. "I was with him when the picture was commenced. He would have dashed it aside ere the first lines were filled in, but I stayed his hands, for work with him went by fits and starts, and—ay, ah!—it was from one fit into another. Impulse, impulse—nothing but impulse! Before the skull was finished, just as the picture grew dear to him, he met Mabelle Regarde. You have heard of—ah, well, what matters it? Frudliano fell, like all the world, at her feet; but he, being a painter, loved in earnest, and— The corner is unfinished yet, and if I remember rightly, there should be some spots of blood at the back of the canvas," and in his strange, abrupt way, he seized the picture and turned it; there, pointing one finger at five red stains on the back, let it swing around again in silence.

Sir Fielding and Chudleigh said nothing. Maud sighed, and, hearing her, Maurice Durant turned sharply, as if he had been unaware of her presence.

The girl read the look rightly, and growing pale, shrank closer to her father, with an air of singular humility.

For some few minutes Maurice Durant examined the pictures in silence, moving slowly on. But coming upon the grand organ, which stood in a recess built in the middle of the gallery, he exclaimed, with an unmistakable air of pleasure:

"An organ!"

"Yes," said Chudleigh. "I must crave your forgiveness for not mentioning it before. I ought to have known you would like to see it."

Maurice bowed slightly.

"It is a grand one. I know the maker."

"Will you try it?" said Sir Fielding. "I fear it has lost some tone, for Maud seldom touches it, and I never."

"Do you not like the organ?" asked Maurice, turning suddenly to Maud.

She started at the abruptness of the question, and hesitated as she replied, faintly:

"Yes, but I cannot play it well enough, and it—it seems almost wrong to trifle with its grand music."

(To be Continued.)

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No. ....  
Size .....

Address in full—  
Name .....

**List of Letters Remaining in the G.P.O. to Jan. 17th, 1917.**

- A  
Anderson, Miss B. M., card.  
Avery, Thomas, care G. P. O.  
Aspell, Miss L., New Gower St.  
Allen, G., slip
- B  
Baddock, Miss Maggie  
Bradley, Albert, Monroe St.  
Bradley, Miss Eva  
Barnes, Miss G., red., Newtown Rd.  
Barter, Miss J.  
Baird, Miss P., Mount Scio Road  
Bennett, Mr. S., Blacksmith  
Byrne, T., Nagle's Hill  
Brendon, Mrs., card  
Boone, John, Field St.  
Boone, Andrew, card  
Butler, Edward, Nagle's Hill  
Buckle, Miss Sadie  
Brubhat, Alexander  
Britt, Stanley  
Burke, Miss Mary F.  
Burke, Mrs. M., Pleasant St.
- C  
Carew, Miss Amelia, Queen's Road  
Carew, Miss Lillian, Military Road  
Clancey, Mrs., Newtown Road  
Clarke, Miss Gertie, Brasill's Square  
Cooke, Mrs. Wm., care James Maher  
Cooper, Mrs. J., Brine St.  
Cross, Mrs. George, Leslie St.  
Crotty, Miss B. A.  
Cooper, W. W., card  
Collins, James, Gilbert St.  
Corkum, Miss Helen, card.  
Crowley, Mrs. D., Charlton St.  
Curren, Miss Minnie, Duckworth St.  
Clarke, Wm. J., Water St. West
- D  
Dawe, W. H., care G. P. O.  
Dawe, Miss Frances, New Gower St.  
Davis, Thomas G.  
Dawe, A. J., care G. P. O.  
Davis, Jack, Theatre Hill  
Dawe, Miss Winifred S.  
Dwyer, Michael, Nagle's Hill  
Dillon, Master T., card  
Diamond, Miss Winnie, Brasill's Sq.  
Dillon, Miss, card  
Donohue, Miss Mary B., Lime St.  
Donohue, Miss Bride, care G. P. O.  
Downie, Master N.  
Driscoll, Thomas, Cornwall Ave.  
Dooey, Miss M., Gower St.
- E  
Earle, Mrs. Isaac, Casey St.  
Earley, James, late Conche  
Edwards, Miss Annie,  
Engerson, Miss Hettie  
English, Mrs.  
Ellison, Mrs.  
Eddicote, Miss Katie
- F  
Fry, Miss Beatrice, Pleasant St.  
Franch, A. A., Water St.  
Flemming, Mrs., Newtown Road  
Flemming, Mr. Thos., Newtown Road  
Flemming, M., Newtown Road  
Fitzpatrick, Miss E., Freshwater Road  
Field, Miss Alice M.  
Forsythe, Mrs., care General Delivery  
Fogarty, James  
Foley, Miss Aggie, Cochrane House
- G  
Green, Miss Ellen, Newtown Road  
Green, Mrs. Jane, Flemming St.  
Greely, Wm., care G. P. O.  
Green, Miss Janie, Newtown Road  
Gibbons, J. K.  
George, Miss Rebecca,  
Garland, Beatrice  
care General Delivery
- H  
Hutchings, Maud, George St.  
Hurley, Mrs. Johana, New Gower St.  
Harding, Miss Bridget, Gower St.  
Hurley, John, New Gower St.  
Hart, Miss Hannah, Carter's Hill  
Halfyard, Richard, care Gen. Delivery  
Hawkins, Mrs. Bond St.  
Harvey, Mrs., Water St. West  
Hayward, Miss Stella, Patrick St.  
Hall, Miss Annie, Duckworth St.  
Tardy, Mrs. Mary, Casey St.  
Hearn, Miss A., Kitchener Hotel  
Hewitt, Stephen, Barton's Pond  
Hickey, Mrs. H., Banerman St.  
Hilden, Miss Mary A.  
Hobbs, George, late Heart's Content  
Howlett, Miss M., Carnell St.  
Hookey, Mrs. James, Military Road  
Holmes, Mrs. A., Hayward Ave.  
Houso, H., Military Road  
House, Miss E., Bond St.  
Hootes, Miss Daisy, Prince's St.  
Hayward, Miss Rose, New Gower St.
- J  
Johnson, Miss Ethel, card
- K  
Kearey, Miss Aggie, care G.P.O.  
Kennedy, Dan  
Kennedy, Mrs. Wm.  
Keefe, Miss Mary, Gower St.  
Keough, Mrs. J., Charlton St.  
Kennedy, Miss M., Power St.  
Kent, Mrs. Wm., Barnes' Road  
Kelly, A., Belvidere St.  
Knight, William
- L  
Lamb, Miss Katie, New Gower St.  
Lambert, Miss Nellie F.  
Lacey, Miss Maggie, Pilot's Hill  
Lahay, Mrs. Thomas, Cabot St.  
Leonard, Master Mike, Leslie St.  
Linthorne, Miss A.,  
Methodist College Home  
Little, Mrs. Frank, Duckworth St.  
Lynch, Miss Jessie, Adelaide St.  
Louis, Caleb, Brater's Place
- M  
Manstam, Wm., Prescott St.  
Manning, Thomas  
Mason, Mrs. T.  
Maybee, Mrs. E., Colonial Street  
Mahoney, Miss.  
care W. J. Murphy, Prescott St.
- N  
Martin, E., New Gower St.  
Martin, Mrs., River Side  
Mercer, Wilfred  
Mercer, Robert  
Milley, Wm. J., Pleasant St.  
Miller, Mrs. S., Field St.  
Mercer, Mrs. F., New Gower St.  
Miller, Wm., Newtown Road  
Mills, Miss Sarah, —Street  
Morgan, Miss Annie, New Gower St.  
Morris, Miss Ellen, Duckworth St.  
Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Wm.  
Moore, J. W.  
Moore, Mrs. Jabez, Convent Lane  
Mundy, Francis S., South Side  
Murphy, Mrs. Julia, Flower Hill  
Murphy, Mrs., Adelaide St.
- O  
McGrath, Mrs., care F. B. Wood  
McCarthy, J., care G. P. O.  
McCarthy, Miss T., Cochrane St.  
McKinley, J. M.  
McDonald, Mike, card.  
McCormack, Mrs. H., Williams' St.  
Hayward Avenue
- P  
Nicholl, Mrs., Duckworth St.  
Noffall, Mrs. Wm., Larkin's Square  
Noffall, George, Livingstone St.  
Norris, Mrs. W. A.  
Noffall, Mrs. Fred, George's St.  
Noffall, Mrs. Sarah, George's St.
- Q  
Oates, Miss Fannie, Prince's St.  
O'Grady, Miss Cook St.  
O'Leary, Philip  
O'Neill, D., opp. Bowring Bros.  
O'Neill, Thomas  
Osborne, A.
- R  
Parsons, H., Hayward Avenue  
Parsons, Mrs. Wm., Beaumont St.  
Petrie, Mrs. E., Patrick St.  
Pillay, Miss Maggie, LeMarchant Rd.  
Phipps, A. J., care G. P. O.  
Phillips, Miss Maggie, George's St.  
Power, Timothy, late Marystown  
Prover, Miss Winnie, care G. P. O.  
Pollard, Arthur  
Power, Miss Annie, card  
Burke's Square
- Q  
Quigley, George, Newtown Road  
Quigley, Michael, Queen's St.
- R  
Ralph, Mrs. Daniel, Bond St.  
Ryan, Annie, Blackmarsh Road  
Ryan, Mr. Michael, New Gower St.  
Radway, Amos, City  
Rendell, Miss Gertrude, Circular Rd.  
Ryan, Mrs., Bond St.  
Randell, Miss Fannie,  
care Mrs. Lynch, Gower St.  
Ryan, Joseph, Murray St.  
Ryan, Miss Annie, care R. J. Rennie  
Rellis, Miss B.  
care Parker & Monroe  
Reels, Miss Mary, Signal Hill Rd.  
Reynolds, Jacob, Brasill's Square  
Richardson, George, care G. P. O.  
Rose, Minnie D., Carter's Hill  
Rose, Miss Mary  
care Patrick Murphy, Coronation St.  
Rochford, Mrs. John, Gower St.  
Rogers, Miss A.  
Rogers, Mrs. Simon, Victoria St.  
Rumson, Miss Hazel, card
- S  
Stacey, Henry, City  
Shea, Edward, card  
Slaney, Miss Jessie  
Skames, Miss Lillian, Field St.  
Standers, James, Central St.  
Sheppard, Mrs. M., card  
Sheehan, John,  
care Captain Art. Snelgrove
- S  
Sexton, Mrs., card, Gilbert St.  
Sevier, Miss Agnes, Prescott St.  
Smith, Miss Carrie  
Simmonds, Mr., Hamilton Avenue  
Smyth, H. E., c/o General Delivery  
Snow, Mr. and Mrs.  
Stone, Miss Emma, Water St. West  
Scott, the Misses, Monkstown Road  
Soper, Mrs. J., late Bay of Islands  
Squires, Mrs. J., card, Long's Hill  
Squires, Miss Muriel, LeMarchant Rd.  
Shute, Miss Jennie, Hagerty's Lane
- T  
Taylor, Miss Ruby, City  
Taylor, Mrs. Jonathan,  
care Mrs. Wm. St. Clair, Southside  
Taylor, James, Gilbert St.  
Taylor, A. P., Bond St.  
Taylor, George  
Templeman, Miss Maggie, Military Rd.  
Thistle, Miss T., J. Barron, Gower St.  
Tibbs, Miss Mary, c/o Gen. Delivery  
Thompson, H.  
Thompson, Miss M., George's St.  
Tully, Miss P., card, George's St.  
Turner, Mrs. Julia, Freshwater Rd.  
Turner, Mrs. John, Freshwater Rd.  
Turner, Miss Daisy,  
Waterford Bridge Rd.
- V  
Vokey, Mrs. P., card, New Gower St.
- W  
Walsh, Martin, Long Pond Road  
Walsh, Thomas, Long Pond Road  
Walsh, Mr. and Mrs., Nagle's Hill  
Waddleton, Miss Bride,  
King's Bridge Road  
Walsh, Mrs. Patrick, George's St.  
Walsh, Michael, Southside  
Weir, Edward, Newtown Road  
Wetherley, G., Cochrane St.  
West, Mrs. Florence, Cabot St.  
Weir, James, Newtown Road  
Wells, Mrs. J., Livingstone Street  
Wheeler, Miss Emily, c/o Mrs. Taylor  
White, Mrs. M. A., Colonial St.  
Wiseman, Mrs. George  
White, Mrs. H., LeMarchant Road  
Wildridge, S. L.  
White, Mrs., Victoria St.



**War News**

**Messages Received Previous to 9 A.M.**

FIGHTING IN ASIATIC TURKEY  
A brief communication issued this evening concerning the fighting in the Turk's second line west of Kut-el-Amara on the bank of the Tigris on a front of three miles. We also hold the third and fourth lines on a 600 yards. Turkish dead to the number of 950 have already been collected. Prisoners to the number of 127 were taken, together one gun, one machine, three mortars and other material.

**HARRASSING THE HUNS**

LONDON, Jan. 29.—A report from the British quarters in France to-night showed a mine yesterday afternoon southwest of Lens with good effect. Early this morning we raised the enemy's lines northeast of Ypres, bombing their dugouts and killing many casualties. The enemy's lines also were entered by our night northeast of Arras. Our troops penetrated the enemy's line and again destroyed his dugouts together with their occupants. A considerable number of German soldiers were encountered in the trenches killed, and in addition a few were secured in the countermine these two raids. There was considerable artillery activity on both sides during the day north of the Somme and in Ypres sector, which caused a large fire in the evening. Our heavy artillery has been active north of the Ancre, against the enemy's headquarters, dugouts and in the neighborhood of Lens. Much useful work was accomplished by our airplanes yesterday when some air fighting took place and one enemy machine was destroyed. One of ours is missing.

**RUSSIAN SUCCESSES.**

PETROGRAD, Jan. 29. (Official)—Six miles south of Braunsberg, our troops during Friday night gained possession, after bayonet fighting of the enemy's first line of trenches notwithstanding a number of desperate counter-attacks by the Turks.

**Hitt**



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