

# Violet's Lover

"I suppose so," was the careless reply. "Not that I care. Why should I care? Nothing of that kind matters to me. But I know they tell queer stories about me. They say I drink and gamble; they say that I— But I forgot—I must not repeat scandal to you. Now, if you heard those things said of me, would you defend me?"

"How can I answer you? You forgot that I have never seen you before."

"Yet you defend this Lonsdale! Do you know him?"

"The Mr. Lonsdale who has suffered so unjustly is the father of the gentleman to whom you are speaking," she replied; "and he is one of the closest friends I have in London."

"I suppose," said the baronet, "that Lonsdale's son imagines himself to be a handsome man. That kind of man always thinks great deal of himself."

"Do you not think him handsome?" asked Violet, who knew well that her lover had the statuesque beauty of a Greek god.

"I never waste one thought on a man's face," he replied.

But Violet's question told her how awfully her lover was jealous of the young lawyer.

The quadrille was over, but he would not leave her. She must go with him to Mrs. Eversdown had held out two fingers for him to shake, and had drawn them back very quickly; Mrs. Baudlers had shaken hands with him and then turned away very quickly to see if anyone had observed her. He had not been "out," no one had been pointedly unkind, but he had been coldly received, and Violet had observed it with some indignation. She had a strange feeling, as though she were in some manner sharing his disgrace—as though she, too, were under a cloud.

Now it was so different. Sir Owen's glory seemed to be reflected on her; people who had never troubled themselves to speak to her before now were fawningly polite to her. It was but reflected glory, she knew; still, it was pleasant.

Sir Owen insisted on taking her home as usual; he was as kind as ever as though she had been a princess. She could not tell how it was, but she seemed suddenly to have left far behind her the world of sorrow, pain and degradation, which she had so sympathized with Felix, she had been living so long.

"Here is your friend," said Sir Owen, and, looking up at the entrance of the tent, looking wistfully at her.

At first something like impatience vexed her. It was such a magnificent triumph for her, he might let her enjoy it; he might have waited a few minutes. It was not every day that she was waited upon by a rich baronet and envied by other women. She might never see Sir Owen again, while all her life was to be spent with Felix. Surely he might have waited a few minutes longer; but no, he was coming to see how proud and triumphant she was, and to see how she was resisting his will, and rose from her seat. Sir Owen looked at her in amazement.

"Are you going?" he asked. "I was just about to presume to ask you if you would go with me to see the flowers. They have some very fine ones here. I am told," she looked hopefully from one to the other. She did not know how to refuse such a tempting offer from Sir Owen; it would be an unequalled triumph for her. She might let her enjoy it; he might have waited a few minutes. It was not every day that she was waited upon by a rich baronet and envied by other women. She might never see Sir Owen again, while all her life was to be spent with Felix. Surely he might have waited a few minutes longer; but no, he was coming to see how proud and triumphant she was, and to see how she was resisting his will, and rose from her seat. Sir Owen looked at her in amazement.

"I have no views," he declared angrily. "I am quite tired of people with views."

"Clever men are all alike," remarked her ladyship, and his face softened a little at the words. "At least we have had a beautiful day," she said, "and beautiful music."

He could not deny it, or he would have done so. She continued: "This is the first time that you have met your new friends and neighbors together. Do you like them?"

"They are very much like other people," he sneered.

"You are sarcastic," cried her ladyship. "It is very wrong, but I really adore sarcasm."

"I am not," he said; "and you are wrong. I have no views. I am quite tired of people with views."

away from me eyes for an hour. Come away from all these people—I want to talk to you. Come down this avenue of chestnuts."

He mastered her by his stronger will; she went without one word. They walked slowly down the avenue of chestnuts, the man glancing on her golden hair and white dress.

"Let me look at you, Violet," he cried, with the passionate impatience of a young lover. "It seems to me that your presence near you must have dimmed your beauty as poisonous air kills a delicate flower. Let me look at you, my darling!"

He held her hand and stood looking at her, watching the radiant face with such love in his eyes that a woman must have had a marble heart to resist him.

"You are just the same. You must humor my fancies, Violet. Does not some one say that 'great love is semi-madness'?"

She laughed at the words touched her. She stood quite still, and the western wind kissed her face, played with her golden hair, showered the chestnut blossoms over her.

"You shall not even have the echo of another man's words hanging over you, sweet," he said. "Now the breeze has taken it all away."

Oh, Felix, how much you love me! It makes me tremble to think of it."

"You do not understand it even yet," he replied.

As he walked by her lover's side she could not help feeling the contrast. Who would ever—who could ever love her as this man did? Who in the whole wide world of thought had ever been so loved except her heart, the memory of his words thrilled her. They stirred the inmost depths of her soul. How he loved her, this handsome, angry-eyed man! His very heart, his soul and life, seemed wrapped up in her.

Even as she felt these things she could not help noticing the difference. When she had crossed the lawn with Sir Owen she had nothing but bows, smiles, glances of admiration, ill-concealed envy and wonder. Now that she was once again with Felix, no one noticed her, no one spoke to her. It was as though she had been forgotten.

Sir Owen had been asked to play croquet and had refused. His hand taken a bird's-eye view of the party—four old maids and a kept girl. It was not in his line, he assured Mrs. Hunter. He would not engage himself in any particular way, he would only linger and wait, watching for the next glimpse of the beautiful face that had set his heart and brain on fire.

He saw her at last, standing with Felix watching the players as lawn tennis, and the next moment he was by her side. Lady Rolfe, eyeing him, whispered to Mrs. Hunter:

"Sir Owen seems to be infatuated with Violet Hays. Some one should tell him she is engaged. Dear Mrs. Hunter, would you mind saying that I should like to speak to him?" And she smiled a well-satisfied smile when she saw the vicar's wife deliver her message.

"You wish to speak to me?" said Sir Owen, approaching Lady Rolfe with an air of ill-concealed impatience.

She saw that he looked annoyed, and she resorted to her favorite weapon—flattery.

"It is permitted to an elderly lady like myself to feel jealous, I certainly am jealous. We are old friends of nearly two months standing, yet you have not spent five minutes with me. Sit down here and give me your views about the fête."

Ungraciously enough, he took a seat by her side. She saw him look with angry eyes at Felix and Violet; but Lady Rolfe was a woman with a purpose. It took much to daunt her.

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to be married to that handsome young Mr. Lonsdale.

"Engaged to marry him!" cried Sir Owen, with an angry snarl. "A girl like that engaged to marry the son of a man who has been tried for perjury, or forgery, or something of the kind?"

Lady Rolfe laughed lightly, and touched him on the arm with her fan.

"Nay, nay; it was not so bad as that. Poor Mr. Lonsdale was innocent enough; but she is to marry his son—the wedding day is fixed, and they will be a very handsome pair. She will marry him, I hear, in the spring."

"That accounts for it," he said, and the heavy-lidded eyes were ever seen on a man's face.

"Accounts for what?" asked Lady Rolfe, with a great assumption of innocence.

"That accounts for it, in particular! But I thought he seemed to consider that he had some kind of a right to her."

And then, looking at him, Lady Rolfe saw a stern, cruel, and hateful expression on his face.

"So they are to be married in the spring, are they?" he asked, slowly. "I suppose this young Lonsdale is very proud of himself."

"Dear me, yes. Does she care for him! Why, it is a love match pure and simple. She cares very much for him and for no one else besides."

He asked no more questions, but Lady Rolfe, still watching him intently, saw that the set, firm look deepened every moment on his face. She could not tell whether she had done right or wrong. She had told him that the girl was engaged, and that it was quite useless for him to think of her; but what did that look mean? Like every one else who had any part in making Violet Hays to Sir Owen that day, she had an uneasy feeling about it.

Sir Owen seemed to think he had done all that was required of him. He rose from his seat and left her ladyship with a bow.

"He will go to Lavinia now," thought Lady Rolfe. "How will waste no more time over Violet Hays."

But Lavinia beamed upon him in her costume of many colors and bright colors, she passed her with a careless bow. The moments seemed to him hours before he should be near Violet Hays again.

It was well for his popularity that no one saw this lowering, angry expression of his face as he crossed the croquet lawn.

"I would have her if I wanted her," he said to himself, "if every other man on earth laid claim to her, and if I had to fight them all."

Lady Rolfe had unconsciously done the very thing to defeat her own purpose. The fact which would have made Violet sacred to another man, she simply urged him on. It would be a triumph to win her, because so many others admired her; but it would be a double triumph if she was engaged to another man. Sir Owen's mind was made up. He would win her, and he would have her for his own.

She was beautiful enough to be a queen," he said, "and it would take a hundred lawyers to fight her case. A man would be able to do as he likes. If he cannot, what is the use of his money?"

He went at once to Violet, and Felix, standing by her side, longed to lift him up in his strong arms and throw him over the bridge.

"Miss Hays," he said, quite ignoring the presence of her lover, "do you live here in London?"

She appeared half-frightened as she answered: "Yes—I live at The Limes."

"I know it," he went on. "It is a pretty little place just outside London. I have often admired it. Does your father hunt?"

"No—he is quite an invalid," replied Violet, half-longing that Sir Owen would leave her, and half envying the distinction that his great notice of her brought.

"Ah, an invalid—very unfortunate! Not able to leave the house often, I suppose?"

Jealousy is like fire—it destroys all things," he said; "but I am foolish to be jealous. I have all faith in you, sweet—all faith. Say once again, I belong to you, Felix."

"The sun shows on her fair face as she raised it to his, the wind stirred the leaves as she said:

"I belong to you, Felix."

CHAPTER XII.

The fête was over, but people still talked of it—the unexpected appearance of Sir Owen Cheverell, and his admiration for the beautiful Violet Hays. Violet had said but little at home; she had told her father that the baronet intended to come to see him, and Francis Hays had looked up in bewilderment.

"Coming to see me!" he cried. "What is that for?"

"He did not see the hot flush on his daughter's face," said Mrs. Hays, "and he was coming. Well, if it is about that right of road," he continued, "he may save himself the trouble, for I shall never give in—never. He is coming for when he comes," said Mrs. Hays; "there is nothing so absurd as guessing. I shall not believe it until I do see him."

(To be Continued.)

ACHES AND PAINS.

Are Merely Symptoms of Disease and Must be Treated Through the Blood.

If you suffer with pain—any kind of pain—keep in mind that pain is but a symptom of a disease; that the cause of the pain is not the pain but its cause; that liniments and oils for external application are absolutely useless. To overcome the cause of pain, no matter where located, will disappear when you purify and enrich the blood and strengthen the nerves. Aids when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. Every dose actually makes new, rich, red blood, which drives disease from the system and builds up the body. See his remarkable testimonial people have given their testimony to prove this. Mr. George Cary, Tilbury, Ont., says: "For a whole summer I suffered terribly from sciatica. The pain was something awful, and I could scarcely bear to have anything touch my leg. I took medicine from the doctors, and tried a number of remedies, but none relieved me. Then I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this medicine helped me almost from the start, and I am now well. I have had a twinge of it. I therefore have great reason to praise Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Why Thinkers Live Long.

Thinkers as a rule live long, or, to put the proposition into more general terms, the brain is the seat of longevity. Herbert Spencer has died in his eighty-fourth year, Darwin reached his seventy-third, Sir George Stokes his eighty-fourth, Carlyle his seventy-sixth, and many others. It is not surprising that the brain is the seat of longevity, what Sir William Gull called the central battery, and its stimulation undoubtedly strengthens the forces that make for vitality. Healthy exercise of either mind or body of course favors length of days, but the strings of the thinker and writer are seldom quite of the same length. Darwin, Carlyle and Spencer were victims of nearly life-long dyspepsia, and yet exceeded three score and ten. Pleasant exertion without pleasure; a priori, one would not expect that a thinker would live so long as a man of experimental research, and experience seems to confirm the expectation. No one will question Sir James Paget's dictum that undue fatigue is a common cause of disease, but so is a common cause of activity?—London Telegraph.

Modern Method of Tool Repairing.

Every engineer is now familiar with the fact that in all modern works of any size the making and repairing of tools is managed by a special department of the works. The "good days" of tools is a gang of men who stand in line waiting for their turn at the grindstone has gone by. In a modern shop, when a tool needs grinding it is sent to a "grinder," and another one, all ready for use, is obtained at once.

It is easy to see how much more economical such a method is, for the preparation of tools is kept in the hands of people who are doing nothing else and who are necessarily much more expert than the general workmen would be, while the latter do not waste time in waiting for a turn at the grindstone.—Cassier's Magazine.

A Mighty Nimrod.

Pennsylvania French Bowl, Burd Hunter—Had great luck today.

The noble Gunter—Bag anything? Burd Hunter—No but I brought up the noblest path, all show that

## VALUE OF PEDIGREE.

Mr. Hodson Tells What a Good Pedigree is.

Department of Agriculture, Commissioner's Branch.

Breeders of live stock talk freely of the good pedigrees possessed by their animals; but a greater number of them do not realize what the term really means. What is a good pedigree? This question was answered very fully by Mr. F. W. Hodson, Live Stock Commissioner, at his recent session of Parliament. For a pedigree to be really good, and a sire impressive, the ancestor should be alike in type, quality and breeding for several generations—the more the better. There is a great necessity for breeders to observe uniformity in the type of animals they select. The more uniformity there is in all his ancestors, both in breeding and quality, the more impressive a sire will be. The successful breeder of stock should pay a great deal of attention to this feature; he cannot be successful unless he has a good pedigree. A sire that has been got by a good sire, but out of a very indifferent dam, is of little value, because the sire is only one of many in a pedigree, and has only the influence of one, while the dam influences all of the offspring. It is often better to choose a somewhat inferior animal of good breeding than a good animal of poor breeding. Many animals with long pedigrees are useless for improving the quality of our stock. Why? Because their ancestors have not been of uniform quality. Many of the pure-bred animals imported into Canada are of poor quality and not bred to type; others have a good appearance, but their ancestors have been irregular in type, quality and breeding. If a man wishes to show a herd of good cattle or a stable of good horses he must have them of uniform type and in order to get them so he must study and practice line breeding as far as type and quality go. So it is in breeding all classes of animals. The advantages of adhering closely to type, and calling out all animals that do not come up to the standard are well illustrated in the case of the British sheep breeders. They are a large and good, and exceedingly well managed. The ewe flocks are of uniform quality, but we do not see the same care is exercised in regard to the quality of the breeding males. The ewe flocks are of uniform quality, but we do not see the same care is exercised in regard to the quality of the breeding males.

WAKEFUL BABIES.

No baby cries for the mere fun of the thing. It cries because it is not well—generally its little stomach is sour, its bowels congested. A skilful hot and feverish. This is often why babies are wakeful and make nights miserable for the parents. Believe the little one and it will sleep at night, and let the mother get her needed rest as well. Just what mothers need for this purpose is Baby's Own Tablets—a medicine that speedily relieves and promptly cures all the minor ailments of young children. The experience of thousands of mothers has proved the truth of this, and among these mothers is Mrs. James Farrell, Banbury, Ont., who says: "My child was with colic, and the medicine in the world for little ones. My baby was cross and gave me a good deal of trouble, but since using the tablets I could not wish for a healthier or better natured child."

Stronger praise could not be given, and the mother has a guarantee that the tablets contain no opiate or harmful drug, sold by medicine dealers at 25 cents per box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

War Record of a Dog.

Unusual interest centered in a case heard in the Dublin police court recently, in which the leading figures were a dog that formerly belonged to Gen. Philip Bothe, and went through a good portion of the South African war. Ernest Warburton, captain manager for the contractors, was summoned for cruelty to the animal, which has been stationed for some time past with the Royal Irish Rifles at Richmond Barracks.

The bulldog, which now belongs to Color Sergeant Edwards, Royal Irish Rifles, was accommodated with a seat in the witness box, from which point he seemed to take a languid interest in the proceedings. He was dressed in a coat with green facings, and wore several South African medals, with clasps. The animal's record is an eventful one. During the Boer war he was captured by the Boers, Royal Irish Rifles, Mounted Infantry, from Commandant Philip Botha's farm in the Doornberg, in September, 1900. From that time until the end of the war he tracked with the Rifles, mounted force from Griqualand in the west of Basutoland in the east, and he still bears the scar of a wound received from a bullet in the chest when he was in the Cape Colony. For his service the bulldog now wears the Queen's South African medal with clasps, and the King's South African medal with clasps. The dog was called, that this was the most distinguished dog in the country, as he had medals.—London Daily Telegraph.

Cause of Colds.

The invariable cause of colds comes from within, not without. No one takes cold when in a vigorous state of health, with pure blood coursing through the body, and there is no good reason why any one in ordinary health should have a cold. It may come from insufficient exercise, breathing foul air, or from wholesome food, excess of food, lack of bathing, etc., but always from some violation of the plain laws of health.

There can be no more prolific cause of colds than highly seasoned foods, as well as frequent eating. These give no time for the digestive organs to rest, and invite an increased flow of the digestive secretions. Thus larger quantities of nourishment are absorbed than can be properly utilized, and the result is an obstruction, commonly called a "cold," which is simply an effort of the system to expel the useless material. Properly speaking, it is self-poisoning, due to an incapability of the organism to regulate and compensate for the disturbance.

A deficient supply of pure air to the lungs is not only a strong predisposing cause of colds, but a prolific source of much graver ailments. Pure air and exercise are necessary to prepare the system for the assimilation of nutriment, for without these there can be no vigorous health. The oxygen of the air we breathe regulates the appetite as well as the nutriment that is built up in the system.—Science of Health.

Kilts and Pipes at Dinner.

A Highland dinner is a very smart affair, and one that is never seen south of the Tweed. The laird wears his full dress kilt every night, and everyone with any claim to a clan does the same, so that often there are more killed men around the table than black coats. A laird some of the nouveau riche seem to think because they rent 20,000 or 30,000 acres of shooting, they are qualified to don a kilt, too, but nothing is more ridiculous. It is a dress that only belongs to the descendants of the Highlands. The Duke of Sutherland wears a tweed kilt when he wanders about Dunrobin, while the Dukes of Athol, Buccleuch and Montrose all wear their tweed kilts by day and their tartans by night. One has only to look into a shop in Inverness to see what an endless number of clans there are, and as some of them have a hunting tartan as well as an ordinary one, the collection of plaids and brooches is surprising. It is not only a man's dress but a woman's. The full dress kilt is splendid, and a man to the maner born looks far better in it than in any other clothes. It gives a distinction to a pedestrian as he comes along striving, in spite of disagreeable, to utilize the overgrown and sparse footstep of the earlier procession. The stamping of dignity is not the shoddy, but the momentary homelike atmosphere of the little oasis of pavement to the relief of an onerous gait on the suburban path, all show that

the snow shoveller is a benefactor of his race. But, like all real public services, shovelling snow has its own reward. Like all true charity, it blossoms in a giver's heart. Every shoveller lifted from the packed snow on the pavement gives a mental satisfaction peculiarly its own. As the cleared space enlarges, the heart of the shoveller expands with sympathy. When the dividing line that marks a neighbor's responsibilities draws near there is a feeling of coming triumph as if the victory were over the forces of nature.

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The Snow Shovel.

Toronto Globe.

This homely implement is the one link connecting the city cave-dweller with the actual and visible outside world. . . . The hush of the snow is an invitation, but the steeley ring of the shovel blends an inspiring sense of duty and opportunity. The long steps of the early pedestrians passed silently in the morning seem both a call and an accusation. It is so seldom that one can be so contented in this world! The careful, the arduous labor, the self-denying effort, are so often futile and come to naught. But with the snow shovel the benefits are certain and the reward awaiting. It forces a contemplation of the city's quiet aspect, when even the walled streets are touched and smothered by the motherly hand of nature. There is gratitude in the stamp of the shovel, as a pedestrian as he shakes the snow of your more dilatory neighbor from his feet. And sometimes there is even more than gratitude when a distinguished pedestrian comes along striving, in spite of disagreeable, to utilize the overgrown and sparse footstep of the earlier procession. The stamping of dignity is not the shoddy, but the momentary homelike atmosphere of the little oasis of pavement to the relief of an onerous gait on the suburban path, all show that

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