(Continued from last week)

"Are you mad?" I asked, with wellassumed contempt. "No; but the Mexican is, I have just left his room, and he raves perpetually of a ring he has give to Robert Harcliffe, of New Orleans. A ring that

must be restored to him on demand." "He raves," said I, coolly, although my heart was beating wildly. "He does, indeed," acknowledged Paola, "And he tells exactly where the ring was placed-in the outer pocket of your jacket. Will you pardon me,

senhor, If I prove the truth of his assertion?" He rose and advanced to me with a soft, stealthy tread, and I backed away until I stood fairly against the wall, vainly endeavoring to find some way

to circumvent him. "Hold!" cried a clear voice, and as Paola swung around upon his heel I saw beyond him the form of Valcour outlined by the dark doorway. "You were doubtless about to search the prisoner senhor," said the spy, calmly, as he approached us. "I have



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"Good God! the vault is empty." myself just come from the Mexican's room and heard his ravings. But the task must be mine, since the Emperor has placed the search for the key in my hands. Paola turned with a slight shrug and

resumed his seat "I have searched the prisoner already," he announced, "but failed to find the ring. Doubtless he has passed it to Piexoto, or secreted it. Or, it may be, the Mexican's words are mere ravings."

The detective hesitated. "Wno is this Mexican, Senhor Paola?" he asked

"Frankly, I do not know. Not a conspirator, I am sure, and evidently not a rovalist." "Then how came he to know of the existence of the ring?"

"A mystery, my dear Valcour, Have you yet identified the man this Mexican murdered?" "Not yet." "I myself have not had a good look

at the body. If you will take me to him I will endeavor to locate the fellow. It was doubtless he who murdered Ma-As he spoke he rose and walked

quietly toward the door, as if he expected Valcour to follow. But the spy. suddenly suspicious, cast a shrewd glance at me and replied: "One moment, Senhor Paola, I must

satisfy myself that neither Harcliffe nor Piexoto has the ring, in order that I may report to the Emperor." "As you like," returned the Minis-

ter, indifferently, and resumed his Valcour came straight to my side, thrust his hand within my pocket, and

"Ah!" he cried, his face lighting with joy, "your search must have been a careless one, my dear Paola! Here is news for the Emperor, at last." He hurried from the room, and paola, still smiling, rose and faced us

"It is a great pity," said he, pleasantly, with his eyes on my face, "that God permits any man to be a fool."

Before I could reply he had followed Valcour from the room, and Piexoto, regarding me with a sullen frown, exclaimed:

"I can say amen to that! Why did you not tell me you had the ring?" I did not reply. The taunts and the loss of the ring had dazed me and I sank into a chair and covered my eyes with my hands.

Pacing the room with furious energy, Piexoto growled a string of laments and reproaches into my unwilling ears.

"My poor comrades It is their death-warrant. These records will condemn to punishment half the great families of Brazil. And now when the battle is almost won, to have them fall into the Emperor's hands. Thank God, de Pintra is dead! This blow would be worse to him than death it-

"However," said I, somewhat recovering myself, "we shall now secure his body from that grim vault. That is one satisfaction, at least." He did not see fit to reply to this,

but paced the floor in as great agitation as before. Captain de Souza entered with two of his guards.

"The Emperor commands you to unlock the vault," he said to me, "Be good enough to follow, senhor. And Senhor Piexoto is also requested to be

"Tell the Emperor I refuse to unlock the vault," I returned, firmly.

"And why?" demanded Piexoto, scornfully. "It is merely a question of time, now that they have the key, when they will find the right indentation in the door."

"True," I answered. Then, to the captain: "Lead on, I will follow." They escorted us to the library and down the winding stair until we stood in the well-known chamber at the end of the passage. The outer door of the vault lay open, displaying the steel surface of the inner door, with its countless indentations.

The Emperor and his secretary, to ser with evident admiration. gether with Paola and Valcour, were | "You are wonderfully clever, my

signed this vault. Let him open it him- Somehow, the words seemed to ring self." I replied, my resolution halting true. at the thought of what the open door | Valcour flushed to the roots of his

SCHUYLER

STAUNTON

"Yes, I designed it," said the Minister, "but I did not execute the work. Doubtless in time I could open the door; but the Emperor is impatient." I saw that further resistance was useless, Bending over, I fitted stone of the ring into the proper indentation, and shot the bolts. The great door was swung upward, a whiff of the damp, confined air entered my nostrils and made me shiver.

Reaching my hand within the vault I turned the switch that threw on the electric light, and then withdrew that the others might enter.

But no one moved. The light illuminated the full interior of the great vault, and every eye gazed eagerly within. Valcour uttered a groan of baffled rage; Piexoto swore horribly in a scarcely audible tone, and the Minis-

ter of Police laughed. "Good God!" cried the Emperor,

CHAPTER XVII.

With a bound I stood within the ed, with a scowl. grim vault and searched its confines with anxious eyes. True enough, the place. But still I gazed through the place was empty. Not a scrap of paper, glass at the labyrinth of walks and there. The shelves that lined the walls at this side of the house. I knew every were as bare as Mother Hubbard's cup-

gone. The body of Miguel de Pintra came to me that it would not be diffiwas gone. Thank God, the great and cult to escape in that maze of hedge glorious Cause was as yet safe! Valcour was on his hands and knees, prying into the corners for some scrap t0hat might have been overlooked.

Paola stood beside me with the old aggravating simper upon his face, twirling one end of his moustache. Suddenly Valcour stood up and

"Traitor!" he cried, with a passionate gesture, " it is you who have done this! It is you who have led us here only to humiliate us and laugh at us!" "Your Majesty," said Paola, without moving his head, "will you kindly protect me from the insults of your ser-

the Emperor. "Senhor Francisco has proved his loyalty, and doubtless shares our chagrin, Come, gentlemen, let us leave this dismal place." I followed slowly in the train of the

party as it wound its way through the narrow passage and up the iron stairs into the library. My hand-cuffs had been removed when I was brought to open the vault, and an idea came to me to lag behind and try to effect my escape from the house. But Valcour was waiting for me at

the trap door, and called Captain de Souza to guard me. I was taken to the large room on the ground floor, from whence they had brought me, thrust through the doorway, and the key turned upon me. Piexoto had been taken elsewhere. and I found myself alone.

My thoughts were naturally confused by the amazing discovery we had just made, and I was so engaged in

wondering what had become of Dom Miguel and the records that I scarcely looked up when the door opened to admit Francisco Paola. He had in his hand a small parcel that looked like a box, which he placed upon a table near the open window. Next he drew a note-book from his

pocket, scribbled some lines upon three several leaves, and then, tearing them out, he reached within the box, taking care to lift but a portion of the cover, and busied himself some moments in a way that made me wonder what he could be doing. I had no susbox to the window and quickly removed the cover. Then, although his back was toward me, I heard a rapid flutter of wings, followed by a strange silence, and I knew that Paola was following with his eyes the flight of the birds he had liberated.

"So, my dear Minister, I have at last discovered your secnet!" said a sharp voice, and as Paola whirled about I noted that Valcour had entered the room and was standing with folded arms and eyes that sparkled trium-

"Orders to my men," remarked the Minister, quietly, and brushed a small feather from his arm.

"True enough!" retorted Valcour, with a bitter smile. "Orders to General Fonseca, whom you strangely overlooked in making your decoy arrests. Orders to Sanchez Bastro, who is to distribute arms to the rebels! And where did the third pigeon go, my loyal and conscientious Minister Police? To Mazanovitch, or to that Miguel de Pintra whom you falsely led us to believe had perished in yonder vault?"

He came close to the Minister. "Traitor! In setting free these birds you have fired the torch of rebellion; hat terrible flame which is liable to



'Traitor! In setting free these birds yo sweep the land, and consume royalist

and republican alike!" Paola, the sneering smile for once

awaiting us. The latter handed me the have wit; you have a clear judgment; have with the same thought. Some a concealed the fork in his bosom, and

"I hate you," he cried, stamping his foot with passion. "You have thwarted me always. You have laughed at mesneered at me-defied me! But at last have you in the toils. Francisco Paola, I arrest you in the name of the "On what charge?"

avenue of escape.

stumbling English:

bring us here blindfold. We work

many days on the big plate with

strange device cut in the steel. Careno

was expert. Only one place, cut with

great cunning, shot the bolts in their

sockets. For myself, I am clockmaker

and gem-cutter. They tell me to cut

emerald so it fit the plate, and mount

it in ring. Yes, it was I, Senor Ameri-

cano, who do that fine work-I, Man-

"Then they carry us away, blindfold

again, to the border of Uruguay. We

do not know this house-we cannot

find it again ever. So they think. But

to make sure they hire men to assas-

sinate us-to stab us to the heart in

those Uruguay Mountain. Fine pay for

our work-eh, senor? But, peste! Care-

two year we wander in Brazil-seek-

uel Pesta!

simple, is it not?

to rest

"But now the soldiers gallop up. The

house is fill with people. So I must

wait. I hide in secret place, but soon

they drag me out make me prisoner.

What! must I lose all now-millions-

millions of gold-and no Careno to

share it? No! I am still clever. I keep

He sprang up, chuckling and rub

bing his hands together in great de-

light. He danced a step or two and

then drew the steel fork from his

breast and struck it fiercely into the

table-top, standing silently to watch it

while the prongs quivered and came

"Am I not clever?" he again asked.

drawing out the fork from the wood

and returning it to his breast. But I

am generous, too. You shall divide

with me. But not half! I won all from

Careno, but you shall have some-

enough to be rich, senor Americano.

with insanity, and at his abrupt de-

mand I shifted uneasily in my seat, not

"Give me the ring!" he repeated, a

tone of menace creeping into his high-

I arose and walked toward the win-

"They have taken the ring from me

He stood as if turned to stone, his

"They have opened the vault with

He gave a shrill scream at this, and

"You lie!" he shouted, wildly. "You

try to cheat me-to get all! And the

it." I continued, "and found it bare and

dow, getting the table between

Then I turned and faced him.

fierce eyes fixed upon my own.

began trembling in every limb.

vault has millions-millions in

I made no reply. To reiterate

matter calmly. Indeed, he once more

and, grasping it as one would a dag-

ger, began creeping toward me with a

I approached the edge of the round

center-table, alert to keep its breadth

between me and my companion. The

Mexican paused opposite me, and

whispered between his clinched teeth:

"Give it me! Give me the ring!"

said I, fervently hoping I spoke the

truth, "and he will tell you of the ring.

I am quite sure Senhor Valcour has it."

see, my Americano-I will kill you. I

will kill you now, and then you have

Slowly he edged his way around the

table, menacing me with his strange

weapon, and with my eyes fixed upon

ever to take me unawares and reach

First in one direction and then

This situation could not stand

nothing for your treachery!'

"Ah, I am betrayed! You wish to

and notes. Give me the ring!"

stealthy, cat-like tread.

And now, give me the ring!"

knowing how-to reply.

pitched voice.

ring in mouth until I meet you, and I

search me. there is no ring."

"The charge of treason!" Paola laughed softly, and in a tone denoting genuine amusement. "Come, my brave detective," said "we will go to the Emperor together, and accuse each other to our

hearts' content!" Indeed, I could not determine at that He attempted to take Valcour's arm. moment whether the man was still inin his inimitable jaunty fashion; but the spy shook him off and followed Paola from the room, trembling with

suppressed rage. For my part, I knew not what to will find riches—riches very great! make of the scene, except that these Why? Because we Mexicans-Careno men were bitter enemies, and each enand myself-we build the door of the deavoring to destroy the other. But big vault under this house. So? They could Valcour's accusation be true!

Had the torch of revolution really been

God forbid that I should ever mee with such another man as Francisco Paola again! Deep or shallow, coxcomb or clever conspirator, true man or traitor-it was as impossible to read him or to judge his real character as to solve the mighty, unfathomable secrets of Nature.

One moment I called him traitor: the next I was sure he was faithful to the Cause. But who could judge the man aright? Not I, indeed! Thus reflecting, I approached the

window and looked out. Eight feet below me one of the Uruguayan guards paced back and forth upon the green with staring eyeballs, "the vault is lawn, his short carbine underneath his arm, and a poniard swinging at his

The fellow looked up and saw me. "Close that window!" he command-

I obeyed, sliding the sash to its a book, or a bank-note had been left hedges defining the extensive gardens dered there many hours during my so-The records of the Revolution were journ at the mansion. And the thought and shrubbery, had I once a fair start of my pursuers.

> Within my range of vision was a portion of the driveway, and presently I saw the Emperor's carriage roll away, followed by several others. Piexoto was seated in the last of the carriages, but only a small portion of the Uruguayan guard accompanied the cor-

I tried to see if the Minister of Police was among those who were returning to Rio, but was unable to note his presence in the brief time the carriages were in view. Nor did Valcour seem to be with them. Captain de Souza evidently remained in charge of "Have peace, Valcour!" growled the guards left at the mansion. Well, I longed to leave the place myself, now that the emptiness of the

> me to remain a prisoner. The day dragged wearily away. One of the Uruguayans brought me food at noontime, and I ate with good appetite. The room grew close, but when I attempted to raise the window the surly guard outside presented his carbine, and I respected his wish to leave

secret vault had been disclosed; but

for some reason my captors desired

the sash lowered During this time I had ample opportunity to speculate upon the astonishing events of the morning; but my attempt to solve the problem of what had become of Dom Miguel and the records seemed absolutely futile. That the body of the chief had been reremoved by some friendly hand-the give it to you to keep. When they same that had saved the funds and papers-there was no doubt whatever. But when had this removal taken

At one time a fleeting hope animated me that the vault had been entered in time to save Dom Miguel from suffocation; but a little reflection soon caused me to abandon that notion. Allowing that the slaver of Madam Izabel had been a natriot, and left the train at the first station beyond Cruz. he could not possibly have returned to de Pintra's mansion on the swiftest horse within eight hours of the time

my friend had been entombed alive and long before that Dom Miguel would have succumbed to the confined atmosphere of his prison. Moreover, none of the conspirators

who knew of the ring or was competent to recognize it had been on the train at the time of Izabel de Mar's death. Therefore the patriot who finally secured the key to the vault and saved the records must have obtained the ring long after any hope of saving the life of the imprisoned chief had been abandoned.

Somehow, it occurred to me that the man in the shrubbery had not been murdered by the Mexican, but by some one of our band who had promptly cleared the vault and escaped with the contents-even while the Emperor and his party were in possession of the house. The ring might have been dropped during the escape and found by the Mexican—this being the only plausible way to account for its being in

Although these speculations were to assertion would do no good, and the some extent a diversion, and served to man was incompetent to consider the occupy my thoughts during my tedious confinement, there were many details drew that ugly fork from his breast to contradict their probability, and I was not at all positive that I had discovered the right explanation of the mystery.

It must have been near evening when the door was again opened. This time a man was thrust into the room and the door quickly locked upon us. I started from my chair with an exclamation of dismay. My fellow-prisoner was the mad Mexican!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The man did not seem to notice my take all-you and this Valcour! But presence at first. For a time he remained motionless in the position the guards had left him, his vacant eyes fixed steadily upon the opposite wall. Then, with a long-drawn sigh, his gaze fell and wandered to the table where stood the remains of my lun- his I moved in the opposite direction, cheon. With a wolf-like avidity he retaining the table as my shield. pounced upon the tray, eagerly consaming every scrap that I had left, the other he moved, swiftly at times, and draining a small bottle of wine then with deliberate caution, striving

of the last dregs it contained. When he had finished he still conme with his improvised dagger. tinued to fumble about the tray, and presently picked up a large, two-tined tension for long; I realized that sooner steel fork and examined it with care- or later the game must have an abrupt ful attention. They had brought no ending. knife into the room, and I had scarcely So, as I dodged my persistent enemy, noticed the fork before; yet now, as I set my wits working to devise a to send a telegram warning Mazanothe Mexican held it firmly in his means of escape. The window seemgone from his face, gazed at his accu- clinched fist, and passed it to and fro ed my only hope, and I had lost all fear with a serpent-like motion, I realized with a thrill of anxiety that it might

then turned to examine the room more carefully. His first act was to approach the window, and when he started and shrank I knew our ever-vizilant guard

PREPARATIONS Next he swung around and faced the place where I sat slightly in the Positively Cures all Forms of ow. The day was drawing to its lose, and he had not noticed me be-SKIN DISEASE fore. A swift motion toward his breast was followed by a smile, and he ad-

vanced close to me and said, in his No matt "Aha! My American frien' to which kinds of Piles. Price 50c gave the ring! It is safe, senor? It is and \$1.00. EVERY BOX OR BOT-TLE WARRANTED TO CURE, OR I nodded, thinking to humor him. MONEY REFUNDED.

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no and I-we stab our assassins-we of the sentry in the more terrible danescape—we swear vengeance! For ger that confronted me. Suddenly I exerted my strength and ing, ever seeking for the house with thrust the table against the Mexican so forcibly that he staggered back-"How clever they are! But we, are ward. Then I caught up a chair and we not also clever? On a railway train after a swing around my head hurled one day we see a lady with the ring! it toward him like a catapult. It crush-We cannot mistake-I made it, and I ed him to the floor, and e'er he could

know my work. It is key to the big vault! Careno cannot wait. He sit beside lady and put his knife in her heart. The train rattle along and the lady make no noise. But the ring sticks, so Careno cuts off finger and puts in pocket. Are we not clever, senor? New we have ring, but yet know not of the house with the vault. We keep quiet and ride on to Rio. There the dead lady is carried out and all is excitement. She is Senora Izabel de Mar, daughter of Dom Miguel de Pintra. She come from her father's house at Cuyaba. This we hear and remember. Then a man they call Valcour he rush up and cry, 'Her finger is gone! The ring—where is the ring?' Aha! we know now we are right. "So we go away and find out about Miguel de Pintra-the head of great rebellion with millions of gold and notes to pay the soldiers when they

fight. Good! We know now of the vault. We know we have key. We "Quick! for your life-drive on!" know we are now rich! Careno and I rise again I had thrown up the sash we go to Cuyaba-we find this houseof the window and leaped out. we hide in the bushes till night. Then Fortune often favors the desperate. Careno get mad for the money-he I alighted full upon the form of the unwant it all, not half-and he try to mursuspecting sentry, bearing him to the der me. Ah, well! my pistol is quicker ground by my weight, where we both than his knife, that is all. He is wearrolled in the grass. ing ring, and it stick like it stick on Quickly I regained my feet and dartlady's hand. Bah! I cut off Careno's hand and carve away the ring. It is

ed away into the flower-garden, seeking to reach the hedges before my guard could recover himself. Over my shoulder I saw him kneeling and deliberately pointing at me

his carbine. Before he could fire the flying form of the Mexican descended upon him from the window. There was a flash and a report, but the ball went wide its mark, and instantly the two men were struggling in a death-grapple upon the lawn. Away I ran through the maze of

hedge and shrubbery, threading the well-known paths unerringly. I heard excited shouts as the guardsmen, aroused by their comrade's shot, poured from the mansion and plunged into the gardens to follow me. But it was dusk by this time, and I had little fear of being overtaken.

The estate was bounded upon this side by an impenetrable thick-set hedge, but it was broken in one place by a gardeners' tool-house, which had a door at each side, and thus admitted one into a lane that wound through a grove and joined the main highway a mile beyond.

Reaching this tool-house I dashed within, closed and barred the door behind me, and then emerged upon the

To my surprise I saw a covered carriage standing in the gloom, and made out that the door stood open and a man upon the box was holding the reins and leaning toward me eargerly as if striving to solve my identity.

Without hesitation I sprang into the carriage and closed the door, crying to the man: "Quick! for your life-drive on!" Without a word he lashed his horses and we started with a jerk that threw

me into the back seat.

I heard an exclamation in a woman's startled voice and felt a muffled form shrinking into the corner of the carriage. Then two shots rang out; I hear a scream and the sound of a fall as the driver pitched upon the ground. and now like the wind the maddened horses rushed on without guidance, swaying the carriage from side to side with a dangerous motion.

These Brazilian carriages have trap in the top to permit the occupants to speak to the driver. I found this trap, threw it upward, and drew myself up until I was able to scramble into the vacant seat. The reins had fallen between the horses, evidently, but we were now dashing through the grove, and the shadows were so deep that I could distinguish nothing dis "The guard will be here presently," tinctly.

Cautiously I let myself down until my feet touched the pole, and then resting my hands upon the loins of the madly galloping animals, I succeeded in grasping the reins and returned safely to the box seat. Then I braced myself to conquer the runaways, and when we emerged from

the grove and came upon the highway there was sufficient light for me to keep the horses in the straight road until they had tired themselves suffi ciently to be brought under control. During this time I had turned to speak a reassuring word, now and then, to the unknown woman in the carriage.

Doubtless she had been both amazed and indignant at my abrupt seizure of her equipage; but there was not yet time to explain to her my necessity. We were headed straight for the station at Cuyaba, and I decided at once

(Continued on Page Three)

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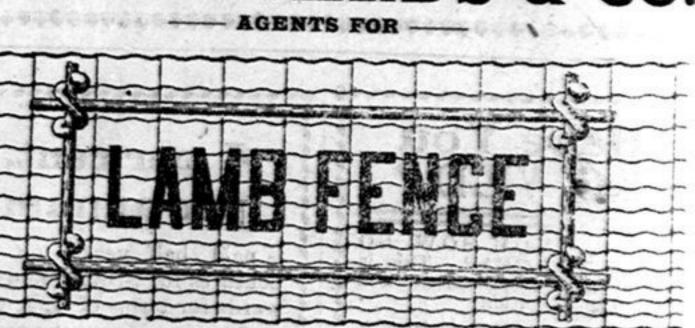
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