Let Him Help Himself To

CROWN BRAND CORN SYRUP

IT will do more than satisfy his craving for "something sweet"—it will supply the food elements needed to build up his little body and help him to gain in health and strength.

"Crown Brand" is a wholesome, nourishing food—as well as the most delicious of table syrups.

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Dealers everywhere have "Crown Brand" in 2, 5, 10 and 20 pound tins—and 3 pound glass jars.

THE CANADA STARCH CO. LIMITED
MONTREAL, CARDINAL, BRANTFORD, FORT WILLIAM.

Makers of "Lily White" Corn Syrup, Benson's Corn Starch and "Silver Gloss" Laundry Starch.

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The Bride's Name;

Or, The Adventures of Captain Fraser

CHAPTER XII.—(Cont'd).

He produced a shilling; and the small girl, with an appreciative nod, left the room, and closed the door behind her. Flower, suffering severely from nervous excitement, heard a discussion in the passage below, and then sounds of a great multitude coming upstairs and opening various doors on its way, in spite of the indignant opposition afforded by the daughter of the house.

"What's in here?" inquired a well-known voice as a hand was placed on his door-handle.

"Nothing," said Miss Chiffers; 'ere, you go away, that's my bedroom. Go away, d'you 'ear?"

There was the sound of a diminutive scuffle outside, then the door opened and a smartly dressed young man, regardless of the fair form of Miss Chiffers, which was coiled round his leg, entered the room.

"Why, Dick," said the skipper, rising, "Dick! Thank goodness it's you."

"I've no doubt you're delighted," said Mr. Tipping, coldly. "What are you doing with that knife?"

"I thought it was somebody else," said Flower, putting it down. "I thought it was another attempt on my life."

Mr. Tipping coughed behind his hand and murmured something inaudibly as his sister entered the room, followed by the third member of the party.

"Oh, Fred!" she said, wildly, "I wonder you can look me in the face. Where have you been all this time? Where have you been?"

"Give the man time to think," said her brother, exchanging a glance with the other man.

"I've been everywhere," said Flower, facing them defiantly. "I've been hunted all over the country."

"But where did you go when you left me that day?" inquired Miss Tipping.

"It's a long story," said Flower, slowly. "But you got the letter I wrote you?"

Miss Tipping shook her head.

"You didn't get it?" said Flower, in surprise. "I can't think what you must have thought of me."

"I'll tell you what I thought of you, if you'd like to know," interrupted Mr. Tipping, eagerly.

"I wrote to you to explain," said Flower, glibly; "I went abroad suddenly, called away at a moment's notice."

"Special trains and all that sort o' thing. I s'pose," said Mr. Tipping, with interest.

"Dick," said Miss Tipping fiercely.

"Well," said Dick gruffly.

"Hold your tongue."

"I've not had any real sleep since," said Flower, pathetically, "what with the danger and thinking of you."

"Why didn't you write again?" inquir d Miss Tipping.

"I asked you to write to a certain address in that letter I sent you," said Flower, "and when I came back to England and found there was no letter, I concluded that you couldn't forgive me."

Miss Tipping looked at him reproachfully, but Mr. Tipping, raising his eyes, gasped for air.

"But who are these enemies?" asked Miss Tipping, tenderly drawing closer to Flo ver.

"A man in the govermnet service—" began the captain.

He broke off disdainfully until such time as Mr. Tipping should have conquered a somewhat refractory cough.

"In the secret service," continued Flower, firmly, "has got enemies all round him."

"You'll have to get something else to do when we are married, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tearfully.

"You've forgiven me, then?" said Flower, hoping that he had concealed a nervous start.

"I'd forgive you anything, Fred," said Miss Tipping, tenderly; "you'll have to give up this job at once."

Captain Flower shook his head and smiled mournfully, thereby intimating that his services were of too valuable a nature for any Government to lightly dispense with.

"May I come round and see you to-morrow?" he inquired, putting his arm about the lady's waist.

"Come round to-morrow?" repeated Miss Tipping, in surprise; "why, you don't think I'm going to leave you here surounded by dangers? You're coming home with us now."

"No, to-morrow," said the unhappy mariner, in a winning voice.

"You don't go out of my sight again," said Miss Tipping, firmly. "Dick, you and Fred shake hands."

The two gentlemen complied. Both were somewhat proud of their grip, and a bystander might have mistaken their amiable efforts to crush each other's fingers for the outward and visible signs of true affection.

"You'd better settle up here now, Fred," said Miss Tipping.

Flower, putting the best face he could upon it, assented with a tender smile, and, following them downstairs, held a long argument with Mrs. Chiffers as to the amount due, that lady having ideas upon the subject which did more credit to her imagination than her arithmetic.

The bill was settled at last, and the little party standing on the steps waited for the return of Miss Chiffers, who had been dispatched for a four-wheeler.

"Oh, what about your luggage, Fred?" inquired Miss Tipping, suddenly.

"Haven't got any," said Flower, quickly. "I managed to get away with what I stand in, and glad to do that."

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm, and leaned heavily upon his shoulder.

"I was very lucky to get off as I did," continued the veracious mariner. "I wasn't touched except for a rap over my foot with the butt-end of a revolver. I was just over the wall in time."

"Poor fellow," said Miss Tipping, softly, as she shivered and looked up into his face. "What are you grinning at, Dick?"

"I s'pose a follow may grin if he likes," said Mr. Tipping, suddenly becoming serious.

"This is the first bit of happiness I've had since I saw you last," murmured Flower.

Miss Tipping squeezed his arm again.

"It seems almost too good to be true," he continued. "I'm almost afraid I shall wake up and find it all a dream."

"Oh, you're wide-awake enough," said Mr. Tipping.

"Wide-awake ain't the word for it," said the other gentleman, shaking his head.

"Uncle," said Miss Tipping, sharply.

"Yes, my dear," said the other, uneasily.

"Keep your remarks for those that like them," said his dutiful niece, "or else get out and walk."

Mr. Porson, being thus heckled, subsided into defiant mutterings, intended for Dick Tipping's ear alone, and the remainder of the drive to Chelsea passed almost in silent. Arrived at the "Blue Posts," Flower got out with well-simulated alacrity, and going into the bar, shook hands heartily with Mrs. Tipping before she quite knew what he was doing.

"You've got him, then," she said, turning to her daughter; "and now I hope you're satisfied. Don't stand in the bar; I can't say what I want to say here—come in the parlor and shut the door."

They followed the masterful lady obediently into the room indicated.

"And now, Mr. Robinson," she said, with her hands on her hips, "now for your explanation."

"I have explained to Matilda," said Flower, waving his hand.

"That's quite right, mar," said Miss Tipping, nodding briskly.

"He's had a dreadful time, poor feller," said Dick Tipping, unctuously. "He's been hunted all over England by—who was it, Mister Robinson?"

"The parties I'm working against," said Flower, repressing his choler by a strong effort.

"The parties he's working against," repeated Mr. Tipping.

"Somebody ought to talk to them parties," said Mr. Porson, speaking with much deliberation, "that is, if they can find 'em."

"They want looking after, that's what they want," said Dick Tipping, with a leer.

"It's all very well for you to make fun of it," said Mrs. Tipping, raising her voice. "I like plain, straightforward dealing folk myself. I don't understand nothing about your secret services and Governments and all that sort of thing. Mr. Robinson, have you come back prepared to marry my daughter? Because, if you ain't, we want to know why not."

"Of course I have," said Flower, hotly. "It's the dearest wish of my life. I should have come before, only I thought when she didn't answer my letter that she had given me up."

"Where 'ave you been, and what's it all about?" demanded Mrs. Tipping.

"At present," said Flower, with an appearance of great firmness, "I can't tell you. I shall tell Matilda the day after we're married—if she'll still trust me and marry me—and you shall all know as soon as we think it's safe."

"You needn't say another word, mar," said Miss Tipping, warningly.

"I'm sure," said the elder lady, bridling. "Perhaps your uncle would like to try and reason with you."

Mr. Porson smiled in a sickly fashion, and cleared his throat.

"You see, my dear——" he began.

"Your tie's all shifted to one side," said his niece, sternly, "and the stud's out of your button-hole. I wish you'd be a little tidier when you come here, uncle; it looks bad for the house."

"I came away in a hurry to oblige you," said Mr. Porson. "I don't think this is a time to talk about button-holes."

"I thought you were going to say something," retorted Miss Tipping, scathingly, "and you might as well talk about that as anything else."

"It ain't right," said Mrs. Tipping, breaking in, "that you should marry a man you don't know anything about; that's what I mean. That's only reasonable, I think."

"It's quite fair," said Flower, trying hard to speak reluctantly. "Of course, if Matilda wishes, I'm quite prepared to go away now. I don't wish her to tie herself up to a man who, at present, at any rate, has to go about wrapped in a mystery."

"All the same," said Mrs. Tipping, with a gleam in her eyes, "I'm not going to have anybody playing fast and loose with my daughter. She's got your ring on her finger. You're engaged to be married to her, and you mustn't break it off by running away or anything of that kind. If she likes to break it off, that's a different matter."

"I'm not going to break it off!" said Miss Tipping, fiercely; "I've made all the arrangements in my own mind. We shall get married as soon as we can, and I shall put Dick in here as manager, and take a nice little inn down in the country somewhere."

"Mark my words," said Mrs. Tipping, solemnly, "you'll lose him again."

"If I lose him again," said Miss Tipping, dramatically, "if he's spirited away by these people, or anything happens to him, Dick won't be manager here. Uncle Porson will have as much drink and as many cigars as he pays for, and Charlie will find another berth."

"Nobody shall hurt a hair of his head," said Mr. Tipping, with inimitable pathos.

"He must be protected against himself," said Mr. Porson, spitefully; "that's the 'ardest part. He's a man what if 'e thinks it's his dooty 'll go away just as 'e did before."

"Well, if he gets away from Charlie," said Mr. Tipping, "he'll be cute. There's one thing, Mr. Robinson; if you try to get away from those who love you and are looking afted you, there'll be a fight first, then there'll be a police court fuss, and then we shall find out what the Government mean by it."

Captain Flower sat down in an easy posture as though he intended a long stay, and in a voice broken with emotion murmured something about home, and rest, and freedom from danger.

"That's just it," said Mrs. Tipping, "here you are, and here you'll stay. After you're married, it'll be Matilda's affair; and now let's have some tea."

"First of all, mar, kiss Fred," said Miss Tipping, who had been eyeing her parent closely.

Mrs. Tipping hesitated, but the gallant captain, putting a good face on it, sprang up and passing his arm about her substantial waist, saluted her; after which, as a sort of set-off, he kissed Miss Tipping.

"I can only say," he said, truthfully, "that this kindness hurts me. The day I'm married I'll tell you all."

(To be continued).

A good business qualification is the ability to attend to your own.

Disabled Soldiers Will Receive This Decoration.

This is the new decoration for disabled soldiers fighting for Great Britain. Any soldier wounded will receive this reward. There is nothing in its monetary value, but it is cherished by the men.

GERMAN TRENCH HOUSES.

Officers Quarters in Dugout Contain Mirrors, Easy Chairs and Pictures.

The German front in the West, the London Times tells us, is like a huge village that is strung out along a road three hundred miles long. Of course the houses are all underground. Still they are houses of one or two floors, built according to certain official designs. The main entrance from the trench level is through a steel door, of a pattern apparently standardized, so that hundreds come from the factory on one order, and missing parts can be easily replaced. The heavily timbered doorway is made to their measure. Inside, a flight of from twelve to thirty-six stairs leads down at an easy angle. The treads of the stairs and the descending roof of the staircase are formed of mining frames of stout timber, with double top sills; the walls are of thick planks notched at the top and bottom to fit the frames, and strengthen with iron tie-rods that run from top to bottom of the stairs and with thick wooden struts at right angles to the tie-rods.

At the foot of the stairs a tunneled corridor runs straight forward for perhaps fifty yards, and from it rooms and minor passages open on either side. In some of the dugouts a second staircase leads to a lower floor, which may be as much as thirty or forty feet below the trench level.

These staircases, passages and rooms are usually completely lined with planks. In one typical dugout each section of a platoon had its allotted place for messing and sleeping, its own place for parade in a passage, and its own emergency exit to the trench. In another, used as a dressing station, there were beds for thirty-two patients and a fair-sized operating room. A third, near Mametz, was designed to house three hundred men, with the needful kitchens, provision and munition storerooms, a well, a forge, an engine room and a motor room. Many of the captured dugouts were thus lighted by electricity.

In the officers' quarters there have been found full-length mirrors, comfortable bedsteads, cushioned armchairs and some pictures. One room is lined with glazed "sanitary" wall paper, and the present English occupant is convinced by circumstantial evidence that his predecessor lived there with his wife and child. Clearly there was no expectation of an early move.

THE LATEST BATCH OF V.C.'s

Heroes Whose Brave Deeds Make Their Country Proud.

The latest batch of Victoria Crosses have been awarded to three officers and two privates in English regiments and a sergeant of an Irish regiment. All distinguished themselves not only for indifference to danger, but for quick thinking. In every case the winner had rallied and led troops under fire, had snatched victory from defeat. For instance, Private Robert Rider, of the Middlesex, assumed command of his regiment when all the officers had been killed or wounded, led a remnant of men forward, and with the aid of a Lewis gun cleared the trench in front of him and carried the enemy's position. In commenting upon the latest awards and reviewing some earlier ones, the New York Sun observes that among the winners was an elderly man who left a wife and nine children at home in order to serve his country, and "that glorious boy," John Travers Cornwall, who, mortally wounded, remained at his post in the Jutland battle because, as he explained shortly before he died, he thought he might be needed. We may be sure that when the roll of heroism for the war is completed no name will shine more radiantly than that of this lad.

Nor shall the first to win the cross in this war ever be forgotten. This was the famous Captain Francis, O. Grenfell, who was wounded in both legs and a hand at Andregnies, Belgium, on August 24th, 1914, while saving the guns of the 119th Battery. He was invalided home, but returned to the front and was killed in action. In his will Captain Grenfell left his decorations to the Ninth Lancers, "to whom," he wrote, "the honor of my gaining the V.C. was entirely due, thanks to the splendid discipline and traditions which exist in this magnificent regiment. This was one of the "First Hundred Thousand," the Old Contemptibles," as they are proud to be called. Some of the regiments that formed this first immortal expeditionary force to France, the Coldstream Guards, for instance, lost almost every officer. This force had been trained to fight to the last ounce of human endurance, and there was little of it left when the Battle of the Marne was decided.

Making Paper in Japan.

Paper making was one of the earliest industries of Japan. When Europeans were writing on the skins of animals and leaves of plants ancestors of modern Japanese were recording their thoughts on paper made from wood or vegetable fibre. Paper making in Japan was probably introduced from Korea about A.D. 610.

Good Advertising.

"That hen's a good cackler," remarked Mr. Wigway.

"Yes," the mistress agreed; "they're laying a corner-stone across the street, and she's trying to make us believe she did it."

"SALADA"

Every Leaf is of Virgin Quality

Sealed Packets Only. Never in Bulk.

Black, Mixed or Green. E317

PRACTICAL FARMING

Butter Maker's Chance.

It is well known that cream to churn in a reasonable time and in a satisfactory manner as regards quantity and texture of the butter produced, must be held at a proper temperature for some little time before being placed in the churn. This fact no doubt has much to do with the presence of undesirable flavors in dairy butter during the Winter months. In testing half a dozen different pounds of butter recently with the intention of purchasing the most satisfactory, the writer was surprised to find that no two pounds tasted alike. Each pound was dairy butter and each of a different brand. The cause of this variety of flavors was very likely due to the want of ventilation in the place where the churning had been done and the want of ventilation was probably due to an endeavor to maintain sufficiently high temperature by excluding outside air, or rather by keeping indoor air, which was warm, from escaping from the churning room.

A difference of 11 cents a pound in price of dairy and creamery butter, as was experienced on the occasion above mentioned, is sufficient to make any consumer enquire for the lower-priced product, and if he can find good-flavored dairy butter he is willing to overlook many shortcomings in texture which is a point that many dairy butter makers find hard to command satisfactorily.

The farmer's wife or daughter who finds she thinks it worth her while to make butter during the Winter should demand a room or building that is shut off entirely from the living quarters and that can be artificially heated to such an extent that a free passage of fresh air can be allowed without reducing the temperature below that desired for best results in churning. Such a dairy as this will help to ensure well-flavored butter; a good cream's starter, cleanliness and good ventilation in the stables are of course, other helps that must be provided if a satisfactory article is to be expected.

The present is no doubt the time at which the home dairy has the best chance to make a name for itself, and the rapidity with which a good brand becomes popular with dealers at any certain store in the city, is surprising and warrants an extra outlay by the maker as the grocer likes to move his goods as quickly as possible and is willing to pay a premium for a quick seller.

Salt Poisoning.

Samples of salt are occasionally sent to experimental stations by farmers for analysis, with the statement that animals, usually cattle or sheep, were poisoned after eating it in considerable quantities. In no case has any foreign substance that would account for the poisoning been found.

Since salt is necessary to life and is in universal use it is difficult to realize that in large amounts it is poisonous. Many cases of poisoning in chickens have been reported and occasionally in larger animals. In one instance salt was by mistake used instead of sugar in making a cake. The cake was given to the chickens and killed all of them. Chickens are very susceptible to salt poisoning and, while the amount that it takes to kill a horse or cow is considerable, this sometimes occurs when these animals are especially salt hungry.

When animals have not had access to salt for a long time it is safer to give it to them sparingly at first.

Farrowing Pen and the Sow.

Many a litter of pigs has been destroyed at farrowing time because the necessary precautions haven't been taken. A costly pen is not necessary, but a few things are necessary, viz., reasonably warm quarters, free from drafts, and dry and clean. A pen 6 x 8 or 8 x 8 is plenty large enough There should then be a railing or scantling 8 or 9 inches from the floor around the wall and set out from the wall about 6 inches.

This will remove the possibility of the sow crushing her pigs between herself and the wall, which is a common occurrence, as the pigs have a way of escape by getting under and behind the scantling. The sow's time of farrowing can be followed very closely. If we have the exact date of service and add to it 112 days, we may be almost sure of having the new arrivals on that date, as a sow seldom varies 12 hours, which cannot be said of any other of our live stock so far as I am aware. So when the time arrives, it is well to clean the pen out thoroughly and put in a small bedding of cut straw or chaff, as whole straw sometimes hinders the little pigs from crawling around and getting back to the mother.

In case of farrowing in very cold weather, it is a good plan to partly fill a feed basket with chaff, set down in the chaff a jug of warm water, and put the little fellows into this basket as fast as they arrive.

They will in this way be out of the mother's way while she is in pain, and they will soon dry one another and keep warm around the jug of warm water. As soon as the sow is done farrowing, they can be carefully emptied out beside their mother, who will usually stretch out and let them nurse. In the case of a young sow, it is a good plan to gently rub and handle her at times a few days before farrowing time. She will thereby get used to your appearing in her pen, and at the same time be gentle with her young. The sow should not only be fed upon laxative food for several days before farrowing, but should be fed upon laxative foods and fed very lightly for several days after farrowing, gradually increasing the quantity of food as the size of the litter requires. With the above precautions taken, we are now on a fair way to successfully raise the litter. It is a good plan, however, to let the sow and pigs out of the pen for exercise whenever the weather is suitable. If it is not convenient to let the sow out, it is a good plan to make a small opening so as the little fellows can run in and out at will. It will greatly lessen the dangers of (thumps) which causes many fatalities among winter litters. If they cannot be turned out, sods or earth from the root cellar should be thrown into them. Hogs are like some people in this regard, they want the earth.

FRESH GREENS IN WINTER.

A Kitchen Garden Grown in a Window Box.

I find much pleasure in having a kitchen garden on a sunny window sill during the Winter, and the bits of fresh greens that can be gathered in it give flavor and character to many soups, salads, and sauces. A few flower pots and wooden boxes, some fine pulverized rich earth, reliable seeds, and some patience are all that you need to succeed. With me the first thing to plant is parsley. It is excellent for flavoring and makes a fine salad. A few six-inch pots filled with parsley will give a supply for months, as the picklings may be repeated over and over again. The Fine Curler is the most desirable variety for the purpose. Fill the pots full to the top with rich earth, sprinkle the seeds over it, add a little more earth mixed with sand, sprinkle with water, and stand in the sun. Keep the earth slightly moist until the seeds come up. As the seeds germinate very slowly, it is a good practice to soak them twenty-four hours in tepid water before sowing. Spread them on a blotter to absorb the superfluous moisture, and then mix them with a little dry sand so that they can be easily handled.

Onion seeds can be planted in a rather deep box filled with very rich black earth. These are delicious for cutting when they are no bigger than a small radish, to give flavor to salads, and the flavorsome ends can be used in the soup pot.

It is easy to plant a few successions of mustard in a rather shallow box filled with finely pulverized rich earth. Sprinkle the seeds, cover them lightly with rich earth mixed withs and, water them and wait. The little mustard plants cut off from their' roots, peeled and added to salads, give a delightful savor. Peppergrass seed can be grown in the same way and proves equally interesting.—Farm and Fireside.

Once in a while a lazy man looks for work out of idle curiosity.

PEERLESS PERFECTION

Horse High — Bull Strong — Pig Tight

It's made right—from high grade material. In the construction of our PEERLESS FEACE we use Open Hearth steel wire, by eliminating one of the chief causes for the rapid rusting of fence wire. Peerless is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Sold by agents nearly everywhere. Agents wanted in open territory.

THE BANWELL-HOXIE WIRE FENCE COMPANY, Ltd.
Winnipeg, Man. Hamilton, Ont.

THE PRACTISE OF ECONOMY

EXPERIMENTS TO REGULATE PERSONAL OUTLAY.

Spending More Than You Can Afford on What is Not Necessary is Extravagance.

Extravagance is one of the evils that remain loyal to their definition. It means wandering beyond bounds and is most often used with reference to the expenditure of money.

What are the bounds, and who are them, within which individuals may spend money? It is a question that in many countries has been tried experiment has been tried of regulating and limiting by law the objects and amounts of personal outlay. These laws were sometimes military, rulers believed that overindulgence in luxuries weakened the body politic and sapped the courage of the people. That was the case with the Greeks, especially the Lacedaemonians, and also at different times with the Romans, the English and the French.

Sumptuary Laws.

It was the opinion that citizens could be less able to respond to the demands of the state for service if they were allowed to satisfy their appetance in gratifying artificial and sometimes again the moral. Indulgence in excess thought not only to be a sin but to lead to other vices, and so the government was empowered to regulate and control the habits of the people. That was the idea.

Those laws were called "sumptuary." They aimed at various things, all of which, however, were of the same general kind. They prohibited excessive expenditures for funeral solemnities and for funeral monuments; they limited the number of guests at banquets, marriage feasts, and also the cost and extent of the courses served; and they forbade the use of gold dishes at private entertainments. The sumptuary laws also applied to apparel and adornment of women. They regulated the use of gold and silver embroidery, jewelry, dresses of more than a single color, silk and fine linens, and even costly toys for children's dolls. Sometimes they made "fantastic and delicate fashions," such as the years of long, pointed shoes. Brides were permitted to have excessive dowries.

Unpleasant, But Necessary.

The men have not always enforced some of the laws above mentioned, applied to them, although, as we think, it was the women only who broke into revolt against these restrictions.

Laws of that kind have not been generally abandoned, partly because the idea of individual liberty has hardened, partly because a new view of the proper functions of government has become prevalent. Under the stress caused by the war now raging, some countries already resorted to them, and others are beginning to do so.

But although in our time, in normal conditions, the habits which expend time beyond means are no longer fixed by laws, it does not follow that there are no laws. They are now based on a common judgment of mankind, based on long experience. They are contrary like time, they are perpetuity, but vary from time to time according to circumstances and conditions. And, although we may not be able to enforce, in the old way, certain penalties, we do know that a low of conduct is the direct

Base Ingr

tle Mary was very ant suffering with ude always ittle brother, only s rom an attack of measles up in bed much re

"Don't you give your little p e?" she asked cheerily. "I w ; I w t." All Arthur will g ornising decision. At t ddily fell the last mouthful d of. Then Mary cried and longer.

"Mother," she cried, "Arthur d greedy boy! He wouldn't the tiniest piece of his c it was me that gave him the

"Oh, no, Mary, it was not you, it was me that gave him the

Irish Government [illegible] ty-four pounds a year in dividends from its shares in the Suez Canal.

The Markdale STANDARD

Is published on Thursday by C. W. RUTLEDGE, Markdale, Ontario.

Subscription, $1.50 a year. Twenty-five cents added when not paid in advance. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the publishers.

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L. G. CAMPBELL
(L.D.S., D.D.S.)
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