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NO. 6

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Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and unilds up the arstem ... Price 25c. Mnuyon's Headache Cure stops beadache three minutes. Price 25c. Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures at forms of piles. Price 25c.
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the blows had seemed to strike right to

"Bah! Get out! This is not a theater,"

"And now, sweetheart, that the

room's clear of that brute, tell me what

on earth does it all mean?"

prize them all the more.

soon to cease entirely.

idea of the tale she should tell.

what he saw, and he neither cared nor

When he had sated that desire and

"How did this happen, child?" he

"I hardly know. I think he meant to

courage. He won't trouble us any

He got up and then lit a cigarette.

little longer and a good deal harder."

"Do you feel better now, sweetheart?

With Beryl Leycester in possessio.

said when Lola's agitation seemed to b

saw that mark on his face. I did it.

struck him with my riding whip.

stopped to think.

resisted him and held him in check. the bone. She would not scream and did not utter

But the struggle was an unequal one, | hundredfold. I swear it!" and gradually she felt herself beginning to lose way before him. Her riding growled Sir Jaffray. Then, seeing a habit hampered her, and she began to couple of menservants in the hall, he Lola. fear that he would overpower her. She strove hard to think how she could prevent him from hurting her without calling for assistance from the servants.

Not for a moment did she lose her to kick him right down to the lodge presence of mind, though she knew gates." well the desperate character of the man | With that he shut the door and turned the last extremity, when she felt that she could not continue the struggle and that her life would be in danger if she did not have help, that she resolved to cry for assistance. But there was no need.

Just at that moment they both heard he sound of a horse's gallop and the him and kissed her. stamping of its feet as the rider checked t, throwing it upon its haunches just outside of the window.

brought the Frenchman to his senses. In another minute Sir Jaffray, looking very white and stern and carrying his heavy hunting crop in his hand, entered the room.

Lola, exhausted and breathless with her efforts, had sunk upon a low chair, while her late assailant stood upon the defensive.

CHAPTER XVL HORSEWHIPPED.

Sir Jaffray's first thought was naturally for Lola. "Are you hurt, my darling?" he asked, crossing to her and bending lovingly over her. "No, it is nothing. Oh, I am so glad

you have come!" And now that danger for herself and the excitement were over she was far more unsteady and unnerved than she had been before. She began now to fear the effect of with the Frenchman and the struggle an encounter between the two men and in which it had ended, the tension when felt that in a moment all that she had she had expected the truth to be blurted striven to gain might be lost. She clung out and the shock, half delight, half

to Sir Jaffray's arm and would not re- fear, of the horsewhipping. lease him with a side was very dis-"Let me go, dear one. And you-go to your room. Leave me to deal with his arrival his thoughts had been too this-gentleman." But she would not and clung to him

knew must be obeyed. "I will stay," she said and then loosed his arm.

"I do not wish it," said the barouet But Lela would not yield. "I would rather," she answered.

"As you will, then," said Sir Jaffray Then he turned to Pierre Turrian, who had been watching the pair closely and and thinking rapidly what to do. The minute's breathing space which Sir Jaffray's hurried questioning of Lola had afforded had given time for reconsideration and had changed the

current of the Frenchman's thoughts and the whole development of after At the moment of Sir Jaffray's entry in short sentences, like a child recover

Pierre Turrian's first instinct had been ing from a fright. to save himself from an exceedingly awkward complication by throwing the you?" asked Sir Jaffray, the thought baronet's anger on to Lola and exposing driving his eyebrows together in a heavy the true character of the relations be- frown and making him clinch his teeth. tween her and himself.

But the minute's consideration caused him to change his intention completely. I said at the time I did not want him If he were to do anything of the kind, all chance of benefiting by Lola's con- gerous. nection with the baronet would be gone. He would have lost his hold over her more," said Sir Jaffray in a much entirely, and the whole object which he had so long and so closely cherished lighter tone than he felt and wishing to cheer her up. "And if he doesn't

would be sacrificed. On the other hand, all that there was clear out from the neighborhood of his to fear was an unpleasant experience own free will after today's business I'll with Sir Jaffray's riding crop, a fight find a way of making him; that's all. in which he might or might not get the worst, followed, of course, by expulsion had passed, and Lola, with a sigh, let from the house, but he would still have him go from her side. Lola in his power and still be able to reap the reward he was striving for.

He measured up Sir Jaffray's strong, courage traveling fiddlers again. well knit frame and recognized the cer- think that he should turn out such a tainty that he could not hope to escape brute! And I actually liked the fellow. without some hard blows, but the stake By gad, but I'm glad I thrashed him, was worth winning. He had his tale ready, therefore, as soon as Sir Jaffray came toward him. then said very kindly:

"How dare you lay your hands on my "I answer no man who speaks to me that tone and backs his words with a I'll run up to my room and get my hab-

the mark of Lola's whip flaming like a out the chance of being observed she carriage for her companion. brand of red shame on his face.

the Frenchman's shoulders. It Pierre pressing her from the other there of Mrs. De Witt, She felt that she must the first taste of blood to a was no hope, no chance, no possibility be alone.

capable of acting by himself from the roused her. her through Jaffray's death, the latter was not safe for a day.

thoughts when the luncheon sounded and her maid knocked at the door. Lola let her in and then changed her dress and hurried down stairs. At luncheon Mrs. De Witt's curiosity had to be met and parried.

After her passage at arms with Pierre "I will go, and, mark me, every blow | be fery unpleasant to everybody and

that you have struck I will pay back a pecially to the Frenchman, and she wa

"He has had to go away, dear." "Gone away?" exclaimed Mrs. Witt in a tone of great surprise. again you have my express permission this morning. It must have been ver

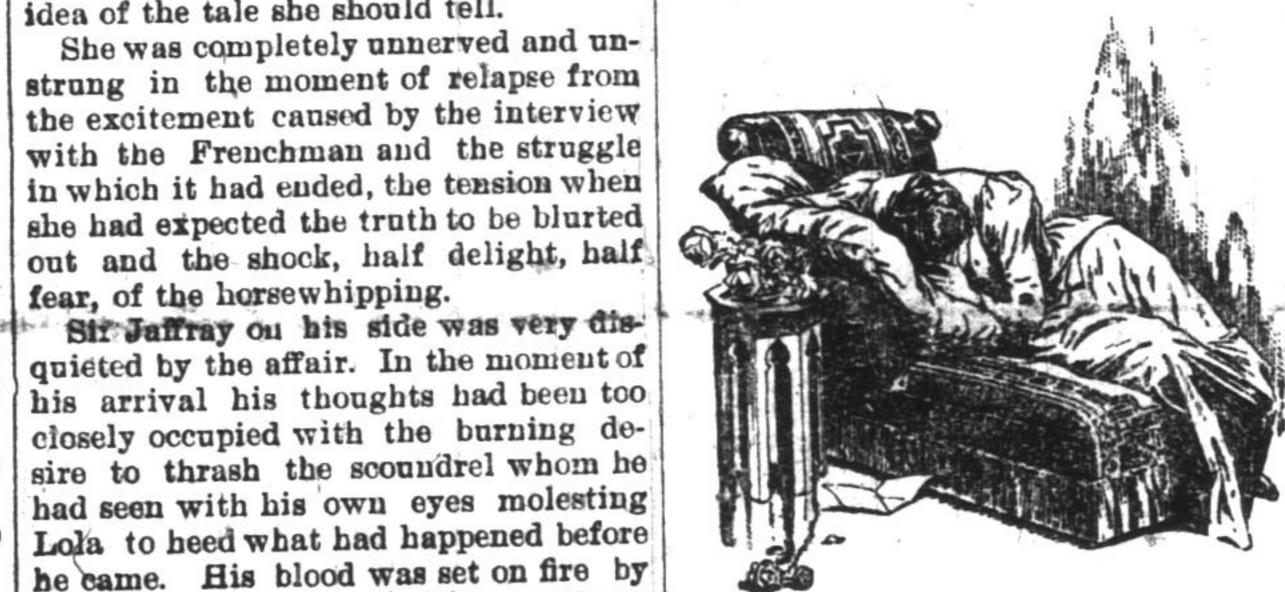
argent," said Lola.

"Is he coming back?" "No." interposed the baronet. fact is, I had a row with him when I came home and told him pretty bluntly He sat down by her and first took her hand in his, and then, seeing that she that his visit had better cease. I'd rather was greatly agitated, he ran his arm his name were not mentioned."

round her waist and held her close to ulated, and his demonstrative move- until my curiosity is satisfied? What but dishonor for him and a desolate, ments were rare enough to make her has he done? He hasn't stolen anything, has he? It isn't anything to do with twining her arms about his neck clung gether once, but that's all, though he thought cheered her, though it brought covering it with long, sweet kisses, and I should think a very daring one." while her eyes filled with tears, which | And she flushed slightly in discomfort fall unchecked. In all the years to

drawn from a too certain foreknowledge gone." that such moments in their lives were "I have told you enough. He went because I wished it. There is no more It was a growing pain to her, too, to be said." And the baronet spoke have to lie to him, as now she must, to sharply and decidedly. "That means I am to ask Lola when account for this extraordinary scene

with Pierre Turrian, and for the mo- we're alone; that's all," retorted Mrs. ment her wits failed to suggest even an De Witt. "You'd far better tell the



- Mistalyola

had lashed the man to his soul's delight and content and sat waiting for Lola to speak, he grew uneasy as to what could truth at once, because I shall only think there's some horrible scandal, and so possibly have happened between Lola will everybody else. Is it anything to and the man whom he had regarded as his friend that could lead to such an do with you, Lola?"

Sir Jaffray looked at her and smiled. "It's no use, little woman," he said, "not a bit of use. You can't worm anything out in that sort of way. Besides there's nothing to worm out that

try to kill me. He insulted me. You can possibly concern you." "Thank you. I see you retain all the rudeness of old friendship while withholding the old confidences." And Mrs. was then he attacked me." She spoke De Witt sniffed angrily.

"Just as you like," said Sir Jaffray, Did the man dare to make love to laughing, as he rose from the table.

Soon afterward he went away, leaving the other two alone. "I warned you, Lola," said Mrs. De "I was always afraid of his coming Witt as soon as they were alone. told you there was mischief brewing, here," said Lola evasively. "You know and that he was not hanging round y asked. Ugh! He is loathsome and dan-

for nothing with that are of possession of his. How did Magog find it cut?" "There is really nothing to tell you, "Never mind, sweetheart. Plack up was the reply. "You are so ridiculously far away from the truth and are making so much of so little that you are almost willfully misleading your-Jaffray and M. Turrian had very high words, and then, to my great pleasure, the latter went away. I never

His mood of demonstrative affection liked having him here at all.' "No, possibly not," said Mrs. De Witt in a tone from which much might have been inferred, but Lola let it pass

"It'll be a lesson to me not to en-"And now I am going to ask you a favor," she said. "There are, as you know, a lot of people coming here in a couple of days, and I have no end of and I'm only sorry I didn't lay it on a things to see to. Yet I am anxious to hear what is doing at Leycester Court with Mr. Leyeester. I wish you'd drive

He paused and looked at Loia and over there this afternoon and ask for me how he is and how Beryl is and when she can get back here." "Yes, Jaffray; I'm all right now. "You haven't the knack as yet, Lola,

graciously. She was cross, as a gossip and the fear, and the shame, and the than have to face it. No; hear me, It is merely a horsewhip for the back of planation so easily, and the thought it scandal. "But I'll go over to the Court, a dastardly coward who dares to strike best to spear as if she had shaken off and I'll drive through Walcote to see Can catch a glimpse of your Frenchman. I dare say he'll tell me the news. With no more than a smile at this shot Lola rang the bell and ordered

As soon as the latter had gone Lola went to her own sitting room to think out the rest of the problem. This had the secret on the one hand and with been her reason for wishing to get rid

before a knock at the door disturbed

He had neither what it was, so that having learned it tonight.

Lola stood for a moment staring help "What is the matter, dearest?" And he "and if only I could guess what it was troubled, he said very gently."

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Lola stood for a moment staring help "What is the matter, dearest?" And he "and if only I could guess what it was troubled, he said very gently."

But she knew also that he was quite | lessly at the open letter when the maid followed her into the room. "You have "Is there any answer, mum?"

"No, none," returned Lola hurriedly whipping, but also be, as he hoped, a the door again behind her, and, throw- ing to frame any words at all. strove to fight her way through a mist of thought to a clear course of action.

CHAPTER XVII.

It was useless to fight any longer. That was the burden of Lola's thoughts as she sat with Pierre's short, peremptory note lying on her lap. She had done her utmost in the fight for happiness. She had striven hard to

fighting against her, and there nothing left but to own herself beaten and accept the defeat as best she could It was hard to give it all up-hardest of all to lose Jaffray's love and to feel that he would know her for a cheat and a liar and worse.

She ran back in thought over the events of the time since her arrival in and weakly, as if to reassure him. England and smiled in self contempt as had a-a pain in my heart; that's all. she saw one after another the line of It's not dear Beryl's letter or-news. false steps she had taken. How paltry There's nothing-nothing about death "Yes, it was very sudden and very and unworthy seemed now the little in it, only to say—she can't get here ambitions which she had cherished then, again for a day or two and-would

for which she had striven! To be the wife of a rich man she had schemed and plotted and intrigued. And what had it proved to be? The one sacrifice that now caused her the "Oh, my dear Magog, that's simply least regret was that of her money and impossible!" cried Mrs. De Witt. "You position. The one thing she dreaded to dreadful load you are bearing, and my heart She was inexpressibly glad to be in excite my curiosity to the fever pitch lose now was the one thing which she is wrung for you. I know you are strong and his arms, for she had grown to love and then say calmly you don't want me despised then—Jaffray's love. She had him with a love to the full as passion- to mention his name. What's that but traded on his love to win wealth and It was Sir Jaffray, and the sight ate as that which she had formerly sim- an incitement to go on mentioning it honor for herself. The end was nothing

broken life for herself. Yet he had loved her-loved her like She nestled close to him now, and Beryl, is it? I saw them closeted to the true, gallant man he was. The to him and drew down his face to hers, is certainly a most original individual scalding tears to her eyes, which she let gather and blur all her sight and then he could not understand. She knew at the recollection of the scene at the come and whatever might befall her or well enough, however, that they were piano. "But you must tell me why he's him he would never blot out from his memory the love he had once had for her, and she loved the thought of that. If only the truth could be kept from

him for always! She would give her life, she thought, if that could be. What would he think of her if she were to die? How would he feel if were to come into the room and find

ber dead? Now she recalled some words that Pierre had spoken about drugs that told no tale and left no sign. What were they? How could they be obtained? How would it be to go to Pierre as he said in his letter, to seem to fall a with his plan to poison Jaffray, to get him the drug for that purpose Yet stay-there was no diffi-It did not need any such elabo-

rate preparation as that. She had but to feign a bad headache with sleeplessness and take a sleeping draft strong enough-for her to wake

No one would think of poison. life lay all before her, bright with a dazzling promise of happiness, thought the world. How little the world knew. Two people would understand, however, and know the truth-the man who held her in his merciless power and Beryl, who had guessed the secret.

What would they think? Nay, what would they do? Would Beryl tell? She thought of the girl's cold, firm, deliberate nature and for a moment wavered how to answer the question. No; Beryl would not carry any feeling, however keen, beyond the grave. She felt that. If she had paid the penalty with her life, Beryl would be as silent as the grave in

which she herself was to bury the secret. But what of Pierre? As she thought of him she was cold and sick. She knew too well what he would do. He would seek at once to trade on the shameful knowledge. He would tell the whole story to Jaffray, threaten him with exposure if he were not paid hush money, and thus held him in bondage by the knowledge of her shame till Jaffray should come to hate her very name and curse the day when he had grown to

The gates of death were thus shut against her, and she felt that she must work out some other means of escape. Not once in all her misery did she think of telling Jaffray. She knew him so thoroughly and knew how he would turn from her act and her shame that the mere thought of facing him at such a moment was more than she could en-

For this there was another reason, known only to herself, and the knowledge of it had set up in her mind hundreds of confusing thoughts, fears, impulses and emotions. There was the hope of a little life that was some day to be born, and, like a sword piercing the agony, was the knowledge that the child-hers and Jaffray's-

would be the child of shame. She knew too well what Jaffray weapon while I am defenseless," he reweapon while I am defenseless, he replied, with a good assumption of boldHas the exercise made you hungry?"

of making your house very attractive to days we should see a trouble that might have been and general way as to the cause your guests," said Mrs. De Witt unthis knowledge were forced upon him, make us both wish we were dead rather that mides from days we should see a trouble that might have and general way as to the cause your guests," said Mrs. De Witt unthis knowledge were forced upon him, make us both wish we were dead rather that mides from the cause would feel and think and say if once days we should see a trouble that might have a special to the cause of the cause would feel and think and say if once days we should see a trouble that might love for him and only speculated in a

Gradually out of the blinding mist and sorrow an idea began to take shape. If she were to see Pierre and lure something might happen to prevent his, doing any harm.

better still, if she were to fly from the manor house and let him know that she had done so, he might be driven from his purpose altogether. She could see him that night at the

she fell to pendering all the points that occurred to her in this connection. In the midst of this she was roused by sponse, but folded up the letter from Pierre and put it in her pocket.

Jaffray's--called her.

been sitting here alone," he added in a

The girl withdrew, and Lola locked said, her lips trembling and half refusabout her father. Read it and then let me see whether I can't cheer you up a bit. You are so strong usually that you startle me when you are like this." She broke the seal of the letter and

> opened it and almost instantly shrank together, while a look of intense pain spread over her strained face, which turned as white as salt. "What is the matter? Is he dead? cried Sir Jaffray, alarmed and thinking of Mr. Leycester, "Beryl shouldn't

send news like that so suddenly. The

shock's enough to make any one ill."

By an effort Lola fought down some of her distress. "No, he is-not dead," she answered very slowly, as though the words pained her. "It was not-not that. am not well, dear." She smiled faintly how utterly weak and poor the objects like me-to go to-her; that's all.'

She folded the letter and put it away in her pocket, where it lay against that which she had had from Pierre. It might well cause her pain, short though it was. It ran thus:

DEAREST LOLA-Come to me. I know the the course ahead. When I think of you in that desperate man's power, I shrink with fear Come to me. Your friend always, BERYL. The end was closer than ever. There was no mistaking either Beryl's

meaning or the kindness with which she wished to temper the blow which she knew her letter must strike. But the blow had to be struck. "Come to me and help me to shape

the course ahead." Lola knew wel. enough the only meaning which chose words could have. The truth had to be made known and that at once. She turned cold and shivered at the thought, and, seeing her shiver Sir Jaf-

fray, who had no clew to the mental suffering which she was enduring, set it down to illness. "You are ill, Lola," he said very gently and soothingly. "I shall send for Dr. Braithwaite." And he turned

"Don't go," she pleaded. leave me for a minute. Take me your arms once more, Jaffray." " 'Once more?' What do you mean sweetheart?" he asked in astonishme. God forbid that my arms should ever be closed to you!" "Aye, God forbid it!" she

"Now pet me and soothe me as you used to wish to do in the days when wouldn't let you." He took her in his arms, and then chair where she had been he drew her dered whether it had any hidden mean on to his lap and held her there like a ing, and, if so, what. tired child holding her head to his

hair, kissing her and murmuring soft, caressing words to her. "You're not often like this to me," she murmured, opening her lovely eyes sweetly. and glancing up into his and smiling faintly. "Your touch is like what the ever had in my life, Jaffray," she said

when he wafts away pain." For answer he kissed her again. "Have I made you happy, Jaffray?" she asked after a long pause. By way of answer this time he hummed the snatch of a song, "If this be vanity, vanity let it be," an old, teasing trick of his when she had seemed to look for a compliment from him.

"Yes, I am vanity today, but an-"My darling wife, I have never known since I was a child and felt the presence of my mother's love such hapviness as you have brought into my life. That from my soul," he said earnestly,

She kissed him in response and lay for a moment quite still in his arms. Then suddenly she asked: "If I were to die, Jaffray, would

break your heart?" "Don't, Lola-don't even think such "But I mean it. Would it?" "It would close it against ever holding such a love in my life again," he

"I am selfish, but I am glad of that. I want no one ever to take my place, even to blot out the memory of this her might be all of love and bright time, whatever happens." "You are talking very strangely, and loving.

child. 'Whatever happens'-what can "I am feeling very strange, Jaffray," haunted his memory always, and she answered, taking his hand and rub. learned to blame himself sorely for hav bing her soft check against it and kiss- ing been so dull and blind as not ments, but you do not laugh me out of trial and trouble and suffering that was them. I believe that if we could lift the about to burst. veil that hides from us the next few

"This is no weapon," said the baronet angrily, "in any such sense as that. at having got out of the work of ex
what she deemed a toothsome morsel of the wretched girl to distraction.

"This is no weapon," said the baronthan have to face it. Ne; hear me, her.

she said, putting her hand on his lips her.

at having got out of the work of exwhat she deemed a toothsome morsel of the wretched girl to distraction. terrupt her. "It is this which is fright ening me, and it makes me anxious get a pledge from you of your love. Don't blame me and don't laugh at me; but, whatever happens, remember today and remember our love." "Are you fearing anything that car

> Her words seemed more than a mere Beryl's message." For a moment the issue to tell or not to tell hung in the balance, and she almost nerved herself to dare all and open Lola was very constrained, and

out her confession while he was in this Juffray was more disturbed than

was in his character, and it chilled the

What does it do? It causes the oil glands in the skin to become more active, making the hair soft

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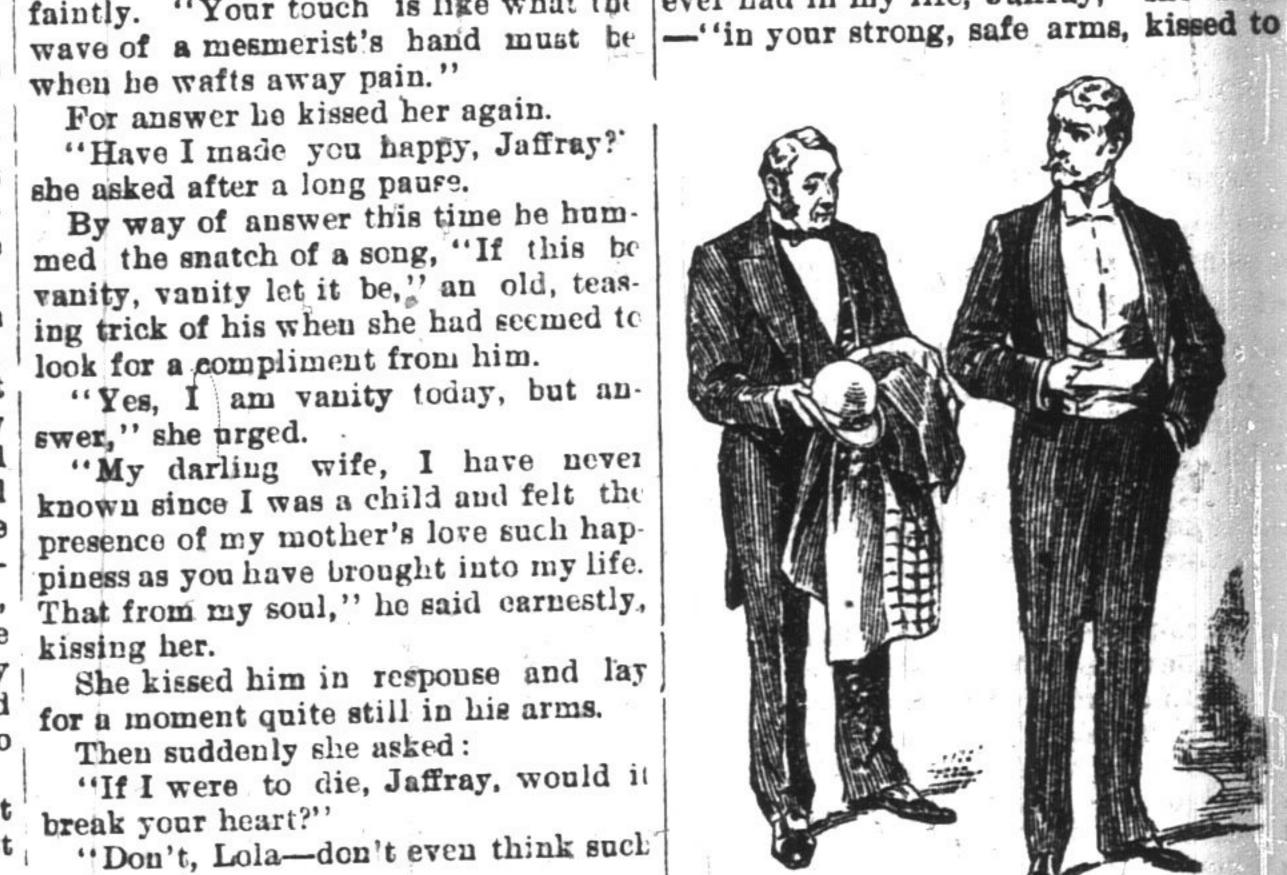
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and what shape it would take and what it would do I should be better again As it is you must not scold me, but love me, Jaffray, always love me, always, and tear with me when I am like this but always think of me with love." Then she was silent, and after time, when he had soothed her and petted her, she fell asleep in his arms, her last thought of him being that which a kiss suggested. He held her while she slept-it was not long-and thought of all she had said and won

And he looked at her as she slept and heart and smoothing her face and her was pleased when a smile flickered over her face, and he kissed it before it was gone, and kissing her he woke her, and she smiled still more broadly and

"That is the sweetest sleep I have



"When did this come and how?" he asked

answered, and his voice was like that sleep and kissed to wakening. It makes me strong for whatever may come. With that she rose, and, with a laugh and a last kiss that his recollection of ness, she sent him down stairs happy

In all the time of stress and pain that followed that last look of her "You laugh at my presenti- have seen before him the stormeloud of As it was he thought chiefly of her

> At dinner time Lola did not appear, but a message came from her that she had felt uneasy about Beryl and had determined to go over and see her. "How odd Lola is!" exclaimed Mrs. De Witt when she heard this this afternoon she got me to go over

happen, child?" he asked earnestly couldn't find her anywhere to give "She is anxious about Beryl; that's

As soon as it was finished and he was

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