

Standard Bank of Canada.
HEAD OFFICE, TORONTO.
P. REID, MANAGER
Capital Authorized...\$2,000,000
Paid Up..... 1,000,000
Reserve Fund..... 850,000

Branches in all principal points in Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, United States and England.

DURHAM AGENCY.
General Banking business transacted. Drafts issued and collections made on all points. Deposits received and interest allowed at current rates.

THE SAVINGS BANK.
Interest allowed on Savings Bank deposits of \$1 and upwards. Prompt attention and every facility afforded to persons living at a distance.

KELLY, Agent

Furniture...
That is sure to please can always be purchased here.

UNDERTAKING PRICES CUT
Also a First Class Hearse always in connection. Embalming a specialty.

JACOB KRESS, DURHAM, ONT.

Supplement Agency

Mowers, Rakes, Wilkinson Plows, Land Rollers, Diamond Smoothing Harrows, McGill Grinders, and Dowsell's Washers and Wringers, U. S. Cream Separators, and Cameron & Dean Hay Forks.

WHEELS, ROBES, COATS.

ALWAYS ON HAND FOR SALE.

and see the Ferguson SLOOP SLEIGH, Manufactured in Owen Sound, before buying.

JOHN CLARK (McKinnon's old Stand) DURHAM, ONTARIO.

Machine Oil, Harness Oil, Axle Grease and Hoof Ointment, go to P. SAUNDERS The Harnessmaker.

GROCERIES

For the Millions. We have a fine assortment of the best GROCERIES which we are prepared to sell at right prices. These are not cheap goods which are dear at any price, but the very best that money can buy. They include

Apples, Raisins, Oranges, Peas, Beans and all kinds of goods.

Goods, including BY-MADES and as cheap as the

OTT ONTARIO.

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

(CONTINUED.)

CHAPTER XXI.
MID the mirth, the noise, the festivity, which reigned throughout the camp as the men surrendered themselves to the enjoyment of the largesses of food and of wine allotted to them by their marshal's command in commemoration of Zaralla one alone remained apart, silent and powerless to rouse himself even to the forced semblance of the endurance of their mischance and their pleasure. He sat motionless, sunk in thought, with his head drooping upon his breast. The voice of Cigarette broke on his musings.

"Good sir, you are wanted yonder." He rose on the old instinct of obedience.

"For what?"
"By your silver pheasant yonder, go!"

"Who? I do not?"
"Can you not understand? Miladi wants to see you. I told her I would send you to her. You know the great tent where she is throned in honor. Morbleu, as if the oldest and ugliest hag that washes out my soldiers' linen were not of more use and more deserved such lodgment than Mme. la Princesse, who has never done aught in her life, not even brushed out her own hair of gold! She waits for you. Where are your palace manners? Go to her, I tell you. She is of your own people. We are not!"

The vehement, imperious phrases poured in disorder one after another, rapid and harsh and vibrating with a hundred repressed emotions. He paused one moment, doubting whether she did not play some trick upon him; then, without a word, left her and went rapidly through the evening shadows.

"And I have sent him to her when I should have fired my pistol into her breast!" she thought as she sat by the dying embers. And she remembered the story of the Marseilles fisher woman. She understood that the vengeance under the hot southern sun beside the ruthless southern sea.

Memorable he, who so little knew or cared for the occupied her heart, passed unheeded through the movements of the military crowds, crossed the breadth that parted the encampment from the guests, gave the countermand and approached, unharmed and so far from the sentinels, the tent of the princess.

"I hoped to see the princess, but she is not here," he said to the attendant who led him from the rank he ostensibly held to hers.

"Madame, this is very merciful. I know not how to thank you."
She motioned to him to take a seat near to her, while the Levantine, who knew nothing of the English tongue, retired to the further end of the tent.

"I only kept my word," she answered, "for we leave the camp tomorrow; Africa next week."
"So soon?"

She saw the blood forsake the bronzed fairness of his face and leave a dusky pallor there. It wounded her as if she suffered herself. For the first time she believed what the little one had said—that this man loved her.

"I sent for you," she continued hurriedly. "There are many things I desire to say to you. I must treat you to allow me to tell Philip what I know. You cannot conceive how intensely oppressive it becomes to me to have any secret from him. I never concealed so much as a thought from my brother in all my life, and to evade even a mute question from his brave, frank eyes makes me feel a traitress to him."

"Anything else," he muttered. "Ask me anything else. For God's sake, do not let him dream that I live!"

"But why? You still speak to me in enigmas. Tomorrow, moreover, before we leave, he intends to seek you out as what he thinks you—a soldier of France. He is interested by all he hears of your career. He was first interested by what I told him of you when he saw the ivory carvings at my villa. I asked the little vivandiers to tell you this, but, on second thoughts, it seemed best to see you myself once more, as I had promised. That French child forced her entrance here in a strange fashion. She wished to see me, I suppose, and to try my courage too. She is a little brigand, but has a true and generous nature, and she loves you very loyally."

"Cigarette?" he asked wearily. "Oh, no! I trust not! I have done nothing to win her love, and she is a fierce little creature who disdains all such weakness. She forced her way in here? That was unpardonable, but she seems to bear a singular dislike to you."

"Singular, indeed! I never saw her until today."
He answered nothing. The conviction stole on him that Cigarette hated her because he loved her.

"And yet she brought you my message?" pursued his companion. "That seems her nature—violent passions, yet thorough loyalty. But time is precious. I must urge on you what I bade you come to hear. It is to implore you to put your trust, your con-

not! And—I am no longer capable of being just!"
There was an accent almost of passion in her voice. She felt that so greatly did she desire his deliverance, his justification, his return to all which was his own, desired even his presence among them in her own world, that she could no longer give him calm and unbiased judgment. He heard, and the burning tide of a new joy rushed on him.

"Follow the counsels of your own conscience," she continued. "You have been true to them hitherto. It is not for me or through me that you shall ever be turned aside from them."

A bitter sigh broke from him as he heard.
"They are noble words, and yet it is so easy to utter, so hard to follow, them. If you had one thought of tenderness for me, you could not speak them."

A flush passed over her face.
"Do not think me without feeling, without sympathy, pity!"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"Do not think me without feeling, without sympathy, pity!"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

"If you loved me," he pursued passionately—"Ah, God! The very word from me to you sounds insult! And yet there is not one thought in me that sounds insult—if you loved me, could you stand there and bid me drag on?"

And he stood erect, patient, motionless, looking into his chief's eyes with a calm disdain, with an unuttered challenge that for the first moment wrung something of savage respect and of sullen admiration out from the soul of his great foe.

He did not fire. It was the only time in which any trait of abstinence from cruelty had been ever seen in him. He signed to the soldiers of the guard with one hand, while with the other he still covered with his pistol the man whom martial law would have allowed him to have shot down or have cut down at his horse's feet.

"Arrest him," he said simply.
Cecl offered no resistance. He let them seize and disarm him without an effort at the opposition which could have been but a futile, unavailing trial of brute force. He drenched lest there should be one sound that should reach her in that tent where the triad of standards drooped in the dusky distance. He was content with what he had done—content to have met once, not as a soldier to chief, but as man to man, the tyrant who held his fate.

None knew, not even Cigarette. She sat alone, so far away that none sought her out, beside the picket fire that had long died out, with the little white dog of Zaralla curled on the scarlet folds of her skirt. She had the cross on her heart, the idol of her long desire, the star to which her longing eyes had looked up ever since her childhood through the reek of carnage and the smoke of battle, and she would have flung it away like dross to have had his lips touch hers once with love. She rose impetuously. The night was far spent, the camp was very still, the torches had long died out, and a streak of dawn was visible in the east. She stood awhile looking very earnestly across the wide black city of tents.

"I shall be best away for a time. I grow mad, treacherous, wicked here," she thought. "I will go and see Blanc-Bec."

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

Blanc-Bec was the soldier of the army of Italy.
In a brief while she had saddled and bridled Etiole-Filante and ridden out of the camp without warning or farewell to any. Thus she went, knowing nothing of his fate. And with the sunrise went also the woman whom he loved—in ignorance.

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE
IS PUBLISHED
EVERY THURSDAY MORNING
AT THE CHRONICLE PRINTING HOUSE, GARAFRAXA STREET
DURHAM, ONT.

SUBSCRIPTION The CHRONICLE will be sent to any address, free of postage, for \$1.00 per annum in advance—\$1.50 may be charged if not so paid. The date to which every subscription is paid is denoted by the number on the address label. No paper discontinued until all arrears are paid, except at the option of the proprietors.

ADVERTISING For transient advertisements 8 cents per line for the first insertion; 2 cents per line each subsequent insertion—minimum measure. Professional cards, not exceeding one inch by one inch, 50 cents per annum. Advertisements under special conditions will be published with liberal and economical rates. For sale, etc.—50 cents for first insertion, 25 cents for each subsequent insertion. All advertisements ordered by strangers must be paid for in advance. Contract rates for yearly advertisements furnished on application to the office. All advertisements, to ensure insertion in correct week, should be brought in not later than Tuesday morning.

THE JOB : : Is completely stocked with all NEW TYPE, thus affording facilities for turning out First-class work.

W. IRWIN
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

Medical Directory.

Drs. Jamieson & Macdonald.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE A short distance east of Knapp's Hotel, Lambton Street, Lower Town, Durham. Office hours from 12 to 2 o'clock.

J. G. Hutton, M. D., C. M.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE—COR Garafraxa and George Streets—at foot of hill. Office hours—9 1/2 a. m., 2 1/2 p. m., 7 1/2 p. m. Telephone No. 10.

Arthur Gun, M. D.
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, OFFICE over McLachlan's store, Office hours, 8 to 10 a. m., 2 to 4 p. m., and 7 to 9 p. m. Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Residence opposite Presbyterian Church.

Dental Directory.

Dr. T. G. Holt, L. D. S.
OFFICE—FIRST DOOR EAST OF the Durham Pharmacy, Calder's Block. Residence—Lambton Street, near the Station.

W. C. Pickering, D.D.S., L.D.S.
HONOR GRADUATE OF TORONTO University; Graduate of Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario, Rooms—Calder Block, over Post Office.

Legal Directory.

J. P. Telford.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. Office over Gordon's new Jewellery Store, Lower Town, Durham. Any amount of money to loan at 5 per cent. on farm property.

G. Lefroy McCaul.
BARRISTER, SOLICITOR, ETC. McIntyre's Block, Lower Town, Durham. Collection and Agency promptly attended to. Searches made at the Registry Office.

W. S. Davidson.
BARRISTER, NOTARY, CONVEYANCER, ETC. Money to Loan at reasonable rates, and on terms to suit borrower. Office, McIntyre Block over the Bank.

MacKay & Dunn.
BARRISTERS, SOLICITORS, CONVEYANCERS, ETC. Money to Loan Offices—old Chronicle stand, in the Mid-land House Block.

A. H. Jackson.
NOTARY PUBLIC, COMMISSIONER, Conveyancer, etc. Private money to loan. Old accounts and debts of all kinds collected on commission. Farms bought and sold. Insurance Agent, etc. Office—McKenzie's Old Stand, Lower Town, Durham, Ont.

Miscellaneous.

HUGH MACKEY, DURHAM, Land Valuator and Licensed Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to and notes cashed.

ROBERT BRIGHAM, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Call at my residence or write to Allan Park P. O. Orders may be left at the Chronicle office.

JAMES CARSON, DURHAM, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Land Valuator, Bailiff of the 2nd Division, Court Sales and all other matters promptly attended to. Highest references furnished if required.

JOHN CLARK, LICENSED Auctioneer for the County of Grey. Sales promptly attended to. Orders may be left at his Implement Warehouse, McKinnon's old stand, or at the Chronicle Office.

Nov. 9, '03.



"Choose for me, Venetia!"

PROVERBS

"When the butter won't come put a penny in the churn," is an old time dairy proverb. It often seems to work though no one has ever told why.

When mothers are worried because the children do not gain strength and flesh we say give them Scott's Emulsion.

It is like the penny in the milk because it works and because there is something astonishing about it.

Scott's Emulsion is simply a milk of pure cod liver oil with some hypophosphites especially prepared for delicate stomachs.

Children take to it naturally because they like the taste and the remedy takes just as naturally to the children because it is so perfectly adapted to their wants.

For all weak and pale and thin children Scott's Emulsion is the most satisfactory treatment.

We will send you the penny, i. e., a sample free.
Be sure that this picture in the form of a label is on the wrapper of every bottle of Emulsion you buy.
SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto, Ontario.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Like this matter sides to it. are failure joint product, both under pens more sense too many responsible further, pa and sorrow when all who have at forty-five to congratu Children against the old age. I vandy more the tags of the one's life. any proper spirit and the yelpism w oneself and The man right sort of children dr at the four In Galton it is stated term boyen wish to exp fingers. Be at all in a ba or ox or w ing must i this rate of of two stic it would g accept four toun says t them in the mra fortho one of the found that the other s to the s tion and w sticks were sleep drive two sticks sleep. Writing loeust in 8 says: Locu at most tw grant jawe build; malle it causes a in such n four or five scouts allow red duck to destroy will be th a host of b out into a tween heav of their w over the b of summer breath of e Although the laughin supposed, I attempt to their doom ethless, a dumb anim everything the sight of puts him aware of the stems s string trap "Yes, I yacit," said "What d friend. "Named Brooklyn. "And across he tem? "No, ind bottle full Little Bol coat. Father (r mine either mother doo, but but hit Little Bol's look e She (at t an imposi has? "He—Yes, She—Oh, He—Oh, friends. Customer hair restor weeks ago and it didn't Druzzist this enlight fency of ch Ambley Ida—Tha "Sit close. "May—Yes her former ductor or lar compar