

NEXT TIME

You go to the grocer's have a package of

"SALAD" TEA

Sent with your order. The quality is such that you will never make another change.

Lead Packets only. 25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per lb. At All Grocers.

Out of the Darkness

CHAPTER I.

The sultry summer day is done, The western hills have hid the sun, The mountain peak and village spire Retain reflection of his fire.

Before I ever knew him for a friend, 'Twas better, 'twas worse also, afterward We came so close, we saw our differences Too intimately."

—Aurora Leigh

"Barnard Castle." "All right for Barnard Castle. Any luggage, sir?" was the civil inquiry ad-

Advertiser Patterns

DESIGNED BY MARTHA DEAN.



4159

SIMPLE AND PRACTICAL—4159.

The apron should above all things be simple, so that no extra labor need be expended in its making and laundering, and further, it must be serviceable.

4159—Sizes, 2, 4, 6, 8 years. The price of this pattern is 10 cents.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT OF THE ADVERTISER.

Please send the above-mentioned pattern, as per directions given below,

Name .....

Street Address .....

Town .....

Province .....

Measurement: Bust..... Waist.....

Age (if child's or misses' pattern) .....

CAUTION.—Be careful to inclose above illustration and send size of pattern wanted. When this pattern is best measure you need only mark, 32, 34, or whatever it may be. When in waist measure, 22, 24, 26, or whatever it may be. If a skirt, give waist and length measure. When misses' or child's pattern, write only the figure, representing the age. It is not necessary to inclose "inches" or "years." Patterns reach you in less than one week in date of order. The price of pattern is 10 cents in cash or in stamps.

PATTERN DEPARTMENT, THE ADVERTISER, LONDON, ONT.

Ord hesitate and look inquiringly at his conductor.

"This room is engaged, is it not?" "Yes, sir, but Miss Maturin won't mind—and I have no other room occupied at present; she's lying down now with a sick headache, the chambermaid told us, and so it is quite at your service."

"Who is Miss Maturin?" was on Mr. Ord's lips, but he checked himself on remembering that he was no business man, and declining refreshments somewhat shortly, took possession of the wide old-fashioned window-seat, and throwing down his black bag turned round to his host and begged him also to be seated.

"Now, Mr. Morison, I want to know it came about that my aunt—Mrs. Ord, that is—died at your house."

"Mrs. Ord, sir?" "You see I know all about it, had news travel fast; I was quite aware of what happened before I started. I got Mr. Tracy's two letters together, by the bye, I never thought of asking if he be here."

"Yes, sir; leastways he was here this morning, but he's gone on to Deepdale with a party, and we don't expect them back till Friday; but perhaps you will prefer to speak to Miss Maturin."

"Who in the world is this Miss Maturin?" broke out from Mr. Ord, this time impatiently enough. "I cannot understand what Miss Maturin has to do with my business."

The landlord coughed. "Why, Miss Maturin is the young woman—the young lady, I should say—who served as companion to the deceased lady. She's lived with her nigh upon four years, I've heard tell, and some of us do say that hers has not been a bad one; perhaps you will think there must have been a power of thorns in it, too, judging from the poor lady's ways and words with her. But still for all that she's taking on and pining what you after her that it makes one quite sorry to see her, poor young creature."

"And the compassionate landlord wiped his eyes with the feeling of a man who had daughters of his own."

"I suppose she is friendless and has lost a comfortable home; but I think we are wandering a little from the subject, Morison. I am rather anxious to know what brought your aunt to the King's Arms, Barnard Castle, of all places."

"Yes, sir; and I brought in Miss Maturin's name because I thought she might give you more information than I could; not but what I will willingly tell you all I know about the poor lady. Well, sir, the first time I ever set eyes on her was last July, when she and Miss Maturin arrived late one evening. They were on their way from the Cumberland Lakes, and were some way off the road, and I was driving, I broke-down or stoppage on the line. It is not the first time, sir, by a great many that folk come for one night and end by staying some days, and to make a long story short, your aunt, Mrs. Ord, sir, took a fancy to the place, as she told me in the free pleasant way of hers that she had sometimes, and she and Miss Maturin and her maid and their bag and baggage were with us I should say nigh upon five weeks."

"Hum, capricious as usual," muttered Mr. Ord, and he broke out, "Well, Mr. Morison, I don't suppose you often have such a good customer as my aunt?"

"Well, sir, the King's Arms has had better and it has had worse in its days, though I say it that shouldn't; not but what the poor lady was a fine creature, with us, and it is not for the likes of us to judge them that have gone before. But not to detain you, sir, about three weeks ago comes a letter from Miss Maturin, postmark Clifton, engaging me to Mrs. Ord and herself, with just a word at the end saying that she hoped the house was quiet, for her lady was a sad invalid. It means that she had been off and on alling all the winter, and when the fine weather came she was sort of restless and kept moving from place to place, which the doctors told Miss Maturin was a symptom of the disease. Nothing would do but she must have her old rooms at the King's Arms, and see a little more of her favorite place, and not all they could say or do to dissuade her had the least effect."

"Did she look very ill?" asked his host, with the first sign of interest he had shown yet.

"Mr. Ord, sir, there was death in her face," said the landlord, solemnly. "She had that look of breaking up that isn't to be misunderstood in any case, least of all in a lady of her age. Some of us who were following minded how she clutched at Mrs. Maturin's arm, and steady herself from falling; but all the same she said in a cheery sort of a voice, 'Mr. Morison, my dear, I hope you have given me my old rooms, for I am going to disappoint my doctors, and get well here as fast as I can,' and those were the last words I ever heard her say."

A brief sigh from Mr. Ord was his sole comment. He had put his elbow on the window sill now, and was looking down into the market place. Perhaps the landlord's discourse had tired him, but he offered no interruption. Mr. Morison cleared his throat, for he was getting a little husky, and proceeded—evidently his story was after his own heart, and he thought he was telling it well:

"Man proposes, sir, but the Almighty makes the making up of it all in the end; and the best of us makes a sad mess of the little we do. Well, when we had got the poor lady upstairs, Miss Maturin and the maid helped her to bed, which some of us knew she would never leave again; not Miss Maturin, though, for she told our chambermaid that she really thought—Mrs. Ord had taken a turn for the better, she was so sprightly like; but when the morning came she was too weak to rise, and the next day, and the next, and so it went on."

"Well, it might be more, I was down in the castle garden which belongs to the King's Arms, and is so called because it is laid out partly in the ruins, which is one of the sights of Barnard Castle, that strangers come to see—I was down in the castle garden, and I saw some of our peas, when who should I see but Miss Maturin coming down the center walk, and looking as white as her gown. And when she gets up to me she says:

"Mr. Morison, will you send one of your people with me to the station immediately? Mrs. Ord is much worse, and I am afraid she is dying. You must

not lose a minute—not one minute, please, for," says she, clasping her hands, "there's wrong may be done that will be past undoing." You may not believe me, sir, but with the sunshine, her white dress, and the scared look on her face, I was sort of dazed; you might have knocked me over with a feather. For the life of me I could not think what man I had to send, through it not being the full season and our single-handed party, and I had no umbrella, and the boots having gone up to the station already with a commercial luggage; and all the time I was considering, she stood twirling the paper round in her long fingers in a way that made me giddy.

"But no, it's a telegram I had better take it myself, Miss Maturin," I said at last.

"And then she began thanking me and telling me how it was to the lawyer, who lived in London, and how he would have to travel perhaps all night."

"I pray God he may be in time," she finished; and I noticed how she sort of wrung her hands as she spoke."

"And was he in time?" asked Robert Ord in a voice that startled the worthy landlord. It was so quick and intense in its eagerness."

"Why, no, sir; leastways she never roused to full consciousness again. They did all they could. Mr. Tracy waited on and on, but it was no manner of use. They used to give out that she was reviving sometimes, and Miss Maturin would come, lying down the garden for Mr. Tracy, and take him up to the poor lady; but as soon as ever they spoke to her she was back again in the stupor, and so it went on to the last."

"Has Mr. Tracy been here ever since?"

"Oh, no, sir; he went up to London directly afterward, and only returned in time for the funeral. I think he had some idea of finding you here."

"True; but I was away from home, and received his letters too late. Thank you very much, Mr. Morison, for all that you have told me. I will not trouble you with any more questions, I can wait for any further particulars till Mr. Tracy returns. The landlord rose at the hint. "And you do not wish to see Miss Maturin, sir?"

"I have no objection, if she wishes to see me, but I am not sure that I, perhaps I may be of some use to her. She is placed in very unfortunate circumstances. Any lady would feel such a position keenly, especially as I am afraid from what you tell me that she is without friends."

"Not a creature belonging to her in the world, sir."

"And she is young, you say?" "About one-and-twenty, sir."

"Hum! hardly old enough to take care of herself. Well, Mr. Morison, I think I shall be glad of those refreshments you offered me before."

[To be Continued.]

"NOT MORALLY CAPABLE"

London Post Savagely Attacks American Business Methods.

London, Feb. 27.—Lord Glenesk's paper, the Morning Post, the organ of the aristocracy and of the financial interests of London, publishes a long editorial savagely denouncing American financial morals. The Post says: "It is becoming a grave question whether Americans are morally capable of conducting great industrial enterprises. That they are technically capable goes for the most part without saying. Their genius for organization, their perseverance, their speculative hardihood are qualities which nobody disputes. Where they fail is because they have not yet developed an adequate sense of responsibility to the public, to the state, and to some other code higher than that of Wall Street and the counting house. The insurance scandals are but one instance of the length to which their commercialized ethics will carry them. The Chicago meat packers supplied another, and now a third has sprung from the always fertile soil of American railway management."

"Besides overturning trusts by special rates, besides practicing the grossest favoritism and discriminations, the dictators of American railways have committed the final and unpardonable sin of allowing their lines to fall utterly behind the needs of the age. Such a condition of affairs cannot endure."

POOR MAN DUG UP \$3,000

Henry Nelson Found Chest Under Old Shanty.

Bayonne, N. J., Feb. 27.—Five minutes' work earned \$3,000 for Henry Nelson, a poor man, who has for years occupied front of one of the La Bore mansions on First street. He was tearing down a shanty in the rear of the mansion when he unearthed a chest full of copper, silver and gold coins.

The La Bore mansion has stood since the reign of Charles II. In order to keep it from falling into decay, the owner, Henry Spears, permitted Nelson to occupy it on condition that he care for the building.

When his supply of kindling wood gave out Nelson decided to make use of the shanty for fuel. He took a spade and dug out the floor beams. At a depth of two feet his spade struck metal.

Nelson continued digging, and finally pulled the chest out. It was eighteen inches square. A blow from the spade shattered it and a stream of coins rolled out.

The happy man put the coins in a sack and hurried with them to a coin dealer in New York. The coins were Spanish, Italian, English, Chinese, Portuguese and American. They range from pennies to double eagles. Some of the American pennies were dated 1781 and the latest date was 1860. One of the Portuguese coins bore the date of 1761. The dealer said that because of the rarity of some of the pieces the chest was worth \$3,000. It is believed the chest was buried by the La Bore family.

STREET CAR FATALITY.

Toronto, Feb. 27.—George Barker, a well-known barber, who was run over by a street car which he was attempting to board at the corner of King and Jarvis streets, on Friday last, and who has a number of leg injuries had both legs amputated, died at St. Michael's Hospital this morning.

WHAT POLICE DID

THE PAST YEAR

Report of Department for 1906

—Number of Cases About Same as in 1905.

The annual report of the police department for 1906 was submitted to the board of commissioners at their last meeting.

The following are some of the figures: Proceeded

Table with columns: Offenses, Against, Convictions. Rows include: Abusive language, Assault, Assault and wounding, Breach of bylaw, Breach liquor license, Breach fire arms act, Breach tobacco act, Concealing birth, Contempt of court, Cruelty to animals, Breaking and entering, Bigamy, Drunk, Disorderly and fighting, Disturbing public worship, Damaging property, Gambling, Insanity, Mischief, Non-support, Non-payment of wages, Non-payment licenses, Non-payment taxes, Perjury, Theft, Trespass, Vagrancy, Conspiracy.

The total number of persons proceeded against during 1906 was 1,715, and the number of convictions was 783.

The nationalities of the offenders were given as follows: English 202, Irish 121, Scotch 64, Canadian 1,210, United States 34, and other nationalities 84.

Since 1891 the reports show as follows:

Table with columns: Year, Total Persons Proceeded Against, Convictions. Rows include: 1891, 1892, 1893, 1894, 1895, 1896, 1897, 1898, 1899, 1900, 1901, 1902, 1903, 1904, 1905.

Table with columns: Offenses, Against, Convictions. Rows include: Abusive language, Common assault, Assault and wounding, Breach of bylaw, Breach of liquor law, Disorderly, Drunk, Non-payment state labor tax, Trespass, Vagrancy.

NATURE'S OWN CURE

Colds, Coughs, Catarrh, Sniffles, CATARRHOZONE

Pleasant, Quick, Safe. 25c. and \$1.00. At All Dealers.

HONESTY IS ALWAYS

THE BEST POLICY

It Pays to Be Honest in Matters of Health.

There are many people who are in poor health, and they know it, yet they are not honest enough with themselves to stop short and say, "I will have this cold, this chronic cough, this attack of bronchitis or this pain in my lung stopped or there is danger ahead." This is where thousands make the mistake. And yet it is such an easy matter. A bottle or two of Psychine, that wonderful remedy that has set the world thinking, will relieve and permanently cure all forms of throat, chest and lung trouble, strengthen the stomach, aid digestion and build up a strong healthy system. Dr. T. A. Slocum, Limited, Toronto:

Four years ago I was a sufferer with Catarrh, Asthma and Bronchitis. Mine was a most complicated case. My physician advised me to go to another climate. He told my lungs were seriously affected and that I could only live a short time. I was so bad I could not go out of the house for months at a time. I procured Psychine and persisted in its use for some months, using about \$50 worth, and it was money well spent, as I am now hearty and strong and free from taking medicine of any kind. Mr. W. A. Karn, Woodstock, my druggist, advised me to use Psychine, and will readily corroborate this statement of mine.

ALEX. MATHESON, Braemar, Ont., Aug. 8, 1904. Psychine (pronounced Si-keen) can be had at all druggists at 60 cents and \$1 per bottle, or at Dr. Slocum's Laboratory, 779 King street west, Toronto.

Consult any list you please. You will not find anywhere the equal in quality at the price of

Blue Ribbon Tea

The most wholesome and delicious, refreshing and vivifying beverage for table or social use. BLACK, GREEN, MIXED—25c to \$1.00 a lb.—ALL GROCERS

Richard's Pure Soap

Has no equal for washing SILKS LACES TABLE LINENS ETC.

because it thoroughly cleanses without boiling or rubbing, so that the finest thread is not worn in the least. Don't use common soaps, but insist on getting "RICHARDS' PURE SOAP."

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