"HERE IS OUR STORY,"

and every word is true. There is no tea before the world today that is the equal in flavor or value of

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BLACK, MIXED OR GREEN. THAT'S ALL.

25c, 30c, 40c, 50c, 60c per lb. By all Grocers.
SOLD ONLY IN SEALED LEAD PACKETS.

HIGHEST AWARD ST. LOUIS, 1904.

THE PUPPET CROWN.

BY HAROLD MACGRATH.

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At last he drew his collar about his throat and struck off, a black shadow in a bank of gray. When he reached that part of the street opposite the Grand Hotel, he stopped and sought shelter under an awning. The night patrol came clattering down the street. It passed quickly, and soon all was still again. Johann stepped out and peered up and down. The street was deserted. All the hotel windows were in gloom, save a feeble light which beamed from the office windows.

Would it be robbery? He had not yet stooped to that. But he could hear the ivory ball clatter as it fell into the lucky numbers. He had a premonition that he would win if he stuck to a single combination. He would redeem the gun, replace it, and no one would be any the wiser. If his numbers failed him. . . . No matter. He determined to cross the Rubicon. He traversed the street and disappeared into the cavernous alley, shortly to loom up in the deserted courtyard of the hotel. He counted the windows on the first floor and stopped at the fourth. That was the window he must enter. Noiselessly he crept along the walls, stopping now and then to listen. There was no sound except the monotonous dripping of the rain, which was growing thinner and colder.

Presently he came across the ladder he was seeking. He raised it to the required height, and once more placed his hand to his ear. Silence. He mounted the rounds to the window, which he found unfastened. In another moment he was in the room. Not an object could he see, so deep was the darkness. If he moved without light he was likely to stumble, and heydey to his 50 crowns, not to say his liberty for many days to come. He carefully drew the blinds and struck a match. The first object which met his gaze was a fallen candle. This he lit and when the glare of the flame softened, all the corners of the room stood out. Nowhere was there any sign of a gun. He gave vent to a half-muttered curse. Some one had pilfered the gun, or the proprietor was keeping it until the Englishman returned from the duchy. But he remembered that there were two guns, one of which the Englishman did not use in the hunting expeditions.

So he began a thorough search. It meant 50 crowns, green baize and the whims of fortune. Cautiously he moved between the fallen chairs. He looked behind the bed, under the dresser, but without success. His hand closed savagely around the candle, and he swore laudibly. He threw back the bed coverings, not that he expected to find anything, but because he could vent his rage on these silent, noiseless things. When he lifted the mattress it was then he took a deep breath and smiled. What he saw was a gun case. He drew it from under. It was heavy; his 50 crowns were inside. Next he picked up a candlestick and stuffed the candle into it, and laid a quilt against the threshold of the door so that no light would pierce the corridor.

"This is the gun the Englishman did not use in the hunting expeditions," he thought. "If it is out of repair, as he said it was, my 50 crowns are not so many phennige. The devil! it must be a valuable piece of gunsmithing to hide it under the bedclothes. Let me see if my crowns are for the picking."

He investigated forthwith. The hammers and the triggers worked smoothly. He unlocked the breech and held the nozzles toward the candle light—and again cursed. The barrels were clogged up. Notwithstanding, he plucked forth the cleaning-rod and forced it into one of the tubes. There was a slight resistance, and something fluttered to the floor and rolled about. The second tube was treated likewise, with the same result. Johann laughed silently. The 50 crowns were tangible; he could hear them jingling in his pocket, and a pretty music they made. He returned the leather case to its original place and devoted his attention to the cylinder-shaped papers on the floor.

For a quarter of an hour Johann remained seated on the floor, in the wavering candle light, forgetful of all save the delicate tracings of steel engraving, the red and green inks, the great golden seal, the signatures, the immensity of the ciphers which trailed halfway across each crackling parchment. He counted sixteen of them in all. Four millions of crowns. . . . He was rich, rich beyond all his wildest dreams.

He rose, and restored the gun to its case. Fifty crowns? No, no! A hundred thousand, not a crown less; a hundred thousand; all thought of the green baize and the rattle of the roulette ball passed away. There was no need to seek fortune; she had come to him of her own free will. Wine, Gertrude of the opera, Paris and a life of ease; all these were his. A hundred thousand crowns, a hundred thousand florins, two hundred thousand francs, two hundred thousand marks! He computed in all monetary denominations; in all countries it was wealth.

Something rose and swelled in his throat, and he choked hysterically. A voice whispered: "No, not a hundred thousand; four millions!" But reason, though it tottered, regained its balance, and he saw the utter futility of attempting to dispose of the orders on the Government independently. His hands trembled; he could scarcely hold this vast treasure. Twice, in his haste to pocket the certificates, they slipped from his grasp and scattered. How those six syllables frolicked in his mind! A hundred thousand crowns!

He extinguished the candle and laid it on the floor put the quilt on the bed, then climbed through the window, which he closed without mishap. He descended the ladder. As he reached the bottom round his heart gave a great leap. From the alley came the sound of approaching steps. Nearer and nearer they came; a shadow entered the courtyard and made straight for the door, which was but a few feet from the reclining ladder. The kitchen door opened and the burst of light revealed a belated serving maid. A moment passed, and all became dark again. But Johann felt a strange weakness in his knees, and a peculiar thrill at the roots of his hair. He dared not move for three or four minutes. But he waited in vain for other steps. He cursed the serving maid for the fright, disposed of the ladder, and sought the street. He directed his steps toward Stuler's.

"The pig of an Englishman was deeper than I thought. In the gun barrels, the gun barrels! If I had not wanted to play they would have been there yet! A hundred thousand crowns!"

It had ceased to rain, and a frost was congealing the moisture under foot. On the way back to Stuler's Johann slipped and fell several times; but he was impervious to pain, bruises were nothing. He was rich! He laughed; and from time to time thrust his hand into his vest to convince himself that he was not dreaming. To whom should he sell? To the Osians? To the duchess? To the king that was to be? Who would pay quickest the hundred thousand crowns? He knew. Aye, two hundred thousand would not be too much. The Englishman would send for the certificates, but his agent would not find them. The abduction? He would carry it through as he had promised. It was five thousand crowns in addition to his hundred thousand. He was rich! He shook his hand toward the inky sky, toward the palace, toward all that signified the past. . . . A hundred thousand crowns!

CHAPTER XVI.

Maurice, as he labored before his mirror, wondered why in the world it took him so long to dress. An hour had passed since he began his evening toilet; yet here he was, still tinkering, so to speak, over the last of a dozen cravats. The eleven others lay strewn about, hopelessly crumpled; mute witnesses of angry fingers and impassioned mutterings. Usually he could slip into his evening clothes in less than 30 minutes. Something was wrong. But perhaps this occasion was not usual.

First, the hems of his trousers were insurgent; they persisted in hitching on the tops of his button shoes. Laces were substituted. Then came a desultory period, during which gold buttons were exchanged for pearl and pearl for gold, and two-button shirts for three-button. For Maurice was something of a dandy. He could not imagine what was the matter with his neck, all the collars seemed so small. For once his mishaps did not appeal to his humor. The ascent from his shoes to his collar was as tortuous as that of the alpine Jungfrau.

Ah, Madam, you may smile as much as you please, but it is a terrible thing for a man to dress and at the same time think kindly of his fellow-beings. You set aside three hours for your toilet, and devote two hours to the little curl which droops over the tip of your dainty ear; but with a man who has no curl, who knows nothing of the practice of smiles and side glances, the studied carelessness of a pose, it is a dismal, serious business up to the last moment.

With a final glance into the mirror, and convinced that if he touched himself it would be only to disarrange the perfection which he had striven so hard to attain, Maurice went down stairs. He had still an hour to while away before presenting himself at the archbishop's palace. So he roamed about the verandas, twirled his cane, and smoked like a captain who expects to see his men in active engagement the very next moment. This together with the bad hour in his room, was an indication that his nerves were finely strung.

He was nervous, not because he was to see strange faces, not because his interest in the kingdom's affairs was both comic and tragic, nor because he was to present himself at the archbishop's in a peculiar capacity, that of a prisoner on parole. No, it was due to none of these. His pulse did not stir at the prospect of meeting the true king. Diplomatic function were every-day events with him. He had passed several years of his life in the vicinity of emperors, kings, viceroys, and presidents, and their greatness had long ago ceased to interest or even to amuse him. He was conscious only of an agitation which had already passed through the process of analysis. He loved, he loved the impossible and the unattainable, and it was the exhilaration of this thought that agitated him. He never would be the same again—he would be better. Neither did he regret this love.

Even now he could see himself back in his rooms in Vienna, smoking before the fire and building castles that tumbled down. It was worth while, if only to have something to dream about. He did not regret the love, he regretted its futility. How could he serve her? What could he do against all these unseen forces which were crumbling her father's throne? So she remembered what he had said to her in the archbishop's garden? He looked at his watch. It was nine.

"Let us be off," he said. He started for the Platz. "How uncertain life it. It seems that I did not come to Bleiberg carelessly in the way of amusement, but to work out a part of my destiny." He arrested his steps at the fountain and listened to the low, musical plash of the water, each drop of which fell with the light of a dazzling jewel. The cold stars shone from above. They were not farther away than she. A princess, a lonely and forlorn princess, hemmed in by the fabric of royal laws! a princess yet possessing less liberty than the meanest of her peasants. Nothing belonged to her, not even her heart, which was merchandise, a commodity of exchange, turned over to the highest bidder. "Royalty," he mused, "is a political slave dealer; the slaves are those who wear the crowns."

Once inside the palace, he became a man of the world, polished, nonchalant, handsome and mildly curious. Immediately after the usher announced his name, he crossed the chamber and presented his respects to the prelate, who, he reasoned not unwisely, expected him. The friendly greeting of the archbishop confirmed this reasoning.

"I am delighted to see you, Monsieur," he said, showing his remarkably well preserved teeth in the smile that followed his words. "A service to her royal highness is a service to me. Amuse yourself; you will find some fine paintings in the west gallery."

"I trust her royal highness is none the worse for the fright," Maurice replied. He also remarked (mentally) that he did not see her highness anywhere. Several introductions followed, and he found himself chatting with the British minister.

[To be Continued.]

$100—REWARD—$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, 75c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

NAN PATTERSON'S CASE

A Hundredfold Stronger Than at First Trial, Say Her Counsel.

New York, April 20. — The three lawyers who are acting as counsel for Nan Patterson in her trial for the murder of Caesar Young, had a conference with her in the Tombs Prison today, at which the plans of the defense and the personnel of the jury were discussed. Miss Patterson expressed her pleasure at the composition of the jury, which was completed yesterday, and disappointed at the delay in postponing the taking of testimony until Monday.

"I am sure of an acquittal this time," she told Lawyer Levy, "and every day only adds to my misery in the Tombs. Ten months and three weeks is a long time to be shut up in prison."

Lawyer Levy said today: "We have new witnesses who will establish Nan Patterson's innocence beyond a doubt. We go into this trial a hundred per cent stronger in point of evidence than we did last trial. We are not going to rely upon the failure of the prosecution to prove its case for an acquittal. We are going to prove the innocence of Nan Patterson."

SCORCHED TO THE BONE

Hamilton Man Terribly Injured by a Shock of Electricity.

Hamilton, April 19. — David Tapsley, an employe of the Cataract Power Company, was terribly injured at the Victoria avenue sub-station while at work today. He was standing on an iron ladder about two feet away from the feed wires, through which over 20,000 volts of electricity passed, and the current jumped through a space and scorched Tapsley's legs to a crisp, burning the flesh to the bones. His body was also terribly burned. The unfortunate man went stark mad as a result of his awful injuries, and half a dozen men held him until the police arrived and took him to the hospital. The doctors say he cannot live.

Montcalm Still a Prisoner.

Quebec, Que., April 19. — Capt. Koening, of the Montcalm, signals that the vessel is in the same position, notwithstanding the movement of ice which occurred this morning in the river above the vessel's anchorage. A large piece of the ice below the Montcalm has broken away and came down, but the vessel is still surrounded as in a dock.

SHE GAINED Fifteen Pounds

A young woman in New York wrote us that she had lost twenty-five pounds in four months and her lungs were seriously affected. She had to give up her position as a stenographer. Someone told her to try Scott's Emulsion. She took three bottles and gained fifteen pounds. Her general health was so improved that she resumed her work. Such cases are not the exception, but the rule. We have known persons to gain an average of a pound a day by taking an ounce of

Scott's Emulsion

It seems hardly possible, yet we have received thousands of letters telling of almost similar results. It's not so strange when one is familiar with Scott's Emulsion. It sets the digestion right and furnishes rich nourishment that is easily absorbed by the system. Good food does good when it can be digested. Scott's Emulsion is a food itself, but it helps other food do good and so the gains in flesh are made quickly and easily.

Scott & Bowne, 122 Wellington St., West TORONTO, ONT.

BIG BOUTS STOP IN MICHIGAN

Governor Warner Makes This Order—Ward-O'Keefe Fight a Ten-Round Draw.

Lansing, Mich., April 19.—Governor Warner has declared that he would not permit any pugilistic contests in Michigan for large purses during his term as governor. The statement was inspired by a report which reached the Governor to the effect that fight promoters were planning a battle in Kalamazoo between two pugilists of national repute for a purse of $10,000.

AMATEURS CAN MEET.

Albany, N. Y., April 19. — The Assembly today, by a vote of 92 to 16, passed the bill of Senator Frawley, authorizing 15-minute boxing bouts by amateurs with eight-ounce gloves, under the rules and auspices of the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, or any domestic amateur athletic association now incorporated and under the sanction of the union. The bill prescribes that such bouts must be between registered amateurs, may not exceed fifteen minutes in length, nor be fought more than once in any 24 hours between the same two participants, and must be for medals or prizes other than money.

DRAW OF TEN ROUNDS.

Detroit, Mich., April 19.—Mike Ward, of Sarnia, Ont., and Jack O'Keefe, of Chicago, fought ten fast rounds to a draw here tonight at the Light Guard Armory.

NEW YORK WON THE MARATHON ROAD RACE

Boston, April 19.—F. Lorz, of the Mohawk Athletic Club, N. Y., today won the ninth annual Marathon road race of 25 miles, held under the auspices of the Boston Athletic Association. Lorz's time was 2 hours, 38 minutes and 25 2-5 seconds. L. Marks, of the Pastime Athletic Club, New York, was second, and R. Fowler, of the Cambridge Gymnasium Association, third. Marks' time was 2 hours, 39 minutes and 50 4-5 seconds, while Fowler took 2 hours, 45 minutes and 7 1-5 seconds to cover the course. Promptly at noon the runners were sent away from the starting point in Ashland and were well bunched for the first few miles. Drawing near the eight-mile mark S. A. Mellor, jun., of the Mohawk A. C., New York, who won the Herald road race at Hamilton, pulled into the lead, closely followed by F. H. Haarer, a local runner, and Marks and M. Spring, of the Pastime A. C., New York, winner of last year's race. Increasing his lead until apparently he had the race well in hand, Mellor was several seconds ahead of the record when half the distance was covered. Lorz about this time began to draw up on the leaders, and when at the 20th mile mark Mellor dropped to a walk, Lorz had passed Haarer and Marks, Spring having quit. While ascending a long hill just outside of Boston Lorz overhauled Mellor, and the latter gave up the race. From this point on Lorz was never in danger of losing his place, and running through the streets of Boston he received a continuous ovation. Lorz partially collapsed after he broke the tape, but soon recovered, while Marks and Fowler finished in good condition.

FOOTBALL.

THISTLE CLUB ORGANIZED.

The Thistle Association football club has organized for the season. Alex. Milliken, 823 Elias street, is secretary, and will be glad to receive challenges from local teams for evening matches. he team is mostly composed of young Englishmen recently from the old country. There are some fast players among them.

HOLIDAY GAME.

The following will be the Thistle club's team for the Association football game against Wolseley Barracks on Good Friday at 10 a.m.: Goal, Alex Milliken; right full back, James Milliken; left full back, George Black; right half back, Wm. Garvin; center half back, Wm. Chives; left half back, George Milliken; right forwards, Wm. Grassick and Alex. Chives; center forward, John Lee; left forward, John Milliken and Harry Weir.

The Barracks team will be the same as usual with the exception that Sergt. Beales will not be able to play, being away on duty.

LACROSSE.

DUFFERINS REORGANIZE.

Orangeville, Ont., April 19. — The Dufferin lacrosse club this evening reorganized for the season, and the following officers were elected: President, L. M. McCarthy; vice-president, Hugh Polson; secretary, G. H. Campbell; treasurer, C. R. McKcown. It was decided to enter the intermediate C. L. A. series.

ANTISEPTIC AND HEALING

THERE ARE SCORES OF WAYS IN WHICH EVERY FAMILY FINDS USE FOR

Dr. Chase's Ointment

Dr. Chase's Ointment is so pure and clean, so remarkably soothing and healing, and leaves the skin so soft, smooth and clear that it becomes a pleasure to use it.

Though best known because of its extraordinary control of the most torturing, itching skin diseases, such as eczema, salt rheum, psoriasis and tetter, it should not be forgotten that Dr. Chase's Ointment will not injure the most delicate skin, but is in reality a skin beautifier of great value.

Dr. Chase's Ointment is used with splendid results as a cure for:

Chilblains and frostbites.
Chapped hands and face.
Sore and inflamed eyelids.
Poisoned skin.
Scald head and baby eczema.
Sore feet and toes.
Pimples and blackheads.
Rough, red skin.
Hives and insect bites.
Barber's itch.
Scalds and burns.
Itching peculiar to women.
Ringworm and pinworms.
Old sores and bedsores.

Especially where there are small children scarcely a week passes in which Dr. Chase's Ointment would not prove useful.

By noting the cures reported from time to time in this paper you will find that Dr. Chase's Ointment is one of the greatest healing preparations known to science, frequently curing eczema and psoriasis when all other means have failed.

Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co, Toronto.

BAD RACE BEING RUN BY BOSTONS

American League Champions Lose Four Games—At Bottom of Ladder.

The big league standings changed slightly yesterday. Pittsburg went up to second place in the National, and Philadelphia back to third, as a result of having lost to the Giants. Boston pulled up a notch, and the rest of the teams remained in the same position. The Brooklyn Superbas are now six games to the bad.

In the American, the Highlanders, of New York, lost to the Athletics, of Philadelphia. This broke the tie in the standing of the teams, and New York will have one more point to work against. The Boston Champions still continue on their slump. They bring up the rear at present, with four games lost and none won. The figures are as follows:

NATIONAL LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
New York	3	0	1000
Pittsburg	4	1	.800
Philadelphia	3	1	.750
Chicago	3	2	.600
Boston	3	2	.600
St. Louis	2	3	.400
Cincinnati	1	4	.200
Brooklyn	0	6	.000

AMERICAN LEAGUE STANDING.

	Won.	Lost.	P.C.
Philadelphia	3	0	1000
New York	3	1	.750
Chicago	3	2	.600
Cleveland	1	1	.500
Detroit	1	1	.500
St. Louis	2	3	.400
Washington	2	3	.400
Boston	0	4	.000

WHOLESALE LEAGUE ORGANIZED FOR YEAR

At a well-attended meeting of the baseball enthusiasts of the east end, the organization of the new Wholesale League was completed last night. The league will comprise four teams, and there is no reason why it should not be very successful. Each of the teams reports that it has plenty of men to choose from, and good fast ball will be seen this year. The teams which will play are Bennets, Somervilles, Wortman & Wards and the Canadian Packing Company. A committee was appointed to wait on the water commissioners and street railway, to make arrangements for securing the diamond at Springbank. At a meeting to be held next Wednesday a schedule will be drawn up.

The officers elected were:

Patron—Robert Bennet, C. R. Somerville, M. Stone and Ejnar Rechnitzer.

President—C. W. Smith.

Vice-President—James Ferguson.

Secretary-Treasurer — R. A. Mitchell.

THE TURF.

YESTERDAY'S TURF WINNERS.

At the Aqueduct—Burnett, 10 to 1; Race King, 8 to 1; Monte Carlo, 9 to 10; Legend, 15 to 1; Torsan, 3 to 1; Kianesha, 7 to 5.

At Memphis—Lady Ellison, 11 to 5; Benvoleo, 8 to 5; Youth, 6 to 5; Glen Echo, 12 to 5; Silver Skin, 4 to 1; Ildotlore, 4 to 1.

BASEBALL.

DORCHESTER ORGANIZES.

On Monday night a meeting was held at Dorchester for the purpose of organizing a baseball club for the coming season. The following officers were elected:

Honorary President—J. W. Hunt.
Honorary Vice-Presidents — W. C. Drake and J. H. Birch.
Secretary—D. Black.
Treasurer—Wm. Armstrong.
Manager—W. Williams.
Captain—J. H. Mullen.

Dorchester has a number of good ball players and with a little practice they should be able to make a good showing this season.

IN THE NATIONAL.

		R.	H.	E.
At Boston (morning)—				
Boston	10010000*—2	5	2	
Brooklyn	01000000—1	2	3	
Batteries — Willhelm and Needham; Strickletd and Ritter. Umpires, Emslie and Bauswine. Attendance, 2,290.				
At Boston (afternoon)—				
Boston	00000010*—1	6	0	
Brooklyn	00000000—0	5	2	
Batteries — Harley and Needham; Eason and Bergen. Umpires, Bauswine and Emslie. Attendance, 7,800.				
At Chicago—				
Chicago	11030000*—5	7	1	
Cincinnati	00100000—1	5	0	
Batteries—Weimer and Kling; Ewing and Schlei. Umpire, O'Day. Attendance, 8,000.				
At Pittsburg—				
Pittsburg	10031300*—8	12	2	
St. Louis	10000000 3—4	8	3	
Batteries—Leever and Peitz; McFarland, Egan and Warner. Umpire, Klem. Attendance, 12,085.				
At New York—				
New York	20010000 3—6	9	1	
Philadelphia	01103000—5	6	1	
Batteries—Ames and Bresnahan; Pittinger and Dooin. Umpire, Johnstone. Attendance, 6,000.				
IN THE AMERICAN.				
		R.	H.	E.
At Philadelphia—				
New York	00021200—6	10	5	
Philadelphia	20001030 1—7	13	3	
Batteries—Chesbro and Kleinow; Plank and Powers. Umpire, O'Loughlin. Attendance, 4,818.				
At Detroit—				
Detroit	00100110*—3	7	1	
Chicago	00000000—0	5	2	
Batteries—Donovan and Sullivan; Patterson, Owen and McFarland. Umpire, Sheridan. Attendance, 9,412.				
At Washington—				
Washington	00001100001—3	9	1	
Boston	20000000 00—2	5	0	
Batteries — Patten and Kittredge; Dineen and Farrell. Umpire, Connolly. Attendance, 3,808.				
At St. Louis—				
St. Louis	02000000*—2	4	0	
Cleveland	00000000—0	7	2	
Batteries—Sudhoff and Sugden; Hess and Buelow. Umpires, Kelley and McCarthy. Attendance, 4,000.				

COLLEGE GAMES.

At Ithaca—Cornell 6, Syracuse 2.
At West Point—West Point 11, New York University 3.
At Princeton, N.J.—Lafayete 2, Princeton 3 (11 innings).

Morgan Meets Victor.

Rome, April 19 — King Victor Emmanuel today received in private audience J. Pierpont Morgan, who thanked his majesty warmly for the grand cordon of Saints Maurice and Lazarus, which he wore. The King was most cordial in his manner, and expressed his personal gratification at the generous act of Mr. Morgan in returning to Ascoli the cope stolen from the cathedral, there, and sold to him by an unknown person. The conversation which was carried on in English lasted half an hour.

A man's first attack of love seldom lasts long, but he remembers it all his days.

This year it will be a frock coat Easter

As Easter comes so late this year, we have made extra preparations for it. Overcoats will probably be discarded by then, and frock suits will be more popular than ever.

The frock is the only correct dress for church or any daylight function. More people are realizing each year the importance of being correctly dressed from both a social and business standpoint.

The Semi-ready frock coat is an extremely elegant garment. It is made of Cheviots and Worsteds, dressed and undressed. The linings throughout are of satin duchesse or silk serge, with lapel facings of armure or bird's-eye weaves.

Prices, $20, $25 and $30.

We would like to show you what a sumptuous garment the Semi-ready frock is. Won't you call and try one on? 493

Semi-ready Tailoring

146 Dundas Street, LONDON,
Also ST. THOMAS and STRATFORD.

BE SURE TO SEE THAT THE
INDURATED FIBERWARE
TUBS, PAILS, ETC.,
YOU BUY BEAR THE NAME
EDDY
ESTABLISHED A.D. 1851.

They are manufactured by NEW PROCESSES and are SUPERIOR to any other makes on the market.
FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE.
DONALD McLEAN, AGENT, 426 RICHMOND ST., LONDON.

...MILK CHOCOLATE...

Is good, but be sure you get it pure.

Cowan's Milk Chocolate

Croquettes, Wafers, Medallions, Etc.,

Is absolutely pure and very good.

The COWAN CO., Limited, Toronto

TUBERCULOSIS NOT FATAL

Early Diagnosis and Instruction Will Practically Rob It of Its Danger.

Atlanta, Ga., April 18.—Increased attendance and largely increased interest marked the second day's proceedings of the American Anti-Tuberculosis League here today. Late arrivals brought the attendance up to about 600 physicians, which included a large number of women practitioners. The general subject considered at the only session of the convention today was the treatment of tuberculosis in its varied forms.

An important paper of the day was by Dr. C. P. Ambler, of Asheville, N. C., on the physicians' permanent duty to the patient and family in tuberculosis. At the conclusion of the paper, the convention by a unanimous vote authorized the publication of the paper as embodying the sense of the league on the subject. Dr. Ambler in the course of his address said:

"I wish to place myself on record as advocating that the best means of preventing consumption is to discover the tuberculosis disease in the patient before the stage of consumption has been reached. Consumptives are persons dying with a tuberculous disease. Tuberculosis is not the fatal disease that past generations have regarded it."

At the conclusion of his discussion Dr. Ambler presented the following points:

"First—Tuberculosis is not the fatal disease commonly believed.

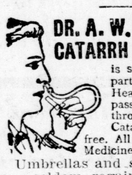
"Second—While communicable, it can be made practically inocuous by the proper course on the part of the patient.

"Third—The chief cause of the large mortality is late diagnosis.

"Fourth — Late diagnosis is caused by indifference of the patient to early symptoms and carelessness on the part of the physician consulted.

"Fifth—By thorough, systematic instruction of the patient, better results can be accomplished than by medication.

"Sixth—Instruction of patient, family and friends and close observance on their part of the rules laid down will practically rob the disease of its method and means of extending."


DR. A. W. CHASE'S CATARRH CURE ... 25c.
is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower. Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free. All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chase Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffalo.

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Reached the Open Water.

Mackinac Island, Mich., April 19. — After struggling for over a week with the heavy ice fields in the Straits of Mackinac, the down-bound fleet of 21 vessels from Chicago and Milwaukee today succeeded in forcing a passage, and are now in the open waters of Lake Huron, having opened the season of navigation for 1905.

Although the straits are now open for the passage of vessels through the channel north of Bois Blanc Island, the south passage is still full of ice, which may hold for another week.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla. Used in all parts of the world for over 60 years. Has the unqualified endorsement of the best physicians. A strong nerve tonic. A blood purifier of great power. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.