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When the War Was Over

BY FREDERICK R. BURTON.
Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of Thornton Wetmore," etc.

(See issues prior to Nov. 5 for synopsis of previous chapters.)

CHAPTER XXVI.—DUTTON, THE INCUBUS.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Sam, agitated at the discovery. "I saw him in here still and silent as a grave-stone not half an hour before you came back." "We must make a chase for him," said Mr. Warren. "He's stolen property from Dutton that's worth twenty townships." "Is it really diamonds, Nick?" "Yes, one of the most valuable in the world." "I'll harness up right away," said Sam, as they crowded up the stairs, and he ran across the road to his barn, which was behind his house and store. Just as he was running into the driveway a woman who was hurrying up the road called to him. "Mr. Springer, Mr. Springer," but he neither answered nor halted.

"What is it, Emily?" asked Mrs. Springer, coming out from the store. "Oh, dear!" said the woman hysterically. "I don't know as it's anything, but I'm afraid your horse is sore. Did you lend him to that Mr. Golding?" "I should say not, indeed! That Mr. Golding is tied to a post under the meeting house." "Oh, dear! then it's so!" cried the woman. "I just saw him pass our house at a full gallop on Mr. Springer's horse. I might have thought anything of it, but that I just happened to catch sight of him, leading the horse round back of Mr. Newcomb's and so to the road through the lane. It looked suspicious and I wanted to stop him, but when he sees me he gets into the saddle and galloped away. And there weren't any men folks around to help."

Men folks, indeed! No, not at the distance from their houses in the fields, had gone to Mr. Warren's when he returned from Denby.

"No use, neighbors," said Sam, more gloomy than angry as he came around the corner from the barn. "He's gone on the fastest horse in the township. We can't catch him."

"Perhaps not," responded Mr. Warren, with energy, "but we can go to the nearest place that has a telegraph office and set all the police in the county on his track. He won't venture to go to Denby, but there's other towns, and to towns he must go after a while."

"That's right," admitted Sam; "and as it's my nag that's gone, I'll go with anybody who'll take me."

A volunteer was promptly forthcoming, and in a few minutes Sam and his neighbor set out to track Golding if possible, and to telegraph his description to the local officers of all towns through which he might pass.

Mr. Warren returned to his house. "Did you tell him?" he asked of his wife.

"About Golding's getting his diamond? No."

"Then I must. I'm afraid it will upset him, but it's got to be done."

He went into the spare room. Dutton seemed none the worse for the excitement of the morning.

"Dut," said Mr. Warren, "you must be a soldier now, for I've got bad news for you."

He paused and the invalid looked up at him inquiringly.

"Golding has escaped, and he took the 'President' with him."

Dutton's eyes sparkled with interest.

"So Golding got away, did he? Well, he's a sharp one."

"But, did you understand me, Dut? He took the 'President' with him. He got hold of it before Martin could stop him. You saw the affair, didn't you?"

"Yes, Nick, I saw it all. I understand."

He closed his eyes in the old weary way and kept them shut, with his brow slightly contracted.

"I'm honestly sorry for you, comrade," said Mr. Warren, "said Dutton feebly, without opening his eyes.

"Well, how's our patient today?" asked a cheerful voice at the door. It was Dr. Nason.

"Good morning, Nick," he continued. "I was sent for to go to Denby about your matter, and just as I was about

to start I got a message from the justice explaining that you were released. I'm glad to hear it. I supposed you'd come off all right. And I've heard all about Elsie, too, so you needn't explain. How is the stranger getting on?"

"I'm feeling much better, doctor," said Dutton, looking up.

"You look it," and the doctor felt his pulse and tested his temperature.

"Not going to play sick much longer, are you?" he asked abruptly.

Dutton opened his eyes wider.

"Play sick?" he repeated, in a grievous tone.

"Yes, it gives the physician a good deal of annoyance, you know, though, of course, you can't fool him long. I should say that if you think you've waited long enough, you're pretty nearly able to get up."

"You're rough on a fellow, doctor. I thought I'd been a pretty sick man."

"Oh, yes, you haven't been well, but you put on a good deal of delirium, you know. I don't mind if my friends here don't, but I thought I'd speak of it so that you'd understand me. The medicine you need is exercise."

With that the doctor went into the sitting room, where he chatted awhile with Elsie and Will. When he came away he said in an undertone to Mr. Warren:

"You must get that man out of your house for your wife's sake. She endures wonderfully, but it isn't the physician's strain I fear. His presence weighs on her for some reason that perhaps you understand. Get him away."

"Suppose, doctor," returned Mr. Warren, "that I was certain Martha would feel the strain of his presence more than that of his presence?"

The doctor shrugged his shoulders.

"You must decide for yourself, then. I only know that your wife is in danger of nervous prostration, and not all the terrible anxiety about you and Elsie has affected her so much as this man. I suggest that something ought to be done, and that it is something beyond the province of a physician."

Mr. Warren felt very gloomy after this conversation. He went to the barn, and in the short time that intervened before dinner he tried to distract his mind with farm duties. He could not succeed. How should he, when all the excitement of arrest for murder and the disappearance of his daughter had not availed wholly to banish the trouble that had come into his life with the coming of Dutton?

Will stayed to dinner, and everybody except Granpa Kirk assumed an air of cheerfulness. With the young people the atmosphere was more cheerful, perhaps, though both of them were beginning to suffer from the reaction of the previous day and night's adventures. Elsie, too, felt, again, now that the immediate transports of joy over her rescue had subsided, that chilling sense of unknown, undefined trouble that had been the first step to all the rest.

Granpa was crotchety. Like all old people he had his fits of restless peevishness, and though they were not so frequent as to make him at all troublesome to those who understood him and loved him, they were recognized with patient smiles and generally ignored. The Warrens naturally attributed his present temper to the breaking of his rest by the confusion attendant on Elsie's return, but after dinner he told Mr. Warren that he wanted to talk to him, and led the way to the garden, where he spent the afternoon when the days were hot and sunny.

He turned with a scowl when he had come to his tree and said:

"Nick, what is he doing here?"

The question surprised Mr. Warren, although his wife had prepared him for some expression from Granpa on the subject of Dutton's presence.

"Granpa," he replied, addressing him by the affectionate title that everybody used in speaking to or of him, "I don't know why he is here. I wouldn't be fair to answer you by saying that he was hurt and we took him in out of kindness."

"No, and I wouldn't be the truth, Nick," said the old man, crossly. "I suppose he's been hurt, or something's happened to make him sick, but that's only a part of it. What did he come here for?"

"I tell you, I don't know."

"What does he say about it?"

"He won't say a word."

"Nick, I've a right to ask all this. We were led to suppose that he was dead, years ago."

"Yes," responded Warren, huskily. "I thought he was dead. Don't you suppose I'm suffering from this?" he asked almost fiercely.

The old man frowned and sat down, shifting his chair to get it into the shade.

"You'd better send him away," he snapped.

Mr. Warren sighed despairingly and returned to the house, leaving the old man seated with both hands on the head of his cane, his head sunk down upon his shoulders until he seemed to have no neck. He was thinking in his own way, or was he dreaming? Do the operations of their brains more like the dreams of the younger?

But that as it may, as the old gentleman sat there the scowl upon his wrinkled face gradually softened and disappeared, giving place to a quaint smile of amusement, that deepened and broadened until his rickety frame shook with laughter.

Between the doctor and his father-in-law, Mr. Warren was painfully disturbed. It did not seem, after the way the doctor of humanity should prevent him from demanding that his unwelcome guest should explain himself. Mr. Warren walked into the spare room, therefore, and closed the door between it and the kitchen.

"Nick," said Dutton, before Mr. Warren could begin, "I think I'll try to get up."

"I should say it was about time," responded Mr. Warren, rather roughly.

"I see you believe what that fool doctor says."

"He's no fool, Dut. He saw your game yesterday forenoon and informed us of it. It was when Golding was here."

"Oh, yes; I didn't want anything to say to Golding."

"And the result was he promptly went off and had me arrested for attempting to murder you."

"Yes, I know—"

"And then Elsie was taken away and Martha was left alone—heavens, man! isn't our account against you enough?"

"Nick, you do me some injustice, on my word you do."

Dutton spoke with evidently sincere earnestness, and his face was bathed in profuse perspiration, as he slowly sat up in bed and leaned on one arm toward Warren.

"I've been awfully sick, Nick; it's true I played it on Golding, and at times when you or Martha pressed me with questions that I wasn't ready to answer, I've pretended to be unconscious, but I've been genuinely ill, Nick, and I'm still feeble. Why, man alive, can you think that if I'd been able to get up when Elsie disappeared, and I knew that Wanga had taken her, can you imagine that I would have lain here like a log?"

"No," replied Mr. Warren. "I must admit that any man would have done

what he could under such circumstances—any man but Golding."

"Yes, except him, and yet he was a good fellow before he got the diamond fever."

"Well, let that pass," said Mr. Warren. "Aren't you about ready to answer questions now?"

Dutton lay down again with a sigh. "Pretty near, Nick, pretty near. Give me a chance, please. Remember, 'tisn't so very long that I've been here recovering from the attack of Wanga and Sam. Let me get up, and see if I can take a turn around the yard. Just as soon as I'm a little stronger, so that I can quit you, I'll talk."

"All right, then, we'll wait. We're both Wanga and the other fellow in it."

"Oh, yes. They took me by surprise, and, of course, Wanga would. I foolishly supposed that I had eluded them by footsitting it most of the way from New York like a common tramp. We had a short, sharp fight of it, during which I did for Sam, I guess. I know that as soon as they got me down Wanga picked Sam up and carried him out, and the next thing I knew I looked up at you and Martha and saw the cabin afore."

Dutton was, indeed, feeble. This talk was exhausting him, and, doubly anxious for his speedy recovery, Mr. Warren brought the scene to an end. Later in the afternoon Dutton crawled from the house by the aid of Elsie and her mother, and sat for a time in the open air. He seemed to enjoy the change, and especially the company of the girl, whom he questioned so persistently on her adventures that it would have been clear to anyone who listened that he delighted simply in hearing her talk.

Will at this time had gone home for needed rest, and Mr. Warren was at work in the neglected fields. From his place under the tree, Granpa Kirk appeared to watch Dutton and Elsie, though it is very doubtful if his failing eyes could distinguish them at the distance. Yet on his face there appeared varying expressions, now a scowl and again an amused smile.

It was a little while before supper-time. Dutton had been helped back to the spare room, where he lay fully dressed on the bed. Mrs. Warren was busy at the stove, and in the garden. Granpa Kirk had dragged his chair to the side of the house, the declining sun sending its rays with uncomfortable directness under the branches of the orchard.

Elsie had been sitting uneasily from room to room, trying to busy herself steadily at one task and another, and failing to free her mind from the perplexing questions that were ever present respecting the mystery that had come upon the house. At length she slipped quietly out by the front door and went around the house to the spot where Granpa was sitting.

"Granpa," she said, her voice husky with the intense interest attaching to her question, "you know something about this Mr. Dutton. Tell me, Granpa."

"Eh?" exclaimed the old man, surprised and querulous; "what's that, child?"

"Mr. Dutton, Granpa; you know all about him. Tell me, please."

Granpa Kirk looked at her sharply. "What do you want to know for?" he asked.

"Because everything is so mysterious about him. Don't you remember how vexed you were when I came home this morning because mamma and papa haven't told you he was here? Don't you suppose I feel the same way, Granpa?" and she put her arms about his neck and laid her young cheek close against his wrinkled face.

"Elsie!" said her mother's pained voice.

The girl looked up startled, saw her mother standing in the kitchen doorway, whither she had been attracted by the voices, and her eyes sank down. Then she had ever seen them before, and, ashamed and sorrowful, she turned from the old man and went to her own room.

(To Be Continued Tomorrow.)

Will they get it?

Removed Establishment by a Canadian Firm of a Branch in Albany, N. Y.

Albany (Special) Nov. 4.—The outcry in certain quarters against the high tariff still goes on, but it is to the tariff that Albany is likely to owe the addition of another industry to her numerous existing ones.

A Canadian firm located in Toronto and, it is understood, been interviewed by an Albany business man, with a view to establishing in this city a manufactory of the staple kidney remedy, Dodd's Kidney Pills.

As the business done by the Canadian firm throughout the United States has assumed very large proportions, owing to the recognition by the American public of the great value of this staple, it is probable that arrangements will be satisfactorily entered into. The annual output is very large and is rapidly increasing.

Ambassador Bayard's chief English chum is said to be the Archbishop of York, and the country place he frequently visits.

A Natural Beautifier.

Karl's Clover Root Tea purifies the blood and gives a clear and beautiful complexion. Prepared by T. Strong.

Johann Strauss, the composer, who last week celebrated his 70th birthday, has just completed a new opera.

The Best Cough Cure.

Shiloh's Cure. A cough is dangerous. Stop it at once with Shiloh's Cure. For sale by W. T. Strong.

The late King Menelik of Abyssinia frequently wore a stovepipe hat of American make.

Karl's Clover Root Tea.

A sure cure for headache and nervous distress. Nothing relieves so quickly. For sale by W. T. Strong.

Prince Alfred, son of the Duke of Coburg, recently celebrated his coming of age.

A LIFE SAVED.—Mr. James Bryson Cameron, states: "I was confined to my bed with inflammation of the lungs, and was given up by physicians. A neighbor advised me to try Dr. Thomas' Eclectic Oil, stating that his wife had used it for a throat trouble with the best results. Acting on this advice, I procured the medicine, and less than a half-bottle cured me; I certainly believe it saved my life. It was with reluctance that I consented to a trial, as I was reduced to such a state that I doubted the power of any remedy to do me any good."

The best description of mountain scenery was written by a man who had never climbed a mountain, and Miss Nora Keating, the most distinctive Celtic of the new Irish school of writers, has never so much as set foot in the Green Isle in her life.

PARMELEE'S PILLS possess the power of acting specifically upon the diseased organs, stimulating to action the dormant energies of the system, thereby removing disease. In fact, so great is the power of this medicine to cleanse and purify that diseases of almost every name and nature are driven from the body. Mr. D. Carswell, of Carswell postoffice, Ont., writes: "I have used Parmelee's Pills, and find them an excellent medicine, and one that will sell well."

Connoisseurs of driving patronize Overmyer's livery, Richmond street north, as he has only the latest style of rigs. Phone 423.

The Mission to Lepers.

Convention of Canadian Auxiliaries in the City.

Reports Presented—Address by Rev. David Herron, a Veteran Worker in India—What is Most Needed to Wipe Out the Disease.

A convention of the Canadian auxiliaries interested in the mission to lepers in India and the East was held in Somerset Hall, Dundas street, yesterday afternoon. Mrs. Robertson, of East London, the president of the London branch, occupied the chair. There were present Mrs. Watt, Miss Ross, and Miss Watt, of the Guelph auxiliary; Mr. W. Henderson, of Toronto, editor of the Faithful Witness; Mrs. Carlyle, of Woodstock; Mrs. Robertson, Miss Bella Egan, Miss Morris, Mrs. Mayell, and Miss McDougall, representing the London branch. Montreal, Georgetown and Hamilton were not represented.

A large number of the local workers were present in a non-official capacity.

After the opening proceedings, which included a very instructive Bible reading by Mrs. Evans, of this city, an address of welcome was read by Mrs. Robertson, and an inspiring reply made by Mrs. Watt, of Guelph. Reports from every auxiliary were read, showing that for the year just passed a total of between \$1,500 and \$2,000 had been raised by voluntary subscriptions and contributed to the support of the Home for European Lepers in India.

The report from the London auxiliary was read by the secretary, Miss Bown. It acknowledged the goodness of God during the year, and stated that monthly meetings had been held and well attended. Seventy-five members were on the roll (an increase of 38 over the previous year), and the amount raised was \$108, which was a slight increase. The condition of the auxiliary was a source of great encouragement to the members, as the year had been one of financial distress throughout the country, and only self-sacrifice and conscientious giving could have secured such good results.

Rev. David Herron, deputy superintendent, and for 40 years a worker among the lepers, was introduced to the convention, and made a short address. Miss Lila Watt, B.A., of Guelph, spoke on the voluntary support of the opening of asylums for European lepers, for whom there is very little provision at present. At 6:30 the delegates and other ladies present partook of a sumptuous tea, prepared by the London auxiliary.

THE EVENING MEETING.

Somerset Hall was crowded in the evening, when an open meeting was held in connection with the convention. The principal speaker was Rev. David Herron, lately returned from India. Mr. Herron was sent to the East 40 years ago by the American Board of Presbyterian Missions, and from the day of his arrival in India he actively associated himself with the leper work. By way of introduction to his address, Mr. Herron referred to the existence of leprosy to a terrible extent in Europe from the eleventh to the fifteenth centuries. The French leper asylums in those times were exceedingly numerous, while those of Great Britain numbered over 100. The disease had been obliterated from Europe, however, by the complete isolation of the afflicted, but today it was rampant in India, China, Japan, Ceylon, Syria, and Burmah. It was estimated that there were fully 500,000 lepers in India alone. It was everywhere a life, and a daily sight to witness the sickening specimens of humanity begging in the streets and public markets. The lepers' treatment in the earlier times was barbarous. They were subjected to all kinds of cruelty, cast from their homes and frequently killed. Time had wrought many changes, and now the unfortunates were perfectly safe; their sufferings were alleviated, and they were cheered on with the hope of a glorious future. Mr. Herron pictured many instances of the utter helplessness of the lepers, and he gave an interesting account of the origin of the mission. In conclusion, he said it would be a matter of only a few years before the plague could be stamped out, if the victims were properly isolated.

A short and interesting address was also delivered by Mrs. Watt, of Guelph, on the formation of the different auxiliaries. Rev. Robt. Johnston gave a Bible reading from II. Kings, fifth chapter, and Miss Roblin, of the Dundas Center Quartet, favored with a solo.

Make Yourself Strong.

If you would resist pneumonia, bronchitis, typhoid fever, and persistent coughs and colds. These ills attack the weak and run down system. They can find no foothold where the blood is kept pure, rich and full of vitality. The appetite good and digestion vigorous. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the one true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills cure liver ills, constipation, biliousness, jaundice, sick headache.

I recently performed four marriage ceremonies in twenty minutes. remarked the Rev. Mr. Thirly. "That was at the rate of twelve knots an hour," added Miss Flynn—Pearson's Weekly.

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