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H. N. HUNT
100 Dundas Street.

LOVE AND LUCRE

The captain stood silent for a moment, and then, briefly but plainly, and glossing over the horrors of the situation as much as he could, he told them about the Rackbirds. Not one of the little party interrupted the captain's story, but their faces grew paler and paler as he proceeded.

When he had finished, Mrs. Cliff burst into tears. "Captain," she cried, "let us take the boat and row away from this dreadful place. We should not lose a minute; let us go now."

But the captain shook his head. "That would not do," he said; "on this open sea they could easily see us. They have boats, and could row much faster than we could."

"Then," exclaimed the excited woman, "we could turn over the boat and all sink to the bottom together."

To this the captain made no answer. "You must all get inside as quickly as you can," he said. "Maka, you and that other fellow carry in everything that has been left out here. Be quick. Go up, Ralph, and take the flag down, and then run in."

When the others had entered the narrow passage, the captain followed. Fortunately he had two guns, each double-barrelled, and if but a few of the Rackbirds came in pursuit of the escaped negro, he might be a match for them in that narrow passage.

Shortly after the party had retired within the rocks, Miss Markham came to the captain, who was standing at the door of the first apartment. "Captain," said she, "I am in a state of nervous fear, and I have been trying to quiet her. Can you say anything that might give her a little courage? Do you really think there is any chance of our escape from this narrow danger?"

"Yes," said the captain, "there is a chance. Rynders may come back before the Rackbirds discover us, and even if two or three of them find out our retreat, I may be able to dispose of them and thus give us a little more time. That is our only ground of hope. Those men are bound to come here sooner or later, and everything depends upon the return of Rynders."

"But," urged Miss Markham, "perhaps they may not come so far as this to look for the runaway; the waves may have washed out his footsteps upon the sand. There may be no reason why they should come up to this plateau."

The captain smiled a very somber smile. "If any of them should come this way," he said, "it is possible that they might not think it worth while to cease their search along the beach and come up to this particular spot, were it not that our boat is down there. That is the same thing as if we had put out a sign to tell them where we are. The boat is hauled up on shore, but they could not fail to see it."

"Captain," said Miss Markham, "do you think those Rackbirds killed the three sailors?"

"I am very much afraid of it," he answered; "if they did, they must have known that these poor fellows were survivors of a shipwreck, and I suppose they stole up behind them and shot them down or stabbed them. If that were so, I wonder why they have not sooner been this way looking for the wreck, or at least for other unfortunate men who may have reached shore. I suppose if they are making this sort of a search they went southward. But all that, of course, depends upon whether they really saw Davis and the two other men. If they did not, they could have no reason for supposing there were any shipwrecked people on the coast."

"But that thought is of no use to us," said Miss Markham, "he eyes upon the ground, for, of course, they will be coming after the black man. Captain," she continued, quickly, "is there anything I can do? I can fire a gun."

He looked at her for a moment. "That will not be necessary," he said; "but there is something you can do. Have you a pistol?"

"Yes," said she, "I have. I put it in my pocket as soon as I came into the cave. Here it is."

The captain took the pistol from her hands and examined it. "Five barrels," he said, "and very careful of it." handing it back to her. "I will put your brother and Mrs. Cliff in your charge. At the slightest hint of danger you must keep together in the middle room. I will stand between you

and the rascals as long as I can, but if I am killed, you must do what you think best."

"I will," said she, and she put the pistol back in her pocket.

The captain was very much encouraged by the brave talk of this young woman, and it really seemed as if he now had someone to stand by him, someone with whom he could even consult.

"I have carefully examined this cavern," said the captain, after a moment's pause, "and there are only two steps by which those men could possibly get in. You need not be afraid that anyone can scramble down the walls of that furthest apartment; that could not be done, though they might be able to fire upon anyone in it; but in the middle room they would be perfectly secure from gunshots. I shall keep Maka on guard a little back from the entrance to the passage. He will lie on the ground, and can hear any steps long before they reach us. It is barely possible that some of them might enter by the great cleft in the cave on the other side of the lake, but in that case they would have to swim across, and I shall station that new African on the ledge of which you have heard, and if he sees any of them coming in that direction, I know he will give very quick warning. I hardly think, though, that they would trust themselves to be picked off while swimming."

"And you?" said she.

"Oh, I shall keep my eyes on all points," said he, "as far as I can. I begin to feel a spirit of fight rising up within me. If I thought I could keep them off until Rynders gets here, I almost wish they would then come. I would like to kill a lot of them."

"Suppose," said Edna Markham, after a moment's reflection, "that they should see Mr. Rynders coming back and should attack him?"

"I hardly think they would do that," replied the captain; "they will probably come in a good-sized vessel, and I don't think they are the kind of men for open battle. They are midnight sneaks and assassins. Now, I advise all of you to go and get something to eat. It would be better for us not to try to do any cooking, and so make a smoke."

The captain did not wish to talk any more. Miss Markham's last remark had put a new fear into his mind. Suppose the Rackbirds had lured Rynders and his men on shore? Those sailors had but few arms among them. They had not thought, when they left, that there would be any necessity for defense against their fellow-beings.

When Edna Markham had told Mrs. Cliff what the captain had said about their chances, and what he intended to do for their protection, the older woman brightened up a good deal.

"I have great faith in the captain," she declared, "and if he thinks it is worth while to make a fight, I believe he will make a good one. If they should be firing, and Mr. Rynders is approaching the coast, even if it should be night, he would lose no time in getting to us."

Towards the close of that afternoon three wild beasts came around the point of the bluff and made their way northward along the beach. They were ferocious creatures, with shaggy hair and beards; two of them carried guns, and each of them had a knife in his belt. When they came to a broad bit of beach above the reach of the waves they were very much surprised at some footprints they saw. They were the tracks of two men instead of those of the one they were looking for. This discovery made them very cautious. They were eager to kill the escaped African before he got far enough away to give information of their retreat, for they knew not at what time an armed force in search of them might approach the coast. But they were very wary about running into danger. There was something in the black fellow—somebody who wore boots.

After a time they came to the boat. The minute they saw this each miscreant crouched suddenly upon the sand, and with cocked guns they listened. Then, hearing nothing, they fully examined the boat. It was empty—there were not even oars in it.

Looking about them, they saw a hollow behind some rocks. To this they ran, crouching close to the ground, and there they sat and consulted.

It was between 2 and 3 o'clock the next morning that Maka's eyes, which had not closed for more than twenty hours, refused to keep open any longer, and with his head on the hard, rocky ground of the passage in which he lay, the poor African slept soundly.

On the shelf at the edge of the lake, the other African, Moka, was crouched on his heels, his eyes wide open. Whether he was asleep or not it would have been difficult to determine, but if anyone had appeared in the great cleft on the other side of the lake, he would have sprung with his feet with his fear of the Rackbirds was always awake.

Inside the first apartment was Capt. Horn, fast asleep, his two guns by his side. He had kept watch for an hour before, but Ralph had insisted upon taking his turn, and, as the captain knew he could not keep awake always, he allowed the boy to take a short watch. But now Ralph was leaning back against one of the walls, sleeping evenly and steadily. In the next room sat Edna Markham, wide awake. She knew of the arrangement made for the Ralph, and she knew the boy's healthy, sleepy nature, so that she went on watch she went on watch.

(To be Continued.)

Watch Your Wife!

Not lest she do some great wrong, but that you prevent her suffering many of them. Watch her that she suffer not from the many insidious diseases which afflict women, dragging them down and enfeebling them till life becomes a burden, and from which too few are altogether exempt. By getting her a bottle of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, the great female restorative tonic and nerve, you will furnish her the means to alleviate and speedily cure "Female Weakness," displacements, dragging pains, ulceration, weak back and general debility, and the wretched, faded look will give place to the ruddy glow of health before its influence. Dr. Pierce guarantees a cure, or money is returned.

A Great Power.—"Fencer—I don't see how Columbus ever found time to discover America. Ferguson—Why not? Spencer—As far as I can gather he appears to have spent most of his time having his picture taken."

Frivolous Lawyer Says:—"I have eight children, every one in good health, not one of whom but has taken Scott's Emulsion, in which my wife has boundless confidence."

"You should never take anything that don't agree with you," the physician told him. "If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"

A Dinner Pill.—Many persons suffer excruciating agony after partaking of a hearty dinner. The food partaken of is like a ball of lead upon the stomach, and instead of being a healthy nutriment it becomes a poison to the system. Dr. Parmenter's Vegetable Pills are wonderful correctives of such troubles. They correct acidity, open the secretions and convert the food partaken of into healthy nutriment. They are just the medicine to take if troubled with Indigestion or Dyspepsia.

Here and There.

Western Ontario Items From All Quarters.

Death of Grandma Burth—Two Wheat Thieves Got Seven Years in Prison—A Little Girl's Unfortunate Fall.

Petroleans propose to have a new I.M.C.A. hall at a cost of about \$15,000.

Secretary Black, of the Windsor Board of Education, is seriously ill from tonsillitis.

The children of Wm. Drury, Harwich township, who were poisoned by eating candy, have entirely recovered.

A McGowan & Co. general store, Brussels, are offering by cattle on the dollar. They owe about \$3,000.

Mr. Charles Poile, an old and highly respected citizen of Chatham, died on Thursday after an illness of several weeks.

Rev. Dr. Williams, now of Mitchell, has received and accepted a unanimous invitation to the town of Listowel for the next Conference year.

James Irvine, of Aylmer, an old pensioner of the Royal Canadian Rifles, about 90 years of age, was removed to the House of Industry the other day.

Judge Bell, whose resignation as trustee was refused by the Kent county council, was re-elected chairman of the Collegiate Institute Board.

Michael Vavanaugh, the 13-year-old son of a Michigan Central employe, at Windsor, nearly amputated his right hand Saturday while cutting feed for cows.

Gabriel H. Green died at Raleigh on Friday. Mr. Green had been a resident of Kent for more than half a century, and had almost reached the century mark.

George Malott, one of the oldest residents of Kingsville, died Friday night. Deceased was in his 74th year, and leaves three children, Mrs. Theodore Scratch, of Windsor, being one of them.

Albert Allen, of Jarvis, was a guest at the Norfolk House, Simcoe, Thursday night. Friday morning he was found almost asphyxiated. But he got around all right. He blew out the gas.

The 5-year-old daughter of Fred Sperin, Queen street, Rodney, had the misfortune to fall from a chair and broke her arm. The little sufferer is doing nicely under the care of Dr. Dorland.

The drill is still plugging away at the Ridgeway gas well, but the most sanguine of the stockholders are almost discouraged. It certainly begins to look as though there was none of the precious fluid below.

A boy by the name of Beaver, of Moorestown, skated down to Wallaceburg Wednesday, and when he arrived there broke through the ice. It was with considerable difficulty that he was extricated from his perilous position.

Mat. Loney, of the Loney House, Port Stanley, who was fined \$35 and costs, \$15.45 more, or 30 days in jail, by Police Magistrate McDermid, of Aylmer, for selling liquor without a license, was served the term, and that was the easiest way he could earn the money.

On Friday the residence of C. P. Coulson, Comber, was destroyed by fire, together with its contents. The inmates had a close call. The kitchen was ablaze when Mr. and Mrs. Coulson awakened. Loss on building and contents is estimated at \$900, which is partially covered by insurance.

At Wallaceburg, Mrs. R. C. Stonehouse died last week at the age of 83 years. The deceased, whose maiden name was Catherine Gilchrist, was born in the township of Lobo in 1833. Two brothers survive her: Hugh Gilchrist, merchant, of Montreal, and John Gilchrist, of Erie. She married Robert Calvert Stonehouse in 1856, and lived in Lobo township for several years before moving to other localities.

Mrs. Harris, of Sarnia, daughter of Mr. James Kihnisten, of Parkhill, had a narrow escape from death by asphyxiation the other night. The door of the coal stove had been left partly open before retiring, which allowed the gas to escape. Her nephew, little Keith MacLeod, of Parkhill, who was visiting her, was sleeping with her and awakened her. She was very weak and did not fully recover from the effects of the gas for some time. The boy was also affected.

The Clows brothers, general all-round bad characters, came before Judge Robb on Friday at Simcoe, charged with stealing wheat from Mr. J. H. Woolley, of Colborne. When the constables went to make the arrest a week or so ago, they made a desperate resistance and attempted to escape. They have been in the criminal business for years, several convictions being recorded against them at Brantford, London and elsewhere. They have also served six years in the penitentiary, in the last of which into his most serious consideration, and sentenced them to seven years in penitentiary.

One of the most remarkable and interesting figures in the Baptist denomination of Woodstock passed peacefully away Friday afternoon. In his 91st year, Mrs. Catherine Burth, who had reached the advanced age of 91 years. The name of Grandma Burth is a household word among all of Woodstock, and her presence in the town, more particularly those belonging to the Baptist denomination. Her ministrations to the sick and needy of all creeds and her many acts of self-denial in her efforts to alleviate distress constituted the greater part of her life's work. For 72 years she had been identified with the Baptist Churches in Woodstock and the village of Gobles. She was the wife of the county, and to be established at Port Burwell and Port Stanley.

The total amount of money spent, including estimates for the work now under way for the Conneaut-Port-Dover line, is \$607,300.94, and this is not expected to complete everything. The two boats of course were the largest cost, totalling \$350,000. The dock, slips and dredging at Port Dover cost \$41,849.94, and the slips at Conneaut, \$17,000. The Pittsburg, Shearago and Lake Erie Railway and the G. T. R. also spent about \$50,000, and the United States Government gave \$50,000 to

THOSE LAKE FERRIES.

They Cost a Pile of Money—Estimates of the Conneaut and Port Dover Line.

The St. Thomas Journal says: A few figures as to the cost of a cross lake ferry scheme may be interesting to readers in view of the fact that it is said lines in operation between Conneaut, Ohio, and Port Dover, this country, are to be established at Port Burwell and Port Stanley.

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wards harbor improvements at Conneaut last year and have in the estimates this year \$40,000 more. The Canadian Government have expended \$15,000 in dredging, and the company are asking for a further grant in consideration of the unexpected outlay because of the low water.

The sudden fall of the water of Lake Erie caused an additional outlay at Port Dover of \$10,000 for a break-water and \$33,354 for rock blasting.

From the time the boats first began running until the first of February over \$56,000 was collected for duties on coal. This of course means a big decrease at some other port of entry. The number of cars that came over up to the end of the year was 3,070, on which were 73,013 tons of coal and 940 tons of merchandise. The company has 5,000 cars of timber to take over as soon as possible.

Gross Injustice

When Will It End?

Only When the Strong Arm of the Law Intervenes.

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Look for the Name and Trade Mark.

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Gross injustice is still being perpetrated in some of our large cities and towns, simply and purely for the sake of an extra money profit to the retailer.

A large number of deceived people—the suffering, sick and diseased—are asking the questions, "When will this system of deception end?" "When will the greedy substitute give up his mean and dangerous work?" There are only two possible answers to these important questions. First, "The strong arm of the law must be invoked to protect the buyers," and secondly, "The public must learn to shun the store of the known substitute."

We have evidence to prove that certain dealers are still offering substitutes when Paine's Celery Compound is asked for. The great medicine that always cures sick people is held back, and common, worthless preparations are foisted on the unwary, and confiding buyer, because the retailer makes a large profit.

Paine's Celery Compound, the medicine that "makes people well," is easily found in every city, town and village in Canada, and is at once recognized by the popular trade mark, the "stalk of celery" and the name "Paine's."

If every ailing, sick and diseased person, or the friends of such, exercise but moderate care they cannot be deceived. Go to the honest dealer; there are thousands of them who will give just what you ask for, and who will never permit any deception or unjust transaction in their business. They are the dealers who strongly recommend Paine's Celery Compound, because of its curative powers. Beware of all other liquid medicines using the name "Celery Compound." The only genuine, reliable and life-giving medicine is Paine's Celery Compound, that cures when all other prescriptions fail; the life-giver that brings new health when the doctors say you are incurable.

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