"THE INFUSION"

Is bright, clear and of extreme delicacy of flavor. It can be drunk with impunity, even by confirmed dyspeptics, it is so pure.

"SALADA"

CEYLON TEA

Lead Packets Only. Black and Mixed. All Grocers.

Mrs. Northup's Lodger.

Edith ran to the brook for water, and brought it in a china cup that had rolled out of the basket. She bathed the sick woman's face and chafed her icy cold hands. The faded, refined old face and long gray curls seemed in some way familiar, and suddenly it flashed upon her memory that she had seen it that very morning in the cottage garden among the Irish tenements. She was the same tall, thin old dame with long curls she had seen out in the garden watering the flowers.

"I am so glad you have come," whispered the pale lips. "I thought I should die here alone."

"Were you ill when you came?" Edith asked. "What caused it?"

The sick woman's hand pointed vaguely to some suspicious looking fungi under the pine tree. "I heard they were good to eat, the pink gills, you know, and so I thought I would try."

"Good heavens! you have been eating toadstools!"

Before the poor old creature could reply her face turned a pale and sickly blue, her lips crumpled like a bit of paper in the fire, her eyes rolled up in her head, her hands clinched, and she went off into a convulsion. Edith, wide eyed, frightened and pale, found herself alone in the woods with apparently a dying woman. She was young and strong and the old lady was light. She seemed wasted by fasting or sickness, perhaps both. Edith must try to get her out of the thicket to the top of the lane, where she could call for aid. She dashed more water from the brook in the poor creature's face, but it did no good. She chafed her hands, but her teeth were clinched, and her whole form was quite stiff and rigid. The girl doubted if a spark of life was left in the old frame. She took her in her arms and half dragged, half carried her over the rough bushes and brambles till she reached a more open path that led to the top of the lane. She managed to struggle forward with her burden to the foot of a large oak tree, where a bed of moss grew thick and soft about the roots. Here she put down the old woman's insensible form, and with her handkerchief wiped away a little foam that oozed from her lips. She folded the little shawl she had picked up from the ground and placed it under her head. She seemed quite dead, but by applying her hand to the left side she still felt a faint pulsation of the heart.

Edith's whole body was trembling from fright and exertion. Her legs felt too weak to give her support, and she stumbled along, panting breathlessly, until she reached the lower part of the lane, within the sound of laughter and shouts of the players on the tennis court over the wall. She took off her hat and waved it, but they did not see her. She cried out faintly, but her voice seemed muffled and lost in her throat.

"Oh, come, come! Help! There is a woman dying up in the woods! Come quick, or it will be too late!"

Young Harold Ashley had just sent his ball out of bounds, and was searching for it near the low boundary wall when he saw this apparition of a young girl, her face as pale as ashes, with great, wide, frightened eyes and parted lips, her hair, which the tree boughs had torn loose from its fastenings as she passed under them with the insensible woman in her arms, floating in a dark cloud down her back. Harry leaped over the wall, crying to the fellows who were at play to follow him, and his sister came running after them, leaving the young invalid lady alone on the reclining chair, for even the big dog had scampered off at the heels of his master.

Now that help was at hand Edith suddenly felt strength flow back into her trembling limbs, and courage came into her heart. She set out with Harry Ashley in advance of the others after she had given him an inkling of the situation.

"I don't know who she is; I am a stranger in Littlefield. I found her near the brook, lying under a great pine tree. She was then in convulsions, but made me understand she had been poisoned by eating toadstools."

They found the old woman just where Edith had left her under the oak, still unconscious, and looking the image of death. Miss Ashley bent over the thin worn old frame with pitying tenderness. "I do believe, Harry," said she, "it is old Celestina Rivers. She always has been queer and poetical, and a little wrong, I fear, in the head. She must have strayed off in the woods and perhaps lost her way."

Two of the young men had made a support with their arms to carry the sick woman down to Ashley house, while a third set off on a run for the doctor.

Edith, who had now twisted up her vagrant locks and put on her hat, proposed to go and look for the old lady's belongings she had been forced to leave by the brook, and Harry Ashley and his sister followed her through the thicket.

"It was awfully plucky of you," said Harry, giving the young lady beside him an open look of admiration, "to bring the old lady out of the woods."

"She is very light," responded Edith, "and I am young and strong. I should not have felt her weight on open ground."

"I remember all about old Celestina Rivers now," said Fannie Ashley. "She's a clergyman's daughter and comes of a good family, but has lived alone many years. I know the ladies of the benevolent society tried to get her to enter the old ladies' home, but she is very queer and obstinate. I remember hearing her called the literary Miss Rivers when I was a little girl. She wrote a great many verses to the moon and stars, but I don't suppose people ever cared to buy her poetry."

Edith's face flushed slightly. It seemed she had helped to rescue a literary sister, and instantly she thought of her own old age, and seemed to see herself a creature of vain dreams, living alone with her cat like poor old Celestina. They had come to the pine tree by the brook, and Edith picked up the MS. volume with a kind of lingering tenderness. She meant to keep possession of it and restore the precious relic to its owner if she should recover without allowing profane eyes to scan poor old Celestina's verses.

"Hello!" said Harry, as he came across the luncheon basket and picked it up. "Here are two soda crackers. I fear the old lady must have eaten the toadstools for nourishment."

"No one ever goes hungry here in Littlefield," said Miss Ashley with cheerful confidence. "Such a thing was never known."

"People may not die absolutely of hunger," returned Harry, "but I suspect there are cases of slow and genteel starvation, and it looks as if the poetess was one of them."

CHAPTER III.

The young people returned to the Ashley mansion to find that Celestina had been removed by the doctor's order to the Littlefield hospital, and there was good hope of her recovery. They seemed to have grown quite intimate in this half hour of intercourse. Fanny Ashley had frank and winning manners. "How strange it seems," she said to Edith, "that we do not even know your name, and you are probably unacquainted with ours. I am Fanny Ashley, and this is my brother Harold. As our acquaintance has begun so romantically, I am sure it ought to continue. I do hope you will let me come and see you."

"But I am a stranger in Littlefield, Miss Ashley, and shall remain only a few weeks, or months."

"So much the more reason why I should see you as often as possible while you do remain."

Edith looked embarrassed. She thrust out her shabby shoe from under the skirt of her old gown. The sight of that shoe and of her ragged gloves ought to have told Miss Ashley the acquaintance she sought was impossible. "I live in a part of Littlefield you may not know anything about—Ford's alley, near the railway. I lodge there with Mrs. Northup. If you care to call of course I shall be pleased. My name is Edith March."

"Ford's Alley?" and Fanny looked at her brother Harry. "Of course," said he, with alacrity. "It is that little place off Grove street, running down to the station. The Northups live in the house with the pretty garden. I know Northup, conductor on the Appledale line, and a right good fellow."

Fanny opened her eyes with a grave look of surprise. Where on earth had Harry picked up all this information about the Northups? Edith managed to escape rather abruptly, although she saw in Harry Ashley's eyes that he had intended to offer her his escort as far as the town. It was late twilight when Edith reached home, and she felt too nervous and excited to set to work as usual in the evening hours. She remained a long time in the dark watching the stars come out in the sky through her high window and living over the strange events of that afternoon. Poor old Celestina's book of poetry lay in her lap, and she touched it with a sense of pity. She had planned to go to the Littlefield hospital and inquire after the sick woman the first thing in the morning. Then her thoughts turned to young Ashley and his sister, whom she could not but like for these frank kindnesses. She laughed to herself when she recalled the little fib she had written that morning to her brother Willard about the superior excellence of Littlefield society. A few hours had made all the difference. From utter loneliness she had leaped into the best Littlefield set. The Ashleys certainly were at the top of the tree. And had not Miss Ashley asked permission to call?"

(To be continued.)

COUNTY REGISTRAR.

All Else Failing Mr. Geo. C. Ward Is Cured by Eight Boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Port Hope, July 5.—No case of recovery from serious illness that has ever occurred in this community has caused as much talk as that of our esteemed fellow-townsman, Mr. Geo. C. Ward, registrar of this county, residing here. For a long time it had been well known to his intimate friends that he was a sufferer from kidney disorder. But for the past year he grew worse, and all efforts to regain his strength were without avail. He is now cured, as he says, by using eight boxes of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and is as well as ever he was in his life.

One of the big fish caught in Oregon last month was a four-foot salmon, weighing 55 pounds, which was taken at The Dalles.

Give Holloway's Corn Cure a trial. It removed ten corns from one pair of feet without any pain. What it has done once it will do again.

Three girls and one boy, each weighing 4½ pounds, were born to Mrs. J. W. Know, near Latah, Wash., on June 20.

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. Parmelee'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.

Boys of Flint, Mich., got $400 from the county treasurer during June in bounties on sparrow heads.

Blood purifiers, though gradual, are radical in their effect. Ayer's Sarsaparilla is intended as a medicine only and not a stimulant, excitant, or beverage. Immediate results may not always follow its use; but after a reasonable time, permanent benefit is certain to be realized.

Zena King, of Fairland, Mich., kicked at a hog and missed it, and broke his leg against a post.

The best regulator of digestive organs and the best appetizer is ANGOSTURA BITTERS. Try it, but beware of imitations. Get from your grocer or druggist the genuine article, manufactured by Dr. J. G. B. Siegert & Sons.

The Very Finest In the Land . . .

Norwood Ceylon Tea.

Nothing Like It.

Ordinary price in large cities, $5.00 per lb.

We offer a special lot at 75c per lb. to introduce High Grade Teas.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co., 169 DUNDAS STREET.

A Brilliant Speech.

Hon. Edward Blake's Address at the Canadian Dinner,

At Hotel Cecil, London, England—Noble and Loyal Sentiments Splendidly Expressed.

Special Correspondence of The Advertiser.

The following is the speech of Hon. Edward Blake, M.P., at the Canadian dinner, Hotel Cecil, London, England, on June 29 last:

Sir Donald Smith, my Lords and Gentlemen: I rise to give the toast of "Our Guests," coupled with the names of Lord Balfour of Burleigh, secretary for Ireland; Mr. Reid, prime minister of New South Wales and Sir Gordon Sprigg, prime minister of the Cape.

I rejoice that on this occasion the very names of those who are to respand amply indicate the special feature of this Dominion Day dinner, namely, that wonderful growth of goodwill and patriotism, of mutual attachment and the sentiment of kinship between the great colonies and the motherland, which has been the most blessed fruit of enlarged liberties, freer institutions and local self-government; and which has proved to demonstration that every galling cord relaxed, every local liberty conferred has been, by a beneficent, but most obvious alchemy, transmuted into a link of attachment, impalpable indeed and invisible, but for that very reason all the stronger and more enduring.

The two premiers I have named directly represent two most important colonies in different quarters of the globe; but they stand for more tonight. Mr. Reid stands, not for New South Wales alone, but for all Australia; and through him we drink

"To the men of a million acres,
To the sons of the Golden South."

Sir Gordon Sprigg stands, not for the Cape only, but for British South Africa; and we drink through him

"To the last and largest empire,
With its map but half-unrolled."

God grant we may, so far as in us lies, keep that map unstained!

Nay, sir, these gentlemen stand for still more; they stand for all the colonies the world over; and I may well quote again:

"I charge you, charge your glasses;
I charge you, drink with me
To the men of the four new nations
And the islands by the sea."

Aye, sir, "to the islands by the sea"!

Nor could any fitter personage be chosen than the Scottish secretary as the embodiment of this, the chief element of my toast. For Scotland has sent out to our dear Canadian shores, as to other colonies, men of such stern courage, dogged perseverance, untiring energy, thorough education, high principle, and great capacity, and, above all, of such unflinching love for the principles of freedom that they have played a part in the advancement of their adopted countries (and, incidentally, may I whisper, of themselves), wholly disproportionate to their too scanty numbers. And sometimes, when they have grown quite too good for Canada, we send them back to be made high commissioners, or peers of the realm, or both

Lord Balfour of Burleigh, then, well represents that part of the toast which we drink

"To the health of our English brother
(And we hope he'll understand!)
To the health of our people's people,
To their well-ploughed, windy sea;
To the hush of our dread high altar,
And the abbey that makes us we;
To the grist of the slow-ground ages,
To the gain that is yours and mine;
To the bank of the open credit,
To the power-house of the line!"

Sir, I had wished, did time allow, to trace the change and growth of Canadian sentiment, and to talk to you a little on the fascinating problems of trade, defense and federation. But minutes are golden now, and I will say nothing of the latter, and a word only of the former topic.

My earliest memory in life is of the women of my family casting bullets in the Upper Canada rebellion of 1837. I am afraid, on the wrong side. The situation in rebellious French Lower Canada was for obvious reasons then far more difficult. And in 1845, seven years later, after great, though incomplete concessions, a blind and impatient governor wrote of these people: "But all these acts of consideration, grace and mercy have apparently had no effect; and if they have imperceptibly mitigated malignity and disaffection, and thereby prompted order and tranquility, they cannot be said to have produced attachment or removed illwill."

But, sir, all the time, though he saw it not, a wise and just policy was accomplishing its gradual and therefore lasting work.

I can look back over a public life of 30 years, and could mark by cogent proofs the steady improvement in feeling effected by the steady growth of freedom.

I have had occasion to vindicate my French-Canadian fellow-countrymen in the House of Commons and elsewhere; but here tonight, in the presence of their most illustrious son, the prime minister of United Canada, and after his speech they need no other vindication. He is their vindication! He is my proof!

Sir, it seems that diamonds can now be made by men; only microscopic diamonds, it is true, so Sir Gordon Sprigg need not fear just yet for Kimberley; but even microscopic diamonds require for the making a fervent heat, 8,000 degrees. And to weld together a great empire by the concurrent wills of free peoples also requires a fervent heat! You may not have, in truth you have not, as yet attained 8,000 degrees; but that you have learned something of the great secret, and ought to advance in your experiments, and prosecute your acquired arts, who can doubt today?

This empire is vast and various, and scattered beyond description. The condition of the island, its heart and center, is absolutely unexampled; being, as it is, still the great manufacturer and lender, and still more the great merchant and carrier of the world; contented with but six weeks' supply of the necessaries of life at home; and ever extending its concerns abroad to all habitable and uninhabitable corners of the earth.

For such an empire, and such an island, fortunately for it and for the world, the incomparably greatest interest must be peace. Of such an island and such an empire the only real strength must lie in the cordial attachment of its various peoples. And its most potent means of securing that peace and attachment are and must be the unflinching practice, in its relations with its own members and with the world, of the principles of justice and freedom.

Your cares are great indeed! Look at India! An overwhelming topic, of which I will say only that I believe your responsibilities are heavier there than any Christian country has ever borne before.

Look at Ireland! I know all here do not share my views. I respect their opinions. But you will allow me, standing here, an Irish member, and proud of it, to declare that I believe with a passionate intensity of conviction, whereof I have given some proofs, that the true cure for her ills, and for those weaknesses of the empire which her ills create, is to apply courageously to her the same great principles which, with such signal fortune, you have applied elsewhere.

Sir, I believe that no such object-lesson has ever been presented to this people as that shown by the great colonies this month. I thank God for it, and I humbly pray that they may take to heart the lesson. To me it seems his truth. I make no apology for stating it. Had I failed I should have justly come under the censure of those noble lines, with which I close:

"Think you Truth a farthing rushlight, to be pinched out when you will
With your deft official fingers, and your politician's skill?
Is your god a wooden fetish, to be hidden out of sight,
That his block eyes may not see you do the thing that is not right?
But the Destinies think not so! To their judgment-chamber lone
Comes no noise of popular clamor; there Fame's trumpet is not blown:
Your Majorities they reek not. That you grant; but then you say
That you differ from them somewhat. Which is stronger? You or they?
Patient are they as the insects that build islands in the deep;
They hurl not the bolted thunder; but their silent way they keep.
Where they have been, that we know! Where empires towered that were not just,
Lo! The skulking wild fox scratches in a little heap of dust!"

Gentlemen, Our Guests!

No More a Mystery.

"Charley Ross" Was Murdered 16 Years Ago.

The Story of Ellsworth Mosher, Nephew of William, the Chief Kidnapper.

Ellsworth Mosher, the nephew of William Mosher, chief of the desperate gang that kidnapped Charley Ross, still lives in New York city. He is represented to be an industrious laborer, and bears the reputation among his acquaintances and friends of being an honest man, and one who feels keenly the association of himself and family with the mysterious crime that is linked to the name of his uncle.

It is 23 years since Charley Ross was spirited away, and all the actors in the scenes are now dead. William Mosher and his accomplice, Joseph Douglas, were killed during a burglary, and it was supposed at the time that Mosher had carried the secret of the fate of Charley Ross with him to the grave. But this was not true. Gilbert Mosher, before his death, told his son, Ellsworth Mosher, the true story of the fate of young Ross. It is remembered that Gilbert Mosher was the person who put the police on the trail of William Mosher, his brother, and the leader of the gang.

In the basement of the house, No. 55 Grand avenue, Mrs. William Mosher, the wife of the criminal chief, kept a restaurant, and, 16 years ago, workmen, in tearing out the old basement walls, found the skeleton of a boy. That skeleton, Gilbert Mosher told his son, was all that was left of Charley Ross; that the bright little boy was murdered in that house or the one adjoining on the corner of South Fifth avenue. Ellsworth Mosher has now for the first time disclosed the statement made to him by his father.

Had William Mosher and his accomplices been successful in getting the reward they asked for the return of Charley Ross they would have opened a criminal business that would have brought terror and dismay into many households. As it was, there were many imitators of the crime of child-stealing, but it always brought trouble to those who engaged in it. The life of little Charley Ross, therefore, may be said to have saved the nation from a horrid industry, which, managed by such a heartless wretch as William Mosher proved to be, would have wrecked many homes.

The sad fate of Charley Ross, revealed by Ellsworth Mosher, is a mystery no longer.—Buffalo News.

ON FIRE UP A TREE.

Dubois, Pa., July 9.—The 13-year-old daughter of Jerry Fauntz, living two miles south of here, was fatally burned while up a cherry tree. Some matches and fireworks in her pocket ignited, firing her clothing. She was fifteen feet from the ground, and when rescued by her mother was in a terrible condition. She died after a few hours' suffering.

A mother pays a heavy price for the privilege of motherhood. The days of waiting and hoping and anxiety before the little one comes; the after years of care and solicitude, nursing the little life into physical completeness; guiding the little footsteps, the little hands and the gradually expanding mind—all this is part of the burden of motherhood. Yet an expectant mother is happy with it all in blissful anticipation of the dear, soft nestling little bit of humanity which is all her very own.

If the mother is physically weak or ailing, the burden of motherhood is far heavier than it ought to be. The greatest lightener of the burdens of maternity which science has ever discovered is Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It was devised by an expert specialist for the express object of strengthening and healing the organs which make motherhood possible.

Taken before the baby comes, this wonderful "Prescription" relieves the ordeal of all danger and nearly all pain. It gives both mother and child a permanent increase of constitutional vigor.

The properties and uses of this wonderworking "Prescription" are more fully described in one chapter of Dr. Pierce's great thousand-page book, "The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser," which will be sent free, paper-bound, on receipt of thirty-one one-cent stamps to pay *cost of customs and mailing only*, or cloth-bound for fifty stamps. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

Mrs. W. Robinson, of Springhill, Cumberland Co., Nova Scotia, writes: "I feel that I cannot say enough about your 'Favorite Prescription.' I was confined on the 8th of April, and I was only sick about thirty minutes in all. I can truthfully say that your medicine worked wonders in my case. Although the physician was in the house I did not seem to require his aid."

MUNYON'S SUCCESS

Is Only What Ought to Be Expected From

HIS METHODS

Upright in Everything—Always Keeping Faith With the People, and, Above All, Curing Them of Their Ills—Why Wouldn't Success Follow?

Mr. A. Atkey, No. 49 Northcote avenue, Toronto, Canada, says: "I have been a constant sufferer for the last ten or fifteen years. At times I suffered severe pains in the stomach and chest. At other times it has taken the form of soreness of the stomach. Again intense spasms would occur. I have treated with a number of medical men who have all failed to effect a cure. I began taking Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure and I can unhesitatingly say that the new treatment has acted wonderfully, and I have vastly improved. The pains have disappeared, and the depression after eating also. I must express my entire satisfaction with Munyon's Remedies."

Munyon's Rheumatic Cure seldom fails to relieve in one to three hours, and cures in a few days. Price 25c.

Munyon's Dyspepsia Cure positively cures all forms of indigestion and stomach troubles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cold Cure prevents pneumonia and breaks up a cold in a few hours. Price 25c.

Munyon's Cough Cure stops coughs, night sweats, allays soreness, and speedily heals the lungs. Price 25c.

Munyon's Kidney Cure speedily cures pains in the back, loins or groins, and all forms of kidney disease. Price 25c.

Munyon's Nerve Cure stops nervousness and builds up the system. Price 25c.

Munyon's Headache Cure stops headache in three minutes. Price 25c.

Munyon's Pile Ointment positively cures all forms of piles. Price 25c.

Munyon's Blood Cure eradicates all impurities of the blood. Price 25c.

Munyon's Female Remedies are a boon to all women.

Munyon's Catarrh Remedies never fail. The Catarrh Cure—price 25c—eradicates the disease from the system, and the Catarrh Tablets—price 25c—cleanse and heal the parts.

Munyon's Asthma Remedies relieve in three minutes and cure permanently. Price $1.

Munyon's Vitalizer, a great tonic and restorer of vital strength to weak people. $1.

A separate cure for each disease. At all druggists, mostly 25 cents a vial.

Personal letters to Prof. Munyon, 11 Albert street, Toronto, Ont., answered with free medical advice for any disease.

WESTERN SCHOOL OF ART

Spencer Block, Dundas Street, London, Ont.....

Summer classes will be held on Saturdays only till further notice, beginning Saturday, the 3rd of July.

Model drawing, oil and water color and china painting. Classes from 2:30 to 4:30 p.m. Fees, etc., on application.

J. H. GRIFFITHS, Principal.

Navigation and Railways.

COURTRIGHT AND RETURN $1 00 Monday, July 12,

via the MICHIGAN CENTRAL. Grand excursion under the auspices of the

Orangemen of London and Middlesex

A special train has been arranged for to leave London at 8 a.m., returning will leave Courtright at 8:30 p.m.

Everybody Come. 67u

ALLAN LINE

Royal Mail Steamships, Liverpool, Calling at Moville.

	From Montreal.	Quebec.
Laurentian	July 10	July 10
Numidian	July 17	July 17
Parisian	July 24	July 25
Carthaginian	July 31	July 31
California	Aug. 7	Aug. 8
Laurentian	Aug. 14	Aug. 14

RATES OF PASSAGE.

First cabin Derry and Liverpool, $52 50 and upwards; return $105 and upwards. Second cabin, Liverpool, Derry, London, $34. Steerage, Liverpool, Derry, Belfast, Glasgow, London, everything found, $22 50 and $23 50.

Glasgow-New York service — From New York: State of Nebraska, July 9, Mongolian, July 23. Cabin, $45 to $65; return $90 to $123 50; second cabin, $35; return, $64 13; steerage, $23 50.

AGENTS—E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner Richmond and Dundas, Thos. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets, and F. B. Clarke, 416 Richmond street

MICHIGAN CENTRAL

Special Round Trip Excursions

Chattanooga, Tenn., AND RETURN, July 15, 16, 17 and 18, $17.90.

Nashville, Tenn., June 15 to Oct. 31, $21.10.

National Encampment, G. A. R., Fares Later.

To Boom the Building Sale AT THE BIG DEPARTMENTAL

Another lot of goods arrived yesterday and is now in stock at about half price. The new things are—

Checked Taffeta Silks, beautiful colorings, regular price 75c, sale price 25c.

Black and White Silks, checks and stripes, regular price 65c, sale price 25c.

Swiss Muslins, white grounds, with black and colored spots, very fine, regular price 35c, sale price 20c.

Swiss Muslins, in black grounds, with colored spots, regular price 40c, sale price 25c.

60 pieces German Prints, genuine indigo blues, in neat stripes, spots and sprays, regular price 14c, sale price 11c, and they went last week at that price.

20 pieces Fast Colored Organdies, neat patterns, regular 8c and 10c, sale price 5c.

Lappet Muslins, handsome designs, regular 30c to 40c, sale price 20c.

Linen Crashes, scarce goods, 10c, 12½c, 15c and 20c while they last.

A special lot of Grenadines, a little over half price.

50 dozen Fast Black Ribbed Hose, one and one, sizes 8½, 9 and 9½, good value for 25c, sale price 15c.

Ladies' White Kid Belts, regular price 35c, sale price 25c.

Another lot of Silk Ribbons, elegant goods, half price.

A fresh lot of Sailor Hats just opened out, latest shapes and worth 75c to $1, sale price 25c.

Short-back Sailor Hats, trimmed, all colors, from $1 up.

Another lot of Flowers, regular price 70c to $1, sale price 20c a bunch.

White Satin Parasols, the correct thing, regular price $2 50, sale price $1 50.

Black Parasols, fine frames, gloria covering, regular $1 50 to $2, sale price $1.

White Lawns, new goods, from 10c up.

White Swiss Spots from 8c up.

Everything goes during this Big Building Sale. The masons started yesterday, and as the walls go up the prices come down, offering a rare chance to shoppers to buy new high class goods at building sale prices.

Every day will be Bargain Day till the Big Sale is over, but the sooner you come the better selection you'll have.

In the basement on Saturday we'll repeat last week's bargains as usual.

LONDON'S ONLY DEPARTMENTAL.

Runians & Butler.

Navigation and Railways

CANADIAN PACIFIC RY. WILL RUN Home-Seekers' Excursions —TO— Manitoba and the Canadian Northwest.

Good going July 6, return until Sept. 4
Good going July 20, return until Sept. 18

For rates, pamphlets, time tables and full information apply to any Canadian Pacific Railway Agent, C. E. McPHERSON, 1 King street east, Toronto.

THOS. R. PARKER, city passenger agent, 161 Dundas street, corner of Richmond. City office open 7 a.m.

WHITE STAR LINE

New York to Liverpool via Queenstown

S.S. TEUTONIC, July 14
S.S. ADRIATIC, July 21
S.S. BRITANNIC, July 28
S.S. MAJESTIC, Aug. 4
S.S. GERMANIC, Aug. 11
S.S. TEUTONIC, Aug. 18
S.S. BRITANNIC, Aug. 25
} 12 noon

Rates as low as by any first-class line.

E. De La Hooke, Sole Agent for London, "Clock" Corner. zxv

RICHELIEU & ONTARIO NAVIGATION CO.

ONE OF THE palatial side-wheel steamers of this line will leave Toronto daily (Sundays excepted) at 2 p.m. for Montreal and intermediate ports, passing through by daylight the

THOUSAND ISLANDS AND RAPIDS.

Special low rates by steamer Hamilton, leaving Hamilton every Monday at noon and Toronto at 6 p.m., for Bay of Quinte, Montreal and way ports; charges on this boat include meals and berths both ways.

For tickets, state rooms, etc., apply to E. De la Hooke, "Clock" corner, Richmond and Dundas streets, or T. R. Parker, southwest corner Richmond and Dundas streets.

☞This is the only line running through the Thousand Isles and all the rapids. yv

L. E. & D. R.R.

SEMI-WEEKLY EXCURSIONS —TO— Port Stanley

Wednesday and Saturday of each week during the season. Fare 80c round trip. Trains leave London at 10:05 a.m., 2:30, 5:25 and 7:25 p.m.

Cleveland and Port Stanley Line.

STEAMER FLORA

Sails from Port Stanley for Cleveland on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, of each week during the season at 10 p.m. Single fare from London, $2 70; return, $4 20.

Navigation and Railways

Intercolonial Railway OF CANADA

The direct Route between the West and all points on the Lower St. Lawrence and Baie des Chaleur, Province of Quebec; also for New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward and Cape Breton Islands, Newfoundland and St. Pierre.

Express trains leave Montreal and Halifax daily (Sunday excepted) and run through without change between these points.

The through express train cars of the Intercolonial Railway are brilliantly lighted by electricity, and heated by steam from the locomotive, thus greatly increasing the comfort and safety of travelers.

Comfortable and elegant buffet, sleeping and day cars are run on all through express trains.

The popular summer sea bathing and fishing resorts of Canada are all along the Intercolonial, or are reached by that route.

Canadian-European Mail and Passenger Route.

Passengers for Great Britain or the Continent leaving Montreal Sunday morning will join outward mail steamers at Rimouski the same evening.

The attention of shippers is directed to the superior facilities offered by this route for the transport of flour and general merchandise intended for the Eastern Provinces, Newfoundland and the West Indies; also for shipments of grain and produce intended for the European markets, either by way of St. John or Halifax.

Tickets may be obtained and all information about the route, also freight and passenger rates, on application to

N. WEATHERSTON, Western Freight and Passenger Agent, 93 Rossin House Block, York street, Toronto.

D. POTTINGER, General Manager.

Railway Office, Moncton, N. B., 21st May, 1897.

DOMINION (Elder, Dempster) LINES.

Montreal to Bristol (Avonmouth) Direct.

S.S. Etolia.....Thursday, July 8
S.S. Lycia.....Thursday, July 15

And weekly thereafter.

Montreal to London Direct.

S.S. Belgian King.....Saturday, July 10
S.S. Strathtay.....Saturday, July 17

And weekly thereafter.

Cold Storage Accommodation provided on all Bristol steamers.

For rates of freight and other particulars apply to ELDER, DEMPSTER & CO., Montreal, or R. DAWSON HARLING, 23 Scott Street, Toronto. Telephone 2,845.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

OCEAN, LAKE, RIVER AND RAIL EXCURSION TICKETS NOW ON SALE.

The Seaside & White Mountains Special (The finest train in the world).

Leaves London every Thursday at 9:55 p.m., for the St. Lawrence River, Montreal, White Mountains and Atlantic Coast.

Offices, "Clock" corner, E. De la Hooke, city passenger agent, or at G. T. R. depot.