

BASED ON SOLID MERIT



Are the offers we are now making to clear out the balance of our Wall Papers, Picture Frames, Window Shades, Artists' Materials, etc. We have secured several job lines in above goods, and are prepared to offer wonderful bargains. Do not fail to secure some of them.

E. N. HUNT,
180 Dundas Street.

A Brother's Error.

"Did my messenger reach Fort Koozh?"

"He did, but he had been wounded, and was so faint when he came in that he had as much difficulty in telling his story as we had in comprehending it. I told the general that I knew you and that your messenger could be trusted, so he sent me, and though we had a rough ride of it, I am glad we are here. But before we can explain further let us see about the wounded."

Capt. Duncan rode off to give orders to his men, and the Prophet went to where his own friends were gathered across the valley near where Capt. Brandon had been set up as a target. On the outskirts of the crowd he saw one of the immigrant women bending over a wounded man and giving him water. He approached and discovered Bouton, with the death damp on his yellow forehead, and his life blood welling from his yellow breast.

"This is an end I have foreseen for thee and all who travel thy ways," said the Prophet, dropping on his knee beside the dying outlaw.

"Have you power to shrive and confess me?" said the outlaw.

"I claim no such power, but while life lasts mercy and forgiveness extend their arms," said the Prophet solemnly.

The outlaw struggled as if he would say more, but fell back, with his purple lips drawn back from his white teeth, and over his eyes fell the glazed death veil, the scarcely perceptible yet impenetrable film that divides time from eternity.

The Prophet heaved a sigh and muttered a prayer, then went to the throng that surrounded objects of greater interest.

As he forced his way through low sobs, as from breaking hearts, fell upon his ears. He raised his bowed head and saw the tall form of Capt. Brandon. There was blood on his face and breast, blood that covered the scar on his cheek, but it was not his own. It was the life blood of Henry Kyle. For a moment the two friends were in each other's arms.

"I thank thee, thou Great Jehovah," cried the Prophet, "that thou hast saved my friend."

"Come this way. Let us withdraw," whispered Capt. Brandon.

The Prophet looked into the center of the group and saw Dr. Blanchard placing Henry Kyle and Kishat on two stretchers that had been hastily constructed of rifles and blankets.

"Are they dead?" asked the Prophet.

"Not yet. Come, let us talk apart. We can follow them to the grave."

They walked under the towering rocks and watched the sad procession forming and moving across the valley. All the Kyles and the Blanchards were there, but the walling of the women told that the journey of one of them would not end, but rather begin when his bearers had set him down again.

"The rifles were raised to destroy me, and I looked into the black muzzle with a feeling that they were the last things on earth on which my earthly eyes would rest, but like a guardian angel, he dropped down from the sky and saved me," sobbed the captain.

The Prophet laid his hand on the captain's broad shoulder and looked into his blood-stained face with an expression of unutterable questioning and tenderness.

"Let us wait. It may be better to say no more—better that the dead past should bury its dead."

"No, no, Capt. Brandon; this must not be. Break the seals with the angels of charity and silence have so long placed on your lips—break them, or I will," said the Prophet with great earnestness.

"If the silence is to be broken, I will do it. But we must now consider the course that would bring the greatest happiness. Am I not right?"

The two friends walked across the valley, and on the way passed the bodies of a number of dead outlaws, with their ghastly faces upturned to the sun. Among them was Fairplay, his bronzed hands still clutching his rifle. As they were nearing the cave, Capt. Duncan met them and greeted Capt. Brandon with a warmth that showed they were valued friends.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

Most delicious delicacies for table use and for afternoon teas—

ORANGE SLICES
APRICOT DESSERT BISCUIT
PECAN WAFERS,

Just arrived from New York.

Try them.

Fitzgerald, Scandrett & Co.

160 Dundas Street.

Phone 488.

There is a man over here, a prisoner, who wants to speak to one of you gentlemen," said Capt. Duncan.

"Who is he?" asked the Prophet.

"I believe he calls himself Pont Robb, but I recognize in him a criminal who is wanted by the governors of half a dozen States and Territories," replied Capt. Duncan.

"They went over to where the prisoners were seated on the ground, guarded by a number of cavalymen."

"See him, gents," said Pont Robb, rising and touching his cap. "I've got a favor to ask, and I'll say it's the one I'd do for either of you if you was in the same fix as I am."

"What is that?" asked the Prophet, who was now in a mood to grant any reasonable favor, even to an outlaw and an enemy.

"Don't let the sojers carry me off," said Pont Robb.

"Carry you off?"

"Yes; tote me away from here."

"What would you have me do?"

"Why, I'd have you gents take the law in your own hands. You're the parties as I've gone for last, and you oughtn't to let the military interfere. You'd oughter to make it your own funeral and prepare the corpse according to taste."

"I must say I do not understand you," said the Prophet.

"Waal, I ain't much on the chintz, that's a fact. But har's the pint: Why can't you and Capt. Brandon take me right out and shoot me? The fact is I don't want to be took off and tried where I'm pretty sure of bein' strung up. This is the favor, gents, and I'd be forever obliged if you was to grant it," said Pont Robb again, touching his cap.

"We have not the power to grant your request," said the Prophet, "and we would not if we could. Life to us is sacred. Live while you can and prepare to meet the God whom you have offended."

CHAPTER XXX.

Old Lawyer Bliss in West Virginia got the dispatch of his son Tom from Deadwood. It was a full and therefore an expensive telegram. It told him that he was wanted in the far west with all the money he could raise, and it further informed him that Valentine Kyle was living, and that he should come prepared with all the papers and power necessary for arrest. So far Lawyer Bliss had successfully committed the efforts of the collateral heirs to possess themselves of the vast estate of old John Weldon, "the patriarch." The sole executor of the estate defeated them at every point with the one argument that the claimants had no proof that Valentine Weldon or his children were not then living.

If there were ever sons who deserved to be called "chips of the old block," Sim and Tom Bliss were the men. Father and sons were as much alike as two of last year's peas compared with one of the year before. From a man who had deserted from Bouton's party and was making his way to the settlements Lawyer Bliss learned the whereabouts of the Kyle and Blanchard families. Though not sure of it, he felt confident that the former were the missing Weldons. The lawyer brought a guide with him, and this guide led him to the canyon, at the entrance to which they left the vehicle in charge of the driver and continued down through the pass on horseback.

Lawyer Bliss had ten men with him, and his son and self made twelve. They were all armed, but the shrewd old man placed more reliance in the legal processes which he carried in his pockets than in the aggressive or resisting power of his party. They entered the valley after the fight was over and Capt. Brandon and the Prophet had come to the cave.

To be Continued.

About the Liver.

A lazy, slow or torpid liver influences the whole system, causing biliousness, sick headache, sallow complexion, languor and dullness. Burdock Blood Bitters regulates the liver, purifies the secretions and cures all liver troubles. We say so and here is the proof:

I hereby wish to thank you for the great benefit derived by me from your Burdock Blood Bitters. For three years I was troubled with liver complaint and tried everything to no purpose. I had almost given up hope until one day I determined to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I can say now that marked improvement resulted from the use of the first bottle, and at the end of the sixth bottle I discontinued its use, being completely cured.

GEO. NICHOL, Seaforth, Ont.

I can certify to the above in every particular.

W. G. McLENNAN, Seaforth, Ont.

He—Darling, we'll have a lot to contend with when we are married. She—Yes; we'll have each other.

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles!

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging, mostly at night; soreness by scratching. If allowed to continue, tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration and in most cases removes the tumors. All druggists, or by mail, 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia. Lyman Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale agents.

The Gospel is preached in 30 different languages in the United States.

Sir Christopher Wren built 42 churches in London; his greatest work is St. Paul's Cathedral.

THERE is not a more dangerous class of disorders than those which affect the breathing organs. Nullify this danger with Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil—a pulmonary of acknowledged efficacy. It cures soreness and lameness when applied externally, as well as swollen neck and crick in the back, and, as an inward specific, possesses most substantial claims to public confidence.

We more often pay homage to the merit of an unknown than to that of a friend.

"Canst thou minister to a mind diseased?" asks Macbeth. Certainly, my friend; the condition of the mind depends largely, if not solely, on the condition of the stomach, liver and bowels, for all of which complaints Ayer's Pills are "the sovereign thing on earth."

The ell in use in cloth measure was at first the exact length in the forearm of Edward III.

SLEEPLESSNESS is due to nervous excitement. The delicately constituted, the financier, the business man, and those whose occupation necessarily calls for great mental strain or worry, all suffer less or more from it. Sleep is the great restorer of a worried brain, and to get sleep cleanse the stomach from all impurities with a few doses of Parmentier's Vegetable Pills, gelatine-coated, containing no mercury, and are guaranteed to give satisfaction or the money will be refunded.

Some naturalists say that no insects except the silkworm feed upon the leaves of the mulberry.

Western Ontario.

A Driver's Wanton Mischief Costs Him \$100.

Lightning's Work Causes Heavy Loss to Farmers.

Five writs have been issued against Sheriff Iler, of Essex, for neglecting to perform his duties.

About two miles south of Zurich, on the Brunch line, 1-4 mile south, Mr. H. Koehle's house was struck and the chimney torn down.

Mervin Colwell was almost drowned while bathing in Kettle Creek near St. Thomas Saturday night. He was pulled out after going down for the second time.

The Dutton Company, which is boring for oil in Dunwich, has got to a depth of 38 feet. The contractor says that at present the well will give fifteen barrels of oil daily.

Mr. Peter Bender's barn, near Zurich, with all his summer's crop except a few peas was burned. Sunday night by lightning. A few implements, the horses and pigs were got out. Three calves were burned.

Fire broke out early Sunday morning in the basement of the drygoods store of Stittenton & Co., Front street, Sarnia. The fire was confined to the cellar, but the stock was badly damaged by water and smoke. Loss fully covered by insurance.

While threshing on the farm of Herbert Tye, near Port Lambton, on Saturday, John McDonald, a boy, was feeding the machine, put his hand too close to the cylinder. The result was that his left hand was badly lacerated. It was taken to Sombra, where Dr. Cowan put twelve stitches in the hand.

About 10 o'clock Sunday night Waterloo was visited by one of the most fearful thunder storms witnessed for years. Lightning struck the G. N. W. Telegraph Company's offices in Snyder's drug store, and no. 40, 41, his fire was averted by the promptness of two young men, who burst in the door windows and subdued the blaze.

At Chatham, John Ramsay, convicted on his own plea of stealing \$200 two years ago, was sentenced to two years in the Central Prison, less a month. Lansing Alexander was fined \$100 and costs for an act of wanton mischief. He was driving near Dresden, and in passing a rig in which were three little boys, sons of Mrs. Tye, he struck their horse and caused it to run away, throwing the boys out and severely injuring them.

Thirteen barns are reported to have been set on fire by lightning in the vicinity of Chatham Sunday night. Among the victims are Edward Kalkue, Messrs. T. Norton, dairyman, Chatham; Wm. Paxton, Baldon road; R. Rankin, P. Doyle, A. Demaris, F. Langton and W. Clements, Dover township. At Kent agricultural capital, the roof of the main building was torn off. It is understood that most of the property is well insured.

SHOT HIS SISTER.

Stouffville, Aug. 11.—A 7-year-old daughter of H. Elson, Altona, was accidentally shot on Saturday afternoon by her brother, 10 years of age, who did not know the gun was loaded. The little girl died twelve hours after the accident, in spite of everything that medical aid could do.

THE WAR IN CUBA.

Havana, Aug. 11.—A Government force, under command of Gen. Goyen, while conveying a supply train from Minas to Guayamaro, was attacked three times by 2,000 rebels under Avellino Rosales. Each time the insurgents were repulsed, with a total loss in the three fights of nineteen killed. The Spaniards lost four killed, and two captains, a lieutenant and 23 privates wounded. Over 10,000 sick soldiers are in the various military hospitals. Of this number 2,200 are suffering with yellow fever.

UNITED STATES CROPS.

Washington, D. C., Aug. 11.—The report of the statistician for the Department of Agriculture for August indicates an improvement in the condition of corn over that reported last month from 92.4 to 96. The condition of spring wheat has fallen since the July report from 93.3 to 79.9. A decline of 14.4 points. The condition of oats has fallen since last report 19 points, or from 95.3 to 77.3. Spring rye condition is 88, against 98.6 in July. Barley has fallen from 83.1 in July to 83.9 for August. The average for buckwheat is given as 99.5 per cent of last year's area; condition of same, 96. Condition of Irish potatoes, 94.8, against 99 in July. Condition of tobacco 86.5, against 95.5 in July. Reports of the European grain crops are generally favorable. The wheat crop promises to be up to the average. Forage crops will be short in Great Britain if drought continues.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

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Big Bar of Gold.

Ex-Coviet Garrett About to Dig It Up—Found Himself Covered by Bluffs.

San Diego, Cal., Aug. 11.—James E. Garrett and three companions were caught in the act of unearthing the famous Ensenada gold bar, valued at \$12,000, which was stolen from the office of M. Rivoli, at Ensenada, on the night of March 20, 1885. The captors of the party were Mexican officials, headed by Gov. Sanguines in person. After this arrest Garrett showed the officers where the bar was buried, and the precious metal was recovered. Garrett spent sixteen months in the Ensenada jail under suspicion of the robbery, but it could not be proved against him, and he was released on July 15 last. During his confinement Garrett, who is an Englishman, and has wealthy relatives in Montreal and England, made a strong complaint to the British Government because of his alleged wrongful detention. The case at one time threatened to prove a serious complication between Mexico and Great Britain, and is still a subject of diplomatic correspondence.

FELL INTO A THRESHER.

Blissfield, Mich., Aug. 11.—A son of Beck Winchell, of Ogden township, fell from the feeding board on to the threshing machine into the cylinder and was ground to pieces yesterday.

DETERMINED SUICIDE.

Troy, N. Y., Aug. 11.—Chas. R. Baker, aged 62 years, committed suicide here yesterday by cutting his throat. He filed a tub full of water and sitting in it held a razor before his face while he piled the razor. He severed the left jugular, and died in half an hour.

Mellin's Food

...for...

INFANTS AND INVALIDS.

"I am using MELLIN'S FOOD for two babies now, one is 14 months old, the other 4 weeks. He would not retain anything on his stomach until we gave him MELLIN'S FOOD. Now he is fat and rosy."

Mrs. T. K. Mety,

Winlock, Wash.

Write to us and we will send you a sample of Mellin's Food or our book "The Care and Feeding of Infants," free of charge.

DOLIBER-GOORALE COMPANY

BOSTON, MASS.

DETECTIVE AGENCY—McKinnon's International Detective Agency and Bureau of Inquiry and Investigation. Male and female experts only engaged and supplied.

Independents in all the leading cities in Canada, United States and Europe. All business and correspondence strictly confidential. Investigate every class of Criminal, Commercial or Civil Work, including Murders, Thefts, Burglaries, Incendiarism, Forgery, Frauds, Blackmailing, Threatening and Anonymous Letters; Locate Lost or Absent Relatives, Friends or Heirs; Discover and Accompany Fugitives; Secure Possession of Stolen Property, and employ special machinery to capture Fugitive Criminals liable to extradition. All employees of this agency are provided with credentials.

Hugh McKinnon, Gen. Superintendent

Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Offices, 17 Main St., East. Residence, 21 Bold St.

HAM.

You can't have a picnic without it. You need it for sandwiches. We always have the very best cooked ham in stock.

JOHN FRIEND

117 Dundas Street.

"An Ounce

Of prevention is better than a pound of cure. Visit our parlors and receive treatment to prevent the hair from falling out.

Mde. IRELAND, 211½ Dundas St.

Entirely Free

From adulteration or any foreign admixture.