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"Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold," "The Strange Object of

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Syropsis of Previous Chapters.

Syropsis of Previous Chapters. XVI.—Chief Williams confronted with Dutton; the latter says Warren is innocent. Hounds set on Wanga's trail. They fail to keep it. Chap. XVII.—Searching for Wanga and Elsie—A mysterious snake found and lost again. Chap. XVIII.—Mrs. Warren tells Will there is some secret cause for Klyic's disappear. and Lisie A myserrous warren tells Will there is some secret cause for Elsie's disappearance—Jim King gives himself up to an officer—An unknown man hung on their wagon, but disappeared before Denby was reached. Chap. XIX.—Warren before the magistrate on Golding's affidavit. Wanga calls on the prisoner and offers to become very confidential. Chap. XX.—Wanga tells Warren he holds his daughter as a host age, but will give her up if Warren XX.—Wanga tells Warren he holds his daughter as a hostage, but will give her up if Warren gives him Dutton's diamonds. To save his daughter he gives Wanga a note to his wife, counseling her to give up the big diamond. Chap. XXI.—Golding visits Warren—Golding starts for Warren's house to get the big diamond—Judge Drew sends the officers after him. Chap. XXII.—Elsie as Wanga's captive—in a cavern. Chap. XXIII.—Martin and Will go in search for Elsie.

CHAPTER XXIV.-GOLDING DE-MANDS THE DIAMOND.

If Will had been of the fainting kind he would have lost consciousness at

that instant. As it was, when Martin lit a match, which he did instantly, the young man was trembling violently-it seemed to him as if every bone and every muscle in his body had been wrenched from its fastening and set to quivering. could hardly rise when Martin shouted triumphantly:
"Here she is, Billy! Here she is!"

knelt beside Elsie and put his arms

"Will, my Will!" she cried, bursting of her experiences.

in honest John Martin's throat as he bungled with his matches trying to get directly across the path. His eyes had for the discomforts he must be exbeen turned toward Elsie when he struck the first match, and after that self.

Will was busy, as soon as he realized

### English Herbs one of the mysterious secondrels was dead, and the other, the more terrible one, was still at large, some of them (In Bottles.)

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to make any critical test for life. The had begun, but stood with doubly hands and face were cold, the flesh had the unmistakable pallor of death, and the muscles had stiffened. the muscles had stiffened.

Martin looked furtively over his shoulder. It would not have surprised him if he had seen the signs of delirium in Elsie's face, to say nothing of insanity, but, unfortunately for his speculations, he couldn't see her face. Will's head was in the way.

"What a big thing it must be to be in love," thought Martin, into whose in love," thought Martin, into life that best reward for living had repeated. never come. "Huh! I wonder what "Because the come." never come. "Huh! I v we'd better do with this?"

Unimaginative as he was, the contrast here presented in this damp cavern at midnight was striking. Here was death, irrevocable, and the form head. that represented the grim monster had been unworthy to live by the unworthy tered, peevishly. uses to which he put his life. There, thing from you. within the reach of his arm, was life, buoyant and hopeful, seeing all good in the present and more in the future, two lives, each typical of what is worthy and admirable in human na-

"Huh!" said Martin non-committally, and he would have been hard put to it to tell just how he felt.
"Will," he said presently, without turning or rising, "Can Elsie walk?" "Yes, John," answered Elsie herself, and he heard her getting up.

"Walk out, then," remarked Martin, sententiously.
Will gave his friend a quick glance

awaken a shudder. But in that respect

he was much like other men.
"The black man went away," continued Elsie, "and for, oh, so long! we sat there without a word. Then Sam said he wanted water, but I couldn't stir to help him, though I would have done so, he seemed to be suffering so. Then, by-and-bye, the torch began to go out. I thought he had fallen asleep, and I think I must have fallen asleep, too. Doesn't it seem strange that anybody could sleep in such a situation. All I know is that suddenly I heard a voice whisper 'Jack!' and though I knew the voice I supposed we both would be shot, for the black man had told Sam that if he shot in the dark he would be sure to hit me. So I guess I screamed, didn't I, Will?"

She squeezed his arm and looked up with a smile. "I guess you did," he answered, and then he did shudder, for the awful impression of that instant when he thought he felt Elsie's body and heard what he supposed must be her death-

cry, was strong upon him.
It was 2 o'clock when Martin and Sam Springer, capering about with all the jolly excitement of schoolboys, lit a pile of brush and refuse boards on Will dropped his gun across the body the plowed ground near the Warren of the man who lay before him, stag-gered over it, and fell rather than soon began to hurry along the road from the corners to help Mrs. Warren rejoice and hear Elsie's thrilling story

into hysterical weeping.

The young man himself was sobbing, and there was an extraordingary lump strength of the mine, and was naturally much distressed at the news of his arrest, but when she saw the fortitude with which her mother bore a blaze from a pine knot that he had brought into the cavern in his pocket. He succeeded after several efforts, and it was that her father, of all men, set the crude, sputtering lamp upon a could be guilty of crime, she ceased to projection of the wall and turned his be anxious. In a few hours, she was back to the lovers. Then for the first certain, her father would be released, time he saw the form of the man lying and her sorrow was limited to regrets

periencing, and his anxiety about her-

It was a quaintly strange gathering that was attracted to the house by the bonfire. A good many came only part-ly dressed, and when they heard how one of the mysterious scoundrels was one, was still at large, some of them hurried home again, fearing lest their own children might be the next victims of his extraordinary villainy. Others remained and drank coffee that Martin made at the bonfire, and so great was the confusion and excitement that even Gran'pa Kirk was disturbed by it and hobbled from his room to see what was going on, complaining volubly because he hadn't been allowed to understand a half of what had happened yester-

A half, indeed! He was not even aware that there was a sick man in the house, and he could only guess why it nouse, and he could only guess why it give him the diamond? Answer me!" was that his son-in-law had gone to give him the diamond? Answer me!" Denby early in the afternoon. Mrs. "I don't know what you mean," said Denby early in the afternoon. Mrs. Warren had been at the utmost pains Dutton, going so far as to caution it? Where's Freeman's vest?" and he some of her neighbors to say nothing looked around the room eagerly the to keep from him any knowledge of of the stranger in his presence. Gran'- invalid watching him with a faint pa had known of Elsie's disappearance, smile. however, and of the fruitless search for her, and he had gone to bed with

his head full of early century remin-iscences of bears and Indians. He was overjoyed when he came downstairs to run right into Elsie's fore him.

arms. He laughed in a broken, cracked falsetto, while the tears ran down

"Let me alone or I'll throttle you!"

the situation, in unloosing Elsie's vented he had entered and had seen bonds. Martin knelt over Sam Meeker. the invalid on the bed.

The man was dead. There was no need the did not finish the reminiscence.

"Why didn't ye tell me?"
"Hush, father," said Mrs. Warren, going to him and turning him gently from the room. "You will disturb

him."
The old man was loath to go, and while he was in the room he kept his eyes on Dutton with a puzzled expres-

"Why didn't ye tell me, Marthy?" he "Because I didn't want you to know, father," replied Mrs. Warren earnestly. "I didn't want you to be troubled, too.

You must say nothing, father." He compressed his lips and shook his "That's what it is to be old," he mut-"They keep every-

He dropped into a chair in the kitchen, looking very discontented and gravely thoughtful. Mrs. Warren stood over him a moment, fearing lest he made some remarks calculated to stir questions from the neighbors.
"Where's Nick, Marthy?" he asked

suddenly, eyeing her sharply. "Nick had ought to be here. Where is he?"
"Nicholas is in Denby, on business," she replied; "we are going to send for

"H'm!" he murmured; "should think you'd better." From then until he went back to bed

seemed to warrant, and he was rather him and the lockup, Williams and ashamed of himself that he could not Jackson dashed past him, just beginning their efforts to overtake Golding and protect Mrs. Warren from whatever plan he may have formed for obtaining possession of the "President." Sam Springer did not go to bed again that night. He was always stirring by b o'clock, and an hour or so didn't matter. He and Martin gossipped about the abduction and speculated on the strange words Elsie had reported concerning diamonds. She had told how the black man and his companion were especially eager for the "Presi-

"Tell you what that means, Jack," said Springer. "This fellow that Mrs. Warren is taking care of is the president of some kind of organization, that's what 'tis, and they want to get him for something or other."
"Likely," assented Martin, but he

doubted, nevertheless. By 6 o'clock Sam's thoughts had so turned to business that he declared that he must attend to his store. Martin, too, wanted to go home and look after his cattle. They arranged to take turns in guarding the house, for both felt that it would be inconsiderate and possibly dangerous to leave Mrs. Warren and Elsie alone. Accordingly, Martin hurried home first, Sam meantime sending his wife to the store to open up for business, which was more likely to be rushing at an early hour than later. By 8 o'clock, therefore, Martin was back again and was on guard alone.

The day opened tranquilly enough. The patient was much improved, Elsie was sleeping peacefully, and Mrs. Warren herself, though physically worn, was not mentally as depressed as she had been the morning before, when she was cruelly pained at the conviction that her husband was keeping something from her. Martin had attended to the chores and busied him-self lightly about the premises, for he felt no need of sleep. All night hunts were commonplace episodes to him, though he had never hunted before when the quarry was of such infinite importance. He was in the barn when Golding came.

The traveler did not stop to hitch his foam-covered horse. He had been growing more and more excited as he drew near the village, and as he passed the store one of the idlers there had called out that "Elsie was back again." When Sam Springer heard that it was Golding who had passed at such high speed, he had dropped a sugar scoop, contents and all, on the floor and put out for Warren's on the dead

Golding strode up the path from the gate and stalked into the sick room. Mrs. Warren was in the kitchen at the moment, but the door was open and she hurried back.

"Has Wanga been ahead of me?" asked Golding, savagely. Mrs. Warren.

"Then you've got it here. Where is looked around the room eagerly, the Golding saw the closet door, dashed

to it and pulled it open.
"Thief!" cried Mrs. Warren at the top of her voice. "You shall not touch his clothing!" and she tried to get be-

he hissed. he hissed.

"There was a little girl got lost back in '23, and the Injuns carried her off and we never got her again. He! he! Marthy, do you remember?" and turning from Elsie he went directly to the spare room, and before he could be pre-

and a violent shove, the traveler was stretched at full length on the floor. "Stomp on him, Jack!" said Sam Springer, appearing hot and panting at the front door.

(To be Continued Next Monday.) ELECTRICAL FLASHES.

Notes of Interest in Connection With the Street Railway.

The President Takes a Trip Over the Line - Hamilton Road Line Almost Completed-Alterations to the East End Sheds-Last Shipment of Rails-New Car Sheds Among the Possibilities.

The week just closed has seen many rapid strides towards the completion of the outlying lines of the electric railway, and as long as the weather continues favorable the work will be pushed along with all possible speed. The Hamilton road cars were called in on Tuesday, and Engineer Mackay and 200 men were put to tearing up the old line and putting down the new rails and ties. Even though wet weather was experienced, the men were kept on duty every possible moment, and the result is that the tracks were laid to Adelaide street today, and the road will be completed on Tuesday.

President H. A. Everett and Everett, and the latter's sister, Miss Pengelly, of Cleveland, O., were in the city yesterday, and in the afternoon boarded one of the new cars, and, accompanied by Manager Carr, were given a trip over every portion of the road so far completed. Mr. Everett was greatly pleased with the way in which the work was being carried on, and more than delighted with the new

cars. "They are ahead of the cars in Detroit," he said.

The Lyle street sheds are being altered for the trolley cars. Pits are being dug between the tracks the en-tire length of the sheds to allow of cleaning the trucks, and the entrance is being enlarged. The sheds will hold fifteen of the new cars. It is quite pos-sible that the new sheds and offices will be erected at the foot of Bathurst street next summer.

The last shipment of rails has ar rived at Montreal from Scotland. It contains 60 carloads, 25 of which have arrived in the city, and are ready for distribution.

Rails are being distributed on Wellington street south, but the company does not expect to start the Marley Place spur line until the spring. If the weather continues fine, the Oxford street line will be commenced next. The special work for the Central

avenue and Richmond street junction was shipped from Montreal today. Wm. Nelson, of East London, had a valuable Irish terrier killed by a trolley on Thursday.

No arrangement has yet been ar rived at between the company and the Proof Line Road Managers by which the railway can be extended to the limits on Richmond street north.

"I wonder what fresh trouble he may Excitement in a Canadian Town Runs Righ.

> A Former Resident Thought to be Dying of Bright's Disease, Uses Dodd's Kidney Pills and Appears on the Street in Perfect Health.

(Special to the "Advertiser.") Listowel, Nov. 2, 1895.-The press dis-

patch, first read here in a Toronto paper, but dated from Neepawa, Manitoba, has caused quite as much local furore as in the town of its origin. The subject, Mrs. T. H. McKee, formerly lived here, and has a large circle of sympathizing friends who had for months past believed her to be dying or dead. A recovery from Bright's disease and reappearance so remarkable—so much past common belief—naturally resulted in many inquiries for confirmation of the facts. confirmation of the facts.

Similar press dispatches having beer of such frequent occurrence during the past few months, coming from various parts of Canada, the management of this paper had decided not to permit their publication without verification. To this end every dispatch hitherto published has been investigated with a most gratifying result. In every case where we have written we have got prompt replies, very friendly in their tone, and in many cases stating that their case has been under, instead of over, stated. It is found also, they state, that from those remarkable cures the sales of Dodd's Kidney Pills in the surrounding country has doubled and quadrupled during the past year, and that these pills are being successfully used in as many cases as there are names of diseases in the catalogue. The proprietors of Dodd's Kidney Pills were equally prompt in placing all the data for the successful issue of our investigation, and we have ourselves become convinced of the sterling merits of this wonderful medicine.

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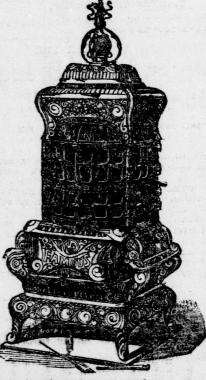
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